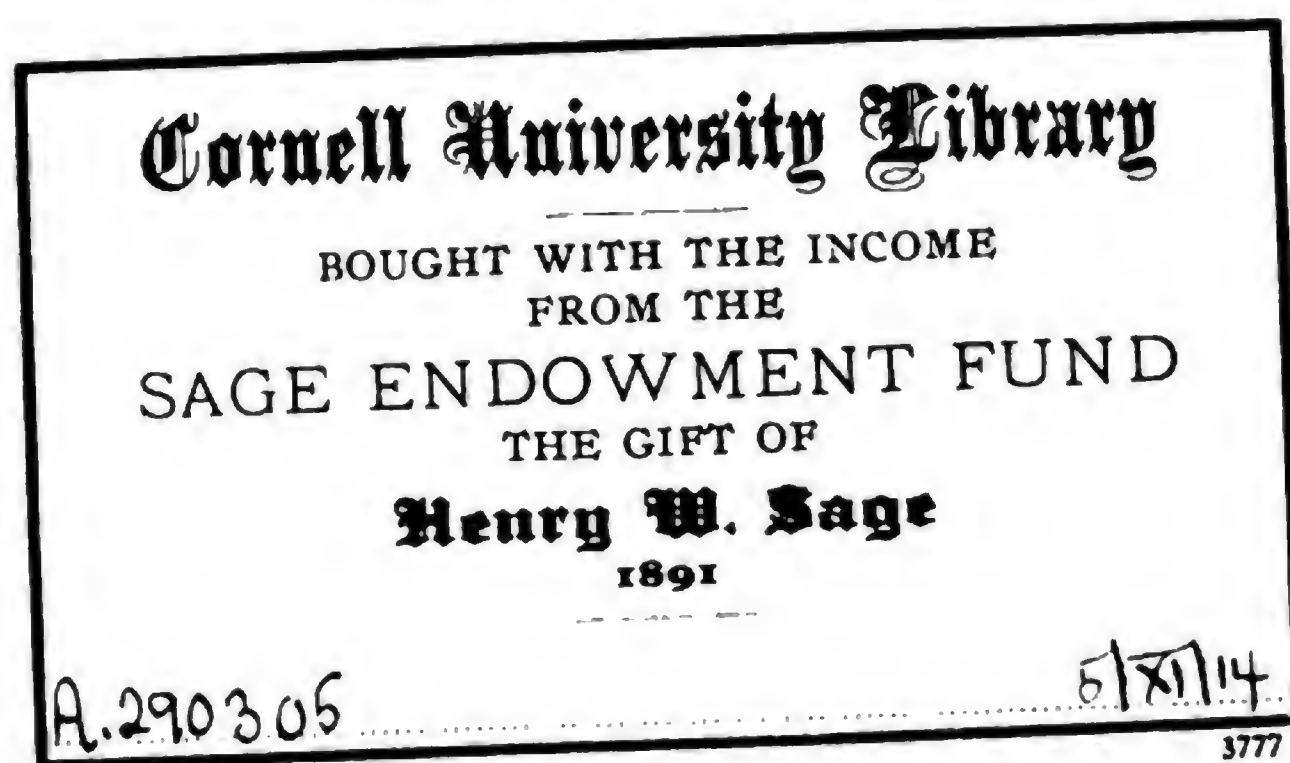


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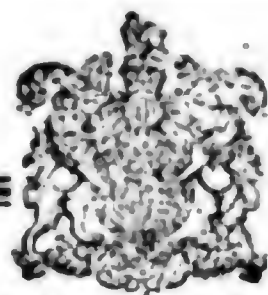
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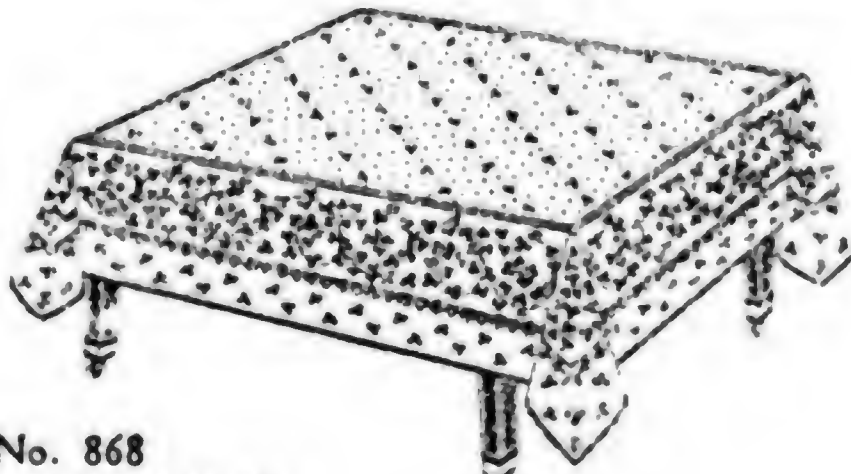
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Surreptitious Snapshots

BY F. G. AFLALO

IT was foretold, not a quarter of a century ago, that the hand camera had "come to stay," a phrase less hackneyed in the 'eighties than it is now and prophetic of enduring popularity. Since then, it has been applied indiscriminately to such various world-forces as ping-pong, Christian Science, the cinematograph, and Mrs. Pankhurst. Of these, the first soon went, and the last has hitherto been induced to stay nowhere, even in Holloway or on Ellis Island, long enough to satisfy those ungallant spirits who regard with a feeling of only qualified admiration this leader of Valkyrie in search of the Vote.

The hand camera, on the other hand, has abundantly justified the prediction, and indeed, owing to the rapid exposure, colloquially known as snapshot, of which it admits, its popularity is ever on the increase. Your true artist in either portraiture or landscape still favours the deliberate time exposure on a tripod. One or two plates are for him a good day's work, and he will dive a score of times beneath the focussing cloth until absolutely confident of his result. Though unreliable for the finest work, and incompatible with the use of larger plates, the hand camera tempts the amateur with advantages which he finds irresistible. In the matter of portability alone, it is to the older models as a violin to a double-bass; and, since it can be used with a tripod, or steadied on some makeshift support, it is not even debarred from making the occasionally unavoidable time-exposure.

An even greater attraction in the prying eyes of those who regard the proper study of mankind as woman, and preferably woman taken at a disadvantage, is that it is so inconspicuous, and its shutter is so rapidly set and so easily released, that the taking of surreptitious snapshots of celebrities, or of obscure folk interesting for other reasons, becomes an exciting sport, the unhallowed taste for which grows with occasion. This practice is becoming a nuisance of some gravity; and unless the growing army of them that "kodak"

put a curb on their actinic exuberance, the police will be compelled to ask for powers similar to those enjoyed by their Cossack colleagues in the gloomy streets of Petersburg, where no camera can be used in public places without a permit and where a woman's features are, if she so decrees, as sacred from such impertinence as if they adorned the façade of a fortress.

There are, it is not to be denied, lands in which the rude activities of the amateur photographer matter little, where the natives are either indifferent, or able to take care of themselves. I hope, by the time that these lines are in print, to be pointing my camera at a primitive and scantily clad element of black humanity which will either face the lens or turn its back. Discretion precludes completeness of detail, but if I remark in passing that these ladies and gentlemen in equatorial social circles wear, like Gunga Din,

. . . nothing much before,

And a little less than 'alf of that behind. . .

it will readily be surmised that the aspect presented to the onlooker when they turn the other way is hardly such as would satisfy Mr. Sarony. Obviously, therefore, these untutored Africans have devised a simple but effectual means of frustrating the wiles of the too active photographer that is denied to their more elaborately tailored brothers and sisters. Young ladies splashing their way back to their bathing-machines, or struggling along the promenade in a gale that plays havoc with the hang of their draperies, can hardly turn back the way they came whenever some facetious tripper chooses to point his camera at them. True, they might baffle recognition by putting one hand before the face, as some of their political sisters do when arrested in a suffrage riot, but the devices for obtaining unsuspected exposures are so ingenious, that any such attempt at concealment is usually futile.

This state of affairs is not as it should be. There was tenderness in the thought of Little Billy when he painted Trilby's foot on the studio wall, but there is only brutality in the eagerness with which, availing themselves of the eccentricities of foreshortening, perambulating cads with cameras snap the limbs and lineaments of defenceless maidens enjoying their morning bathe, and then consign their libels to the pictorial press. The encouragement of publicity for all and sundry is, indeed, fostered by the vulgar satisfaction which people of a sort appear to find in seeing their own presentment in half-tone. Is there, I wonder, any sign of the times much more saddening than the welcome given to the too frequent photographs of some race meeting or flower show, in which we are shown "Lady I—, and Friend." A press-photographer, whose word I have no reason to mistrust, assured me on one occasion that the "Friend" is not seldom a complete stranger to the leading lady of the picture, who contrives to obtrude himself at the moment of exposure. If this be true, there must actually be unhappy snobs who know the two-fold joy of appearing in print and being recorded in such exalted company. But, O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!

Along the Roads of France

ALONG the roads of France

The lean polled aspens stand,
Each with a fellow-tree before
And one on either hand;

They march through rock, through sand,
Straight as an arrow's flight,
Unbending as the iron will
That wrought them in its might;

Staunch as his men in fight
The tall trees still abide.
Gone are the brave that bled for him,
And gone Napoleon's pride.

The ghosts of those that died,
They stand in disarray;
Their plumes, their stars, their epaulettes,
The wind has blown away.

For them no trumpets neigh
For slayers or for slain,
Only the unrelenting wind
Goads, and the rooks complain.

Over and over again
Poor maimed, what words do you say?
Like a stunned man that drones
Old prayers with wits a-stray.

WILFRID THORLEY.

On Anthologies

THIS is the age of dilettantism in literature. The snappers up of tasteful trifles have increased in number until now they form a "public" by themselves; and, in accordance with the natural order of things, purveyors have arisen to supply the triflers with their snippets. For the sentimental there are anthologies, in verse and prose, on love; for those of naturalist tendencies anthologies on gardens, flowers, the seasons, animals, birds, fishes; for the didactically inclined, assiduous hacks have compiled extracts on happiness, morals, motherhood, childhood, and many other worthy states and subjects. These are among the recently excrescent work of this new trade, but there are others of a more permanent and serious character which deserve more considered treatment. Cameos from the classics, "potted" editions of poets, and other volumes of extracts from the works of the giants of literature.

The members of the first group are negligible from a serious literary point of view, their principal value being that they afford a fair selection of wise saws and

tuneful stanzas for autograph albums, Christmas cards, and such trivialities. The second group, however, merits the attention of those who consider literature as something more definite than a mere means of casual entertainment.

It is the custom with many who hold literature in sterner reverence than the majority to declare that anthologies generally are unworthy of a place in authentic letters: that they embody a retrogressive tendency. To do anything but admire such an attitude would be churlish, yet even those who share it must admit that the better anthologies deserve a place upon the most exclusive shelves. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" had won well-merited esteem decades before the word anthology was to be seen on any publisher's list, and since the modern rage for this class of book started, literary connoisseurs of no mean attainments have found it not beneath their dignity and erudition to follow in Palgrave's steps. Mr. E. V. Lucas, though he saunters through literature with so light and airy a tread, has set the moderns an example in the art of graceful extract, his volumes of selections being compiled with that nice degree of taste and true discernment which always reflects the spirit of the originals. But examples in such matters are usually exceptions to a general rule of incompetence, and it is time that an effort were made to fix some kind of standard for aspiring anthologists.

The reader has a right to demand certain definite qualities and attainments in the compiler. Of these good taste, tinged with something like reverence, is of paramount importance. The anthologist must be sensitive to the original intention of his subject, he must be loyal to tradition, and seek in every way to preserve the original both in the letter and the spirit. Before beginning the work of extracting, say, lyrics from the mass of a poet's work, he should be intimately conversant with the life, intentions, and ideals of his author. He should subjugate his personal judgment and predilections to those of the poet.

This may, at first, seem to be an insistence upon the obvious, an unnecessary warning against unlikely errors of taste and judgment; yet no one who has perused anthologies in any number can deny that many of their compilers are guilty of such mistakes. As an instance may be mentioned a selection of the poems and lyrics of Burns, published two years ago in a style which is a credit to the publisher and creditable to the poet. This volume is edited by a fervent admirer of Burns, who undertook the work whole-heartedly and with evident intention to do justice to his favourite. He writes an introduction in a vein of warm enthusiasm, is in spirit loyal to the bard, yet he makes one error of judgment into which many anthologists fall. He has ventured to affix what he considers to be more appropriate titles to poems which have already been entitled by their author; and in justification he pleads that "a book of selections being in the nature of an anthology, in which all the contents are there upon their own individual merits as

poetry, it seems right that each should have a title that carries some reference to its subject matter."

All that can be said for this argument is that it is put forward in all sincerity. For, on what ground other than their individual merits as poetry are any poems placed in a volume? That a poem is removed from the position in which its writer saw fit to insert it, can surely be no valid reason for changing its title. After all, the title is an essential part of a poem, and when an editor elects to convert "To Davie, a Brother Poet" into so laboured an antithesis as "The Riches of the Poor"; or the "Second Epistle to J. Lapraik" into "Poets for Ever!" it is not unlikely that most people will agree that he has, however pious his intentions, overstepped the line of right treatment. Still worse is the heading of "My love, she's but a lassie yet," with the repellant title of "A Bousing Catch." This volume has been selected haphazard, as affording an opportunity to show the limits of the rights and privileges of anthologists, and not because it errs more violently than many others.

What is perhaps the most glaring and insupportable instance of the lengths to which misguided editors may go is afforded by another volume of the poems of Burns, in which an American author, also a profound admirer of the Ayrshire bard, endeavoured, with lamentable results, to translate the vernacular poems into United States English. This, of course, is an extreme case, but the evil underlying it is to be observed in more or less violent form in many volumes of selections. While anthologies are in themselves harmless and even desirable contributions to the growing output of books, it behoves everyone seriously concerned with the dignity and purity of literature to protest against everything in the nature of irreverent tampering with the text and spirit of the sources from which they are drawn.

To lay down a hard and fast code of laws to govern the compilation of anthologies is neither advisable nor practicable. The question is in the hands of publishers, and, failing them, the reading public, guided, perhaps, by reviewers, whose laxity, by the way, is in no small measure responsible for the arrogant carelessness of offenders. Had they, the reviewers, taken a definite stand from the first against ill-considered efforts, instead of allowing such to slip unnoticed into the reading market, much might have been done to dam this source of pollution in the stream of letters.

A. H. D.

A long-needed journal on art and history, entitled *Ancient Egypt*, is about to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan for the British School in Egypt. It will be published quarterly, at the price of two shillings, and is supported by English and Continental writers. The abundant use of illustration will be a new departure in such subjects, the January number including over thirty pictures and a coloured plate. Professor Flinders Petrie, F.R.S., is the editor.

Dartmoor Sketches

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, in "Folly and Fresh Air," observes that Dartmoor "commands admiration and conquers the most stubborn and the most ill-furnished with a gift for Nature-worship." No doubt this is generally true, but Herrick, who was neither stubborn nor ill-furnished, heartily disliked Devon. He could scarcely have expressed his abhorrence more poignantly than in the following lines:

Search worlds of ice, and rather there
Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire.

But Herrick, though an exquisite lyric poet, was simply neat and dainty in his singing. Nature to him was merely a pastoral background for many a pretty maid. He was joyous but superficial in his outlook. He was too worldly, too genial, too reminiscent of merry feasts in London Town to realise, even faintly, the great glamour of Dartmoor. Devonshire bored him, and especially the "warty incivility" of Dean Prior, because, for temperamental reasons, he was very far from being in tune with his surroundings. Rodin or Nietzsche might have felt the quickening pulse of the Moor and understood its forceful significance, but not the sentimental Herrick, who loved his "little buttery" and shared his affection for Mistress Prue with his pet dog and sparrow, goose, cat, and lamb.

Dartmoor does not yield up her secrets on first acquaintance, and the day excursionist is generally sent discomfited away. There is something sinister, cruel, malign, about the Moor, something essentially primitive, and it is worth noting that these very characteristics are conspicuous in "Wuthering Heights" and in the novels of Mr. John Trevena. The tors have faces, but they are the faces of strange gods whose smile is ironical. When they speak they shriek with the voice of the wind; when they gesticulate they wave their grey arms of mist; but it is when they simply stare and say nothing that they convey most to the solitary wayfarer. The silence of the Moor is ominous. Herrick could sing of daffodils without mentioning blood, of fair damsels without introducing sex problems, but he was left untouched by emotions that cried from the hilltops and sang haunting music in rushing waters, forces that were still linked with the touch of fire and ice in remote ages. Let the matter-of-fact tourist add padding to his thin legs and laugh, if he will, at the idea of a presence or presences brooding over or in the Moor. The true lover of Dartmoor, the man who returns to her ample breast over and over again, knows that there is a living glory and an abiding witchery about the land that inspires worship.

One is never quite able to shake off the almost forbidding beauty of the Dartmoor hills or to lose a certain awe for rocks that stand out boldly against the skyline. But the Moor has kinder moods when you get to know her well. One might even infer that she has a sense of humour, however grim, remembering a certain

pile of rocks known as Laugh Tors. The winding road that leads into a valley where nestles a little village conveys homely impressions. When we hear the Dart singing over boulders, lying almost still in a deep pool, or rushing headlong in a cascade, to murmur faintly in a distant wood, a new spell is cast upon us. It is the spell of singing water, and those who know the course of the Dart from Cranmere Pool to the sea will not marvel at the wondrous magic of that song.

When, last November, we reached Ashburton, on the border of Dartmoor, we were directed to a small dairy, not with the idea of losing no time in purchasing Devonshire cream, but for the purpose of hiring a vehicle to take us to Dartmeet. Having ordered a victoria, we walked to an open space close to the railway station to await our equipage. Here, we observed an ancient ambling along at something slower than a snail's pace. Several little girls saw him, laughed gaily, and shouted: "Ello, Greybeard! Greybeard! Greybeard!" The old man said something by way of defence which had the effect of calling forth more laughter and further rude references to his beard. Disgusted with these sallies, he hailed a crony of his, and together they leant against a wall and leisurely mumbled out the news of the day.

At length the victoria arrived, and away we rattled through the town till the lights of shops and houses were left far behind. It was a hilly drive, though "hilly" conveys but a poor idea of the fall and rise of that winding road. When a certain lady, afflicted with nerves, has the temerity to make the journey, she invariably puts on a pair of old gloves, which she tears to pieces by way of giving vent to her agony at such times when the hills seem to be converted into very high walls, with Death lying in wait at the bottom!

The wind was keen and the Moor starlit as we were driven across it, now on the heights, now in deep valleys where the Dart was in flood and seemed in a tremendous hurry to reach the sea and feel the keel of many a ship. At the top of Dartmeet Hill the rain descended as though the clouds had suddenly let loose a vast array of steel shafts. The driver put up the hood. Such a hood! It seemed like the roof of a huge cave enveloping driver and horse and half the Moor, and under this imposing canopy we reached our destination.

After a good night's rest there is no lying a-bed till a late hour; but it is no hardship to be up with the sun in November, especially when that luminary shines upon such a scene of beauty. Looking out of the window I see Mr. Bowler walking over Dartmeet Bridge with a pail. I observe his long, wagging neck from the rear, a sun-tanned pole rising clear from his coat collar. I fancy that he has only just escaped being a giraffe; but if a long neck indicates length of years, then that good fellow will continue his intimate knowledge of the Moor for many a day to come. I make haste to join him. He tells me how he built Pixie's Bridge and waxes eloquent on the subject of fishing, especially con-

cerning salmon of good weight and marketable value. He says never a word about his love for the Moor, and yet one realises that those great spaces and rolling hills, the winding course of the river, the peat-scented wind, are all a part of his being.

I ascend Sharp Tor, and from the summit get an extensive view of the valley. How the ice-cold wind rushes through one, and how the golden sunlight dances on the Dart! A small tree by my side tells its story, for the strong fingers of the wind have pulled its stunted branches in one direction, and there it stands, shaped by the cutting blast, till the same force shall lay it low. Ponies graze complacently on the hillside, and rabbits, with their little white tails erect, hurry to their holes. On such a spot Tennyson would have had no need to look through a telescope at the heavens to realise how small the county families were after all, for high up on the Moor no pettiness can possibly exist. Here Nature is planned on a vast scale, and something of her peace and wisdom take possession of the beholder. I wonder if our ancestors climbed these tors as sun-worshippers. That they worshipped someone, something, is inevitable, and their worship, whatever it may have been, seems still to linger round these high altars of the Moor. One can dream with impunity on the heights, and be deadly practical when one climbs down again. On the top of those lusty tors time seems to merge into eternity—at least, it would if hunger did not call one to the valleys.

The village of Holne, the birthplace of Charles Kingsley, is charmingly situated. From the Vicarage garden, where grass and moss mingled in the tree-shaded lawn, we looked down upon a wood rich with autumnal colouring, and caught a glimpse of the Double Dart and the outline of a distant hill. As we stood gazing at the lovely scene, the bright sunshine vanished, and rain pattered upon the leaves. We left the garden hurriedly, Water Babies of a larger growth and later date than those of Kingsley!

A rainbow suddenly shone out in the valley, and in a moment or two the rain stopped. Once more the sun caught the bronze of the trees and gave depth of colour to the moss on their trunks. Scarlet and green, blue and orange fungi seemed to be on fire at our feet, and the decaying leaves yielded up a pleasant perfume. Raindrops glistened in the grass and hung like jewels upon the hedges. But the clouds were busy overhead. They raced along in great towering masses and seemed disposed to blot out all the blue patches in the sky, all the celestial children's little beds of forget-me-nots, and to let down their rain again.

We walked across sloping fields down into the valley, through a wood, past New Bridge, to plunge again into the dark recesses of a small forest where a winding path took us close to the Webburn, which, like its sister river the Dart, was in flood. Sitting on a big boulder, with the water rushing past, we had our lunch. The river was crested with innumerable bubbles that danced along merrily, taking golden leaves for partners,

bubbles in which bright colours circled madly for a moment till the airy worlds exploded. Where the water broke it was like liquid amber, but where it flowed deep and strong without obstruction it was dark, almost black, in colour.

Once more we were tramping along paths thickly strewn with sodden leaves till we crept slowly up a steep incline to Buckland, a minute village set with its church in a wood, one of those villages, surely, we used to read about in fairy books, where a snug little cottage always turned up most conveniently at sunset, affording the hero much-needed rest and refreshment. Having peeped into the church and looked at the fine old rood-screen, we climbed down again on the other side of the village, always with the trees about us and the river close at hand. Reaching Ponsworthy; we took to the road across the Moor, down Dartmeet Hill, and so home to a goodly peat fire and a cosy evening.

The walk from Dartmeet to Haytor is particularly delightful, but let those who are not familiar with the Moor beware of so-called short cuts, for they generally turn out to be the longest in the end, and still longer if one has the misfortune to sink into a bog. The approach to Widdicombe is far more entrancing than the village itself. From the crest of the hill, coming from Ponsworthy, a magnificent view of the distant tors can be seen, tors that resemble ruins of fantastic castles. Widdicombe, through which one passes on the way to Haytor, is a little disappointing. One expects too much, perhaps, from its pleasant name and its association with a once-famous fair, the delight of—

Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey,
Dan'l Whiddon,
Harry Hawk, old uncle Tom Cobleigh and all!

I was told by a native, with real concern in his voice, that the fairs are not what they used to be in Devonshire. The junketing spirit has gone, and though the maids are still comely, full of figure and rosy of face, the swains are not quite so light-hearted, quite so prone to dance a country measure as in the old days.

Grimspound is not the name of a village, but the name given to a group of prehistoric dwellings, near Hameldon Tor, enclosed within the remains of what had once been, no doubt, a formidable wall. The hills on the opposite side of the valley are scarred with dried-up watercourses, and there is a wildness about this particular part of the Moor that seems to harmonise with these ancient remains.

We climbed over the old wall, and were able to get a whimsical notion of what prehistoric life may have been. There was little left of these hut circles, but enough to stimulate the imagination. The central dwelling where the chief resided was raised a little from the ground. Part of the entrance was intact, and a path led from the narrow doorway, so constructed that the good man could, if he chose, take his wife and children by surprise on his return from a hunt or a skirmish with a warlike tribe. The outer wall of this

village is said to have served as a protection against wolves. It may have done, but it would scarcely have resisted the attack of those huge prehistoric animals that could span valleys with ease, and with a ghastly wink consume quite a number of our ancestors, clubs and flint-heads included! There was something fascinating about what appeared to be the main entrance in this wall. Here men may have rushed out to deal a deadly blow to some adversary without the gate, or sallied forth with shouts of joy whenever they sought refreshment. Did they tell strange tales in their small huts at night? Did the chief condescend to gambol with his children when the day's work was over, and were the tongues of women sometimes silenced by a formidable stone? I sat in the chief's hut and smoked a pipe, wishing that the owner would come tramping round the corner, provided he would answer my questions, and not lay me low with his club!

How many moods the Moor has! On a grey day, or on a day when there is not a cloud in the sky, the expression on her face is for ever changing. There is amber and rose in her dead bracken and flowerless heather. At no time of the year does the Moor lose her colour. And yet, in spite of Nature's lavish beauties, in this part of Devon one may walk miles without meeting a human being. One welcomes at such times the Moor ponies, shaggy, shy creatures that rush away with swinging tail and reproachful eye when one draws near to their feeding ground, and in the desolate silence of those open spaces the white, far-stretching road becomes a companion, especially when it leads home. Civilisation, in any real sense, has scarcely touched the Moor yet, and it is one of those wild places that cannot, must not, be allowed to yield up its ancient peace. When the mists sweep across the hills, they assume fantastic shapes, grey hurrying figures that whisper to the tors in passing and tell of secrets hidden from mortal ken. There seem to be two great spirits presiding over Dartmoor, the Spirit of the Tors and the Spirit of the Dart, and who shall say which is the greater of the two? I have heard the Dart's music at night when the tumbling, swift-moving water is bathed in moonlight, a live mirror for cloud-shadows and the reflection of countless stars. At first it is a subdued roar; but presently the song comes, such ancient music, and yet withal so joyous. It is like the striking of bells not made by human hands or rung by human ringers, and the wind carries the notes now near, now far away. At other times, for there is no monotony in the Dart's song, the music is like the playing of innumerable violins and harps, eerie, haunting, where fiddlers and harpists are magicians all.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

Special holiday matinées of "Within the Law" are to be given on the first three Tuesdays in January—Tuesday, January 6, 13, and 20—at the Haymarket Theatre, these matinées, of course, being additional to the ordinary three weekly ones.

REVIEWS

An American Aristides—I

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

Theodore Roosevelt. An Autobiography. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

LOADED with china clay, even the paper on which this book is written is heavy, and for the first few chapters the style is exasperating. There is no pretension to phraseology, and the chapters consist of short, snappy statements usually beginning with the letter "I" (I like short sentences myself, but in this instance they are carried to an excess, which is tiring). Roosevelt does not make use of his phonetic fad in the book, but he spells a good number of words in a way that vexes the English reader. Ax for axe, peddler for pedlar, willful for wilful, and saber for sabre are a few that occur to my mind. Lord Roberts wrote far more modestly with regard to his forty-one years in India; but both biographers suffer from the fact that they are men of action and have not a literary gift. Their material ought to have been put into the hands of Herbert Maxwell, Reginald Lucas, T. P. O'Connor—all skilled craftsmen in a difficult sphere; their stories would have been better told, and they themselves done more justice.

Please do not misunderstand me. The book is not uninteresting, but the story of a strenuous life could have been told so much better by a third party, although here again I recognise that Theodore Roosevelt would have been the last man to submit to such an indignity, as he would have thought it; hence the present 600 pages of egoism. The ex-President tells of his Dutch ancestry, and paints pleasant pictures of his father and mother; the latter was a Miss Bulloch, and I remember, when lecturing on the "Cruise of the *Alabama*" on the *Conway* training-ship at Liverpool that I met her brother, Captain Bulloch, who was second in command, and took "No. 90" out of the Mersey on that devastating cruise, which only ended when he personally fired her last gun in the famous duel with the *Kearsage* outside Cherbourg on June 19, 1864.

Contrary to the general impression, Roosevelt was a sickly and delicate boy, and he says that he was never a first-class rider or a first-rate shot. As a youth he must have been rather a prig of the type of Hector Malone, so amusingly caricatured by Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman." Having said this, one cannot help liking the man, just as the ordinary Englishman is fond of the German Emperor, whom Roosevelt greatly resembles. Both are men deeply in earnest, and love their country with a depth and intensity that there is no mistaking.

Born in easy circumstances, Roosevelt never had to earn his own living, and has something of that leisurely outlook which is common among country gentlemen in

England, but rare in America. In fact he belonged to the landed classes, for whilst Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York, for three generations the Roosevelts have had a small estate at Oyster Bay, on Long Island.

The book is brimming full of life and good spirits; many of the stories have already been quoted, but one against himself has not, I think, appeared:—

The men of the regiment always helped me when I was running for office. One one occasion Buck Taylor of Texas accompanied me on a trip and made a speech for me. The crowd took to his speech from the beginning, and so did I, until the peroration, which ran as follows:

"My fellow citizens, vote for the Colonel—Vote for my Colonel! and he will lead you as he led us, like sheep to the slaughter."

This hardly seemed a tribute to my military skill, but it delighted the crowd, and as far as I could tell did me nothing but good!

After dabbling in politics he suddenly turns aside and devotes a chapter to ranching out West. He does not explain why he does it, or with what object, but he contrives to give us sketches of life in the Far West which it is difficult to conceive occurred only thirty years ago in places where railroads now criss-cross the countryside and there are large cities.

Politics in America are always difficult for an Englishman to understand, but he gives lurid pictures of Tammany Rule—the "bosses" of the (political) machines and graft, and the difficulties he encountered in trying to put an end to the worst abuses. This comes out in the chapter devoted to his life as Police Commissioner of New York: an absolutely fearless man, with no "ax" to grind, and not dependent on politics for a living, he must have made a number of enemies of those with vested interests, and yet one feels that he is always stating the case of the other side fairly and from their point of view. His dauntlessness attracted the bulk of his countrymen, and when he was appointed by President McKinley Assistant Secretary of the Navy it is easy to see how he enjoyed the position and did all in his power to prepare for the war with Spain which he saw was inevitable.

The condition of the United States in those days was very much like our position at the present time. He calls the chapter dealing with the war troubles "The War of America the Unready," and begins by saying:—

I suppose the United States will always be unready for war, and in consequence will always be exposed to great expense and to the probability of the gravest calamity when the nation goes to war.

This state seems to be inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race. We are peace-loving peoples, and give the same credit to others. During war-time we waste millions and are willing to spend money recklessly and lavishly in the belief that we shall, as Lord Rosebery said, "muddle through somehow," whereas, with a little forethought, a large amount might be saved. Roosevelt is justly severe on his own Press and public opinion:—

We wished to enjoy the incompatible luxuries of an unbridled tongue and an unready hand. . . . Accordingly, too many of our politicians, especially in Congress, found that the cheap and easy thing to do was to please the foolish peace people by keeping us weak, and to please the foolish violent people by passing denunciatory resolutions about international matters—resolutions which would have been improper even if we had been strong.

The panic on the American seaboard when the Spanish ships appeared is amusingly told, especially the pressure brought to bear by one influential member on the Government, who demanded that a warship should be sent to a seaside resort where a constituent, who, like the importunate widow, had a country house. All parties were satisfied by sending a gunboat which would not have been a formidable foe to any antagonists of much more modern construction than the galleys of Alcibiades. The preparations for war, the muddle, the confusion, are all admirably told; the spirit of the War Office being exemplified by the official head who, in response to a reasonable request, threw himself back in his chair and exclaimed, with a sigh:—

“Oh, dear, I had this office running in such good shape, and then along came this war and upset everything.” His feeling was that war was an illegitimate interruption to the work of the War Office.

The account of the fighting is excellent; it gives us a better idea of what a modern battle is really like than anything else I have read since the “Battle of Dorking.” Roosevelt seems to have done exactly as he pleased. There was no transport for his regiment, so he seized the first that came handy; there was no general to tell him what to do, so he ordered his men to charge:—

When I struck the regulars there was no one of superior rank to mine, and after asking why they did not charge and being answered that they had no order, I said I would give the order. There was naturally a little reluctance shown by the elderly officer in command to accept my order; so I said, “Then let my men through, sir.” I marched through followed by my grinning men.

An attempt was made years after for electioneering purposes to prove that Roosevelt had never taken part in a battle, even if he had not shown personal cowardice; but it is clear from his narrative, which is modestly told, as well as by an appendix of official documents, that he not only led his men with triumphant success but showed conspicuous gallantry in the field, exposing his life most recklessly. In fact, luck pulled him through, for men were killed all round him. This reminds me that it is a proverb in his family about his luck. Some years ago I stayed with some relations of his at Oyster Bay, and I remember well his pretty English-looking house, the low hall filled with horns and skins of the wild beasts that had fallen to his gun. I recollect the spacious nursery where I played “elephants” with his children, and the pleasure I felt that he had chosen a slim young English governess as a preceptor for his chicks. He was away

from home at the time, but his relatives mentioned how lucky he was.

Perhaps I ought to explain that if Americans want, to use one of their own expressions, to “side-track” a politician who is likely to be a nuisance, they make him Vice-President of the United States, a high-sounding office which leads to nothing. When they made Roosevelt Vice-President a relation said: “Poor Mr. McKinley, I am sure something will happen to him! Theodore (he was never called Teddy in his own family) is bound to be President now.” And sure enough he was.

His mother’s people came from the South, and this old lady remembered the slave days. She told me many interesting stories of what is to us the strange position of affairs “when man held property in man” and woman. Slaves had no wages, as a matter of course, and it was usual for the household to give them pocket-money by tipping them with the smallest coin known in America. The old lady could never get out of this habit with the coloured servants, and she laughed merrily when she said, “It used to annoy Theodore.”

More of the “Gardens of History”

A Czarcvitch of the Eighteenth Century, and Other Studies in Russian History. By the VICOMTE E.-M. DE VOGÜÉ. Translated from the French by C. MARY ANDERSON. (A. L. Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE can never resist the fascination of the late M. Gebhart’s phrase: “The Gardens of History.” A garden is a most arresting symbol, though what it symbolises depends on the mentality of him who uses it. But that is the way with all really good symbols. To T. E. Brown, for instance, a garden was evidence of immortality—“Not God?—in gardens?”; to Swinburne, on the other hand, it was a concrete warning “immortalia ne speres”: “In deep, wet days by grey old gardens . . .”; to the latter poet it meant other things as well. But M. Gebhart’s symbolism is, we suspect, purely cynical. By a garden he meant a pleasant place; did not our ancestors call it a “pleasance”? And the pleasure we look for in one of the “gardens of history” is the pleasure of the Lucretian gods—the vision and tale of crimes and sorrows and “ills that ourselves are exempt from.” But let us hear the Vicomte de Vogüé!

“Perhaps you have no seat at the play to-night? Or the play being given is a poor one, badly put together? Console yourself, if there are works of history in your book-shelves. . . . Life would be very diverting if it were possible to go through it with no other interest than curiosity; if one could be sure of always being a spectator and never an actor: well! what is history but life read backwards, and for ever shorn of all danger to the spectator? . . . The perpetual wire-puller is the

black personage who never quits the stage, and who regulates the play; Holbein painted him in the cemetery at Bâle, Orcagna in that of Pisa. Oh, wondrous dramatist! How he understands the art of construction in the plays he gives us! Let me recount one of his most finished pieces."

The piece that M. de Vogüé proceeds to recount is the "Death of Catherine II." It is a good piece, though we should hesitate to place it among the "most finished" productions of the "wondrous dramatist." It is a play of antithesis; on the one hand the masterful, effectual, but dying Catherine, on the other the ill-balanced and effaced, but living Paul. "Le roi est mort, vive le roi!" History is a series of twice-told tales, fuller of tragic irony than any of the legends on which the Greek tragedians worked. Though M. de Vogüé has nothing to tell, except by way of allusion, of the tragic end of the Czar Paul, that catastrophe is present with us the whole time he is speaking of that ill-starred personage. It is impossible to get our thoughts away from it.

M. de Vogüé, it will be seen, is a convinced Gebhartist. He believes that history is a terrible, if a beautiful, thing. Where history is most terrible, mankind is most in the making. "We cannot sympathise," he says, "with those who admire a nation without a history, and happy only in amassing money; nations, as well as individuals, command respect and admiration only on condition that they are a working force, a school of sacrifice for the benefit of the coming generation." Most of the classical French historians who have written since the Revolution have been so obsessed with that event, that they read, not quite unjustifiably, all history in its light. M. de Vogüé has a more catholic formula.

The immediate occasion of the reflexion we have quoted is a discussion of the character of his greatest subject—Peter the Great. In this study, at any rate, he is dealing with one of the greatest tragedies of history. The story of the great Czar and his wayward son, Alexis, has already been transcribed with the pen of genius by Merejkowsky. It is pleasant to re-read the story, retold by another master of narrative, and kept more rigorously within the groove of historical fact. Historical fact, it is true, is more often historical uncertainty, but there is a joy in alternative solutions. M. de Vogüé says that "Alexis' mysterious death still remains the most insoluble, the most irritating, of all problems in Russian history." He gives several contemporary accounts of the transaction, and two statements of "persons calling themselves eye-witnesses." The resultant of all these narratives is a feeling of horror enhanced by mystery. The universal detective instinct is also set a-working. History gives us quadratic, fiction merely simple equations.

The mathematical metaphor reminds us of another trait of M. de Vogüé. He has an intense dislike of moral judgments. "History for history" might stand as his motto. He would never say, with Lord Acton, "I make no allowance for that sort of thing"; rather

can we imagine him saying, "I make allowances for every sort of thing." There are many sentences to this effect strewn through the present work, but here, in his contribution to the secular debate between Peter and Alexis, we have it in a nutshell: "Let us remind those most easily roused to indignation of the axiom in our old common law, that each man must be judged by his peers. Historic personages may also claim this benefit, and in their case the judgment of peers is the judgment given when we place ourselves at the point of view of contemporary manners, ideas and consciences." M. de Vogüé's knowledge of Russia, ancient and modern, gives him an indisputable right to be empanelled for this important trial. He resents moral judgments, but he is ready to judge between performance and non-performance, between strength and weakness; and on these grounds we think he would help to give a verdict for the brutal father against the degenerate son.

Humanity—and it is one of our chief reasons for optimism—is inclined to sympathise with lost causes and vanquished heroes. Contemporary Russians tried to make a saint out of Alexis; if the unfortunate Czarevitch had had a little more poetry in him, we moderns would be giving him another kind of aureole. But his conception of life, save in one important matter, was rather earthy than idealistic. He carried his love for the peasant girl, Euphrosyne, to the point of asking to be allowed to see her just before his death, though the girl's evidence had sealed his doom. But, when the story of Euphrosyne is told, nothing beautiful remains of Alexis. While he lived, the great work of Peter was vain; Russia could not be born.

The attitude of the Czarevitch towards his father was "that of a rebellious slave, trembling before a dreaded master." He had no proud retort to offer when rebuked before the whole army in the breach of Narva. To the threat—"I shall cut you off as I would a gangrened limb"—his reply was a hypocritical renunciation of his birthright. A letter to his spiritual director ends: "Forgive us if you find it difficult to read our epistle, but to tell the truth, we have written it when drunk." The highest sentiment Alexis can inspire in us is pity, and that is but a poor equipment for a hero of tragedy. Nevertheless, his exalted rank and the great political issues at stake, together with the eternal duel between the wise and the wayward, make his story to rank with the greatest human tragedies.

Besides the life of Alexis and the death of Catherine, M. de Vogüé has given us a study of Mazeppa, in which the literary basis of the Cossack hero's fame is delightfully analysed. Translations—retranslated, of course, here—are given of Pouchkine, of folk-songs, and of Mazeppa's love-letters. We may mention, in this connection, that the whole translation is of a very high order of merit. M. de Vogüé truly says that a volume of history is the best specific for literary satiety; he has provided into the bargain a practical and convincing demonstration of his thesis.

From Pushkin to Tolstoy

The Russian Novel. By LE VICOMTE E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ. With Portraits. Translated from the French by Colonel H. A. SAWYER. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE present volume was originally published in France in 1886. It has since gone into many editions, and, as the translator observes, "forced open for De Vogüé the doors of the Académie Française." Small wonder that the book met with so much success, for it is the most brilliant study of a foreign literature we have read for a long time. The style that recalls Chateaubriand, the analysis, the terse summing-up, and, above all, the sincerity of the writer, make the book a memorable one. We are conscious that this study of five great Russian authors has been presented to us by one who, within his particular sphere, is no less a master in his own country. He has succeeded in making literary criticism more than usually fascinating, for he has deftly combined it with many biographical studies and with a psychological grip of his subject that is wholly satisfying. He has added knowledge to the student of Russian literature, but his insight and enthusiasm will lead many to this study for the first time.

De Vogüé commences by giving us some account of Russia's "historic sufferings," of a people whose deity "has never clearly indicated the path they should pursue." In that country of snow and bog and sand one is forced to realise the paralysing effect of Nature in those desolate regions, and to discover that the cry for Nihilism was simply a demand for an antidote that should put an end to human sorrow and human life: to break, crush, and annihilate a mocking force that was too cruel even for those long-suffering people. It is well for us to realise these conditions and needs, for they help us to understand precisely why the great Russian writers who followed Pushkin have produced works that simply shout for the oppressed, that point to the canker of a rotten officialdom, and that preach from first to last liberty for the masses. These novelists are not content with broken haloes or rosaries, not satisfied with mere sentimentalism. They plunge deep into life as they know it, the life of the people, and they make their poor chaotic cry articulate. They present realism with a grim earnestness and with a power unequalled elsewhere. They have a mania for detail piled on detail, for an analysis of the emotions as well as of the aspirations of the human soul battling through the dark in the hope of finding peace. It is said that war correspondents refrain from discussing the real horrors of warfare simply because that knowledge is too revolting to be revealed. The Russian novelist, especially Dostoyevsky, shrinks from nothing, and he adds a new and terrible horror to mortal suffering. But if the Russian novelist lays bear the agony of human misery, there is also compassion in his work. Wrongs are discussed only that they may be righted, and in a country where the censor is an autocratic

power, and not merely a person to be written about in the papers, it is curious to note that, in spite of the most drastic prohibitions, no other country has produced writers who have raised their voices more daringly or to more purpose. We may be shocked by the horrors they describe, but we shall certainly understand them if we realise the causes that gave them birth.

We associate Pushkin, the Byronic Pushkin, with romance, and Gogol with the realistic and national evolution. Gogol was the first great master of the Russian novel. "The more I study the Russians," writes De Vogüé, "the more I notice the truth of the comment made to me by one of them well acquainted with the history of their literature of the last three or four decades, 'We have all come out from Gogol's greatcoat.'" The last sentence has a double and very apt meaning, for "The Greatcoat" was one of Gogol's most famous novels. He it was who had a gift for describing the trivialities of life and the platitudes of the mediocre man. De Vogüé severely criticises his work and refers to his disconnected characters and his disregard for decency or morality. Gogol, however, in spite of his faults, gave the root of the Russian novel, and that root has tended to nourish, and so has helped to mature, the ripper fruit of later writers.

Turgeneff set to work to write the comedy of his own country, and in this respect he was the pupil of Balzac. "To this great task he brought less patience, less method and a smaller grasp of the whole subject than the Frenchman, but showed more feeling, greater faith and the gift of a penetrating eloquence which was not possessed by the other." But Turgeneff's work was not all comedy. He was content with sweet harmonies in his earlier novels, but in his later work, in "Smoke" and in "Spring Flood," we see that dark clouds have gathered about him, and that his harmony suddenly changes into tempestuous noises. When Turgeneff was on his deathbed he wrote to Tolstoy: "My friend, return to literary work. That gift has come to you from whence everything comes to us. Oh! how happy I should be if I could think that you would listen to my prayer."

Dostoyevsky's work is rapidly becoming familiar to English readers. He is in danger of being boomed after the manner of Strindberg, which is a fate he does not deserve. There is something in common between the two writers, for both were mentally diseased; but where Strindberg simply gives us the disordered raving of a troubled mind, Dostoyevsky has described suffering as it has never been described before, and if it is a suffering described with all the photographic details of realism, it is also imbued with a very deep and sincere compassion. Who can forget his "Recollections from the House of the Dead" or "Crime and Punishment"? How utterly feeble seem the little hair-raising tricks of other writers when we read these books! In "Crime and Punishment" we feel that the epileptic Dostoyevsky is shrieking in agony as he writes these

horrible scenes. He himself has written: "The depths into which I am plunged on those occasions may be described thus: I feel myself a great criminal, as if a great unknown sin, the deed of a scoundrel, weighed heavily on my conscience." Dostoyevsky, unlike Turgeneff, did not understand the art of condensation. He was terribly prolix in "The Brothers Karamazoff." On the day of its publication he came into a friend's room carrying the volumes under his arm. "They weigh five pounds!" he exclaimed with pride. "The unhappy man," writes De Vogüé, "had weighed his novel, and he was actually proud of what should have dismayed him." And yet we are glad to read of this incident concerning one who has been described as "a phenomenon belonging to another world," of one who was the author of "The Idiot" and "The Possessed."

The chapter devoted to Tolstoy is a little disappointing. De Vogüé does not seem to be in full sympathy with this writer, and he gives us rather wearisome accounts of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." We must remember, however, that these pages were written many years ago, and they are necessarily very incomplete. De Vogüé died before the great Russian writer, and therefore had no opportunity, as in his previous studies, of coming to a final judgment of Tolstoy's work. It is not that he quarrels with his purely literary productions, for he gives them high praise; but we feel that Tolstoy, the reformer and follower of Sutayeff, is dealt with rather harshly. To describe that last phase of Tolstoy's life, the time when he did his best to live the life of Christ, as an "obsession" seems to us a little impertinent, a treading upon ground outside the critic's domain. There may or may not be anything wise in communism, and it may be impossible to carry out literally the Sermon on the Mount. Tolstoy, however, had climbed the spiritual heights of his soul, and it was useless to call him back to his old literary labours. He had renounced Nihilism at last and grasped that Peace which is perhaps greater and more potent than his best books.

Stories and Memories

Twenty-five Years: Reminiscences. By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT is required in writers of reminiscences that they possess one of two qualifications: either they must have worthy matter to set down, or they must have a worthy manner of retailing happenings of small moment in the larger world of affairs. With our new psychological scale of values there has come about a new perspective in the relative importance of events. Thus, things that to a former generation seemed of mighty concern now bulk much less largely in our estimation; while a detail that one of the older historians would have passed over entirely is now magnified and given its true significance and force. So it frequently happens that for sheer enjoyment and for

actual edification (using that term in its widest sense) a book full of memories of the most trivial kind will outshine weightier works, both on account of the charm of its style, and because of its wealth of significance. When both matter and manner are of the highest order the result is likely to become a classic.

Miss Katharine Tynan (for she is not yet Mrs. Hinkson in this volume) has brought out of the treasures of memory things both great and small, holding the balance pretty evenly between the trivial and the weighty, and exhibiting all with much happiness of manner. The whole work reminds one of a delightful, old-fashioned garden, in which one can wander at will and pluck many fragrant and beautiful blooms. We turn to the greater names first and find a goodly list: Sir Charles Russell, Gladstone, Parnell, Cardinal Manning, the Morrisises, the Rossettis, the Meynells, William Sharp, W. B. Yeats, and George Russell ("AE"). Miss Tynan was introduced to Gladstone at the house of Sir Charles Russell; but the encounter that made the most impression on that occasion was her meeting with Parnell, towards whom her attitude is throughout worshipful. Indeed, whether one loves or hates that tragic yet fascinating figure, one cannot but admire the whole-hearted devotion of Miss Tynan to him and to his cause. There is much concerning Parnell, and much of the writer's association with the Land League, which will interest students of that particular history.

A very distinct and rather amusing picture of Christina Rossetti emerges on page 158:

She entered the room, wearing short serviceable skirts of an iron-grey tweed and stout boots. . . . Her dress did not at all go with her spiritual face and the heavily-lidded, wide-apart eyes which one only finds in a highly-gifted woman. . . . I certainly believe she made the worst of herself, perhaps as a species of mortification. She even affected a short, matter-of-fact way of speaking which took me somewhat aback at our first meeting. She put one off sitting at her feet completely.

Concerning William Sharp, the author says decisively: "I may say here that I do not even yet believe that William Sharp was Fiona Macleod. But of that more in its proper place." On that point we looked anxiously for further enlightenment, but found none; so we presume we must wait for one of the two further volumes of memories which Miss Tynan hopes to publish. The few glimpses of Wilde are not very flattering; he seems never to have sparkled in her presence.

There is a great deal about W. B. Yeats. The earlier reminiscences partake very much of the nature of loving banter. We imagine that the future biographer of the Irish poet may some day be very grateful to Miss Tynan for her pages on his early development. Very interesting and curious it is to read of his entire absorption in poetry during youth—"he lived, breathed, ate, drank, and slept poetry." In another place she says: "I remember how the big Dublin policemen used to

eye him in those days, as though uncertain whether to run him in or not. But, by and by, they used to say, 'Shure, 'tishn't mad he is, nor yet drink taken. 'Tis the poethry that's disturbin' his head,' and leave him alone." In his inability to take care of himself, and his utter forgetfulness of all but poetry, he fulfils the traditional figure of a poet in his youth pretty completely. Further later reminiscences and a number of letters round off this part of Miss Tynan's book.

Equally interesting is the romantic personality of George Russell, to whose poetry the English public seems just awakening. There is something almost Olympian about his figure. He tells what is perhaps one of the best stories in the volume:

He told me a story the other day of a friend of his who somewhere in the wilds of America became friends with an old Indian. He told him all the marvels of the old world—wireless telegraphy, radium, men flying in air, speech kept long after the speaker is dead. "Wonderful! wonderful!" said the Indian. "Tell me more." At last the reciter paused, wearied. "The white man is very wonderful," said the Indian. "Can he do this?" He stooped, lifted a handful of dust and threw it in the air; stretched himself upwards, and thin, delicate flames ascended from his hands and his feet and his hair; his body shone in air; he was a living jewel from head to foot. Then the glory faded. There was only an old Indian. "Can the white man do that?" he asked.

It is required also of writers of reminiscences that they should display a certain degree of intimacy, and should refrain as far as possible from the use of lime-light. Here, again, Miss Tynan satisfies our requirements. One does feel, closing her book, that one has really "got to know" her. The person who emerges with perhaps greatest distinctness from her pages is her own father. His strong points and weaknesses are alike set down with a loving pen. He is very lovable, very human, with more than a touch of greatness. We are grateful, too, for the accounts of one or two early friends who died untimely, some of them showing considerable promise: Rose Kavanagh, Frances Wynne, Charles G. Fagan, and Jim Alderson. They are written of with an affection that it is good to see in these reticent days.

Of lesser points we might mention a score if space allowed: such as Miss Tynan's theory that hair is an index to character; or the *naïve* confession of her early earnings, and how she spent them in a way that would shock the "unco' guid"; or this single characteristic flash of memory of G. B. S., who, in a lecture on Browning's "Caliban upon Setebos," remarked "that if Caliban was now alive he would belong to the Philharmonic Society"! We can promise many hours of pleasure to all readers of this winsome book.

The Board of Education announce that the Victoria and Albert Museum will, in future, be open on Sunday afternoons from 2 till 6 p.m. throughout the year, instead of from 2 till 4, 5, 6, or 7, according to season, as hitherto.

Recent Theology

Studies in Modernism. By the REV. ALFRED FAWKES. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Religious Ideas of the Old Testament. By H. WHEELER ROBINSON, D.D. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Introduction to the Books of the New Testament. By WILLOUGHBY ALLEN, M.A., and L. W. GRENSTED, M.A. (T. and T. Clark. 5s. net.)

Inspiration in Men, Books, and Movements. By G. CURRIE MARTIN, M.A., B.D. (Hunter and Longhurst. 1s. net.)

Faith and Reality. By J. HILTON STOWELL, M.A., D.D. (Robert Scott. 3s. 6d. net.)

Christianity and Sin. By ROBERT MACKINTOSH, D.D. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Papers of the American Society of Church History. Second Series, Vol. I. Edited by SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

"STUDIES in Modernism" consists of a collection of very able and clever essays which have appeared in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*—one in the *Hibbert Journal*. The first eight are concerned with Men and Modernism, the remainder more or less with the movement itself. There are studies of Tyrrell, Newman, Loisy, Anatole France, Zola, and others; also of Evolution and Development, Christian Modernism, and the English Church of To-Day. Mr. Fawkes is an acute and learned critic, but with all his penetration there are two things which he seems to underestimate—one, the power of dogmatic Christianity to resist Modernism; the other, that Modernism is only a phase, and that by no means new. As to the Church of England, Mr. Fawkes is frankly Erastian. He considers that the Royal supremacy and the judgments of the Privy Council save the National Church. Hence he fears Disestablishment. In his view the State makes the Church, and therefore has a right to say, "If you don't obey, you must go to prison." But he does not see that this sort of Erastianism is the high-road to Disestablishment. He is strongly anti-Catholic, though he is fully alive to the weakness of Protestantism. Catholic teaching in the Church of England he sneers at as "denominational Anglicanism." He says that "if we are wise, we shall not attempt to discover in the New Testament even the Catholic Creeds." His position, in short, is that of a critic too critical ever to become a leader of thought.

"The Religious Ideas of the Old Testament" is an exhaustive inquiry into the spiritual religion of the people of Israel. The author sums up the chief conceptions of Jewish religion under the problems of the existence of God, and His dealings with mankind, the existence of sin and suffering, and the vision of a future kingdom of God, in which His sovereignty would at last be fully displayed in social righteousness.

ness. In estimating the practical value of the body of Biblical literature he well points out that Old Testament criticism attacks not the authority of revelation but only the supposed *externalism* of it. The spiritual ideas still maintain their authority "as organic elements in the one comprehensive idea of religion." This is an interesting work, and contains some original thought.

Theological students will welcome this latest Introduction to the New Testament, which gives in concise form the results of the most modern criticism, together with the newest theories of sources, origins, and authorship, and useful summaries of the general contents of the several books. The work is very well arranged, and most convenient for reference.

"Inspiration" is a small volume of three essays on inspiration in men, in books, and in movements, designed as "an introduction to the great literature of the Jewish and Christian religions." There is no claim to any particular originality, but these lectures are useful for their purpose, to give some definite instruction and help on a difficult subject.

"Faith and Reality" is a consideration of spiritual problems primarily viewed from their metaphysical aspect, and then reduced to the level of practical life and experience. It is a book written with earnest and spiritual thought.

"Christianity and Sin" is another useful number of a very excellent series of Studies in Theology, of which some fifteen volumes have already been published. In the first part sin is treated historically in Judaism and Christianity as well as philosophically and from the standpoint of evolutionary science. The second part the author calls "constructive," in which he examines sin and the moral consciousness, forgiveness, the conquest of sin and its ultimate penalty. This is a valuable work, and will repay careful study.

So far back as the year 1841 the State of New York took measures for procuring transcripts of documents in the archives of Europe, that illustrate the history of the State. In the midst of a material civilisation over the seas there are now many historical societies and not a few learned scholars filled with zeal for research and a laudable "cacoethes scribendi." These transactions of an American Church History Society contain some papers of interest and value, notably a translation of the letters of Einhard, a Public Minister at the Court of Charles the Great. Professor Ewell writes a comparison between St. Basil and St. Jerome. Dr. Edward Corwin, who has personally visited Somerset House in London and the "Ryk's Archief" at The Hague, contributes a valuable paper on "Recent Researches in Holland and the Ecclesiastical Records of the State of New York." America may boast that the country is in the midst of the making of history, but its scholars show a just appreciation and veneration for the past, and for its historical foundations on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

An Illustrating Tourist

A Winter in India. By ARCHIBALD B. SPENS. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

THE modern facilities for communication with India produce an annual and increasing crop of visitors to that country, and these indite with equal regularity accounts of their travels. It is inevitable that such books should have a family likeness, though the facts are presented variously according to the writer's taste and observation. This was Mr. Spens' second visit to India, but he does not claim to describe untrodden pathways or to deal with matters which require the constant study of a lifetime. There is sanity in this method of treatment. We might well have been spared the crude reflections and suggestions of certain irresponsible travellers. But Mr. Spens has a way of his own. He narrates not only what he has seen—such as parades, and visits to gaols and forts, but what might at other periods have been seen at certain places, such as Akbar at Fatehpur Sikri, or the Mutiny fighting at Delhi. This method enables him to introduce many fragmentary passages of history, in which he is more correct than many writers. But he should not have given 1747 as the date of Nadir Shah at Delhi (he was there in 1738), or have stated that Hindu Rao was imprisoned by the East India Company. And Samee is quite a novel spelling of the Sammy Battery, the British soldier's corruption of "Swami," a Hindu god or idol. Nor was the Suez Canal opening ceremony performed at Port Said.

Mr. Spens travelled only from Bombay to Upper India and from the Khyber Pass to Benares: he does not mention Calcutta or Madras, or the southern portion. He labels India as fascinating, but presumably would not include therein the smells of Benares, or certain quarters of Bombay, and the Elephanta Caves, and the opium den which he inspected. The great towns on his route have been constantly described before: he has gone through them again with Murray's excellent book in hand, and has reproduced much information and some old chestnuts in a readable compass, with ninety-five good illustrations from his own photographs. His conclusion may well encourage others to follow his footsteps. He writes: "Nowhere, I think, will you find such a combination of historical interest, lovely scenery, quaint customs, and healthy climatic conditions as this vast Dependency affords in the winter tourist season; nowhere, I am certain, will one meet with greater kindness, courtesy, and hospitality than in strange, inexplicable and enthralling Hindustan." This book will not supersede Murray, but may be used profitably by future travellers, and it will help English people—if anything can—to realise some of the sights and attractions of India, though Mr. Spens does not penetrate beneath the surface.

Shorter Reviews

Buddhist Scriptures. By E. J. THOMAS, M.A. (John Murray. 2s. net.)

ALL who have read Sir Edwin Arnold's delightful poem, "The Light of Asia," will welcome this latest addition to the "Wisdom of the East" series, which now amounts in itself to a fair-sized library. We have already had in this series the Buddha's "Path of Virtue," legends of Indian Buddhism, "The Path of Light" and "The Way of the Buddha," all treating of Buddhism in various aspects. Now we have the text of part of the canonical books as reduced to writing nearly four hundred years after the death of Gotama; the New Testament of Buddhism, in fact.

A religion that numbers its living votaries by hundreds of millions, that was a living force five centuries before the birth of Christ, and that preaches of morality as pure as the highest Christian ideal, is worth more than superficial study. The story of the Great Renunciation can never grow stale, and the straitest-laced Christian can find nothing but admiration for the practice of sympathy for suffering so nobly inculcated two thousand four hundred years ago. Nor can any objection be taken to the rules for conduct contained in the Noble Eightfold Path, the middle path that opens the eyes and bestows understanding, between the two extremes of surrender to the pleasures of the world and the flesh, and self-mortification, painful, ignoble and useless. Nevertheless, the keynote of Buddhism is intense pessimism.

Laws of Health for Schools. By A. M. MALCOLMSON, M.D. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

THIS little volume is a guide for teaching the ordinary rules for keeping in good health, specially written in simple language, so as to be easily understood by scholars. Only elementary anatomy and physiology are described so far as is necessary to explain the other parts of the text. The illustrations add still further to the easy comprehension of the subjects dealt with. The whole forms a very useful text-book, and can be recommended with confidence. There are questions at the end of each chapter which increase its utility.

Mr. Werner Laurie is about to publish "South Sea Shipmates," by John Arthur Barry, the well-known Australian writer, and the author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip." The author in a sub-title describes his book as being "the matter-of-fact adventures of two Australian sailormen in various seas, and on ships of varying degrees of maritime iniquity." The sea life as described will in a few years be a thing of the past, if it has not already entirely disappeared. The present volume was left in manuscript at the author's death.

Fiction

Great Days. By FRANK HARRIS. (John Lane. 6s.)

WE are not much in love with the hero "Jack." We are not thinking exclusively of the Jack Morgan of Mr. Frank Harris; the hero "Jack" is, somehow or other, generic. "Jack" is generally a very vital person in real life, in fiction he is nearly always a shadow. In "Great Days" Jack Morgan is an algebraical symbol; it would be difficult to like him or to loathe him; it is as impossible to feel any deep sympathy for him in his vicissitudes, as it is to be touched by the fortunes of the symbol " x ," when, with its companions in misery, it gets multiplied by " m ," or raised to a higher power, or compelled (with shame) to take a lower room. The other persons of the drama are almost equally mathematical, with the exception of a vivid little group of French people, whom Jack meets when he is a prisoner of war. For Jack Morgan is taken prisoner by the Frenchmen of the "Great Days" (the Revolutionary and Napoleonic eras); he was privateering when it happened. His real line of business is smuggling, and his father keeps an inn near Dover. He has had much to endure from the local gentry, so he is pleased with regenerated France. He marries the daughter of Colonel Caressa, governor of the prison, and a Napoleonic enthusiast. The marriage is a failure, and is really only an episode; it helps to swell the rich cloud of misunderstandings that obscure the path to the real heroine. Later in the story Jack gets into touch with Charles James Fox, and very near the end he has an interview with Napoleon, who tempts him as from an exceeding high mountain; he has only to show him how the Boulogne flotilla can be got across.

The book is not one of Mr. Harris' best. It is moralised Henty, with thumb-nail sketches—good thumb-nail sketches—of big men, and some excellent general and particular historical propositions. There are naval combats and a fight with fisticuffs. The rest is a cold-blooded catalogue of the usual problems of life, among which Mr. Harris seems to reckon the phenomena of snobbishness almost inordinately high.

A Summer in Cornwall. By M. E. CURTOIS. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)

THE title of the book is a deceptive one, for it is a name and nothing more. There is no description of any part of Cornwall, and the background might equally well have been Tierra del Fuego. A delicate young husband and a pretty child wife take up their residence for the summer in Cornwall, followed by a set of very bad, and very mischievous, society people, who also hire a house in the neighbourhood. The machinations of the latter are successful and terminate in tragedy for those against whom they are directed. We have been unable to discover in this somewhat sordid story any trace of redeeming beauty or dignity.

The Quest of the Dream. By EDNA K. WALLIS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

DORIA FRENCH, in pursuit of the dream, passed through many experiences, of which she tells in sentimental, schoolgirl style. Some of her descriptions of sunsets and scenery are very good work, and some are merely bathos—especially when a Yankee colloquialism breaks in on a piece of high-flown imagery. In this respect the book consists of very uneven work, for the author knows little of the great gift of restraint, and thus easily descends to mere sentimentality. In the end, Doria finds a man of her dreams in David Hartnell, a painter, and then David discovers a new technique of painting in which he wishes to perfect himself—to the exclusion of Doria from his life. The whole story is told in the form of letters, a method of composition which causes us to feel that we never get quite near these people—they are never real to us. Both are nearest reality in the letters which tell how Doria was willing to go to David and be with him in poverty while he mastered his new technique, while David persistently refused to have her. The end, with its "faith creative in its vision and its power," is hardly convincing; it is either a great realisation or a great mistake, and we are not sure which. Perhaps they were happy; perhaps David realised his artistic self and Doria her dream—but their marriage was a risky experiment. We trust that in her next book the author will realise the drawbacks attendant on the letter-writing form of fiction, also that she will write with more restraint.

Julia and I in Canada. By the Author of "Daphne in the Fatherland." (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

"DAPHNE" in Canada is the Daphne of the Fatherland over again; opinionated, not a little priggish, and thoroughly confident that she knows Canadian business considerably better than the inhabitants of the country. Then there is Julia, a little more self-sufficient, who in the end marries some man who has our deepest sympathy, after teaching the Canadians how to run Canada—although the series of lectures with which she proceeds to enlighten the natives is cloaked by a species of badinage which merely aggravates her offence. Julia and "Priscilla" (Daphne's pseudonym for this volume) confined their tour to the Eastern States. There is an enlightening passage in the book on German missionary methods as compared with the English system, but we would commend the author to study German colonising methods and the success which attends them in Damaraland—not that colonising has any relation to missionary work, but she is so coolly contemptuous of British methods that a view of the other side might prove beneficial. We trust that the Canadian people will pay attention to the author's statement of the way in which their country should be run, and remodel their habits accordingly.

The Road to the Open. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. (Howard Latimer. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH this book treats of an immoral subject—as English people view these things—we cannot look on the book itself as immoral, for its lesson is too thoroughly, terribly patent for the story to do other than good to those who read it. The central character is George von Wergenthin, an Austrian baron, a self-centred musician, and a libertine. The story is that of George's relations with Anna Rosner, but it is in the detailed manner of telling that the value of the book lies. The subject is undoubtedly painful, but it is relieved by the skilful sketching in of a small crowd of characters, every one of whom impresses us as a personality, while the picture of Austrian social life is as ruthless as it is vivid. Anti-Semitism versus Semitism haunts the story in a King Charles' head fashion; but this is a subject on which English readers are scarcely competent to judge clearly, since in this country the Jew receives far different treatment from that meted out to him in Austria. Nearly every page is characterised by epigram, which the translator has taken good care to preserve. For instance, "The world would perhaps get on better if parents would more frequently learn by the experiences of their children instead of asking their children to adapt themselves to their own hoary wisdom," a truth that merits more frequent expression. Here is strong meat, certainly, but here is also a very powerful work, and a word of thanks is due to the translator for having done such thorough justice to the original.

Annuals

Penrose's Pictorial Annual comes this season for the nineteenth time with its articles of interest to all those engaged in process work, cover designs and the various details in connection with the printer's art; while for persons less versed in these technicalities the many beautiful illustrations will be a great attraction. In reviewing the year's work Mr. William Gamble, the Editor, among other matters, contrasts the merits of intaglio printing as compared with the use of half-tone blocks. He states that "in the near future half-tone blocks will be displaced to a considerable extent in illustrated books and journals, and probably also in our more important daily and weekly newspapers. It seems to be conclusively proved that intaglio-printed illustrations have hit the public taste better than half-tones." Many who have had experience of half-tone blocks know full well that the printed result is often very unsatisfactory and will gladly welcome their displacement by others giving more satisfactory results.

With regard to the many beautiful reproductions we would especially mention "Nature Study," an instantaneous colour photograph, the negatives of which

are by the Polychrome Company, London and New York. For a catalogue illustration of metal ware, that facing page fifty-six is excellent. Tinted paper always helps to display well photos printed on it; hence "New-haven Fishwives," "Water Lilies," "A Water Mill on the Battlefield of Towton, Yorkshire," and "Mending the Herring Nets," are very charming pictures which would look well mounted and put in small frames. The book on the whole is a most creditable production, and, as we have said previously, will be welcomed with equal pleasure by artist and mechanic.

The yearly volume of Messrs. Hachette and Co.'s popular magazine, *Lectures pour Tous*, now in its sixteenth year, is a handsome one of over sixteen hundred pages which teem with choice engravings and excellent letterpress. These cover a vast field, both entertaining and instructive, and many prominent artists and leading writers of the day have collaborated in their production. A contribution likely to attract considerable attention is "L'Ane Rouge," owing to the recent lamented death of the author, M. Jules Claretie of the French Academy. It is a delightful story in which love and the supernatural play prominent parts. Other Academicians who contribute are M. Henri de Régnier, with "La Femme dont je rêve," M. Frédéric Masson writing on the Empress Marie-Louise, and the Marquis de Ségur with an appreciation of M. Louis Barthou's recent work on Mirabeau. *Lectures pour Tous* is a vast collection of choice and varied illustrated literature, and, as its name implies, it caters for all and sundry.

The Christmas Number of *La Vie Heureuse*, issued by the same publishers, is full of coloured illustrations, some good, and some very indifferent, especially those of the Second Empire, where a dark blue predominates in place of a darkish green, the colour required by history, so far as regards the hunts at Fontainebleau and elsewhere. Nevertheless, the number will doubtlessly appeal to those who are not too hypercritical.

Nelson's "Year Book," for 1914, is a very useful little volume. It contains a fund of information, which, though not exhaustive, nevertheless, covers a large ground, and you may find, in this small volume, facts which you often waste many hours in seeking for elsewhere.

An illustrated lecture will be given by the President of the Scottish Society, Loudon MacQueen Douglas, F.R.S.E., on Tuesday, January 6, in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, 1, Queen Street, Edinburgh, at 8 p.m. The subject will be "The Wearing of the Kilt," and the illustrations will consist of a large series of coloured and other lantern slides, specially prepared for this lecture from many unique publications, both ancient and modern. Admission will be free, and members of the Scottish Society and others are requested to attend in the Scottish national dress.

Some Realities of Irish Life*

IN the romantic history of Europe, no episode is more interesting than the clash between the Teutonic peoples and the Celtic race. It is interwoven in the West with the story of fifteen centuries. Through all that long period the overpowering Teuton has despised and misunderstood the race which he has conquered. Nowhere is this aversion more apparent than in Ireland. Here no political absorption has ever been possible. Divided by the sea, here the Celt has maintained his hated individuality. His gifted and poetic imagination, his refinement of feeling, his romantic mysticism, his weakness and resignation, all these delicate characteristics merely filled the conquerors with contempt. Even the power to develop which he undoubtedly possessed was denied to the Celt in Ireland. In the Middle Ages, when he had to contend against a ceaseless war for conquest, the conquerors scouted all idea of the self-development of a national civilisation. By a cruel assumption, the Celt was proclaimed incapable of success in his own land. A more cruel because practical repression of agriculture, industry, and commerce gained for the Celt the reputation of idleness. For three hundred years there was added, until the early days of the last century, the horror of religious persecution. So Ireland stood "the Niobe of nations," afflicted by every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined. Even now, though for near one hundred years England has been essaying reparation, the misunderstanding of the Celtic spirit continues. At the same time the English outlook across the Channel is very different from that of fifty years ago. Many factors have contributed to the breaking down of prejudice.

More English people visit Ireland, and, though their observation is often superficial, there now exists a feeling of less prejudice. Folk-lore, the Gaelic League, and Mr. W. B. Yeats have produced quite a cult in Oxford and London, a little esoteric, perhaps, and somewhat circumscribed as a real influence, but still evidence of a view of Ireland quite impossible in mid-Victorian England. Books like the "Reminiscences of an Irish R.M." and Mr. "G. A. Birmingham's" delightful and humorous stories have a widespread popularity, and have done much to introduce Englishmen to the lighter side of Irish life. In "Irishmen All" Canon Hannay writes in more serious vein; though humorous as ever, he shows that he is a master of subtle irony and gentle satire in these twelve character sketches of different types of Irishmen.

Knowing Ireland well, we can say securely that we have seldom read any studies which show so penetrating an insight. Many are unable to see beyond the masquerade of wit and fun which covers the deep reserve of the Celt. But in these sketches the veil is

* *Irishmen All*. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. With Twelve Illustrations in Colour by JACK B. YEATS, R.H.A. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

partially lifted, and one finds many glimpses into the realities of motive, of life, and of character. Nor is there any evasion of the ever present problem of politics and religion, which are treated with a fairness and detachment quite remarkable in Ireland (we trust that we give no offence) among those of the author's class and position.

The principal portraits, for such they may be called, are those of The Greater and the Lesser Officials, The Country Gentleman, The Squireen, The Politician, The Farmer, The Publican, The Parish Priest, and The Minister. If space would allow, each is worthy of quotation. But a few extracts must suffice. The Higher Official is a type of the man who, "in Ireland, at all events, arranges and directs the great ballet of Government. His place is in the wings. Politicians of one sort or another do the pirouetting and mince across the stage . . . the public applauds or hoots them; but Bates is the man who devises their antics for them." It is customary among "patriots" to inveigh against Chief Secretaries and Lords-Lieutenant; among others to suppose that they really do govern. Acquaintance with men like Bates gives a very different impression. A man of quiet reserve, of kindly cynicism, of quick penetration, of infinite humour to see "the amusing side of all causes, the absurdities of all political and social creeds," yet an altruist withal, able to understand men and things, and therefore able to govern.

Without offering any opinion on the vexed question of Home Rule, we can readily understand the comments of the average Englishman on reading the sketch of a "Politician." "A nice mess," he would say, "they'll be in, if that is the sort of members Ireland will have." For Timothy Sweeny was a broken-down and ruined shop-keeper, cunning, clever, and determined to rise again by hook or by crook. So Timothy engineered politics for his own ends, and now "he is a great man, a member of Parliament and gets £400 a year for that." But underlying all the sardonic irony of this sketch there is an impression that both Timothy and the voters who elected him are really shrewder men than you might suppose.

We pass to a sketch of an Irish farmer and his wife, a scene of real beauty and pathos, as the fine old man of seventy-five—he had been a hale man all his life—lies on his death-bed, the result of an accident. He had worked hard for sixty years. Once he had spent seven years reclaiming, by his own toil, acres of waste land on the hillside, strewn thickly with great grey stones, among which the whins grew, a blaze of golden blossom in those old summer days of his youth, where now, as he lies a-dying, his sons are saving the hard-won haycrop. "They're cutting the hay," said Mrs. Blake, "and it's a grand crop, thanks be to God." The working of the League had prevented any addition to his rent on account of the reclaimed land. But the League had also caused murder, bloodshed, and terrorism. So James Blake's last words to his patient

wife were, "Let not John be meddling with any of their League work, either good or bad."

During the revolution he had worked on, and the crops on the hillside ripened, as those of the ploughman in Zola's "Débâcle," who "drove his white horse across and across a hillside near Sedan, while the French guns thundered against the quickly closing circle of German steel." So this little bit of fertile land became "a more enduring monument than the rich man's tablet of brass."

Those who talk glibly about the dangers of priestly domination in Ireland should read the chapter on the Parish Priest, and the wonderfully fair estimate of the different types of secular priests to-day. Some "are men of strong practical common sense, rarely the victims of spiritual snobbishness or political clap-trap. They have the interests of their people sincerely at heart, and give sound and disinterested advice to those who need it."

But there is another class of priest—the overbearing seminarist, who has no saving grace of humour or humanity. "It is men of this type" (which is rather new and modern) "who constitute the real danger to the power of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland." Still, there are many men of the Spirit who are really both the temporal and spiritual friends of the people. So, also, are many "ministers" of the Church of Ireland, men like the clergyman whose picture is so graphically drawn, who took the highest honours in classics and has spent nearly all his life in an utterly remote little rectory, twenty miles or so from a station, with some forty scattered souls to look after. Yet here, in such unstimulating environment, "Harold Burnaby and his wife have done something for Ireland too," outside the charmed circle of "politicians, philosophers, poets, reformers, founders of leagues, prophets of ideas, or any of the great tribe of evangelists." In fact, it is the misfortune of Ireland that she has too many patriots, "more, indeed, than any other country of the same size." But those who would know something of Irishmen as they really are, and as they really live and move, apart from the theories of either patriots or reformers, faddists or philanthropists, should read the fascinating pages of "Irishmen All." They will be delighted, too, with the capital illustrations of typical Irishmen, reproduced in coloured miniature from oil paintings by Mr. J. B. Yeats of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

P. A. M. S.

Beginning with the January number, *The Century* will cease to issue an English edition, and the magazine will no longer be found generally on English and Continental news-stalls. Persons desiring to receive the *Century* regularly should in future remit their subscriptions to the Century Company through their English agents, T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., Clifford's Inn, London.

An Aspect Overlooked

IT is customary and proper for a novelist to pause for a moment before finally collecting the separated threads of his narrative, and to endeavour to trace some logical coherence in the succession of events he has narrated. This opportunity has been used with happy effect by Mr. Arnold Bennett towards the close of one of his most carefully finished and artistic books, "The Old Wives' Tale." The current of life which has so long divided the two sisters, leaving one to vegetate in the shallows of a provincial draper's shop, and sweeping the other through crowded years of Paris, the Second Empire, the Siege, and the Commune, has at last drifted them together again in the quiet resting-place of the Five Towns. Their lives have been remote in feeling as well as experience. One has lived diffusely, the other intensely. The elder accepts existence without analysis; the younger feels acutely how strange it is that she who has undergone so much, and can look upon her birthplace with alien eyes, should be the very selfsame she, unaltered in essence, who grew there from girl to woman, unconscious of the turmoil of her future. And yet she, too, comes to a similar attitude of amused resignation. "After all," she thinks, with a shrug, "life is like that." There are some calamities in it, but many small pleasures; the daily commonplace events bulk larger than the great happenings. There is much matter for wonder, but much more with which to be content.

The remark is not, perhaps, very profound; it offers no solution of the eternal problems; but to the mind of the reader straight from a surfeit of modern fiction it comes with a curious freshness and force. For many of our best living novelists, the men who have really contributed something to English literature, have done most of their work on quite an opposite theory. They select only such aspects of things as will fit in with a premeditated scheme adjusted to their own temperaments. Take an example deservedly honoured, Mr. Thomas Hardy. Nobody at the present day would deny his eminence in letters or his distinction in the world of character-study; his peasants are in some sort immortal; and although the construction of plots is not his strongest point, still, taken singly, they are not incredible and rarely even improbable. But when we look back upon the series of volumes, and consider the sum total of his work, we realise that the general effect is untrue. "Life is *not* like that," we think impatiently. "These things never happened." The tone is too menacing. There is no malice in Fate, nor does the world conspire against humanity.

In like manner we rebel against Mr. Galsworthy, who "revolves the sad vicissitudes of things" so painfully and so long. We turn naturally away from the dreary wilderness, unilluminated by purpose, thought, or humour, that the late George Gissing discovered in

Suburbia. Since Mr. Wells abandoned the kindly everyday sphere of shop assistants, and school teachers, and country actors, and general servants, that he painted with so much insight and sympathy, and hit upon his more recent vein of aggressive reform, we feel that the parting of the ways has come in his case also. We refuse to believe in the wholesale immorality of everybody, we are not convinced that a plain church marriage is the inevitable prelude to disaster, and we incline to doubt what appears to be his fundamental axiom, that the salvation of the world can be worked out only by efficient and unspeakable cads. We are equally unconvinced by Mr. Hichens, the leader of quite another and much more sophisticated school. His characters exist solely for the abnormal; they develop passions for statues and precious stones, or fraternise with renegade monks in the Sahara, or thrill with sinister emotions at orchestral concerts. Such things are uncharacteristic, not merely of common life, but of any life. We do not move so closely upon the borders of the morbid and the supernatural as he would have us imagine. Even the most decadent of men spend much the largest portion of their time in ordinary commonplace ways. After all, the Bank and the beef-steak and the omnibus are necessary facts too. The art of a Shakespeare or a Dickens would not neglect what enters so largely into the web of daily life.

The truth of the matter is that we are unreasonably afraid of the obvious. The atmosphere we deem essential in fiction, and strive so hard to create, is only a distorting medium; the remote characters whose emotions we analyse so subtly are really less interesting than the man next door, if we had only the courage to believe it. The commonplace has one outstanding merit: it is the best to live with. The platitude has become a platitude from its constant and vital truth; that is what saves it from extinction. It has (to use a convenient Americanism) "made good" for so long, it has proved serviceable to so many different generations, that it cannot be wise to neglect it altogether. The brilliant unusual things are wrong more often than the dull common things, although we are inclined to act as if we thought otherwise. Bread-and-butter is not exciting, but it does not exasperate; while, as the Colonel in "Patience" discovered, if you have toffee for breakfast, toffee for lunch, toffee for dinner, even toffee can become monotonous. Of late we have dined rather too freely on toffee, and our palate is getting jaded. The toffee was good toffee, and we admit the ability of the men who made it for us, but we have come to want something else. We weary for plain joints and vegetables once more. We want to see plate-glass views instead of tinted impressions; and we are ready to welcome the novelist who will show us ordinary men and women treading their daily round in the main with enjoyment, and facing evil with fortitude when the inevitable accidents of life beset them on their way.

F. C. M.

The Tyranny of Games

A GAME, whether indoor or outdoor, may conceivably be a good servant, but will always prove a bad master. It should, like sport of every kind, provide relaxation from work, and should be neither a fetish nor a business. Its object is to pass the time pleasantly, not by way of killing it—have we so long to live that we need talk of killing time?—but as a source of agreeable distraction, with an element of not unfriendly rivalry essential to the fullest enjoyment of the best games. The rivalry need not, however, be of the purse. The barbarous Uriankhai of Central Asia are content to wrestle strenuously for no greater reward than a cheese, which the victor habitually flings as largesse to the crowd. It took a higher civilisation to produce the professional footballer, the pride of Millwall or Tottenham, the darling of ten thousand of his fellows who lack both the inclination and opportunity to take any more active part than cheering him to victory. Time was when football was a healthy game for the half-holidays of schoolboys, or even for men up at the Universities, and it ought never to have been allowed to degenerate into a wage-earning business, attaining to the publicity of special editions, ousting news of world-wide importance, furnishing material for demoralising newspaper competitions and attracting immense hordes of weedy admirers who cheer the heroes of Blackheath as madly as Americans cheer their "ball" men at Philadelphia or Detroit, or Canadians their lacrosse teams at Toronto.

What football is to the working class, that, and more, is golf to those in better circumstances, and its sway is more personal. Originally a pastime favoured by humble folk in its Scotch home, it is become the obsession of those in high places, the mania of people otherwise sane, the lodestar of the week-end recess, the perennial topic of conversation in railway compartment and in clubs. Would that its vogue were confined to the week-end! Such restraint could rouse no hostile thought, since even the old school motto insists that, once the books are put away, *tempus est ludendi*. Unfortunately, even those who are able to play golf on only two days of the week talk and dream of nothing else during the other five, and there are few better illustrations of monkeys chattering on the shores of the Dead Sea than the normal conversation of a couple of golfing enthusiasts penned in a railway carriage during a long non-stop run.

Golf is at least a wholesome outdoor recreation, but what shall be said of the tyranny of bridge, with its offshoot, auction, played in a stifling atmosphere, and so tyrannical as to have slain the arts of dining and conversation that it may add empty pockets to empty heads? The bridge-talker is more contentious than even the golfer. When he cannot deal cards he talks them, and his dogma touching leads and declarations would be offensive if it were not childish. Unlike some other forms of gaming, bridge is a quasi-scientific pur-

suit. The bucks and bloods of other days were, it is true, so dominated by the tables that they would cheerfully cut down the last tree on their broad acres to meet their losses at hazard, but at least they were too well bred to obtrude their views on faro in polite society. The modern bridge enthusiast shows no such mercy. For him, the rights and wrongs of the last rubber are an absorbing topic of what he fondly regards as conversation.

Billiards has no such pernicious hold on those who are not slow to own its fascination. It provides a ready means of passing an hour in a friendly contest of skill. Gambling is no part of its enjoyment, and it need not be marred by any discord. Occasionally, no doubt, its even tenour is interrupted by the gentle flow of mild invective loosed by an abnormal penchant for "fluking," but it is rarely a contentious, and never a tyrannical, game. Nor can it well furnish an engrossing topic of small-talk away from the table, since it is exceedingly difficult to discuss a stroke without illustrating it, and the best stroke to play is not, like the correct card to lead, a question of exact science, but purely a matter of taste.

It is only grown-up folk, who ought to know better, that we find bowing in this foolish way to the tyranny of any game. Schoolboys are truer to themselves. Most of them like cricket in moderation, yet when it becomes compulsory in the excess prescribed by the short-sighted etiquette of most public schools, they simply "cut" it, even at the risk of personal chastisement, and seek variety in the swimming-bath or even out of bounds along the highways and hedges. For their stalwart refusal to acknowledge the absolute power of what a contemporary likes to call King Willow, they are made to write out lines, or even to feel the cane. It may be that such discipline is essential, even on half-holidays, to the proper working of the system; yet, so long as the boys keep out of mischief and spend their time in the open air, it seems a little ridiculous that they should be severely punished for preferring one recreation to another, at any rate as a matter of variety from the business of the nets. Who knows but this early compulsion to play cricket or hockey at school leaves its mark on them in after life so that, true to type, they continue to give to other games, not one of which will bear comparison to cricket, the allegiance exacted from them in the days when the most dreaded invitation they could receive was a summons to the headmaster's study after morning school?

Messrs. Constable & Co. are publishing immediately a translation of M. Louis Bertrand's "Saint Augustin," which was recently reviewed in THE ACADEMY. The work of translation has been done by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan, and, in view of the keen interest which M. Bertrand's book has excited, the publishers anticipate a great appreciation of it in its new form.

The Great Clan Donald*

ANOTHER book by the author of "Coke of Norfolk and His Friends" is welcome. The history of the great Clan Donald, from the early days of Somerled and Conn of a Hundred Fights to the present time, is full of romance and stirring incident. Accounts of valiant Scottish chiefs, grim battles, quaint stratagems, acts of horrible vengeance, love affairs, and amusing anecdotes are given with a fascinating sprightliness of style, and those who are Scotch will doubtless study with avidity the Pedigree and Appendices. The latter contain a list of "wedding cloaths" worn by the wife of Alexander, ninth Baronet Macdonald of the Isles and first Lord Macdonald of Slate. In this lengthy list, which reminds us of an elementary sum in arithmetic, we would rather work out as a problem than pay as a bill, we learn that "12 Holland Shifts, 7d. per ell," cost £7 6s. 11d., while "17½ yds. silverground silver flowers, £3 3s.," reach the alarming figure of £55 2s. 6d.

We are told that Somerled's looking-glass was the stream, the heel of his shoe his drinking-cup, and that he much preferred to spear a salmon than to slaughter a foe. When this peaceful sportsman was asked to sail away and become Chief of Skye, he made the following characteristic speech: "Islesmen, there's a newly run salmon in the black pool yonder. If I catch him, I will go with you as your chief; if I catch him not, I shall remain where I am." It so happened that the salmon was caught, and never was a fish landed with greater joy or with more far-reaching and beneficial consequences. Somerled lost no time in ridding the Isles of his foes. On one occasion, while on a small island with only a hundred followers, he was besieged by the Norwegian fleet. Realising that he and his men were likely to be defeated, he adopted the following ingenious stratagem:—"The whole force under his command being clothed in goats' skins, he ordered the Highlanders to march round the island with their colours flying and their bagpipes playing. This attracted attention, and the moment his troops had passed out of sight, the men were desired to turn their coats inside out, and with this altered exterior, and a different gathering played on the bagpipes, they marched past the Norwegian fleet again. Having completed this singular metamorphosis several times, the invaders became intimidated at the number of regiments apparently mustering to oppose them, and set sail without beat of drum. This is the only instance on record when a Lord of the Isles became a turncoat."

There was a bitter feud between Hugh and his kinsman, Chief Donald Gorme Mor, or Big Blue Donald. When Hugh's Castle was on the eve of completion, he plotted to slay his Chief. He gave a great feast, and wrote a letter of invitation to Donald, in which he

"expressed penitence for the past and craved forgiveness for the future." Having written this hypocritical letter, he penned another to a fellow-conspirator, and it so happened that the plan for assassination was accidentally sent to Donald, while the conspirator had the surprise of reading the epistle intended for the Chief. Donald fully appreciated the mistake, and entered into the matter with considerable zest. He invited Hugh to Duntulum Castle, whither the unsuspecting rogue repaired. No sooner had the guest entered the castle than he was thrown into a dungeon, allowed to starve for a time, and finally given a large quantity of very salt beef. Having devoured the meat, he was afflicted with a violent thirst which was never assuaged. We are told that he endeavoured to scrape a hole through the wall with the shin-bone of the ox. He nearly succeeded, but strength failed him, and he died raving mad, "having in his agony torn to pieces with his teeth the pewter dish on which the beef had lain." It is difficult to find extenuating circumstances for this cruel act of vengeance, but it is wholly impossible to excuse Big Blue Donald for the way he got rid of his lawful wife in order that he might bestow his love elsewhere. The unfortunate lady "had lost an eye—whether through matrimonial dissension, history does not reveal—and Blue Donald when he cast her out mounted her upon a one-eyed horse, led by a one-eyed boy, and followed by a one-eyed dog." It was a vicious jest, and Donald paid dearly for an insult that can scarcely be surpassed.

Boswell has been aptly described as the king of bores, and, as bores are invariably lacking in sensitiveness, he was scarcely less distinguished for being one of the most tactless of men. His famous "Tour in the Hebrides" is referred to in the volume before us, in so far as it affects the Clan Donald. Boswell expected that the head of the Macdonalds would be surrounded by his clan, and that he and his master would participate in many a festive entertainment. He writes: "We had a small company, and we cannot boast of our cheer." Boswell and Johnson heard many tales respecting the parsimony of their host. Johnson observes: "Boswell had some thoughts of collecting them and making a novel of his life!" It is good to find the offensive Boswell referred to in the following lines of Walcot:—

Loud of thy tour a thousand tongues have spoken
And wondered that thy bones were never broken.

Let Lord Macdonald threat thy breech to kick,
And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick.

We must pass over two chapters entitled "The Diary of a Sassenach," containing a graphic description of a journey to, and a sojourn in, Skye, and turn to the very romantic story of Louisa Maria and Godfrey Macdonald. Here, surely, is material for a very diverting novel. The story occupies many pages, from the time when the young Louisa played battledore and shuttlecock to a runaway marriage and the final righting of a

* *Macdonald of the Isles. A Romance of the Past and Present.* By A. M. W. STIRLING. Illustrated. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

great wrong. What that wrong was and precisely how true were the loves of Godfrey and Louisa we leave to the reader, assured that he will peruse these pages, and those that precede them, with more than usual interest.

Sand and Spinifex

BY A WANDERER.

THE Arabs have a pleasing tradition to the effect that Allah, who is all-wise, and whose ninety-nine attributes are daily recited by the Faithful, planted the Sahara with sand and aloes, and then laughed at the result of his work; a ghastly legend, to appreciate the full horror of which one should hear it for the first time, as I did, when riding a weary horse over the burning carpet of the Great Thirst. The desert has achieved quite a vogue as a background of romance, and, glimpsed from the carefully stage-managed environs of Cairo, or edited by the fantastic imagination of Mr. Hichens, it may, no doubt, assume the glamour called for in the artistic stage of a burning passion between adventurous lovers, who, the world forgetting, would fain be by the world forgot. All this is very creditable to the literary and dramatic art of those who have so transmogrified the hideous reality as actually to rouse a desire for closer acquaintance in the bosom of those jaded children of civilisation who, either in their own library or from their stall at the St. James's Theatre, turned their dreamy eyes towards the Garden of Allah and envied those refugees from the conventions who hid their unholy loves in its parched solitudes. What, I wonder, would these tender, if somewhat unhinged, maidens have thought of the real thing? Bitterly, I trow, they would have regretted the shady side of Bond Street, the lounge at the Carlton, and their favourite golf course. For there is no romance whatever about the real desert. Its nomad Bedawin are not eagle-eyed kings of men, breathing the perfumes of Araby and inspired with such high-souled ideals of honour as we read of in those who of old defended the Sepulchre against Christian chivalry, but tatterdemalion thieves, exceedingly unclean in their habits, ripe for any petty larceny, tyrannising over their weaker neighbours and fawning before armed Europeans, save where, with safety in numbers, they can attack them without risk of repulse.

Sunrise over the desert is among the themes which have driven fluent pens inspired by eyes that perchance never saw the sun rise over any scene more exalted than Margate sands; but, down in Africa, it is the hour that heralds yet another breathless day of painful trekking or wearisome halt. The sun may be friendly enough to those who know him at his worst in an English August, and those who rarely see his face may long for more intimate acquaintance. To them, however, that dwell under his scourge, he is the enemy

and tyrant of their race, and it is a fact that the children of the desert, who know it best, also hate it most.

As I rode over the dreadful stony plain, called Behara ou Guentoor—the meaning of this Arabic I know not, but it should be synonymous with Tophet—and Mohammed acquainted me with the manner in which Allah laughed at his handiwork, I felt the callous cruelty of it, and knew that only in kinder climes could men have imagined a God of Love. For those born under the Sun, a fiercer deity, a God of Vengeance, alone could command fear and homage; and as my wretched horse, which was carrying me inland to Marrakesh, shambled painfully over the shimmering sand and loose stones, the sardonic humour of the nightmare around me was suddenly evident. What a travesty of vegetation! Garden of Allah, indeed! With its cactus and prickly pear, its palmetto, its clinging thorns, defensive and aggressive, and the occasional clump of skeleton palms to emphasise the treeless monotony of the rest! Here, of a truth, was a garden for the damned. Mr. Hichens had not yet written his amazing story, and I never came across him, though I once missed him by no more than a few hours on the shore of Galilee, and would have been glad to ride with him over the Plain of Jericho that hot April day and to congratulate him on the romance of it all.

There are two obvious products of these waterless tracts, and they are the nomad and the camel. Of the nomad, the less said, perhaps, the better. Jabal was the reputed father of them that dwell in tents, and from earliest times down to the modern poultry-stealing gipsy his offspring have been a pretty lot of ruffians, picturesque, no doubt, to civilised folk who occasionally play at camp life, but ever a thorn in the side of their law-abiding neighbours of settled abode. The camel, considered, at any rate, apart from the environment it fits so well, is almost as unspeakable. It is unusual for me to harbour unkindly feelings towards any living creature on four legs, short, perhaps, of a hyæna, but, even after weeks in its company, when it carried all my slender belongings far from railways, it never won a place in my affections. Its utility was above all question, but so in its proper place is that of a luggage van, and my love for the two is about the same. The camel is pre-eminently the child of the desert, enduring, brutish, apathetic, suspicious, vindictive, proof against good fortune and adversity alike. It must, I imagine, be the most unemotional animal on the face of the earth. Compared with it a public hangman and a tax-collector are hysterical. I have seen one bear its driver's blows, administered with whole-hearted zeal, as indifferently as it would have borne the caresses that never came. I have times and again let my own meal in camp wait while I saw the camels fed, and gone near having my hand bitten off for venturing too close to the objects of my solicitude. The camel will bear any burden save that of gratitude, of the need for which, to be sure, it has little enough experience. It is almost

perfect physically; morally, it is about all that an animal should not be. Yet who, knowing its home, can blame it? One does not dig for diamonds in the pit of Hawiyat!

The Garden of Allah is a Garden of Death. It has no flowers, save only the scanty blossom of the prickly pear or the fleeting pink of the bitter oleander. Its birds are the ghoulish vultures that gorge on the festering remains of them that fall by the way. Perhaps its most consummate cruelty is the illusion of the mirage. When you have ridden for hours with this false promise of water ever receding in the middle distance, it needs little eloquence to convince you of the laughter of Allah. You can hear it.

The Theatre

Some Christmas Nights' Entertainments

DRURY LANE

HAPPY days! Happy days! is the agreeable refrain that runs through the many melodies of "The Sleeping Beauty Re-awakened." Happy days of insouciant youth, happy days of bald-headed and "transformation" decorated maturity. It is the oft-repeated burden on the stage at Drury Lane, it is re-echoed again and again throughout the vast and glittering auditorium. To be privileged to see one more Boxing Night entertainment here is to realise the eternal youth of cities and to gain a glimpse of the easy and generous happiness of mankind.

We do not pretend to a devotion to this particular form of stage art, but we at least understand its appeal and appreciate the heavy labours of the management which enable it to place before its delighted patrons an enormous and lively show, which, beginning at seven o'clock, does not end until after midnight. Perhaps the endeavours of Mr. Arthur Collins and his many co-workers have been lightened a little this year because, for the first time at Drury Lane, they have done what has so often been accomplished in musical comedy, and given us a second edition of last year's success. But, of course, there are a hundred new inventions and subtle changes in the elaborate fairy-play—and then there is a new generation for pantomime every year.

In most cases the cast is filled by the same amusing, gifted and beautiful people as heretofore. But each of these is surer and more victorious in their curious or attractive characters. Miss Florence Smithson, as the beauty who sleeps so gracefully, gives us a Princess Marcella who delights the house. Her voice is clearer, her manner more delicate, her pathos more artificially touching than heretofore. She is a Dresden china princess of the best period, and goes a-pair with the handsome Prince Auriol—who is for a time a gardener

and, for a little while, a very harmless kind of beast of legend. This is, of course, Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt, whose fine singing fills the wide span of the Theatre Royal with gorgeous melody.

Better than ever are those well-contrasted comedians, Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans. The first is the Duke of Monte Blanco—whose second wife is the attractive but sadly wicked fairy, Anarchista, who makes him a scarecrow for years and years—and the other, the Chancellor Pompos, but it does not matter in the least who they represent. They really appear to us as two delightful old friends who have come once more together to amuse us and, incidentally, to enjoy themselves and our enjoyment of their queer, honest humour and gay devices. The present edition of "The Sleeping Beauty" gives them a fairly free hand, and in scenes a little beyond the region of the fairy story, in which they work together with a will, they are delightfully funny after a curious fashion which would, we believe, be quite impossible outside England. These two actors and Mr. Stanley Lupino as the ill-bred person who has for the time being taken the place of the rightful Prince, provide most of the fun of the night.

As for the rest, there is Arcadia and beauty, all kinds of fairies and fairy dreams, lovely dresses and, as was the case last year, the most beautiful scenery ever used in a pantomime. Notwithstanding the long interludes of comic business, the long-reaching fairy story, the immense quantity of spectacle—

. . . . No one is bored; bright eyes meet eyes
Still brighter, for they lack disguise,
Life sweetly comes, but never flies

in this agreeable land of seasonable delights.

This general effect of gaiety and completeness is greatly helped by the authors' invention of the character of Puck, who brings together the human world and the realm of fairyland with easy, confident grace. Puck is, of course, Miss Renée Mayer, whose success last year is greatly increased. She has wit and skill, she dances delightfully, and sings as sweetly as the nightingale. One of the most entrancing numbers in the whole performance is the song and dance which Miss Mayer gives on the borderland of the fairy world and the sleeping beauty's palace. With the support of a crowd of charming sprites playing on bells, she sings and dances with extraordinary *élan* and humour, but it is her continued vivacity throughout the whole entertainment that most astonishes her audience, for she speaks the first and last words, and is not far from the gorgeous scene at any moment of the play. Mr. Arthur Collins always has victories, but the present pantomime is one of his greatest.

THE LYCEUM

MR. WALTER and Mr. Frederick Melville have induced Mr. Newman Maurice to write just the right sort of gay and ridiculous children's pantomime which fits with the democratic spirit of the moment. "Babes in

the Wood" is full of fun and character, lively songs, beautiful dances—and dancers—and bright scenes. The Babes themselves are played by two clever little people named on the programme Ray and Zack. Whenever they are on the stage they hold the audience's attention with ease and grace; they sing, and act, and dance, and make merry or are sad with admirable effect and unflagging courage. They are supported by a dozen extraordinary and amusing people. Mr. Harry Weldon is the son of their wicked uncle, one of the most complicated people ever seen in a pantomime, for he plays at least a hundred parts and is sure of laughter in all of them.

Then the Bold Robbers, who eventually have so long and so comic a fight, Mr. Alexandre and Mr. Hughes, are full of the highest spirits and the most curious ideas. They are in and out of the pantomime at all times, and always lighten and brighten it. The wildly funny policemen, Mr. Woodhouse and Mr. Wells—the fat one is very harshly treated when he becomes a schoolboy in a nice pinafore—are also ready at any moment with some side-splitting piece of knock-about fun.

There is the graceful Miss Daisy James as Maid Marian, with charming songs and delicate romance. There is Miss Jane Eyre as the ever famous boy of pantomime, Robin Hood, whose fine voice and form give a certain distinction to the long production. And there are hundreds of other clever people among whom are especially remarkable that vigorous and graceful French dancer, M. Robert Roberty, who was recently at Covent Garden, and the petite danseuse, Miss Pickford, with whom he has some delightful moments—the most agreeable, perhaps, in the whole of this long feast of fairyland. Miss Lottie Stone, too, sends a troupe of graceful dancers who greatly help in the illusion that the birds of the sky as well as the fairies are immensely interested in the sometimes tragic chances that come to the Babes in the Wood and elsewhere.

As a whole the Lyceum pantomime will be considered a great success; its lively music arranged and written by Mr. Sullivan-Brooke, its engaging ballets arranged by Mdlle. Rosa, its brilliant costumes by Mr. Clarkson, and its admirable stage management by Mr. S. Major Jones would almost make it if a dozen amusing comedians and clever and beautiful ladies did not work throughout the fourteen elaborate scenes with the whole-hearted purpose of giving us pleasure.

Among the more popular successes of the season the Lyceum pantomime has a sure and prominent place.

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL." AT THE NEW THEATRE

THIS is a charming play of fact and fancy, in a form which somehow suggests a materialisation of a fairy poem by Maeterlinck. Although it has evidently been very cleverly adapted for the English stage, it retains the essential flavour which belongs to the best American

work. Our money-making fathers and the mothers who are social climbers no doubt sometimes neglect their children so that they may follow their own desires, but not quite after the fashion of the Money Man, Mr. Lionel Atwill, or his wife, the Bee Woman, Miss Evelyn Weeden, of the present play. The moral which is severely set forth by Miss Eleanor Yates does not touch us very greatly, nor make an absolutely entrancing stage effect. But it does one fine thing very completely; it introduces us to a delightful actress in the part of Gwendolyn, the poor little rich girl. In this difficult character Miss Stephanie Bell not only looks very beautiful, but acts with such easy sincerity that any rather weak places in the construction of the play are easily passed over and transmuted into delicate and enthralling sentiment.

We feel considerable gratitude to Mr. Frank Vernon, the newest of new managers here, for having undertaken the by no means light task of transplanting from the States a play which has had so many admirers over there. He has brought together a splendid company, and every part in the long cast, whether in the form of creatures of fact or visions of fancy, is filled with just the right person for the particular character represented at the moment.

One of our chief delights is to welcome an American play here, because there is still an absurd idea abroad that the London Press is not fair to the United States in this matter. Such a view implies a large number of ridiculous assumptions. For example, it is supposed that the critic is told what to write by his paper, that the journal is governed by the views of the theatre manager, that the managers, as a whole, are banded together against the talent of American authors. This is all such utter nonsense that it would not be worth thinking about were it not so often repeated, and were not rather stupid foreign plays often brought to our shores with loud heralding of past victories.

The bald fact is that most of us write in the hope of pleasing our readers and pointing the way to an interesting evening, or warning them against a dull one. Whether the play be written in the Hebrides or the Himalayas is a matter of total indifference to us, as is the question as to whether the author is a king in Babylon or a Christian slave. All we ask for is to be interested. And this, the new play by Miss Gates will certainly do.

The story is really of the simplest character, but it is told with an immense amount of elaboration, an elaboration which requires all the skill of the present clever company to carry to a successful issue. Gwendolyn is twelve years of age; it is her birthday, and she feels more than ever that she is neglected by her kind but busy father and her affectionate but utterly worldly mother. She longs to be wild and free, but she is guarded and more or less bullied by servants, governesses, and a whole crowd of by no means devoted hangers-on. Her nurse, described as a two-faced thing, admirably played by Miss Florence Lloyd, de-

sires an evening off, and insists on the little girl taking some sort of narcotic. In her haste to be free of her charge she gives Gwen a dangerous quantity of the medicine, with the result that girl passes for a while from the real world into the one of dreams, where in her loneliness she has often sought release.

Thus we come to a scene which is called the Tell Tale Forest, where the various characters of the play appear with all their faults as they really are. Gwendolyn passes very nearly to the gates of death, but there is a wonderful doctor, made very real and agreeable by Mr. Malcolm Cherry, who eventually saves her life and, incidentally, shows the worldly father and mother their mistaken mode of life. In the end all is happiness and peace. The poor little rich girl is now wealthy in the affection of her parents, and relieved from the guardianship of various evil persons. This is shortly the idea of the play, but such characters as the organ-grinder, Mr. Hendrie, who becomes a very powerful and mysterious person in the mystic forest; the city broker, Mr. Jarman; and a dozen others add constantly to the varying interests of the action.

Perhaps the elaboration is a little too great for our simple taste; perhaps there is a trifle too much effort in stating a slight idea, but the attention of the audience is always retained, and on the first night the whole piece was received with the warmest applause. We trust that Mr. Vernon will be as successful as he has been bold. At least everyone interested in the stage of to-day should make a point of seeing Miss Stephanie Bell in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

Many Matinees

THE SHEPHERDESS WITHOUT A HEART AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

THE fairy phantasy which Mr. Bertram Forsyth has written, and Mr. Franklin Harvey has set to music, is sure of the admiration of all children who know their Hans Andersen—and most of the others. The "mortal folk" are boldly drawn types acted with pathetic sincerity by Mr. E. W. Garden and Miss Florence Haydon and various clever children, while the "faerie folk," of whom there are very many and very lively examples, are full of grace and charm and fun. "The Dresden Shepherdess," who eventually has a heart given her by a generous cuckoo, is played by Miss Evangeline Hilliard, who will, we feel sure, be generally admired. For our own part we like especially the Mouse family, who make a charming interlude in the fanciful play. Many of the actors double their parts and appear in totally different characters. Mr. Bertram Forsyth, the author, does this with excellent result as Dreams and as Blotch, the image of naughtiness, who is pretty soon disposed of—as he naturally would be in so bright a fairy play.

The scenes are laid "Within Four Walls," firstly and secondly we see the snow-covered "Wonderful World Outside," and then the inside world again.

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Each is effective and simple just as is the story, the dialogue, and the jolly music, and the appropriate and distinguished costumes designed by Mr. Tom Heslewood.

The matinées at the Globe Theatre will be found a delightful entertainment for little children, for it contains the gaiety of pantomime with the happy sentiment of many of the pleasantest nursery stories ever written.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

PERHAPS some of the humour which we used to enjoy in Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" has worn a little thin in the course of we don't know how many years. But the stage entertainment as written by Mr. Savile Clarke to music by Mr. Walter Slaughter remains a fresh delight. This year Miss Cora Goffin makes a characteristic, queer, and charming Alice. She is especially attractive in her many songs and dances when supported by a delicious group of lobsters, fairies, and other graceful and charming girls. As the well-remembered Mad Hatter, Mr. Hayden Coffin is better than we ever remember to have seen him. He throws himself into the absurd part with surprising courage, and is always amusing and interesting and severely within the picture.

The present revival, too, gains greatly by the acting of Miss Annie Hughes, firstly as the Queen of Hearts and secondly as the White Queen. In short, the whole cast is excellent, and the dear little Oysters, Rabbits, and other agreeable people make the dances very beautiful and gay.

Among the very many entertainments especially arranged for the youngest generation this Christmas, "Alice in Wonderland," which is only seen at matinées at the Comedy, will, we feel sure, give an immense amount of pleasure both to those who have enjoyed this really musical dream play many times before, or to the least experienced of new-comers.

CHILDREN'S PLAYS AT THE COURT THEATRE

FOR the first week of this season of children's plays, acted by children, Miss Netta Syrett provides three delightful little fairy comedies. Tiny children play all the parts and act and dance with perfect confidence and skill which makes the whole performance a most agreeable holiday entertainment from beginning to end.

"The Fairy Doll" shows us the amusing idea of two little girls, Rosalind, Miss Ruth French, and Barbara, Miss Joan Carr, who have inherited a curious old dolls' house, full of old-fashioned dolls, from their grandmother. Some happy chance has given them a beautiful fairy doll, Miss Catherine Homer-Avery, and they propose to domesticate her in the already

rather overcrowded house. But they soon get the idea that the family who lives there would not appreciate a fairy. She comes to the wise conclusion that the dolls are really material living persons, and that they probably live at night, after twelve o'clock. Having made a garden for the fairy outside the house, and placed her there, they come down in the dead of night to find out how matters are going forward. As they suspect, the papa, the children, and above all the servants are all very angry about this fairy business. The family, and especially the early Victorian papa and his son, are severely dealt with by their owners, and some highly amusing scenes develop out of this little fancy. All the parts are well taken, but the old-fashioned mamma of Miss Olive Hogan is particularly engaging and convincing. In the end there is a threat to turn the whole family out of the house, an affair very likely to occur, if one may judge by the somewhat severe temper of the two landlords or, as they say, landladies.

"The Enchanted Garden" which follows is equally fanciful in a more conventional way. The dances are particularly gay and graceful, and the whole piece lightened by the delicate wit and satire with which Miss Syrett always decorates even her slightest work.

But still better than the first two pieces is the last. In this little mystic play, called "The Strange Boy," one is taken just beyond the borderland of everyday life into that half-gay, half-sad world where wild pipes play and the hearts of human beings fulfil their lust for romance and unknown, partly believed, mysteries that lie just beyond the edge of the world. There is poetic beauty and gay laughter in all three plays, and there are actresses who, an they would, could make some of our most gifted favourites feel a little jealous. But perhaps, after all, the real people of the stage may be left in peace, for we have no doubt that much of the charm of these lively children is owing to the skilful, refined art with which Miss Syrett has surrounded them.

EGAN MEW.

The monthly meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society was held at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, the 17th ult., Mr. C. J. P. Cave, president, in the chair. A paper on "The Great Rain Storm at Doncaster, September 17, 1913," was presented by Mr. R. C. Mossman and Mr. C. Salter. The storm lasted 14 hours, and more than 4 inches of rain fell at six stations, of which four had more than 5 inches. No adequate explanation of the storm can be offered, and the phenomenon affords an opportunity for special investigation. A paper on "Recent Studies of Snow in the United States" was contributed by Dr. J. E. Church, jun., the director of the Mount Rose Meteorological Observatory, Nevada, U.S.A., and Mr. C. E. P. Brooks read a paper on "The Meteorological Conditions of an Ice Sheet and their Bearing on the Desiccation of the Globe."

The Paradise of the Levantine

HOW many realise the growing wealth and power of that strange race between the East and West which we name Levantine? Few in Western Europe know the height of luxury which this people has achieved.

Constantinople is to-day the City of Pleasure *par excellence* of the Levant; in that capacity it is growing year by year. It owes its position not to the kind of amusements which our Western capitals provide—for these are rare and second rate—but solely to the unique and gorgeous beauty of its site, its scenery and climate. It is the Paradise of the Levantine, and above all of the Levantine girl. And it is not too much to say that even if every evil prophecy of the prophets of evil were fulfilled to the letter, the possibilities of future development of this city as the residential centre for good Levantines are so enormous and inviting that their accomplishment will more than counteract the loss in the actual trade. Let us picture for a moment Prinkipoo, that dream-island of the Sea of Marmora, lying within an easy distance by steamer from the Golden Horn. Here dwell the families of many of the merchant princes of Greece and Turkey. Mounting its lovely lane-like roads, one catches glimpses on either hand through trellis-gates of the gardens of villas embowered in blossom, of close-cut lawns, pergolas and cool recesses deep in shade; while every now and then comes in view the intense azure of the sea stretching with scarce a ripple to the rolling fawn-toned hills of Asia. Here wives and daughters of these Levantine princes, decked in the latest fashions of Berlin, gossip and flirt, play tennis and disport themselves generally in a way which would make the most highly emancipated pessimist of England stare, and even blush. And Prinkipoo is only one such spot of fifty.

The Constantinople Greek prefers and has always preferred the Bosphorus to Greece, and that, in spite of centuries of grumbling at the hindrance set by stupid governments to his marvellous activities; and, far from tending to diminish, his numbers are more and more recruited from amongst the wealthy of his Hellenic kinsmen, both of Europe and of Asia. For, be it fully understood, the Levantine wants a Capital of Pleasure of his own. The Levantine is neither European, nor yet Asiatic. He forms a race apart; gifted with all the powers of industry of Western races, and yet endowed with a deeply Oriental outlook upon life; he remains in mind and character strangely inscrutable to East and West alike.

In the Grande Rue de Pera stands a restaurant frequented largely by successful merchants. Inside, you find a spacious hall closely spread with little tables round which sit groups of men who look at first like large black red-sealed bottles of burgundy stuck on chairs. There is a low murmur of babel-tongues. These are principally people of this mysterious race. Watch the nearest group and mark the faces. At

first sight you will say that not one of them belongs to the same type. There is one with a large heavy face, with fleshy nose, but a mouth firm and refined, which shows no hint of Oriental origin. Beside him is another with a short knobby nose and red wet lips projecting evilly; another who might be English save for the level colour of the skin and the blue eyes, with just a hint of Mongol in their curve; another, thin and pale, refined and delicate in every feature, a picture of a Saint of Italy. There are six in all, and scarcely one of them from his physical appearance could be said to have a racial trait in common with the other.

And yet—it is strange—as you gaze you experience the conviction that these men are all one race, differing in their religion no doubt, but united in appearance by some absolutely fundamental similarity. It is not a mere matter of expression altogether, though that no doubt is part of it. It is some unity of blood and of the spirit. Out of the welter of these wrecks and shards of bygone Empires, what new distinctive and original capacities of human kind may not here have been evolved? For these able men have been cradled in persecution and bred for centuries under conditions of life half Western and half Eastern, and never heretofore continuously existent on the globe. Often enough must some reflection like this cross the mind of those who know Constantinople, and who realise this age-long process of alchemy of souls which has been going on beside the Golden Horn. When we think of the tenacity of these people, and realise their success in commerce, in education, in the achievement of the amenities of social and family life under conditions of misrule and difficulty, which yet sometimes appeal to them much more than European government, we may surmise that there lives some common principle of inner power, and that their future may be greater than we dream. These are the people, in any case, upon whose future prosperity in Constantinople the fate of that city must greatly depend. And its growth and development by them as a Residential Capital may, it is hoped, be counted on to compensate in large degree for the losses it may undoubtedly sustain. After all, even in commerce there are compensating influences.

There is the prospect of more settled government in Macedonia and Thrace, which, when linked up with railways, must tend to bring Turkey in Asia into closer relationship with the Continent of Europe, in spite of tariffs which of course will be imposed.

The rise of such thriving states as Bulgaria and Roumania may also well tend to make Skutari, the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, more important as a starting point for Baghdad, and the wealthy of their people will surely build their villas on the Bosphorus. Upon the whole therefore it must be said that it is too early to adopt a gloomy outlook as to the future of Byzantium. There is at present some serious reason for alarm, not for its decay, but for some decline in its importance as the great commercial and political metropolis of Turkey in the great avenue of trade.

Much will depend upon the future Government of the Turks; but if the Municipal Authorities continue as they have begun—offering facilities for the transfer of land, for the laying out of streets, and the building of palatial villas—then we may live to see the whole world of fashion flocking to this near Eastern Elysium.

J. S.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE FAMINE IN JAPAN

THE news recently published that in Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan, a terrible famine is raging serves once more to draw attention to the unhappy state into which that country has drifted, and will suggest a few timely reflections such as will serve to correct mistaken notions, still widely held, as to the social and economic conditions prevalent in the land of our Ally. To undergo the torture and devastation of famine is no new experience for Japan. We are told that the present catastrophe is the worst of its kind since 1869. What exactly this statement means it is difficult for people unacquainted with Oriental countries to realise. In the case of Japan, where the authorities for reasons connected with State finance pursue a deliberate policy of concealing the truth, we are merely afforded momentary glimpses behind the veil of reticence which obscures a tragedy so widespread in its effect as to embrace every conceivable form of human suffering and degradation. These glimpses, in conjunction with the experiences of the past which the writer gained personally on the spot, confirm the view always advanced in THE ACADEMY that Japan, far from being, as depicted by many writers, the land of sunshine and smiles, is a land deep in the travail of sorrow and tears. Though scanty, the details available enable us to present an accurate picture of the grim struggle that is taking place. The crops and fisheries have failed, the former giving only one-thousandth part of the normal yield. Starvation is rife everywhere, and parents are selling their daughters for the merest pittance. "Batches of girls," says one dispatch, "are arriving daily at Tokyo for shipment abroad or entrance into the Yoshiwara." This last refers to those vast compounds in Japan where, under a discipline hardly less severe than that of convict prisons, innocent girls, for no other crime than that of poverty, and when still children as far as years are concerned, are condemned to a life of ceaseless degradation, unaccompanied by the least glimmer of hope.

The State that sanctions, directs, and in some measure benefits from this nefarious traffic is the Ally of Great Britain. It is true that the parents of the hapless victims are driven to desperation by extreme hunger and want, and that they profit by the dark

transaction to the extent, at the most, of a few paltry shillings. But let us not forget that these people go to make that mass which some of our leading writers and publicists have held up to us as a community imbued with those lofty ideals of *Bushido* well worthy of our emulation. Doubtless we shall be told, and in a limited sense the reply is justified, that we should look to our own conditions before assuming a censorious attitude towards others. But although England has gone through many periods of stress, it cannot be said of her that she ever sanctioned or facilitated the wholesale degradation of her daughters that their parents might thrive. Unhappily, as we have said, Japan is our Ally; from the political standpoint we were differently placed in regard to Putamayo and the Congo. Sympathy with the Japanese people in this time of suffering will, we hope, manifest itself in abundance. When, however, we come to inquire into all the contributing causes of the calamity, we are bound to criticise severely the policy of the Japanese Government—a Government, let it be remembered, that owes responsibility to his divine Majesty the Mikado, and not to the people who are now starving.

After the Russo-Japanese War no serious attempt was made to develop to the utmost possibility the productive resources of the Empire. On the contrary, the large sums of money that remained in hand from the loans contracted in England and elsewhere were employed in building up armaments altogether out of proportion to the reasonable requirements of State, and in the pursuit of a proud Imperial policy on the Asiatic mainland. Here it is of interest to recall that about the period under review there was a famine which presented all the terrible features that characterise the existing disaster, to which we have already made allusion. The writer then made known this fact, and the Lord Mayor, responding to the sympathy felt by the British people, was about to open a Mansion House Fund when he was informed by the Japanese Ambassador that no such step was necessary, as the Government had taken all needful measures. As for some time afterwards thousands of people continued either to perish or to subsist on ferns and leaves, and as, also, the unwholesome traffic in human souls continued unabated, the assumption was not unwarranted that the Government was animated by ulterior motive. The foreign sycophants who, to an extent which has no parallel in the case of any other country, made Japan the happy hunting-ground for picturesque detail where-with to gratify their insatiable thirst for ink, saw in the attitude of the Japanese Government the embodiment of the pride of the Japanese nation, the glorification of the spirit of *Bushido*, and so forth. Nevertheless, as we have said, the people went on perishing and the Government, too proud to receive the friendly sympathy of an Ally, continued to sanction and facilitate the moral degradation of little children bartered away as women. But the story did not end here. For all the while that the gaunt shadow of starvation hung over the land, the agents of this self-same proud Govern-

ment were touting in every capital of Europe for loans wherewith to defray the cost of armaments. Yet not a penny would they deign to receive to alleviate the sufferings of their humble fellow countrymen who, after a grim struggle, in death sank back into the soil where manfully they had sown but could not reap. These incidents, too, occurred at a time when the echo of the salutes and the cheers that marked the return of the victorious forces from Manchuria had hardly died away.

To-day Japan is faced with a famine admittedly far worse than any which she has undergone in the past. The region affected is Hokkaido, where the climate is Siberian in its rigour. It is a region which has been neglected largely on account of the vain policy pursued towards Imperial expansion on the Asiatic mainland. Yet all authorities on the subject, including a former governor, declare that Hokkaido is one of the fairest possessions of the Empire, and that were it properly developed it would yield in abundance the good things of this earth. The authorities are, of course, not responsible for the calamities of nature. But by oppressing the people with excessive taxation, by diverting their attention to overseas dominion to the detriment of agriculture which is the foundation of the country's welfare, and by using for superfluous armaments money which could wisely have been applied to productive and cultural development, the Japanese Government has incurred the censure of civilisation.

MOTORING

EVER since the introduction of the pneumatic motor tyre, the Press has had to chronicle from time to time accidents and fatalities due to tyre bursts, and in spite of the great improvements effected in tyre manufacture these occurrences are getting more frequent than ever. The year just ended has been particularly unfortunate in this respect, a long series of catastrophies culminating recently in the death of England's most brilliant and most daring motor racer. When it is considered that this calamity was due to the bursting of a tyre which is admitted to be capable of standing a greater strain than any other—namely, the Palmer—it seems reasonable to conclude that there is no pneumatic tyre in existence which can at all times and in all circumstances be guaranteed to remain intact at the prodigious speeds obtainable by the modern motor-car. It can, of course, be contended that such speeds are unnecessary anywhere, and quite impossible on the road, and that in the ordinary way tyres could not be subjected to such strains as those imposed by record-breaking motorists. This is quite true, but the fact remains that the mere possibility of the bursting of a tyre, with the serious results that usually occur at any speed over 35 or 40 miles per hour—a speed frequently exceeded in ordinary motoring—makes many motorists look forward to the time when the really unburstable tyre will make its appearance.

The question of the moment is—has such a tyre been

evolved, or is it likely that it will be? According to documents and reports recently received by us, the answer is in the affirmative. An "indestructible" and "unburstable" pneumatic tyre is about to be placed on the British market by a "large syndicate," and the motorists' troubles in this respect will soon be over. Unfortunately there have been in the past so many similar claims to the one under notice, all of which have proved abortive, that the experienced motorist will want a lot of convincing that the problem has at last been solved. In any case, he will be curious about the new tyre, so that a brief description may not be uninteresting. Its basic principle is that of sectional construction. That is to say, it is composed of segments (8 to 11), each independent of the others. Thus, if one segment is punctured, the escape of air from the one makes no appreciable difference to the running of the car, since all the other segments remain sound. So far, there is no novelty in the idea, as many motorists will remember a "sectional" tyre, constructed on similar lines, which was destined to revolutionise tyre manufacture several years ago, but which, for some reason or other best known to the promoters, has failed to do so. There is, however, novelty in several respects, notably with regard to the methods of inflation and attachment, and in the appearance of the complete tyre when fitted to the wheel. In the latter respect, the sectional tyre referred to was "impossible," whilst the "Indestructible" is, judging from illustrations, indistinguishable from the conventional pneumatic. Space considerations forbid a technical description of the methods of inflation and attachment of the segments to the rim, but it may be said that they appear to be quite sound theoretically. All the motorist can do is to wait for the actual appearance of this ideal tyre, and for authenticated reports of its behaviour in actual use—R.A.C. certificates of performance for preference. One important point, in addition to that of safety from bursts, should not be overlooked, namely, that of economy. If the new tyre justifies its claims, it ought to reduce the tyre bill to a minimum, because in case of injury only a single segment needs to be replaced, instead of the whole tyre.

During the 1913 competition season Vauxhall cars have secured no fewer than 76 first prizes and special awards in open contests. This is, we believe, a considerably higher number than can be claimed by any other car, and includes reliability trials, hill climbs, fuel consumption tests and speed trials in many different parts of the world, and under the most diverse conditions of road and climate. For these reasons the Vauxhall exhibits at the forthcoming Manchester Show, which will be open from January 9 to 17, are sure to command special attention, more especially as a large proportion of the Vauxhall victories have been accomplished at the big meetings in the North country. The most interesting model will probably be found to be the "Strafford" 16/20 h.p. With an equipment absolutely complete in every detail (including a C.A.V. 12-volt dynamo lighting set) and a chassis guaranteed for three

years, this car will be sold complete and ready for the road for the very moderate figure of £485. A specimen will be shown on the stand of Manchester Autocars, Ltd. (No. 26),
R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

WE all expected the New Year to open well, but one or two things have happened that seem to have scared the markets. For instance, we are now told that New South Wales wants more money and will offer us three millions of 4 per cent. bonds at 96. We have all known for a long time past that the Colonies were in dire need of money. Therefore the fact that they are borrowing should not surprise us. Certainly it is much better business to lend the Australian Colonies money at 4 per cent. than to purchase 6 per cent. public utility bonds and lose your money after twelve months. When will the investor learn wisdom? Underwriters are becoming very sick. The Sierra Leone issue was a practical failure. Banks do not mind advancing on such gilt-edged securities, but there is a limit even to the capacity of the Joint Stock banks of London. The news from France in regard to the financial position there is also disquieting. On the whole it is difficult at the moment to see any rise in any market.

MONEY.—Money still remains hard, but as the year grows older the Bank of England will be forced to reduce her rate. There is really no longer any pressure in Berlin, and as business in America is falling away, the New York banks will have cash to lend. I think we can safely count upon a 4½ per cent. bank rate within the next month. The *Statist*, however, holds the view that money will be neither plentiful nor cheap until our political financial year ends. This looks as though the Government intended to hold up money. They can do that with great ease, but it is playing into the hands of the banks, and will not make them popular in the country.

FOREIGNERS.—The news that Perier and Co. had lent 2½ millions to Turkey, and that the Sultan had promptly bought a Brazilian dreadnought is a very serious business, perhaps more serious than any of us imagine. The French Government pretends that it controls the French banks. If this be true, then it would appear as if the Government were intriguing for a new war. There is no doubt that Greece will view the purchase of such a huge battleship as a most unfriendly act. Indeed, the Greeks in London declare that the only thing for their Government is to commence hostilities immediately and so prevent the delivery of the boat. This is rather wild talk. Nevertheless, it has got to be considered. I do not believe for one moment that Perier and Co. were not informed by Turkey as to how the new loan was to be allocated. It is hardly likely that France will lend Turkey any further monies unless she has a definite agreement that ensures peace, and she will certainly exact a similar agreement from Greece. It is now said that the Servian and Russian loans will be brought out almost immediately, but we have heard this story before. We must not forget that the French banks are choked up with Italian Treasury bills, and that they are probably just as anxious to unload these as they are to get rid of their Servian and Bulgarian notes. Truly, the position in France is one of extraordinary danger. It

seems to me that the French are on the edge of a financial precipice. Their greediness has landed them in trouble. The bankers are excellent men of business, and they may be able to get out of the mess, but to do this they need the help of the Government, and this at the moment does not appear forthcoming. If we had a bad crisis in France it would at once react upon London, for the two countries are so closely allied that what injures the one must injure the other. Then, again, Russia has to be considered. She badly needs 20 millions for her railway schemes, and the French banks and the French Government are both pledged to give this loan precedence. No one can see the way clear, and even the most important bankers in France talk in the gloomiest fashion. Another extremely disconcerting fact is the announcement that the new State Bank of Albania will be practically run by the Triple Alliance. The concession gives the bank enormous power, and is of a very extraordinary character. It is openly said that Austria and Italy intend to divide Albania within the next few years. If they attempt to do this Greece, Servia, and Roumania will form a combine. There is nothing but gloom ahead of us in the Foreign market, and although in England we attempt to keep out of Foreign politics as much as possible, we cannot do this except at the expense of our prestige. Also we must not forget that a financial crisis on the Continent will prevent any rise in English markets for perhaps twelve months. Germany would appear to be in a much safer position financially than any of her neighbours. The Germans have been acting with great caution during the past six months. They have been accumulating funds, refusing loans and acting with great discretion in regard to the new concessions. Therefore, Berlin will be less hurt than any other European capital if panic does seize the European bourses. The one bright spot in the position lies in the fact that everybody is anticipating evil. Meeting danger half way is the only possible method of overcoming it.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market, in spite of every newspaper writer having declared that English railways are the soundest investment in the market, remains deadly flat. The truth is that people will persist in dying, and as every deceased estate that comes on the market usually contains a nice large parcel of Home Railway stocks, so there is a perpetual tap on which provides the jobbers with shares. It is said that the dealers are short, but they are only short because they count on their ally Death. Quite apart from speculation, which is always dangerous, I think that as an investment all the heavy lines can be bought in safety. They are now two or three points below last year's prices, and all of them will certainly maintain their dividend distributions of 1912, and probably exceed them. I believe that 1913 will prove to have been the best year our Home Railways have had.

YANKEES.—The American market is attempting to put on a cheerful air. Presumably the bankers have in view the vast masses of short-dated securities that must be replaced with long-dated bonds. There may be some opposition to this policy. For example, I notice that some of the financial papers in the States are singing the praises of short currency notes. Who has inspired these articles I do not know. But I do know that big banking houses like Kuhn Loeb and Co. openly say that the short-dated note will prove the ruin of all the small railways. An attempt is also being made to write up copper, and it is possible that the stock markets may respond. If they do, then my readers should get out as quickly as possible, for there is nothing more certain in the world than the fact that copper is going down. Canadian Pacific continue weak. They will probably droop until they touch 200.

At this price they are a reasonable 5 per cent. investment. I notice that a good many papers are copying my remark with regard to the purchase of Canadian Northern by the C.P.R. Indeed, some of the Canadian correspondents are taking the suggestion as an accomplished fact. I have long listened to talk by insiders upon this question of purchase, but it is not yet an accomplished fact. I believe that it will be brought off, because I do not see how the Canadian Northern can continue to finance. The only question is how much will C.P.R. pay. If it is willing to pay the full price of the various bond issues, it will buy the railway too dear, and if it is lured into paying Mackenzie and Mann for their common stock, which is only water, then I would not give 150 for C.P.R. stock.

RUBBER.—One or two reports have made their appearance during the past week, but none of them are of serious importance, and certainly none of them deserve a word of praise. The Vine Trust appears to be in quite a hopeless condition, and holders of shares should get out as quickly as possible. I have again and again warned people against this company, and the latest balance sheet proves that everything I have said is true.

MINES.—The Kaffir market has been quite cheerful. We hear the most beautiful tales of how working costs are to be reduced and dividends increased. I wonder whether this talk will all fade away as soon as the New Year has fairly started. The little rise in prices has made a great difference to the Kaffir balance sheets, and probably that is why it was manipulated. I confess that I have long lost my faith in Kaffirs. Copper shares are dull and Tin shares lifeless.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is very little business in the Miscellaneous market, but as I said last week, I think it a safe thing to sell Coal, Iron and Steel shares, all the smaller Brewery securities, and all Shipping shares. Electric Lighting shares can be safely bought. Even if the combine does not come off, they are a thoroughly sound investment.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

On Sunday evening, January 11, and Monday afternoon, January 12, the Pioneer Players will produce at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, "Paphnutius," or "The Conversion of Thais," a play written about 960 by Hroswitha, a nun belonging to the Benedictine Monastery of Gandersheim, in Lower Saxony. The play, one of six dramas written by the nun-playwright "in imitation of the manner but not of the matter of Terence," will be produced by Edith Craig on the simple lines demanded by its construction. When it is remembered that these plays of Hroswitha's are the only ones that have survived from the long period extending between the decay of the Pagan theatre and the rise of the popular mystery and miracle plays, and that as far as is known they have never before received a public performance, the Pioneer Players' production of "Paphnutius" promises to be a highly interesting dramatic event. "Paphnutius" has been translated from the original Latin by Christopher St. John, and at certain points during the action, music of the best period of plainsong, specially arranged for this performance by a Benedictine nun of to-day, will be sung. Mr. Harcourt Williams will play the monk, Paphnutius, Miss Miriam Lewes the penitent Thais, and Miss Ellen Terry the kindly Abbess who receives her after her flight from the world.

Full particulars of the performances can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, Pioneer Players, 139, Long Acre, W.C.

CORRESPONDENCE

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—The remarks contained in Mr. Josef Holbrooke's letter, appearing in to-day's issue of *THE ACADEMY*, may, and doubtless do, apply to many musical critics, but, Sir, certainly they do not apply to the writer of the articles on music in your journal. If there is one man in London writing with a rare sympathy and real insight, and with a just and true appreciation of the manners and methods of the modes of expression which the young composers either evolve or adopt and find most suited to our respective needs, he is your critic. Did Mr. Holbrooke, to mention but one out of many possible instances, read the article in *THE ACADEMY* on the Royal Philharmonic Society's recent all-British Concert? If he missed it he should hasten to acquaint himself with it, and learn therefrom, perhaps, the elements of reasonable criticism and courtesy.

Some of Mr. Holbrooke's other remarks are singularly inaccurate, but I write to you, Sir, not to air my views on pianoforte-composers, but to refute a malignant and untrue statement concerning your critic. Let me just ask Mr. Holbrooke if he recollects giving my "Five Impressions" for pianoforte their first public hearing? Likewise other compositions of mine their initial performance? I remember these occasions with much gratification. One flatters oneself they were worthy of Mr. Holbrooke's pianistic and intellectual powers: one day I hope to write something equally acceptable to "our young giants on the piano" and to "our Percy Graingers"; one hopes Mr. Holbrooke may too. Finally, why does Mr. Holbrooke hyphen together Mr. Scott and Mr. Gardiner, "Bantock-Clutsam" and "Strauss-Reger?" I beg I may be allowed to stand alone, as Mr. Holbrooke himself does. Yours, etc.,

H. V. JERVIS-READ.

Little Burstead, Essex, December 27, 1913.

QUINTETS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Has it ever struck any musician or lover of the divine art that some of the most glorious and inspired music ever composed is contained in the form of Quintets? Take, for instance, Beethoven's Quintet for Strings in C major, Op. 29; Mozart's Clarinet Quintet in A major, or Schubert's C major String Quintet, Op. 163. Can anything more transcendently sublime be imagined than these three works? Then there is Mozart's delicious String Quintet in G minor, Schumann's superb Piano Quintet in E flat, Op. 44; Brahms's magnificent F minor Quintet for Piano and Strings, Op. 34; and the same composer's exquisite Clarinet Quintet in B minor, Op. 115. There are some other truly splendid Quintets in existence, but the seven just mentioned are unquestionably the finest. Each one is unsurpassed and unsurpassable in its imperishable beauty, and will continue to delight and elevate mankind as long as the world lasts. Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

FRENCH POETRY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I am preparing an anthology of English renderings from French poetry so as to give (as far as is possible by translation) a complete and adequate presenta-

tion of the finest lyrical work produced by our Gallic neighbours down to the year 1900.

May I, by your courtesy, say that I shall be grateful to those lovers of French literature who may care to help me by submitting versions? These will be copied and returned to their owners.

The French original should accompany the rendering, and date of birth and death of the author be given unless the writer's work is of such outstanding celebrity as to render it easily accessible for reference. Yours very truly,
Chapelles-Bourbon, WILFRID THORLEY.

par La Houssaye,
Seine-et-Marne.

"THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ENGLISH SONNETS."
To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I notice that there is an error in my review of this anthology which should, I think, be corrected. J. A. Symonds did not rhyme "campaniles" with "pearls," but with "peals." He had apparently forgotten that "campaniles" is pronounced "cam-pa-nee-lez"; or, perhaps, he imagined that most ignorant people in England pronounced it "cam-pa-neels," and that he was therefore justified in rhyming it with "peals." Yours faithfully,
SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- John Woolman, His Life and Our Times: A Study in Applied Christianity.* By W. Teignmouth Shore. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)
Ombres Françaises et Visions Anglaises. By Comte d'Haussonville. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
Hector Berlioz (1803-1869). Sa Vie et ses Œuvres. By J. G. Prod'homme. (Ch. Delagrave, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
George Wyndham. By Charles Boyd. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)
Murillo, l'Œuvre du Maître. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 15 fr.)
Francisco Goya: A Study of the Work and Personality of the Eighteenth-Century Spanish Painter and Satirist. By Hugh Stokes. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- Joan's Green Year: Letters from the Manor Farm to her Brother in India.* By E. L. Doon. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)
Lady Mabel's Beauty. By M. Lushington Milne. With Frontispiece. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)
South Sea Shipmates. By John Arthur Barry. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
The Way of the Cardines. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
An Unfinished Song. By Mrs. Ghosal. With Portrait. (T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Way of the Heart. A Play in Three Acts* by Amice Macdonell. (George Allen and Co. 6d. net.)
The Golden Bough, A Study in Magic and Religion. Part VII, Balder the Beautiful. Vols. I and II. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D. (Macmillan and Co. 20s. net.)
The Lumber Room, and Other Plays. By Catherine Belairs Gaskoin. (Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. net.)

Twilight and Beyond. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

Le Style Louis XVI, Mobilier et Décoration. By Seymour de Ricci. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 25 fr.)

Considérations sur l'Art Dramatique à Propos de la Comédie de Bernard Shaw. By Augustin and Henriette Hamon. (Eugène Figuière and Co., Paris. 1fr.)

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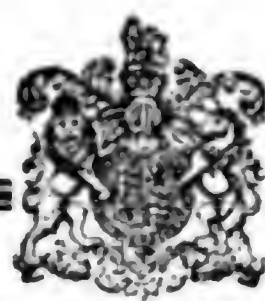
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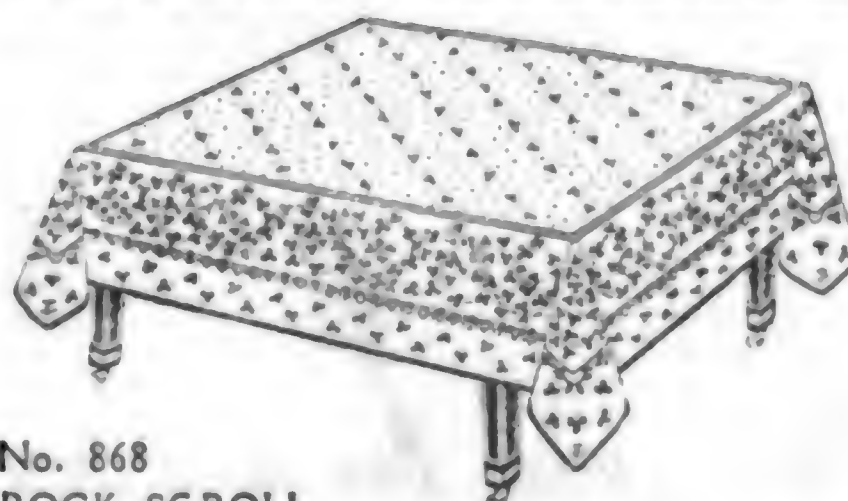
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Notes of the Week

WE have never professed to be very enthusiastic adherents of the policy of the Triple Entente. We realise its necessity, and that it must be most sedulously adhered to. Of course, the policy of splendid isolation is the policy which appeals to every Briton, but it is necessary to realise the movements of the world, and a policy of isolation at the present time would be a policy of suicide. If that thesis be true, it is clear that no more mischievous action can be conceived than that of the Brunner-Byles group action, which has now the authoritative sanction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Do ut Des" were the words with which Prince Bismarck summed up the one basis of international combination. The only asset we have which is of any value to Continental Powers is our fleet. If that is weakened, the power of our foreign policy immediately dwindles, with the natural consequence that those Powers which are at present acting with us are filled with distrust, and are naturally exercising their minds whether it is incumbent upon them to fulfil obligations which were only entered into as a part of a mutual compact. One does not expect Sir John Brunner and Sir William Byles and their coterie to possess sufficient intelligence to realise these obvious facts, but if the Chancellor of the Exchequer is unable to do so, we would suggest to his colleagues that someone else should be found to fill his position.

We are delighted to observe that in the city of Leeds a practical move is being made to counteract the tyranny of Trade Unions. We have before borne testimony to the good work which the Unions, when they are honest, have done. Obviously, without organisation, the worker may be oppressed by an unscrupulous employer. The institution of Unions to prevent such injustices was an entirely commendable action. There is no doubt that for a time the Unions performed a very salutary function. In later years mad revolutionaries have come forward to control the opera-

tions of these important combinations, with the result that what was quite useful threatens to become the bane of social life. The action of the citizens of Leeds, banding themselves together to perform the duties of refractory strikers, is quite good, and is absolutely called for in the exigencies of the moment. We hope that the example will be largely followed throughout the country. We do not wish to be misunderstood; none would be more desirous than we are that the worker should obtain an adequate wage for his labour. We only deplore that the best and most sensible methods of arriving at such an end are barred by the Trade Union officials, who realise that their power and their salaries would cease if such methods were adopted. Of course, we refer to profit-sharing and co-operation.

The problem as to whether there is life on other planets of our solar system always receives fresh interest when Mars approaches the Earth; and when the chances are exceptionally favourable, as they are at present, there always lingers the hope that something more than mere speculation may result from the array of telescopes peering at our rosy neighbour in the skies. If Professor Lowell's theories could be proved correct, what glory would be his in future astronomical history! We may say, of course, that it really does not matter much whether the "markings" on the provoking planet's surface are canals or not; and no doubt our own lives would proceed on much the same lines were the phenomena to be placed definitely outside the sphere of optical illusion and inside the realm of intelligent construction. But, were life proved to exist on Mars, hardly a man or woman but would thrill at the thought of this globe, whose inhabitants must surely see the Earth plainly, swinging round its appointed path—so far away, yet so subtly in sympathy since it shared the great mystery of life. We may never know; but the thought fascinates.

The making of a satisfactory dictionary must be an extremely trying task. We have all had the experience of referring to some "standard" book of words and discovering that the particular term on which we needed enlightenment was not there, and we have not the slightest doubt that when the magnificent "New Oxford Dictionary" is finished some sly little word or another will have contrived to evade its widely-cast net. This week we find Sir James Murray, the editor, at a loss for the meaning of the word "tray" as applied to a pack of cards; he appeals to the press, and the general opinion seems to be that to "tray" a new pack is to cut it into three heaps, previous to the shuffling, in order that the suits may be more evenly distributed. We foresee a whole comfortable page, all to itself, for the word "tray" in the next section of the monumental work, for a dictionary such as this knows no sordid limits!

Ambition

To me, a boy, so many things there seemed
Of worth, enough for twenty lifetimes quite;
And day by sunny day I walked and dreamed
What kingdoms should confess my conquest's right.

And as I dreaming walked, I'd idly note
How secret were the trees, how blue the skies,
And wonder now what stifled in my throat,
And now what sprang like tear-mist to my eyes.

So came at last to soberer, sterner days,
Days that had nought of tenderness for dreams;
Spent me—and grudged the spending; climbed steep
ways
To many a sunrise—and despised its beams.

Till, from satiety of foolish strife,
I have come now to ask the better part:
That I may pluck some sweetness out of life
And give a little of my wistful heart.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

George Herbert and Bemerton

A MILE and a half from Salisbury, on the way to Wilton and its glories of architecture and pictorial art, lies the little village of Bemerton, and as you pass through this peaceful and secluded spot, you see on your right a tiny church, and opposite it the walls of the parsonage. In itself neither of these buildings might at first be thought worthy of staying the steps of the traveller or of slowing down the pace of the headlong motor. Yet they are hallowed with memories, for the one was built by the gentle and pious George Herbert, and in the other he dwelt during the last three years of his short but pregnant life.

In his "Country Parson" Herbert has left us a word-portrait of himself; Dyce, in his beautiful picture of George Herbert at Bemerton, has shown us the outward man musing in his river-washed garden and evolving those perfect poems, which in their collected form as "The Temple," are known as well as "Paradise Lost," and are probably more widely read, at least among the English-speaking race, than Dante's great trilogy.

The name of George Herbert and that of his most memorable production are probably both better remembered than are the events of his life. The latter may be thus summarised: He was born in Montgomery Castle, Wales, on April 3, 1593, and was a younger brother of that eminent Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose autobiography and life of Henry VIII are among the better-known books of the language. George Herbert was sent to school at Westminster, whence, in 1609, he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was elected a Fellow in 1614, and was Public Orator from

1619 to 1627. At this period he hoped for some Court preferment, but the friendship of Nicholas Ferrar, the founder of the famous community at Little Gidding, whose career enters largely into the pages of "John Inglesant," turned his attention to a religious life. He had received the gift of a prebend of Lincoln in 1626, which may have further directed his budding inclination. On April 6, 1630, Charles I, at the request of the Earl of Pembroke, presented Herbert with the living of Bemerton. At first he seems to have been in doubt as to the propriety of accepting the gift, but went to Wilton to thank Lord Pembroke for his interest. At that moment Laud was at Salisbury with the King, and Lord Pembroke took occasion to tell him of Herbert's hesitation. The Archbishop sent for Herbert, and showed him so conclusively that it would be wrong to refuse the living that he consented, and a tailor having been hastily summoned to make the necessary garments, he was instituted to the rectory by John Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury, on April 26, 1630.

For three years Herbert led a saint-like life at Bemerton. Here he tended his little flock and wrote his undying verses. Twice a week he might have been seen wending his way to Salisbury Cathedral. His energy was as notable as his powers of contemplation, his pure life, and his divine gift of poetry. He repaired his little church and rebuilt his parsonage, largely through the help of friends, but spending himself no less than £200 on the work, which, as he once said, "to one that have nothing yet is very much." On a stone tablet placed in one of the walls can be read the following lines which Herbert addressed to whoever might succeed him in the living:—

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind
And built without cost,
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost.

One wonders if he realised how soon a successor would be enabled to act up to this gentle exhortation. At the beginning of the year 1633, consumption laid its deadly hand on George Herbert, and on March 3 of that year he died. Isaac Walton wrote his life, in which is a pathetic account of his last days, and Coleridge made some thoughtful notes on it; his works have been edited by Nicol (1863), Grosart (1876), and Short-house (1882). But in his "Country Parson" and "The Temple" and in his "Jacula Prudentum" (where, by the by, he anticipated Johnson's famous "Hell is paved with good intentions" by writing "Hell is full of good meanings and wishings") we may best, I think, realise the gentleness and beauty of his character. Wilton, with its glories and its line of ennobled Herberts, cannot claim such a splendid niche in the temple of Fame as is occupied by George Herbert, the saint and singer of Bemerton.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

The Art of Arthur Schnitzler

WE are rather brutal, we English. We are not to be won in the theatre by wit, by irony, or by fantasy. To capture our attention we must be knocked down by melodrama—the national form of theatrical expression. Or we may be rendered maudlin by sentiment, or dazzled, like children, with a display of rich scenery, or made uproarious by mirth. These, with their variations, are the appeals that usually reach us. All others are difficult, if not vain.

Yet, perhaps, these reflections would be truer of yesterday than of to-day, for that we are becoming less insular, less intolerant of ideas other than our own, we cannot doubt. We are not impervious to ideas, as the Continent used to imagine. If they are projected through practical channels, we take them greedily. When Mr. Marinetti, the Futurist, for instance, becomes a matter of "news," the *Daily Mail* is open to him, be his opinions what they may.

So the dramas and stories of Arthur Schnitzler appear in our theatres or at our libraries when Europe has consecrated his art with her approval. With our keen and practical sense of life, we would fête the devil himself in London if he "became the rage," and he would be a fool as well as a devil if he thought he had made any real impression on us. "Civis Romanus sum. I am an Englishman"—that is the attitude—"well, what of Schnitzler?"

His art is Viennese, and an expression of Vienna, a city where life flows in other rhythms to those of London, rhythms sweeter if less stronger, gayer and more shallow, more beautiful and less profitable. Vienna is a kind of German Paris, less perverse, less feline, less vain than the French city; lighter-hearted, more Latin in culture and feeling than Berlin. It is a city of the old Roman world, peopled with men and women of a Germanic race, through whose veins flow memories of a civilisation finer, purer, and more beautiful than their own. The Viennese have to live up to their city.

Arthur Schnitzler, whose play "The Green Cockatoo," was being acted at the Vaudeville Theatre a few weeks ago, is a literary expression of the Viennese spirit. It is delicate, feminine almost in comparison with our rude national masculinity; cynical, too, and rather sentimental. Pagan and Epicurean it must also be called. It would be more artificial, more Parisian if it could, but its good Teutonic body holds it to the realities of life, so that all its outbursts of naughtiness are touched with a suspicion of respectability, and all its *vie bourgeoise* is a little perverse. It is this same spirit which lives in the souls of the characters of Schnitzler's novels and dramas. They exist in a world where the sensibilities are easily awakened, where hearts are inflammable—they are kept soaked, one would think, in a spiritual kerosene—where the perfume of a rose may precipitate a crisis, the beauty of a face evoke a rapture that is neither passionate nor insincere. The lovers in the Schnitzler stories and

plays love, as a rule, neither like boulevardiers nor good bourgeois. They are subtle, but insufficiently definite to make a type. The *Anatol* dialogues which have been translated into English by Mr. Granville Barker are very characteristic of the whole body of Schnitzler's work. They are light, sometimes witty, sometimes tender, sometimes very sentimental, and sometimes in very bad taste. *Anatol* is a delicate amorist, and really one cannot help feeling that he is rather a foolish sort of fellow as well. He does not know what he wants, whom he wants, or why he wants her. Heroes must have their mission—Columbus his America. And *Anatol*—what is *Anatol's* end in the limited scope of the adventures Schnitzler presents to us? Is it the pursuit of a hedonism of which he seems half ashamed, or is he flying from the call of that bourgeois life he knows to be his soul's fate? I fear his tragedy is that he is just Viennese, an echo of that eternal refrain which floats over the blue waters of the Danube, graceful and full of joy, but imprecise and over-romantic.

Love is a pleasure, and an art on the Continent. In England it is a duty. Love is the theme of nearly all the Schnitzler romances; the method is contained in the antithesis of the real and artificial, the theatrical and the actual which we see in its clearest definition in "The Green Cockatoo." The means by which the romances and plays are worked out are wit, psychology, intuition, and a little invention.

In "The Green Cockatoo" we have an excellent example of Schnitzler's method. He uses the contrast of reality and theatricality most brilliantly. The distinction between the cabaret actor when he pretends to be angry with his rival and when he really kills him is delineated with great subtlety. Of course, the drama of the whole piece resides in what is little more than an image. It is fine and delicate, it is ironical, it is anything but positive and practical, and therefore, I suppose, London could not quite make up its mind to like it.

Schnitzler has a dozen or more plays to his name, half a dozen novels, and some volumes of short dialogues, such as "Anatol" and "Reigen." "Anatol" is worth analysing, for it is *Anatol* in various forms and circumstances who lives through all the pages that Schnitzler has written. He is in another form the hero of "Liebele." For *Anatol* and Max, we have Fritz and Theodor. There is still the same pursuit of love as an ideal, as a source of happiness, though both *Anatol* and Fritz are more than a little afraid of their ideal, and are only too ready to be put off with a substitute. *Anatol*, Fritz, and the other heroes of the Schnitzlerian stories are sentimentalists who pity themselves. Poor *Anatol* is always floundering in and out of love affairs, whose happiness or unhappiness seem to leave him equally ill at ease with himself. Whether Mimi bids him good-bye, or he regains Bianca, he always seems to feel himself the victim of a fate he is too lazy to grapple with. He is an egoist who grows sentimental over himself.

There are deeper notes in Schnitzler, of course—fine serious notes, full of beauty and quiet wisdom, though the motives are generally the same. Who does not recognise this motive which occurs again and again in French literature? Two instances of it suggest themselves in Murger's "*Vie de Bohême*" and Charpentier's "*Louise*." Christine's father is reproached by a neighbour for not looking after his daughter more closely. The neighbour hints that a *liaison* may exist between her and the young Fritz. The father remembers his own sister, who grew up to withered spinsterhood under his too zealous guardianship, and determines that his daughter shall have more liberty to make her own life. Speaking of his sister, he says:—

She used to sit with me in the evening by this lamp in this room, with her gentle smile, with a strange kind of devotion as if she wished to thank me for something, and I—the one thing I wanted to do was to throw myself on my knees, and ask for forgiveness for guarding her so well from all danger and all happiness.

That is a motive which occurs more than once in Schnitzler, and mingled with it are other motives which go to make the mysterious, terrible symphony of the *Vie de Bohême*. For it is of the *Vie de Bohême* that Schnitzler writes with something of the sentimentality of Murger, though not always with the same sprightliness. Deeper themes and a wider phase of life are touched on in some of the other plays, as in "*Der einsame Weg*" or "*Der Schleier der Beatrice*" (a tragedy in verse), but in the main it is of Bohemians and derelicts that Schnitzler writes, of adventurers and their innocent victims, of disenchanted syrens, and submerged theorists aspiring vaguely from their disordered Bohemian chaos to a world of order and repose.

EDWARD STORER.

Barcelona

IN spite of all one hears about the commercial prosperity of Barcelona and the progressive character of its inhabitants, compared with those of other parts of Spain, their virtues do not seem to have affected the inherent villainy of the Catalonian Railways. An insufficient study of the *indicateur* at Perpignan, combined with a desire to avoid the overpowering heat of the day by travelling at night, beguiled me into taking an ordinary "express" train instead of the train "de lujo." The train "de lujo" is apparently run by the Sleeping Car Company in connection with the Paris-Barcelone rapide, and is the only one which goes faster than twenty miles an hour. My train made the journey interminable. We had to change at Port-Bou, the most uncomfortable frontier station of my recollection, and after a wait of an hour and a half, during which I made unavailing efforts to discover when we were supposed to start, also secured

four bad pesetas and a packet of unsmokable cigars masquerading as cigarettes, we finally got away.

The dawn was by this time a soft pink over the hills; Every now and then we caught a glimpse of a small cove, with the Mediterranean, delicately grey and veiled, washing its sandy shore; and on the whole, the first view of Spain was distinctly attractive. But the sun rose; the advertised hour of our arrival at Barcelona came and went, and by comparing the names of the stations (at all of which we stopped) with a guide-book, I discovered we were not half-way. I grew ravenous. The sun increased in strength and the carriage became like a furnace; the train crawled, lingered, and crawled again. At about ten o'clock (we had been due in at Barcelona at 7.43 a.m.) we came to a place called Empalme, which had a buffet where the most attractive-looking omelette-sandwiches were offered to the hungry. It was here that I discovered that the four pesetas given me in change at Port-Bou were worthless! French gold which I vainly offered them they would not look at! A bell rang; I just managed, starved and exhausted, to get back on to the train as it moved off. At last, after passing the little walled city of Hostalrich perched on its hill (on the left) and the great *massif* of Montseny on the right, the train dawdled into some half-baked suburbs and arrived with self-satisfaction at the shabby terminus. I doubt if there is any other city in the world with more than half a million people in it with such a miserable front door.

The station and its appointments were in contrast to the elegant yellow tramcars passing and repassing in the boulevard outside. I took one of these, labelled "*Plaza de Cataluña*," which I had gathered was the centre of activity containing most of the hotels, and we swept along a wide avenue, passing a hideous Arc de Triomphe in red brick, done in a bastard Moorish style, and an equally hideous Law Courts, till at last we arrived.

The Plaza de Cataluña is vast and not particularly imposing. Most of it is planted with dusty-looking palms standing in sandy pools which steam in the sun. The yellow tramcars hurry to and fro in all directions. On the north side the ugly Hotel Colon and a local railway station are the principal buildings; but on the south side, where the Ramblas start, there is a great deal more animation. Indeed here, on the south of the square, one gets at once into the stream. Here is the big café of the "*Maison Dorée*," whose little tables are always crowded with people. The pavement in front of it is almost impassable with jostling, laughing crowds. Bearded men snatch republican newspapers from barefooted, grimacing boys; little parties of blind or maimed musicians—too grotesque in appearance almost to be believed—find a perch somewhere in which to grind out their stale tunes; infants of either sex run in and out of the tables, holding up lottery tickets; youths walk about offering little directories, containing the photographs and tariffs and the hours of reception of the ladies of pleasure; and, among them all, police-

men in scarlet coats, with helmets, white trousers, patent leather boots, and carrying malacca canes, stroll about with elegant languor. The whole place gave the impression of being "on the eve" of some great event. The strikes had been quelled a few weeks before my arrival, but there was still a good deal of electricity in the air, and there was a pleasant feeling that "anything might happen."

Barcelona lies on a broad plain stretching between the hills of Tibidabo, Pelada and Vallvidrera, and the sea. With its suburbs it covers a large expanse, as the new quarters of the town have been laid out on grandiose lines, with wide boulevards and big squares. The old town forms a kind of kernel in the centre of the agglomeration, and contains all the buildings of interest, unless the astonishing "art nouveau" buildings in the Gracia quarter can be called interesting. Ugly as they are, they certainly have more individuality than much modern work.

From the architectural point of view, there can be few towns of its size as commonplace, even ugly, as Barcelona. The "handsome" boulevards of which the guide-books speak in terms of praise suggest, when you see them, some mushroom colonial town, rather than an ancient and dignified city. The place entirely lacks any of the splendour that is to be seen in so many even of the smaller cities of Italy and France. If it were not for its animation, for the pageantry, if one may use the word, of the life of its citizens, it would be—one must admit it—exceedingly unattractive. As it is, one cannot separate the town from its inhabitants; their vivacity is untiring; their interest in things, in themselves, in life, is infectious.

In the evenings I got into the habit of visiting some of the innumerable small theatres and music-halls for which the town is famous. In the lower part of the Calle Marquès del Duero, or "Paralelo," in the Montjuich quarter—Montjuich is a fortress-crowned hill, whose guns dominate the harbour and the city—there is a constant succession of little theatres and cabarets on either side of the road; there are also some others nearer the Ramblas—such as the "Buena Sombra" and the "Eden Concert." At night, half the inhabitants of the city, of all classes, but principally of the poorer kind, seemed to be in the "Paralelo," filling its theatres or sitting outside its brilliantly lighted cafés, listening to one of the rival military bands. A kind of dull roar of music mingled with the continuous undertone of the tramcars, and was curiously exciting. One got the impression that things were "going on" all round. One could imagine the stamping of a hundred different dancers on a hundred different stages within a stone's-throw of one another. Compact little parties of sailors, sometimes ordinary seamen, sometimes officers, walked up and down the broad pavements with their unmistakable look of caution combined with a determination to enjoy. Nobody seemed to stay in any one place for very long. There was a constant coming and going at all the cabarets and theatres, and the form of entertainment in each of them seemed to be

much the same—a similar succession of heavy dancers and of singers whose harsh, strident voices sometimes touched a chord which gave them an odd fascination. I remember one woman particularly—I think she was at the Eden Concert—who had this curious gift of exercising an unexpected, undesired fascination. Physically she was quite unattractive; her voice was harsh and odd like her songs, but there was something about both which was unforgettable. I went to hear her three or four nights running. Now, looking back at Barcelona, her harsh voice seems to call to me to return and hear it again. The spell of it cannot be shaken off. She was not a great artist; she was just strange and human and herself. What her song was about I do not know, but it expressed emotions keenly felt, emotions which a foreigner, even if he understood the words she sang, would probably have been unable to enter into. Perhaps the noise of the tom-tom in savage countries has the same effect on the listener.

One of the best places in the Calle Marquès de Duero was called "El Recreo." Here, in the centre of the room, was a railed enclosure where the performers graciously consented to accept the young men of the audience as their partners. One saw in this way some good dancing of the tango variety. Alternately with the dances there was the ordinary music-hall performance, and beyond an open courtyard on the left could be seen a gambling-table presided over by an elderly man in his shirt-sleeves, who raked in the money with that observant lack of interest, combined with a decent melancholy, which seems to be the peculiar gift of the *croupier*. None of the places seemed ever to close, and none of them began before half-past nine or ten, while the usual dinner-hour was half-past eight.

The nights were very hot, and it was pleasant sometimes to take the tramcar to the funicular railway which climbed the steep slopes of Tibidabo. On the top of this sharp escarpment, overlooking the great city, is a very tolerable restaurant. There is nothing whatever to do at Tibidabo. In the daytime one could, I believe, pay a visit to a pathetic "Somali Village" encamped on the side of the hill, or practise revolver-shooting; but at night there was nothing to be done except admire the view—the wooded hills looming darkly at the back, the straight lines of the city's lights in front, and beyond them the shimmer of the sea. From the summit of Tibidabo a walk stretches along the ridge of the hill, amid delicious pinewoods through which peep veiled glimpses of the lights below, to the village of Vallvidrera, whence another funicular communicates with a second tramway line leading back to the Plaza de Cataluña. It was rather delicious to spend the early night hours up in the cool air of the hill-top, in a silence made more intense by the cicadas and by the vague murmurs which came to one on the breeze, and then to return to the crowded bustle of the great square and the Ramblas.

In the daytime the only hours when one felt inclined to explore were in the early morning. All the interesting parts of the town lay immediately to the south of

the Plaza de Cataluña, where the mediæval narrowness of the streets made a cool and grateful shade. In this part were to be found the Diputación Provincial, a huge fifteenth-century stone palace, very tall and dark, and its adjacent Audiencia, the Ancient Court of Appeal, an exquisite Gothic building with a remarkable stone staircase and much fine carving; also the Cathedral, with the charming Plaza del Rey to the east of it; the fourteenth-century church of Santa Maria del Mar, and several streets of old houses, one of which, the Calle Moncada, contains a house called the Casa Dalmases (No. 20), with an interesting staircase elaborately carved in stone. All these buildings are close to one another and within a stone's-throw of the dark and cool Cathedral—the heart of the ancient city.

After an hour or two of exploration in the old parts of the city it was delightful to pick up a tramcar on the Ramblas and descend to the Port, to the broad Plaza de la Paz, dominated by its hideous monument of Christopher Columbus, where the white steamer for the Balearic Islands was drawn up at the quay, and the little *Mouche* flitted to and fro carrying the bathers to the farther side of the harbour. The sea-bathing of Barcelona is one of its greatest and most unexpected attractions. I have never known better bathing anywhere. The cabins were clean, and there were all the comforts of civilisation, such as fresh-water shower-baths, foot baths, and so on; also a diving-board and other amenities, while dominating the dressing-rooms was a raised platform containing the café and bandstand. The place seemed to be crowded all day, and at night it was equally full, for people liked to dance and listen to the music, within sight of the sea.

Barcelona in the hot weather is a town which saps one's energies like a tropical country. It is difficult to do anything except sit and look on, difficult to move away from it—to arise and "get hence." I lost my train to Montserrat, the great excursion for visitors. When, thanks to a cool twenty-four hours, I managed to get to the station to come away, I brought with me confused memories of a town where there was no gold and so much bad silver that every coin had to be rung on stone before it was accepted; of crowded Ramblas, where handsome, vivacious men and women walked to and fro under the trees, and where one could buy attractive birds in cages, or lovely flowers; and of a dark, plain woman singing on a tawdry stage a song as harsh and outlandish as her voice—and as enthralling.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Among the first New Year novels of Stanley Paul & Co. are "Cupid's Caterers," the adventures of a man "sub-editress" on a popular feminine weekly—coming from the pen of Mr. Ward Muir, this promises to be exceptionally amusing and interesting; and "The Waters of Lethe," by Dorothea Gerard. The same firm is also issuing Mr. Headon Hill's new book, "The Split Peas," a society romance describing the adventures of a young officer of the Guards.

REVIEWS

An American Aristides—II

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

Theodore Roosevelt. An Autobiography. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

TO get the "atmosphere" of Roosevelt's political career you must bear in mind that very few of the upper class touched politics at all: it was not considered quite respectable for them to do so. I remember when visiting the United States for the first time, and people learnt that I was a member of Parliament, they looked at me as much as to say: "Oh, that is the way you make your living, is it?" At any rate, that was the idea they conveyed to me.

Roosevelt, young and enthusiastic, saw that it was a bad thing for his country that those who, for want of a better term, I must call the upper classes, took no interest in politics at all and looked down on those who did; just as the upper middle classes to-day in London allow the trading classes to do most of the municipal work in some boroughs. He explains:

When I began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the local Republican Association and the means of joining it, these men, and the big business men and lawyers also, laughed at me and told me that politics were "low"; that the organisations were not controlled by "gentlemen"; that I would find them run by saloon keepers, horse-car conductors, and the like; and not by men with any of whom I would come in contact outside; and, moreover, they assured me that the men I met would be rough and brutal and unpleasant to deal with. I answered that if this were so it merely meant that the people I knew didn't belong to the governing class, and that the other people did, and that I intended to be one of the governing class.

We have seen how he worked his way up resolutely and fearlessly. Whenever he was "up against" his own party he always appealed to the people outside politics—the voters who watched the young country gentlemen scrambling about in the political mire with amused interest; for Roosevelt could not help being interesting.

Somebody asked me in the week why I likened him to Aristides. I thought it was apparent, for he resembles the illustrious son of Lysimachus in many ways. I assure you I did not write sarcastically. The Athenians became more virtuous in imitating their great leader, and it will not be denied that American politics have greatly improved since Roosevelt "waded in." Aristides was called the Just, and I am sure Roosevelt is a just man, fair and honest, with quick feelings of sympathy. His fault was that he was too conscious of what he had accomplished, and insisted on telling people so by bawling it at them. I believe they got rid of him simply because they were tired of his civic virtue and

his too great insistence on the fact, which, after all, when you come to think of it, is a slight on his fellow-countrymen. If he had possessed a little more of the political temperateness and placid temper of Aristides he would have been President to-day.

To go back to the book, in his account of the war, Roosevelt passes a compliment to the member for the Fareham Division of Hampshire. "One of the best men with our regiment was the British military attaché, Captain Arthur Lee, who was made an honorary member of the mess." When Roosevelt was made Governor of New York, the usual custom was followed of the party filling all the positions for him. It reminds me of an old friend, a recent Lord Mayor, who found that, although he had 900 invitations for his banquet to give out, he had only 40 tickets left for his private friends when all the official invitations had been dispatched. Roosevelt was firm, and carefully chose men for their qualifications for the positions, sometimes regardless of the fact that some of them were his opponents in politics. He naturally offended a great many of those who had supported him, and I have no doubt that he was called ungrateful by men who determined to be revenged. The description of the way he dealt with Senator Platt, one of the party "bosses," is one of the best things in the book. Platt was alarmed at Roosevelt's independence, "feared he was a little loose on the relation of capital and labour, on trusts and combinations, and the right of a man to run his own business in his own way, with due respect, of course, to the Ten Commandments and the Penal Code. Anything outside these two were clearly altruistic, and demanded profound consideration."

Next comes a charming chapter of his recreations, indoor and outdoor, at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, and elsewhere, in the middle of which is a delightful description of a tramp with Sir Edward Grey through the New Forest, in England.

In this chapter he dives into other things; he thinks statesmen ought to read poetry and novels; it is clear that he himself has read pretty widely, and he tells you why he likes particular authors.

A lover of children, he did everything he could to make his own children's life as happy and pleasant as possible, sparing no thought or trouble to let them have a good time to look back upon.

When he became President, he was a more absolute ruler than many monarchs. There is no doubt that he took a good deal on himself, but a President of the Republic of the United States has far more real power, if he chooses to use it, than our own King George, for instance; in fact, even the Senate interferes in a way that, if our House of Lords, before the Parliament Bill, had acted in a similar manner, it would have meant an outcry from the Radicals like that of the Queen in "Alice." The easy-going Americans probably knew that Roosevelt sometimes exceeded his constitutional power, but saw that in the main he was right and honest, and

supported him in abolishing abuses. He fought the Trusts, and with equal energy fought the Trades Unions, when he considered either were unjust. He cut red tape to ribbons in the Civil Service. What strikes one is his vigour and interest in life, and the amazing number of people in all spheres whom he knew intimately.

He considers there were two schools of political thought, upheld with equal sincerity; the division was not normally along political but temperamental lines. He believed in Presidents of the type of Andrew Jackson, who, by the way, is only known to the average Briton as the godfather of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," and Abraham Lincoln, who served the people affirmatively in cases where the Constitution did not explicitly forbid certain courses of action. Buchanan and Taft seem to think that the President was merely the servant of the Congress, and did not act unless invited to do so by that body. Roosevelt followed Lincoln and, like Cromwell, he was "a king in fact, all but the name." This book is, I suppose, the first time that the ruler of a great nation has so frankly taken the world into his confidence.

Villon

The Poems of François Villon. Translated by H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

FRANÇOIS VILLON occupies a unique position in literature. His life, or a part of it, is better known to the superficially cultured than his poems; yet we must modify this statement a little: a few tags from his poems are as universally famous and remembered as anything out of the Middle Ages, and the bits of his life that are generally known are known very inaccurately. Villon is such an ideal hero of historical romance and costume-play that he has ended by becoming almost too popular, and has had to yield his part on occasion to less hackneyed actors, such as the shadowy Gringoire.

Mr. Stacpoole has undertaken a formidable task, and has emerged from it, we incline to think, with no little credit. Difficulties of idiom and difficulties of atmosphere have over and over again been most successfully surmounted. It is extraordinary how easily some of Villon's master-lines slide into the right number of English syllables, with a really useful word at the end. At other times liberty is very hardly won indeed: as prisoners have been known to make ropes out of their bed-clothes, the translator, in a case like this, is sometimes driven, in order to give rotundity and consistency to his verse, to incorporate into it—may we be forgiven for dallying too long with a seductive analogy!—his very mattress! We open Mr. Stacpoole's book at his translation of "Les Regrets de la belle Heaulmière," and we find these lines:

For love of one black thief who used
My youth as bee the flowering bow.

Good lines! Swinburne would not have disowned them. But in Villon's text there is no bee and no "flowering bow." We have grave doubts as to the legitimacy of the procedure. The Second Commandment's embargo on the production of graven images applies, in our view, to the translator of a poet. It would be a little painful to be asked to recall, say by some University Extension lecturer, "Villon's beautiful image of the bee and the flowering bow."

Perhaps other readers will be more indulgent. The fault, if it be one, is not very frequent. Something had to be done, and Mr. Stacpoole, left to himself, writes very good modern English Villonese. Something had to be done, here for one reason, there for another. Sometimes the translator is faced with the dilemma of sacrificing either a whole poem or one "unprintable" phrase. We admire the humorous agility with which he successfully fills up a lacuna; "here for words place dots" completes a line, maintains a rhyme, and warns the reader to look or not to look, as the case may be, in the appendix, where he would find all the originals of the translations and one or two other poems.

There is no formal biography. Mr. Stacpoole thinks that biography in such a case is more or less synonymous with slander. And the acts of François Villon—are they not written in the "Ballades" and the two Testaments? Mr. Stacpoole is very eloquent on the text, "Other times, other morals," and insists that Villon was a truly good man and, "considering the times in which he lived, wonderfully clean-spoken and devoid of brutality." It is perhaps true, and, if true, certainly regrettable, that our age and country expects this sort of prefatory apologia, but the habitual traveller in the realms of history, which are seldom the "realms of gold," will always find it tedious and disconcerting. Besides, the Philistine is as suspicious of eloquence as he is of other forms of art. He will cheer Mirabeau the speaker, but when he goes home he will moralise complacently on Mirabeau the man, and quote with gusto Mirabeau's sublime last confession of failure.

We seem to do nothing but carp and quibble. Our intentions are really quite different. We recommend this book confidently—we were going to say "unreservedly," when we remembered that we had hinted at some, probably purely subjective, reservations—to everyone who likes good poetry with a subtle aroma of the past. But there is one point we cannot pass over. *Why* does Mr. Stacpoole say that "Villon is the greatest and truest of French verse-writers"? His reply, indeed, follows on the heels of his statement: "He is the only French poet who is entirely real; all the rest are tinged with artifice." This may be true; but, at most, it only applies to the *truth* of Villon's poetry. No Englishman has the right to say that somebody is "the greatest of French verse-writers." Every Frenchman may say it, though the name used to fill the blank will not always be the same. We may add that we are of the opinion of Mr. Stacpoole.

"The Cry of the Children"

The Life of the Rev. Thomas Bowman Stephenson, LL.D. By WILLIAM BRADFIELD. Illustrated. (C. H. Kelly. 5s. net.)

ALMOST at the same time that Dr. Barnardo was beginning his great work which afterwards became so famous, Thomas Stephenson, with two friends, initiated a similar scheme for outcast waifs and strays. On July 9, 1869, the first two boys were received into "The Children's Home," a mere rented cottage in the neighbourhood of the railway arches which cluster round Waterloo Station. From this small beginning sprang the well-known Home for Children in Bonner Road. In the first year twenty-nine children were received, and the ordinary income was £307. In the year 1911, no less than two thousand two hundred children passed through the Home, and the income totalled £54,715. In 1872, a farm was established in Lancashire, and later, another in Canada, to which large numbers of children were transplanted. Dr. Stephenson's other great work was the institution of deaconesses for work among the poor, the result of the impressions he received from a visit to Kaiserswerth during the time of the Franco-German War, as Florence Nightingale had been stirred by her visit some twenty years before. Eventually Dr. Stephenson founded the Wesley Deaconess Institute, a work which is to-day in process of wide development. The story of this fine philanthropy is well told in this interesting biography of Dr. Stephenson, who was born at Red Barn, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1839, the centenary year of the "Society of the People called Methodists." He was educated at Wesley College, Sheffield, and in 1859 he was accepted by the Conference for the ministry and sent for training to Richmond College. A few years later he took his degree in Arts at the University of London, and entered on his ministry at Norwich, where he laboured until he was transferred to the Waterloo Road Chapel, London. Here his attention was first drawn to the outcast, homeless children who used to sleep among collections of boxes and barrels in back yards, of whom Dr. Osborn's daughter wrote a pathetic little ballad, beginning:

Poor little Scaramouch, homeless and sad!
Ragged little Scaramouch, dirty and bad!
Father gone to prison, mother in her grave,
Vice and crimes learnt betimes; who is then to save?

Stephenson and his colleagues, Mr. Horner and Mr. Mager, came nobly to the rescue, and the memories of thousands of good men and women must now call them blessed. In 1877 a beautiful chapel was opened for the Bonner Road Home, and at a festival in connection with the ceremony on May Day, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., the Minister for Education, took the chair, and Dean Stanley also came to support the Children's Home. Mr. Bradfield remarks on Dr. Stephenson's peculiar fitness for the work:—"His own temperament and disposition fitted him admirably for the care of these little ones. He had very high ideals

of the importance of duty, order, and obedience. The children of the Home were his children, and he never thought of himself as divided from them by any social barrier." The Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton), after being taken round the Home, observed that he knew how easy it was to arrange things for an inspection, "but," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "it was not easy to arrange beforehand that children should hang on to a man's coat-tails, and claim him as their property as they had done for Dr. Stephenson." In 1874 Dr. Stephenson headed the poll by a large majority for the Hackney division at the second triennial election of the London School Board. Dr. Stephenson was a deeply spiritual man, and he made the chapel at Bonner Road Home the centre of that earnest religious teaching which had so permanent an effect on the character and afterlife of the children. Those who read this record of a noble life will learn something of the secret of his powerful influence. There are several portraits in the book, of which the most striking forms the frontispiece, where the good Doctor is pictured in cassock, cap and gown, wearing the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, of which he was an Honorary Associate as a "person eminently distinguished for philanthropy."

A Literary Phenomenon

Scientific Proofs of Another Life. Compiled by ROSE LEVERE, LL.B. (J. E. Evans-Jackson and Co. 5s. net.)

TRULY this is one of the most remarkable books ever "embalmed in printer's ink," if we may borrow Mr. W. T. Stead's striking, and post-mundane, phrase. At last we are able to see ourselves as the spirits of the departed see us. We now know something of Public Opinion in the Great Beyond. The ordinary current views of the spirit-world on the events past and present of this sphere are actually within our grasp. It is just as if we took up the *Spiritual Daily News*, or whatever in the next world corresponds to one of our beloved halfpenny papers. And this wonderful result is entirely due to the hardihood of Miss Rose Levere, a member of the New York Bar, who has had the courage to interview nearly one hundred departed spirits. But we had better give the "scientific proofs" in this gallant lady's own words:

The essays herein are by persons of historical distinction, who now come back in spirit and independently write them. The letters were given in my own room under conditions which to me established beyond all peradventure the identity of the writers and the genuineness of the writings. But they hold inherent qualities which show this. The choice of themes, the style, the diction, the character of expression so peculiar to each writer, and so impossible of successful imitation, will at once appeal to the intelligence of every reader endowed with ordinary literary genius.

What further need have we of proofs? Indeed there are none. All modern science must stand at once dumb and confounded. Besides, chivalry—and, despite Burke, the age of chivalry is not quite dead—chivalry accepts unhesitatingly the courteous dedication: "With love and kind regard to all into whose hands this book shall fall, I dedicate it as a pronouncedly affirmative answer to the question asked in all ages, 'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

One of the oldest spirits to appear in Miss Levere's room was that of Moses, who thus gave utterance:

Now I, Moses, cometh unto ye (*sic*) this night in the city of New York, and speak unto ye saying, I had bounds set around Sinai that the multitudes should not come upon the mount and interrupt the writing and talking seance. The giving of the tables of stone meant the giving me a place to find them. The glory of the Lord was the harmonious condition necessary. The tables of stone were smooth plates of soft stone or slate deposit . . . and in the midst of the darkness the great commandments were scratched upon the surface of the tablets by an angel hand sent thither by the Lord.

Now the veriest tyro in criticism, if "endowed with ordinary literary genius," must at once recognise here "the style, the diction, the character of expression, peculiar" to the (reputed) author of the book of the Exodus. It is true that the spirit-Moses' command of English leaves something to be desired. But allowance must be made for some possible difficulties of translation into Americanese. It would be interesting to know what language the spirit used as a medium of communication. Perhaps, however, all spirits now learn English as the language of the future. In the present case the convenience of such a course is obvious, seeing that among the shadowy contributors may be found such figures as Socrates, Pontius Pilate, and Jeanne d'Arc.

The famous Greek philosopher gives a striking example of the well-known Socratic dialogue, thus: "A child with its father on a railroad train asked: 'Papa, why is it I feel so good when the train goes fast?' 'Because,' answered the father, 'rapid travelling exhilarates.'" For the sake of the sage's reputation it is almost a pity that Miss Levere did not suppress the rest of his shallow and commonplace letter on exhilaration; for example: "A glass of wine exhilarates. Anything that lifts us above the more sordid conditions of earth has a tendency to exhilarate us. . . . Anything that hastens us through the air gives the spirit a sense of temporary emancipation from the material environments of its ponderous encompassments."

Jeanne d'Arc informs us that "it was as possible to have had in operation a dynamo in the City of Pompeii as in the City of Philadelphia, for the same law governs the energy to-day that did in the days of Moses. Law is as old as the universe, and older." But we can excuse her much, as she sketched a portrait of herself and labelled it "The only true likeness in existence." The Marquis de Lafayette discourses on his impressions of George Washington, who "when a young man was a great admirer of the fair sex, and

had his sweethearts in many sections of the thirteen colonies." Pontius Pilate gave a sort of medical account of the death of Christ on the Cross, as the result of a broken heart. This was very kindly translated and transcribed by Mr. W. T. Stead, who also gave his services in writing out the Law of Parentage by Daoud, the Soul-Mother of the Compiler of this Book (*i.e.*, Miss Levere), who lived fourteen thousand years ago in Amia, the seventh province of Atlantis. Among other spirit-contributors may be mentioned Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Dean Swift ("Is Inspiration Insanity?" an able defence or *apologia*), Sir Isaac Newton, and Phineas T. Barnum. One and all have a marvellous acquaintance with modern mundane affairs, and especially with things American, but unfortunately they tell us nothing definite about the "Great Beyond" which they inhabit. Still, it is kind of them to discuss our trivial affairs so readily with us, and we trust that on the first opportunity Miss Levere will be so good as to convey to them our most grateful thanks. One thing we notice, with some regret for the dear souls—not a single one possesses even the ghost of humour. They still apparently take life very seriously. Each article in this book is accompanied by a picture of the contributor, and we are told on the authority of Mr. Stead that "the portraits were drawn independently by the spirit-artists, a picture being drawn as shown by the enclosed cuts at one sitting." A more ghastly and gruesome set of caricatures we have seldom seen. Many of them look positively imbecile. For all that, as Mr. Stead tells us, "No volume compiled in any age of the world equals in uniqueness this one, from the fact that the literary work of it was done absolutely independently by spirits." This judgment we can fully endorse by saying that it is as a literary phenomenon we call attention to this work. It stands alone. It exhausts a class. It is its own great parallel. It fills up, begins, and ends, a chapter in the Curiosities of Literature.

P. A. M. S.

Eighty Years of Work and Play

Bar, Bat, and Bit: Recollections and Experiences. By the HON. SIR EDWARD CHANDOS LEIGH, K.C.B., K.G. Edited by F. ROBERT BUSH, M.A., Secretary of the London Playing Fields Society. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

SIR EDWARD CHANDOS LEIGH has set down his reminiscences in a simple and attractive manner. As they include in their scope a period of eighty years and a great many persons who have also been personalities during that period, they throw a good many side-lights on the history of our times.

The title of the book is happily chosen. The author has many interests, but the Bar, cricket, and the hunting-field are the three matters that have claimed him most. His beneficent and successful efforts on

behalf of the London Playing Fields Society have flowed, we imagine, directly out of his love for cricket and the sympathy that impels us, "when we have a good thing, to make it common."

The author has a fourth interest, which he does not specify in his title, but, as he shares it with all mankind, except a certain number of pessimists and a few impossible optimists, he is probably right in withholding from it special significance. He has always had a lively and informed interest in politics, and has a good deal to tell us of the statesmen of the period. His political complexion has been steady Whig, but his general attitude more nearly approaches that keen impartiality that is sometimes sighed for than that of any modern we can remember. It is to be remembered that he was for a great many years Speaker's Counsel, a position of vantage for the spectacular consideration of the Parliamentary battle.

The Bar is a joyful mother of anecdote. There are many little stories of forensic experience in these pages. We were particularly charmed with the following invitation conveyed by a coachman during Sir Edward Chandos Leigh's rounds as revising barrister: "Please, sir, the public hangman lives near here, and he wants to see you, because he says you prosecuted for murder, at Lincoln Assizes, the first man he ever hanged!" A retort made to Lord Brampton, who was notoriously close-fisted, has, it appears, been fathered on to various people, but here it is attributed to an anonymous Q.C.; the repartee is: "What is the use of saving money? You can't take it with you when you die, and, if you did, it would *melt*."

Among the cricket stories are accounts of two ridiculous single-wicket matches, "no-balls not to count," in one of which the challenger bowled his opponent from "within three yards of the wicket," and won on the special conditions. The writer learnt his cricket at Harrow "by means of a catapult"—his own suggestion. The hunting reminiscences include portraits of some very famous men, and accounts of famous runs, especially with the Warwickshire and Pytchley hounds.

Some of the most interesting pages deal with Harrow and Oxford. We are a little surprised to find the writer's account of his old school summed up in a kind of *apologia*. He speaks of Harrow as "a school which it was getting a little the fashion to decry."

Oxford stands for undergraduate days at Oriel and a fellowship at All Souls'. A photograph of the Bullingdon Club, with a very imperfect key to the names of the members, figures, rather unexpectedly, late in the volume; we can discover no other allusion to the Bullingdon Club.

Sir Edward Chandos Leigh has, with the exception of a short and rather perfunctory philippic against certain modernities, held the balance between then and now, between crabbéd age and crabbéd youth. That is to say that these are not only entertaining but genuine reminiscences.

Queens of Aragon

The Queens of Aragon: Their Lives and Times. By E. L. MIRON. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

THIS account of the twenty-six Queens of Aragon, from Gisberga or Ermesinda to Juana de Enriquez, is a little disappointing. It tends to emphasise the pathos of the poem by Coplas de Manrique, quoted at the commencement of the book. To the poet's plaintive questions, where are the princes of Aragon, "the highly-born dames," "the gentle knights," "the song of Troubadour," "the mazy dance of old"? we can but answer that these romantic beings and gay happenings of the mediæval Kingdom of Aragon scarcely live again in Mr. Miron's pages. Had he caught something of the spirit of the old Troubadours he would have written a much more interesting book, described fewer "supers," and really shown us that "Queenship of Aragon was no less queenship of the Courts of Love." He has given us instead the rather dry bones of history, with a wealth of detail and a vast accumulation of names that are often simply bewildering. The canvas is over-crowded, and his zeal for amassing facts and straying occasionally into side-issues has tended to blurr a picture that might have been full of pomp and circumstance, touched with the glamour of romance, and quickened with the fire of poetry.

Our feeling of disappointment, however, cannot be laid entirely at the author's door. If his book is lacking in feminine interest, if we see far too little of the Queens of Aragon, it is partly because these royal ladies, in spite of their beauty and other attractions, received insufficient notice from contemporary historians. "It is from the densest mists of mediæval history that we must summon these Queens of the past," writes Mr. Miron, "and we shall often find ourselves baffled in our quest for truth about them." This is a frank confession, but the stories, excepting the fascinating account of Urraca, and one or two others, are really too thin, too wrapt up in "densest mists," to form the main theme of a fairly lengthy volume. The chronicler of that period was evidently not caught "by the spell of beauty on a throne." He lived in eventful times, and seems to have devoted his energy to setting down what he regarded as weightier matters. "On four occasions only during four centuries is there mention and description of the coronation of a Queen of Aragon," an omission that seems to prove that the historian was a very ungallant and one-sided person.

These Queens, for the most part, lived behind a veil while their lords were engaged in battle or in affairs of State. Writing of the Aragonese, Mr. Miron observes: "Once, and once only, in their strenuous history, they called a woman-child to rule over them, but they called her from a cradle, and they gave her, with her crown, a strong man, almost old enough to be her father, to

teach her queenship." The wonder is that with such scant recognition, such meagre appreciation, there were any Queens of Aragon at all. Only an ardent and mirthful Troubadour could have lifted the veil that hid these royal ladies and revealed the very essence of romance. Sometimes he did so with the result that he quickened a page of history for all time. Troubadours were poet-adventurers, and as such highly favoured, but unfortunately there was a limit to their singing, and far too infrequently were they bidden to lighten the sombre accounts of learned but dull historians.

Mr. Miron has an intimate knowledge of his subject, and students will find his imposing bibliography useful. Only once does he break forth into cheap and irritating staccato sentences, merely clap-trap questions that are unworthy of a style that is otherwise dignified. On page 44, writing of Urraca, he inquires: "What was the truth of her? The voluptuous termagant? Or the wronged and religious Queen? Victim, or evil genius? Who shall decide?"

The Peculiar Treasure of Kings

Le Style Louis XVI, Mobilier et Décoration. By SEYMOUR DE RICCI. (Hachette & Co. 25 f.)

NOT long since, Mr. William Heinemann sent us a splendid English version of Mr. Seymour de Ricci's work, of which we wrote as "Furniture before 'The Deluge'"; now we have the advantage of seeing the Paris edition in its native form. There is not, of course, much that is fresh to be written upon the subject, but we are very happy to have the opportunity of drawing the attention of our French readers to a volume which is in itself a very encyclopædia and treasury of the decorative forms which began to take the taste of princes when Louis XV was king, and which lasted until the great Revolution.

During the last fifteen years or so in England there has grown up an abounding interest in the fine craft of delicate cabinet-work, and thus the productions for the Courts of France during the eighteenth century have necessarily received our close attention and vast appreciation.

For the men who worked in Paris under the patronage of the Bourbons and their followers were indeed master cabinet-makers, even if our enfranchised views on decoration suggest that they inclined too fully towards the meticulous and bejewelled. Although the style Louis XVI may be said to have made considerably for simplicity, and it could not longer be said, as Voltaire sang—

Ces cabinets où Martin
A surpassé l'art de la Chine,

and it was held that the period of curious *pagodas*, *chinoiseries*, and *singeries* had passed, still many

delicate vanities remained which our own men of the Chippendale type used and broadened and, in the view of many, ennobled. But apart from the designs of Louis XVI furniture—so admirably suited to the architecture of that time—it was the exquisite workmanship which commanded the attention of the connoisseur, and now, more than ever, gains the praise of the cleverest cabinet-worker. Mr. Ricci's elaborately illustrated volume not only shows us a vast quantity of examples of the period with which he deals, and of rooms in which they were set, but it also helps the willing student to know exactly where these pieces may be found and, we apprehend, examined. However engaging a book on furniture may be, however fully and fitly illustrated, it is the pieces themselves that the enthusiast wishes to see and, if possible, to handle. We are rich in such examples in England, but none the less grateful to so accomplished a writer for pointing out to us the homes of many other carefully preserved specimens of a style that grows every day in interest.

All the cabinet-makers of importance towards the end of the eighteenth century are well represented, and also a considerable number of persons who strove to work in an even simpler style. The result is a volume, whether in French or in English, which no collector of furniture should be without, and which no craftsman in the enchanted world of cabinet-work can afford to neglect.

An Amiable Book

Memories of a Musician. By WILHELM GANZ. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

THIS amiable book has an interest beyond that of a mere record of the celebrated musicians whom, in the course of a long life in London, the author had seen or spoken to. Our shelves sustain many volumes of musical reminiscences which treat of Mr. Ganz's period, and make mention of cursory interviews with distinguished folk. It thrills us no longer to read that "I was present at the *début* of Mme. Leatherlungs as Norma; it may be described as a triumph; many were moved to tears, and the stage became a garden owing to the number of bouquets that were cast at the feet of the *diva*. I met her frequently both in musical and aristocratic houses. The essence of good nature, she yet had a quick temper, and I remember seeing her box the ears of old Signor Continuo when he had played the final chord of the aria, without waiting for her to descend from her prolonged C in *altissimo*. She made it all right, however, the next day, by sending him a great cheese from Hudson's—the Signor loved cheese—and it was said that they toasted slices of it together before her bedroom fire at her house in Abbey Road, in token of their reconciliation." Mr. Ganz enlivens his pages with many a pleasant anecdote about a public idol; with apparent unconcern he not infrequently lifts

the corner of a curtain, and his book affords a curious and useful survey of the ebb and flow of music's tide in London during the seventy years when he dabbled his feet in that capricious flood. But he himself is, after all, the most interesting part of his book. He came to England as a boy of fifteen, ready to play the violin in a quartett or an orchestra—or the cymbals, it did not matter; to accompany at a party for half a guinea; to do anything, in fact, that he was asked. He could do many things, it appears, but probably his versatility stood in his way, for he never achieved a commanding position either as a solo pianist or a leader of orchestras. Yet he arrives, and speedily, at a very comfortable and honourable place in the city of his choice. He has a house in Harley Street, he sends his sons to the Universities, he is a welcome guest in many a country mansion, and is always sure of a cordial nod of recognition from very great persons. He gives lessons on the piano to the great persons' daughters, he organises their musical *soirées*, he conducts orchestral concerts, and is the acquaintance, if not the friend, of all in that great flock of celebrated musicians or performers which annually lights down upon our shores.

To have attained such a secure and agreeable eminence in London denotes the possession by Mr. Ganz of remarkable qualities of character. We mean no disrespect to his talents when we say that there must have been many of his contemporaries who started with similar, perhaps with even greater chances of success, his rivals in musical ability, of character as unblemished, who never knew a tithe of his success. Why was Fortune so kind to Mr. Ganz? It is impossible to read his book and remain in ignorance of the answer to this question. His writings breathe such an air of kindness and simplicity in the best sense of that word, such a friendly air of content with the world and readiness to make the best of people and things, that we are sure we have found the secret of his success. This is the autobiography of one who has the charity that "thinketh no evil." There is not a word in it that could give pain to the most sensitive; here we are entirely and wonderfully free from that atmosphere of jealousy, suspicion and rivalry which musicians are supposed to live and thrive in. Mr. Ganz no doubt had ability, diligence and devotion to his patrons' interests to recommend him, but he had more. He must have had that in him which made them conscious that he could be a good friend as well as a good teacher or adviser.

These "Memories of a Musician," then, interest us primarily as the guileless story of a man who can surely never have done or said anything unkind, of a nature happy and ungrudging, of a success that must have disarmed the envy of rivals. But they are also interesting for what they tell us about famous musical folk. As we read, we are listening to the simply but eagerly told reminiscences of a man who had heard Edward Fitzgerald's "My old Pasta." Think of that, ye moderns! Pasta, alas, was past her prime by a good deal when Mr. Ganz heard her, but Jenny Lind was not,

and he knew her well. He saw Rachel as Andromache, he knew Jansa who had played in first performances of Beethoven's Quartetts, he was at the *première* of "Rigoletto" in 1853, he knew Mme. Dulcken the pianist whom Rush, the Stanfield murderer, went to hear in Norwich while meditating the slaughter of half a dozen persons. He played in the orchestra when Berlioz conducted the Choral Symphony after five rehearsals; he knew Wagner, and did his best to play Wagner at his orchestral concerts before the days of Richter. He brought St. Saëns to London, he gave the first complete performance here of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, and the *Dante Symphony* of Liszt. He heard Braham sing "Total Eclipse" when that great tenor was eighty years old. These were memories worth recording. We like, also, to know that placid-looking Mme. Tietjens began by having a horrid temper which led her to smash all the crockery she could reach, and that her wise sister used to send out for penny tea-cups when she saw a storm brewing, and that the great singer eventually conquered her temper. We like to think of Mr. Edward Lloyd earning £1,500 in six months by royalties on "The Holy City" and "The Star of Bethlehem"; of Mme. Patti, though *she* never had to keep her agility in order like other singers, practising her angel-voice on Bach's pianoforte fugues; of an eminent teacher of singing saying to a newly arrived and unknown singer of remarkable gifts and a beautiful voice, "Will you be my show pupil? I will give you £3 a week if you will!" We tremble as we read of Mme. Schumann playing Chopin at a party, while all the company talked; we wonder if Lord Morley knew that Mr. Gladstone "used to sing in his younger days"; we sympathise with Verdi for "hiring for the whole season" all the barrel organs in Genoa that played "Rigoletto" and "Trovatore," and locking them up in his rooms; we love Offenbach for his letters to Wagner acknowledging the present of a copy of "Das Judenthum in der Musik":—"Dear Wagner, you had better stick to music"; and, later, a copy of the "Meistersinger": "Dear Wagner, I think you had better stick to writing books." Mr. Ganz giving lessons to an old lady of eighty in Beethoven's Sonatas; teaching the piano to Miss Braddon; sitting next Lord Beaconsfield at dinner, but never hearing him speak—these are among the pleasant pictures which this book has given us. We are sure that Miss Braddon was a delightful pupil, and that Dizzy could be an awe-inspiring neighbour. We began by describing this as an "amiable book." It will be seen that we have found it entertaining. But what we have liked best in it is the picture of a man so *bienveillant*, so cordial, so uniformly genial as its good-hearted author.

Messrs. John Long, Ltd., will shortly publish a new novel entitled "Mary's Marriage," by Edmund Bosanquet, author of "A Society Mother" and "Catching a Coronet."

Shorter Reviews

The Austrian Officer at Work and at Play. By DOROTHEA GERARD. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

AUSTRIA has lately been more in our thoughts than usual, owing to the visit of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne, to England. We ought to know and think more of Austria than we do; her past history, position on the Continent and military strength should all induce us to bear her in mind as an important factor in political developments. It is the word Habsburg that binds together in Austria a heterogeneous mass of nationalities. As a member of the Triple Alliance Austria's weight might any day be thrown on the side of Germany. But this little book compiled by the wife of an Austrian cavalry officer does not pretend to deal with high politics or grave military questions. She has divided her work into two parts: *Echoes of War*, and *Evolutions of Peace*. She admits that, many triumphs notwithstanding, the nineteenth century was on the whole a century of mourning for Austria. The Empire issued morally weakened from the Italian campaign of 1848-9 and the rebellion of Hungary; in 1859 she was worsted by the French and lost all hold on Italy; she gained nothing from the Danish war of 1864, and was crushed by Prussia in 1866; the occupation of Bosnia in 1878 was a long, wearisome, and seemingly interminable task. The historical narrative is of the lightest description. The second part, which deals with the life and pursuits of the Austrian officer, his duties, pastimes, escapades, exploits and feats, chiefly of horsemanship, is much more lively and interesting. Some of the stories tax the reader's credulity, and the author does not vouch for the absolute accuracy of each detail, many of the incidents naturally not having come under her personal notice. Many changes have been introduced, it is said, in the Austrian army; hard drinking has given place to modified abstemiousness; duelling is rarer, though not abolished, but the officer's life is still gay, and he meets death gaily; the army is stated to be animated by one common zeal. The book will commend itself to military men, and should find a place on every regimental reading table. The general reader will find some information in the first part, and much entertainment in the numerous anecdotes of the second.

My Recollections and Reflections. By YOSHIO MARKINO. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

AFTER many years of struggle and hardship, Mr. Markino has now attained for himself the certainty of an appreciative public for almost anything he may write. There are those who criticise, sometimes unkindly, at other times almost brutally, what they term the "pidgin-English which is supposed to be 'quaint,' "

accusing the kindly Jap of posing in order to supply the periodicals with what they want, namely, essays in broken English. In the chapter headed "Emotion and Etymology" Mr. Markino deals with this matter, and explains in his own inimitable manner the reason for his "imperfect" English. May it be long before he learns to speak, without a slip, the language of the country he has adopted; for the English tongue never sounds so beautiful as when spoken with the clear enunciation and accented syllables of an educated foreigner.

In the present book, the author treats of many subjects. The chapter relating to Hara, the Japanese artist, and the contrast Markino draws between himself and his friend are interesting reading, and prove that the writer is no egoist, and is perfectly willing to give unstinted praise where it is due, even when by so doing he exalts another at the expense of himself.

One of the best parts of the book is that devoted to the Post-Impressionists. As an artist, with all an artist's emotions and insight into causes, Mr. Markino's opinions on this subject are well worth perusing, and should form a guide for those people who know so little what to make of some of the strange artistic productions of the present day.

As he says himself, the Japanese art is nearer akin to the French than the English, and, if the art, also the artists; therefore, probably it is to his dear John Bulleses that Mr. Markino's book will make the greater appeal; for in every sentence he writes he reveals himself and his own personal feeling on all matters, social and philosophical. Englishmen do not, as a rule, do this, and unfortunately are apt to mistrust men of other nations who differ in this respect from themselves. However, should only the fair sex be pleased, something not to be despised will have been accomplished. One small complaint we would make; the illustrations are a little disappointing. There are none of those delightful thumb-nail sketches which were so charming in "My Idealed John Bulleses."

George Wyndham. By CHARLES BOYD. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)

ANYTHING which refers to perhaps the most engaging personality who has flitted across the parliamentary stage in recent times must be of extraordinary interest. George Wyndham was a man of a century. We do not mean that he was a giant of intellect, but he was a level-headed, honest and successful politician. It is unnecessary to refer to the eminent advantages which he possessed in an illustrious lineage and a most delightful presence; suffice it to say that his varied career as soldier, country gentleman and statesman is without tarnish. The little reprint from the *Cornhill* magazine, from an article by one who was intimately acquainted with Wyndham, is very acceptable; later on we are promised a detailed life and the publication of the private correspondence of the famous Chief Secretary.

In the present small volume we are given a few examples of his epistolary style. It is racy and vigorous, and although from the extracts culled it is evident that Wyndham lacked the extraordinary elegance and finish of Cowper as a letter writer, it yet must be conceded that he took a very high rank amongst those who in the present day by hereditary talent and personal genius preserve the almost lost art of letter-writing.

Wyndham's principal achievement was of course his great measure of land purchase in Ireland, and here we think that it is instructive to recall how the influence of one mind has contributed to the immortality of those who developed his policy.

The late Lord Salisbury laid down in effect the policy which raised Mr. Arthur Balfour to the position of Prime Minister, and which led to Wyndham's political celebrity. Mr. Balfour carried through with extraordinary ability the policy of "resolute government" laid down by Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Wyndham, as private secretary to Mr. Balfour, imbibed the ideas which flowed from Lord Salisbury.

The policy of resolute government did not and was not intended to shut the door to conciliatory and remedial measures. The select committee of the House of Lords which was presided over by the late Lord Cairns, and of which Lord Salisbury was a member, clearly recognised that the question of the land was at the root of all the trouble in Ireland, and they reported accordingly. Hence the Ashbourne Act, which was a good beginning, and the Wyndham Act, which was a splendid culmination. If Wyndham's Act has failed at all, the fault is not in the Act, but in the parsimonious interpretation of it.

The pity of it! The popular, the loved statesman cut off in the full enjoyment of life, as is apparent from his correspondence up to the last. Heavy indeed was the loss to the country, when Wyndham and Lyttelton were called away within a short time of each other at a critical period when the influence of their characters and accomplishments were essentially needed.

C. C.

Cobbles Gentleman, Limited, and Other Stories. By AUSTEN SOMERS. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 1s. net.)

THE four sketches forming this small book are described as comedies; but, if they are noted for anything in particular, it is for the lack of humour in their construction. The first one, "Cobbles Gentleman, Limited," has a small plot, capable of good development, but the opportunity is missed, and a merely dull recital of what befell a waiter during a day's holiday is the result. The same may be said of the other three stories; the working-out is not good enough. Not a smile can be raised from one of them.

Fiction

Hands Up! By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

WITH a very short interval, Mr. Niven takes us from a study of middle-class social life in Edinburgh, in "Ellen Adair," to a study of high-class cow-punching and train-robbing in the Wild West, in "Hands Up!" The transition proves his skill; if one of the stories pleased us, well and good; if both please us—and they do—we acknowledge his mastery of two spheres.

We are not on a level with certain haughty and dogmatic reviewers who endeavour to instruct Mr. Niven in the difficult business of dealing with half-wild cattle, who know precisely how a calf should be held, and who say in effect: "When we were cow-punchers we didn't do it *that* way." Such superior knowledge, such glorious exhibitions of technique, are beyond us; we, alas! shall never help at the branding, never watch the daily train pull out of "Black Kettle," never know such a character as Apache Kid, that queer mixture of ferocity and friendliness. But we can thank those who picture these things so vividly, and say, without any reservations, that this is as fine and lively a story as we have read for a long time. It is full of adventure and excitement, yet not without excellent studies of character; Apache Kid, who would hold up a train-crew at the muzzle of his "gun" and think nothing of it, and the next day risk his life for a friend, being one of the best. "Scolty," the little telegraph-clerk at Black Kettle, the doctor who came from miles away on a "pump-car" to attend to Apache, and several other people in the story, are as real as actual friends. We congratulate the author on a splendid addition to his list of novels.

Sentiment. By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

APPARENTLY the author made up his mind to write a novel, and gave up the task halfway, for the story which gives this book its name occupies just half the pages, while the rest of the volume is given up to short stories. "Sentiment" is a very merry yarn indeed, and William, the hero, provokes a considerable amount of mirth on the reader's part. Penelope, the heroine, is a clever character study, a sensuous, pleasure-loving girl whom we feel will never reveal all of herself—the enigma of womanhood personified. William as a poet is fun undiluted, for the story is half farce and half drama, but wholly worth reading.

The remainder of the stories are mixed in character and quality. "Mrs. Turner" is a grimly realistic sketch of poverty's worst side, and on the other hand the last story in the book is an exquisite little piece of irony, telling as it does, of a woman who was extremely shocked at finding that a poet had idealised her—as if

Dante's Beatrice had been wroth at finding out that Dante had immortalised her. Here are stories for every mood, for the most part above the average in quality.

A Social Innocent. By R. ST. JOHN COLTHURST. (John Long. 6s.)

FOR little witticisms of the chuckle-provoking order, this book would be hard to beat; for example, sport and politics, says one character, "seem to be one and the same thing in Ireland." These little japes, however, are almost lost without the context, and they only form one side of the story. It concerns a man with plenty of money, who had never left Ireland—and wild Ireland at that—until he had reached the age when most men have nearly learned the wisdom of indiscretions. He came to England as a very unworldly person, and made the blunders that an unworldly person would naturally make in high—very high—society. How he learned wisdom of a sort, and how in the learning he found his ideal woman, make up the story, and we recommend it as excellent light reading.

Yet it is not all light, for once in a while the author is moved to reflection, which expresses itself in some little serious paragraphs, generally at the beginnings of chapters. They are rather stilted, as if the writer were new to this sort of thing, but they ring true, and for once we do not find them wearisome. In spite of its amusing pages, the book is written earnestly, yet without cant or cant phrases; it is a fresh, healthy story, and should achieve a good measure of success.

Exceeding Pleasant. By L. OULTON. Illustrated. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

SOME of these tales are exceeding uninteresting rather than "exceeding pleasant"; there is, for instance, the one entitled "Old Crown Derby," which reads like an unsuccessful attempt to "pot" a third-rate melodrama, Pelissier fashion, and leaves us in doubt as to whether the author seriously intended to write a story, or suffered from nightmare and wrote the thing before being thoroughly waked up. The story which gives a title to the collection is a very dull affair; we tried to read into it political satire, a skit on suffrage, or some other hidden meaning, and failed miserably; it remains an enigma, and a tiresome one at that.

But the last tale in the book atones for all the rest; it is entitled "The Black Dread," and tells of the return of "The O'Hehir" to an old Irish castle, and the fate that befel him there. For gruesome fascination this sketch is equal to the work of Bram Stoker at his best—or worst, as inclination may dictate. The phantom ropes that dangled before the eyes of the O'Hehir, and the tentacles that came from nowhere to grip him, are depicted with ghastly realism, and we advise readers whose nerves are shaky to save up this story for a morning perusal—they may read the rest with perfect safety at any hour they like, and in that we take their patience for granted.

In the Learned World

THE discovery by M. Armand Gautier of the wide-spread diffusion throughout nature of fluorine may turn out to be one of the most important of the century. Fluorine, which belongs to the group of elements known as halogens or salt-formers, was until lately almost unknown to us, the use of hydrofluoric acid in "etching" or eating away the surface of glass being about its only property put to commercial use. On its isolation by Moissan in 1886 it was hailed as the "alcahest" or universal solvent of the alchemists, inasmuch as it attacked nearly all known substances, formed a violent explosive with hydrogen, and generally behaved like a perfect fury. Later researches, noted in this column from time to time, have shown that fluorine is present in small quantities in the blood, bones, and secretions of ourselves and other animals, although its use in the organism is a mystery. M. Gautier has now shown by experiments just communicated to the Académie des Sciences that what are called thermal waters, which are always of eruptive origin, invariably contain fluorine, and, following up this clue, he has found fluorine in large quantities in the gases escaping from the craters of active volcanoes, especially Vesuvius. Of the waters containing it, that of Vichy is perhaps the most familiar to the general reader, and there is now little doubt as to its frequent occurrence elsewhere. Its possible use may be indicated by the part that it plays in the formation of ozone. M. Gautier has been helped in his researches by M. P. Clausmann, and a summary of them will be shortly published.

The curative as distinguished from the industrial applications of electricity become every day more numerous, and one of the latest is its employment in the alleviation of deafness. Nearly all maladies of the internal ear have hitherto been incurable by reason of the great difficulty of applying to it either fomentations or other means of reducing inflammation before suppuration sets in. Dr. Hamm, a distinguished aurist of Brunswick, has now put to practical use an apparatus invented by Professor Peukert, a professor at the Polytechnik of the same city, which he calls an othotherm. By the aid of this, which is in effect a high-frequency apparatus on a small scale, a temperature as high as the patient can bear can be maintained for any length of time in the internal parts of the ear without inconvenience. Dr. Hamm claims that by its use he has cured not only chronic affections of the tympanum or drum of the ear and chronic inflammations of the internal tissues, but also the deafness following suppuration of the same parts. An account of the apparatus, which is remarkably ingenious from the mechanical point of view, is given in last month's *Revue Scientifique*.

Another medical application of electricity may be found in its use for heating the external surface of the limbs and trunk, a remedy which has been observed to give considerable relief in cases of rheumatism and

gout. The ordinary plan of enclosing the part affected in a case containing incandescent bulbs or other means of raising the temperature by electric means has its drawbacks, inasmuch as it can only be applied for short periods and over limited tracts of skin. Some sort of clothing heated by electricity has therefore been found more beneficial, and this has hitherto taken the form of a kind of quilt containing spirals of wire embedded in asbestos and heated by the current. Garments made on this principle would be as rigid as the plate armour of the Middle Ages and as cumbrous as the padded linen suits adopted by citizens fearful of assassination in the time of the supposed Popish plots. M. Herrgott, a civil engineer of Belfort, has just produced, however, a fabric by which the conductors of the current are actually woven in the fabric, and, as they are made of nickel, are not likely to oxidise. M. Daniel Berthelot declares that the result is satisfactory, and Professor Bergonié, who is one of the pioneers of medical electricity, has used quilts made of it in the hospitals of Bordeaux with good effect. He says that a quilt made of M. Herrgott's material can be connected with the street current as easily as a lamp, and that its lightness is not the least of its merits.

The Académie des Sciences have also received a communication from MM. Stoklasa and Zdobnicky as to the effect of water containing the emanation of radium upon the growth of plants. According to him, radioactive water will increase the natural productiveness of lentils, peas, and wheat by from 60 to 160 per cent., and he finds it has the same effect upon the poppy, the beetroot, and some other plants cultivated for food. The flowering of the plants thus watered is not only considerably advanced, but the fecundation of them also takes place much more rapidly, and the total yield is thereby considerably increased. Naturally radio-active waters are rare, the area over which they occur being practically confined at present to a well-defined tract in the West of England and France, and with radium at its present price it seems hardly likely that the manufacture of artificially made radio-active water could be conducted on commercially profitable lines. Yet it is improbable that the present scarcity of radium will continue when the demand for it is so continually increasing as it is at present; and when the supply becomes relatively plentiful by the discovery of new deposits of pitchblende or otherwise, the farmer may see a way out of his present difficulties which at present is hidden from him. Certainly in intensive culture of all kinds his salvation appears to lie. F. L.

The Liberal *Berliner Borsen Courier* for December 14 reports on good authority that the British-German negotiations *re* the distribution of the spheres of interest in Africa have been definitely concluded; the negotiations on the Anatolian and Mesopotamian questions are still pending, but promise to come to a speedy and satisfactory issue.

An Isle of Dreams

"Call us not weeds; we are flowers of the sea."

THE detachment of the island atmosphere is congenial to the holiday mood, but to be the perfect playground of a summer vacation your island must fulfil certain simple conditions as to latitude, configuration, and shortest distance from the mainland. There must be no linking viaduct like that which gives entry to Anglesea, no railroad ferry such as crosses Canso Strait into Cape Breton, for, with such aids, the association is altogether too intimate. Nor must the island be so near that ferry boats cross and recross every hour, as from England to the Isle of Wight. One boat a day in each direction is ample and adequate, and the crossing should take two or three hours, so that no smaller craft are tempted to land invading hordes of curious tourists at odd hours. In these times, when wireless telegraphy links even sinking ships with other ships and lands far out of ken, complete isolation is no longer attainable, but the angler on his holiday likes to put as many obstacles as possible between himself and his workaday surroundings, and if he be a sea angler, then an island has claims that are obvious.

Santa Catalina lies at the ideal distance from the Los Angeles mainland, in sight of its coastline, yet sundered by a dancing strait that imparts strange antics to the daily steamer when broad seas swell to meet her keel. Its one town, Avalon, headquarters of the famous Tuna Club, has been built on that aspect of the island which looks to leeward of the prevailing summer wind, so that the fisherman can reckon on water like a pond during most days of the week. Hereabouts, too, the Pacific is deep right up to the foot of the cliffs, where, on boulders worn round and smooth by heavier surges, sea-lions drenched in spray bark day and night, and the water is so crystal clear that a shoal of yellow-tail or sea bass may be seen twenty yards ahead of the launch swimming in circles three or four fathoms down.

Thanks to these conditions, and to the quickening influence of warm currents from Japan, the inshore waters near Avalon offer to the curious visitor a spectacle unrivalled among the marvels of ocean life. I have crept through the Barrier Reef of Queensland, going half-speed and looking down on great fishes of many hues floating in and out of fairy palaces of coral; and I have, with the aid of a water telescope, spied on the minor tragedies of the underworld in the clear water on the north coast of Jamaica, where I once watched a great barracouta devour several small fish and then in due course caught and devoured the barracouta myself. Nowhere else, however, have I seen anything of the kind to equal the sea-gardens of Avalon. Here is a very rialto of fishes, up and down which they drift like gorgeous birds in the dim greenery of some tropical jungle. Over their silent abode one may float, as on an airship, in one of the glass-bottomed boats and look down on tangled acres of every conceivable tint and texture—red, green, olive, pink, heliotrope, broad-leaved and coralline—amid which fantastic fishes play at hide and seek in the strangely polarised light of those

translucent depths with effects indescribably beautiful. Those favoured waters teem with life at all depths, and even at the surface fishes resembling golden carp may be seen routing in the kelp that thickly fringes the foot of the cliffs. This luxuriant growth is a source of constant chagrin to the careless fisherman who lets a yellow-tail or white sea-bass gain its sanctuary, for the fish is certain not only to regain its liberty, but so to entangle the tackle in those stubborn clumps and waving fronds that only a portion of it is recovered, to be greeted by its lamenting owner "in straight-flung words and few."

Very different from the sandy keys of Florida is this bold and rocky coast that looks out on the sunset and Japan. Florida is, in fact, intolerable after May, for the sandflies and mosquitoes are insatiable, and the coast, though swept by an occasional hurricane from the Gulf, seems to have caught some of the stagnation of the brooding Caribbean. He who has another month to spare will do well to face the four days of dusty travel that lie between the Gulf of Mexico and the Golden Gates. Traversing as it does the "bad lands" of Arizona, this run on the Southern Pacific is not exactly what Americans are fond of describing as a "scenic route"; yet, since it gives a glimpse of the Rio Grande, on the Mexican frontier, and of the Salton Sea, it is not wholly devoid of interest, and it ends pleasantly enough among the green swards and orange groves of California.

One morning, at Colon and Panama, I took some trouble to drop a line in both the oceans on the same forenoon, a freakish inspiration which, ending, as it deserved, in complete failure at either end of the Isthmus, was prompted only by the probability of no one having been enterprising enough to accomplish it before and the even greater certainty that no one would be foolish enough to do it again. Even where they approximate so closely, the neighbouring oceans, which, we are told, were joined at no remote date as time goes, are very different to the careless eye. Colon is always knee-deep in muddy water, whereas Panama is dryshod half the day and looks out on the ebbing waters across a considerable middle distance of uncovered foreshore.

California in June is a dreamland of flowers and oranges, of blue seas and of skies that shame their changing tourmaline, of snow-topped sierras, mystic lakes, giant trees and valleys hidden from the hustle of cities. Yet there is in all that State no spot more desirable than the little island of Santa Catalina, reclaimed from the savagery of San Clemente and other neighbours in the Channel, but wild enough to woo a man from the tiresome order of civilisation. The fish that first, nearly thirty years ago, drew sportsmen to its shores was the tuna, or tunny, and it was here that the first tuna of any account was taken on rod and line by my esteemed friend Dr. Holder, to whose magnetic writings the island has since owed the pilgrims that gather from all quarters of the earth. The brief but variegated history of tuna-fishing for sport is closely bound up with island landmarks; and Madeira, Santa

Catalina and, last of all, Cape Breton have between them seen all the serious attempts, successful or otherwise, at the capture of this splendid fish with rod and line. Yet the heaviest tuna, a specimen of two hundred and fifty pounds or thereabouts, caught some years ago by Colonel Morehouse, credited to Santa Catalina, is dwarfed beside a fish of six hundred and eighty pounds more recently captured in Cape Breton waters by Mr. J. K. L. Ross after many a gallant attempt to acclimatise the sport in Canadian waters.

The chief drawback about tuna-fishing at Santa Catalina is that in some seasons there are no tunas. Thus one may travel the ten or twelve thousand miles from England and back without even seeing one. I know this, for I did so myself. The tuna, in short, is less obliging than the tarpon, which never fails those who go so far to seek it. It is a great traveller, capricious in its comings and its goings, chasing the flying fish round Santa Catalina one day and gone goodness knows where the next. I got to Avalon on the next.

Yet there are compensations, for here, even more than elsewhere, there are many good fish in the sea. If tunas are holding revel in other spots, the angler may console himself with white sea-bass and yellowtail, which, caught on the light tackle ordained by the Tuna Club, give as exciting sport as any man need wish for. Those who crave even bigger game may keep a look-out for the tell-tale fins of a basking swordfish, which, when hooked, will probably stand on end and charge the launch, or they may anchor on the ground for black sea-bass and fight one of the heaviest fish taken on the rod. My own experience was confined to comparatively small examples, but I managed, one morning before breakfast, to catch a couple that between them scaled two hundred and ninety pounds, and I would not have gone out again that day for anything short of a tuna itself.

Although the deep-still bays of the island are still amazingly full of fish, Dr. Holder and his far-seeing friends have wisely anticipated the inevitable effects of over-fishing, and have lately succeeded in getting a law passed to exclude nets from a territorial limit of three miles.

The Tuna Club keeps every detail of sport at this perfect sea-angling resort under absolute control, including the guides, who number fewer men of colour than in Florida, though the doyen of them, familiarly known as "Mexican Joe," shows unmistakable traces of one or other of the ancient races that first the Spaniard and then the Yankee improved off the face of the earth. Most of them, however, are white men, and at one time the best of them was Jim Gardner, an Englishman. Gardner has, however, gone back to the land, and when I last saw him he was contemplating a trip home to claim a legacy. Here, as in Florida, the part played by the guide is at least equal to that of the fisherman, and in all my fights with Californian sea fish, weighing from ten pounds to one hundred and sixty, my guide did quite as much as I, for, like a Scotch stalker, he first found the fish and then took

me up to them, and his was the hand that gaffed each when the fight was over.

Santa Catalina would deserve to stand for the Mecca of sea anglers all the world over, were it only as the headquarters of a Club that has, more than any other, infused high sporting ideals on a sport that stands in some little need of such dry nursing. Apart, however, from this claim on our affections, it is, without pretension to splendid scenery or variety of resources, a very happy island set in a summer sea and blest with a climate as near perfection as our limited imagination goes. To it go enthusiasts from all over the world, who, having sat under the hospitable roof of the Tuna Club, return to their homes with enduring memories of American good fellowship and of such sport as, lovable though it may be in other respects, the coast of Britain could never have afforded even in those happy unnumbered days in which barbarous Jutes caught bass and pollack in sight of the Foreland.

F. G. AFLALO.

Addington Park

WITHIN twelve miles of the Royal Exchange a gross act of vandalism is in process of consummation. Addington Park, one of the few areas of primeval forest in the zone of Greater London, is being wrecked. If the jerry-builder had reached this district and his wave of bricks and mortar was about to submerge it, one might bow to the inevitable, if with bad grace. But the park lies in open country. Its noble glades and grassy rides have been the delight of generations of ornithologists, entomologists, and tree lovers. Those majestic avenues are being hacked down to make space for a golf links. We believe no little "city" in a Western State of America could be found guilty of an act so wanton. Truly, we strain out the gnat and swallow the camel. If a famous picture or a rare book is bought for the American market, we raise a hue-and-cry. One of the beauty spots of Surrey, a sylvan paradise which can never be restored, is to be marred and blotted out of existence without protest. Ten thousand trees are to come down, the wreckers proudly tell us. The rights of property were never more grossly abused. Such an act should be legislatively impossible. The American millionaire, if he buys great pictures or unique books, does not make an *auto da fé* of them. He has, as a rule, some sense of responsibility toward the State.

Addington Park has been undisturbed forest for centuries. Its beeches were of the grandest in the county of Surrey. Now all is smoking ruin. Hundreds of these magnificent giants lie like corpses on a battlefield, and here and there are smouldering fires of brushwood. We regard this wholesale murder of noble trees as a civic crime of the first order. The butchery of trees which is relentlessly waged in the outer ring of London will surely bear its own Nemesis in changing climate and rainfall.

We believe the laws of some of the Continental States, notably France, recognise the rights of the community in the slow maturity of trees. It certainly should be possible to curb the worst excesses of private greed. Addington Park has hitherto given sanctuary to rare birds and animals, and was one of the most famous haunts in England of entomologists. In 1807 it was purchased for the see of Canterbury, and became the residence of successive archbishops, whose bones moulder in the little God's acre in the valley. Some fourteen years ago, in evil hour, Archbishop Temple persuaded the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to apply for an Act of Parliament for its sale. The public were then rigidly excluded from its precincts. Nevertheless, all who skirted its fences could watch the pageantry of spring and autumn about its coombes and on its wood-crowned heights. Now it is in the occupation of an alien army. It is being slaughtered to make a Cockney holiday. Its glory is departed. The country to the South of London is the poorer; a noble landscape is being blotted out.

One asks one's self whether incidents such as these are not evidence of a woeful decline in public spirit. What can compensate the public for the loss of a forest, especially in close proximity to a great city? From the grassy glades of this park the present writer has heard the sound of the Tower guns firing a royal salute, and yet, so rural was the scene, one might have fancied one's self in Savernake. We repeat that, if such destruction is inevitable, what cannot be cured must be endured. We "put up with our improvements" as cheerfully as we may. But in this case the object is contemptibly inadequate. Scores of more eligible sites for a golf links could be found in the neighbourhood.

We hear weird claims put forward for the nationalisation of land. It is abuses such as that now to be perpetrated which inspire them with fresh vitality. Here is a property which was rich in every range of natural lore, rich in historical and archaeological association, a landmark to the pedestrian who, from populous city pent, struck into the open country. The "sport" that starts by converting a noble inheritance of woodland into a Brummagen wilderness is truly sport of the bastard order, paid for, indeed, in pieces of silver, but likewise in the execration of all those who love rural England. Such an act matches the wilful burning of a public library or the wanton destruction of a priceless work of art. The mischief is irreparable.

Addington Park matched the Forest of Arden in mystery and charm. Dryads might have played

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade.

Its wicked desecration is in keeping with that wave of cheap commercialism under which nothing beautiful or rare is sacred to the arts of the Dutch auctioneer.

A. E. CAREY.

The Magazines

IN the *British Review* for January, Mr. G. K. Chesterton continues his study of modern journalism by an essay on "The Silence of Journalists," and he has some sharp criticisms of the questionable newspaper methods of the day. The object of the journalist, he says, is to make men ignorant; "ignorant of something important, while they are interested and even learned in some things entirely trivial." This is a necessity, of course, if the newspaper is to pay well and attain a huge circulation. Mr. Storer treats of J. M. Synge and St. John Hankin in his series "Dramatists of To-day." Major Redway writes trenchantly upon "Our Army System," and Mr. Litchfield Woods has an amusing piece of satire entitled "Self-Help."

One of the best articles on a certain aspect of language that we have read is that by Logan P. Smith, "Dialect Words," in the *English Review*; it occupies sixteen closely printed pages, and is a really valuable and suggestive study. Mr. Ernest Newman gives us a surprise in this issue by a long defence of the mechanical piano-player. He points out its immense scope and its superb technique in skilful hands, and certainly seems to make out a good argument, leaving himself, however, the necessary loophole of escape by admitting that the perfect human player—is perfect, beyond all mechanical aids. Mr. Wells continues his new "Anticipations" in "The World Set Free"; the Editor discusses acutely Mrs. Pember Reeves' recent little book in an article on "The State and the Family"; and there is an interesting chapter from Mr. George Moore's forthcoming book, "Vale," entitled "Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Synge." Other excellent items go to make a capital number.

The literary tit-bit for most people in the *Nineteenth Century* will be the "Eight New Love-Letters of Jane Welsh," presented authoritatively by Alexander Carlyle, as a precaution in case they should appear, by chance of new ownership, "illegally, without editing, and most probably defaced by errors of transcription and other blunders." They are intensely interesting, and one contains a remarkable story of a proposal to the lady and her difficulty in dealing with the persistent admirer. Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun writes on "Woman and Morality"; Stephen Gwynn on "The Irish Gentry"; Francis McCullagh on "Portugal, the Nightmare Republic"; and politics and military matters are in capable hands as usual.

The January number of *Science Progress* is one of the most successful that Sir Ronald Ross has issued. Amongst the numerous subjects treated are "Nutrition and Education in Mental Development," by Dr. F. W. Mott; "Nervous Activity," by Professor Fraser Harris; a Study of Lord Kelvin's Work for Science, and Sir Oliver Lodge's recent address to the British Association; an effective paper by Dr. E. H. Ross, "Recent Advances in our Knowledge of Syphilis," illustrated with coloured photographs. A paper by a working-

man, "Why are People so Confined," in which there is original and native force, is sure to obtain some interested attention. This brief statement of subjects far from exhausts the number of topics of science and general interest dealt with.

The current number of *Poetry and Drama*, dated December, contains a new poem by the Laureate and one by Thomas Hardy, neither of them particularly distinguished; it is, however, an excellent and full issue with any amount of interesting material. The two most thoughtful articles are one by Basil Dean on "The Problem of the Repertory Theatre," and one by J. C. Squire on "Francis Thompson." Lord Dunsany's last play, "The Golden Doom," is here given, and there is some charming original verse by various poets—that by Mr. Walter de la Mare and Mr. Buxton Shanks being, to our mind, the most beautiful.

The *Scottish Historical Review* opens with the text of the Introductory Lecture delivered to the Class of Ancient History, University of Edinburgh, last October, by Professor Hume Brown; subject, "Intellectual Influences of Scotland on the Continent." It forms a masterly article in its present form, with the curiously unexpected conclusion that in the nineteenth century only one Scotsman, Sir Walter Scott, can be mentioned in this respect. The next essay is by David Baird Smith on "William Barclay"; there are two other lengthy papers, and copious reviews, illustrated.

The "Reminiscences of a B.S.A. Policeman" form a most interesting feature of the *Empire Review*, by E. B. Baker. More serious matter is provided by Lord Sydenham, who writes on "India and Education," and criticises the university and college system at present in operation; by Lord Ampthill, who discusses "National Service"; and by "Diplomatist," who treats Foreign Affairs. The *Hindustan Review* to hand for November has an exposition of Wireless Telegraphy by Professor Chandi Prasad, M.A.; an excellent article on "European Intercourse with India during the Middle Ages," by Mr. P. C. Ghosh, M.A., and a learned philosophical essay by Mr. Oza, M.A., among other very interesting matter.

Mr. C. E. Lawrence has a neat and timely article in the *Book Monthly* "On Manuscripts: Some Hints as to their Preparation for Publication," which should be read by all young authors, and might be extended in its application to those who write for the papers. Some amusing instances of "Library Humour" are given by Frank Haigh, and Miss Esther Wood writes upon William Morris. From the headquarters of the Gypsy and Folk-lore Club, 5, Hand Court, Bedford Row, comes the official organ of the same name, with some fascinating articles; one, on the "Corsican Vendetta," pointing out that this is one of the old customs that could well be spared. It is almost incredible that this terrible blood-feud is still in active operation so near to the mainland of France, Spain and Italy. A novel feature is a list of markets at which the enterprising reader may sell his wares if he cares to go "on the road" for a forty-weeks' tour.

Harper's Magazine is a splendid issue. Two fine travel articles are "A Sub-Antarctic Island," by R. C. Murphy, and "Australian By-paths," by Norman Duncan; one dealing with the whaling industry which the Norwegians have made their own in the South seas, the other with the deserts of Western Australia. Mr. Arnold Bennett continues his novel, "The Price of Love," and there are many other well-known contributors. In the *Windsor Magazine* an account of a journey with Bedouins to desert tombs held sacred by them is given by N. Hadden, with liveliness and capital pictures; Mr. Eden Phillpotts tells a little story of Devon called "The Axing of the Banns," and the series on "Famous Brothers" is continued. The illustrations in both these magazines are of the usual superb quality.

The *Modern World* (Madras) for November is just to hand, and, despite some obvious difficulties with the English language, has some suggestive articles by well-known Indian gentlemen. "What Lord Hardinge Can do for India" is unsigned, but it puts one side of the question very ably. Certain items of this review we cannot quite understand; the first sentence of a paper on "Estrangement and Irreligion," for example: "Young Men of India! . . . beware of being ensnared in such Western ideals as beef-eating, brandy-bibbing, cigar-smoking, free-lancing, and such abhorrent practices." We were not aware that any of these things have attained the dignity of "Western Ideals"; but as the author of the contribution alludes to "the master-pen of Marie Corelli" some excuse may be found. We quote two sentences from the "Reviews of Books," suggesting that they might have been more clearly and simply expressed: "In his opinion, perhaps in everybody's opinion also the fundamental factors which constitute power in the sense of modern political phraseology, are the wealth of the Democracy canalised both by the plutocratic oligarchy of the Bankers whose clients are the modern States, great and small and the public opinion which is becoming more and more conscious of its efficacy in public weak and international facts." . . . "We cannot but thank with delight on the splendid panorama that the writer presents of the political condition of the world in one volume, with none the less an impressive manner." The editor of the *Modern World* is courageous, and deserves success; his contributors, however, might spend a few hours on the themes of spelling and composition, with advantage to all.

All the profits of the Children's Theatre during this week (January 5-10) will be devoted to the endowment of a "Children's Theatre Cot" at the Charing Cross Hospital. Mrs. Percy Dearmer and Miss Netta Syrett wish to mark their opening season in some special way, and they feel that they could not do this better than by giving the children of London this opportunity to help a hospital which does so much for sick children in the heart of the city. The booking last week showed that the idea of a theatre for children is a welcome one. Those who secure seats for this week will not only gain an afternoon of merry enjoyment, but will be directly helping in a noble work.

The Meaning of the Golden Bough*

THE last two volumes of Dr. J. G. Frazer's momentous work complete his researches into the origin and meaning of the myth which has provided him with the covering title of no fewer than eight books, and, as in the case of his preceding works, present adequate testimony to the indefatigable industry and the unrivalled powers of marshalling his facts which particularly distinguish all Dr. Frazer's output.

What was the "Golden Bough"? The author, in these two volumes containing 666 pages in all, sets out to illumine us and arrives at the final conclusion that the Golden Bough was merely the mistletoe, which, with his passion for analytical examination, he ultimately suggests is the variety known as *Loranthus Europæus* and not the common mistletoe (*viscum album*). This attention to detail is eminently characteristic of Dr. Frazer, who seems to us, if the truth may be confessed, to devote himself more to the particular brand of mistletoe than to the elucidation of the underlying meaning of the myth.

However, as he says himself, the legend of the priest of Diana, who watched over the Arician grove, and was slain with the Golden Bough, is, in reality, only an excuse wherein to discuss questions which concern the gradual evolution of human thought from savagery to civilisation. But though his eye embraces an immense area and his work as a study in folk-lore generally is unequalled in the profusion of analogies exemplified in its pages, when all is said and done, does Dr. Frazer take us very much further towards solving the problem of the origins of civilisation which is his ostensible aim? On his own confession, indeed, this prolific collection and comparison of the customs of civilised and barbarous races merely lead him to the somewhat barren conclusion that there is an "essential similarity in the working of the less developed mind among all races." His creed, if creed it may be called, is that the folk-lore of varied nations demonstrates a steady evolution of mental development. Many arguments might be adduced from the author's own works against the acceptance of this theory, but at least we may set out on the other side of the account the universal belief of all ancient philosophers, from Pythagoras onward, that there was a world prior to theirs whose knowledge and accomplishments far outweighed their own civilisation. Their teachings, in fact, were absolutely opposed to the doctrines of the evolutionists.

Dr. Frazer now admits that in the course of writing these many bulky tomes he has had to throw some of his earlier theories on the scrap-heap. Particularly is this the case with the ancients' conception of Zeus or Jupiter. Originally, Dr. Frazer thought the chief god of the Aryan peoples was conceived as, firstly, a per-

sonification of the sacred oak tree, and only secondly as a god in the sky, the Lightning and Thunder Deity. He has changed his mind and is inclined to reverse the characteristics. But why should the idea of the majesty and omnipotence of the Unseen God have been on what is apparently such a low plane? Has not Dr. Frazer perhaps lost himself in his labyrinthine researches? Has he preserved the husk and lost the kernel?

He explains the idea of the oak's association with Zeus because statistics prove (and we do not doubt his statistics, though glad to be spared them!) the oak to be struck by lightning more frequently than any other tree, and hence "the riven and blackened oaks must indeed be favourites of the sky-god." It seems to us on the contrary to point to the very reverse. To describe the blackened and blighted remains of a once wide-spreading oak tree as a favourite of the sky god because thus stricken is not only opposed to common sense but is in contrast with mythology, wherein Zeus invariably casts a thunderbolt at those who, as we might expect, have angered him, not at those he loves.

The fact is, in spite of the vast amount of erudition Dr. Frazer has brought to bear on his subject, in spite of his huge array of analogous customs, in spite of his scholarly and fascinating style, he has not really succeeded in conveying to the least degree a proper understanding of the mental horizon of our ancient Aryan ancestors. He has not only failed to arrive at the real conception of Zeus, but is equally at sea in regard to the sacred tree—oak or otherwise—and the Golden Bough or mistletoe. Let us look briefly at the problem on the supposition that in very early days those who taught the myth were not semi-savages whose mental development was scarce begun, but were men of scientific attainments who—as we know was the case with the Druids and Magi—kept their learning and achievements as arcane secrets concealed amongst a mass of fabulous and magical matter.

Dr. Frazer finds that Zeus was primarily a personification of the thunder and lightning. He also finds that the priest of Diana at Aricia was invested—he says in the *imagination* of his worshippers, but who ever heard of the *hoi polloi* with imagination?—with the power of overcasting the heaven with clouds and eliciting storms of thunder. Surely that priest must have had some power or some means which at least created the *impression* of ability on his part to produce clouds, lightning and thunder, not merely in the imagination of his worshippers, but as evidence of their eyes. Dr. Frazer might find many parallel examples were he to seek them, such, for instance, as the sulphurous emanations at the sacred grotto at Delphi. He also finds the mistletoe itself perhaps conceived as a germ or seed of fire, connected also in some manner with lightning. Thus in the myth of Balder, the Good, all the gods agree to make him proof against every danger, but Loki, the Evil One, encourages Hother to shoot at him with a piece of mistletoe with the result that Balder is pierced through and through by the *mistletoe* and falls dead. All these hidden symbols of the true meaning

* *The Golden Bough, A Study in Magic and Religion.* Third Edition. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. Parts VII and VIII—*Balder the Beautiful*. Vols. I and II. (Macmillan and Co. 20s. net.)

of Zeus, the Sacred Tree, and the Golden Bough Dr. Frazer is content to leave as fanciful and imaginary lore concerned with atmospheric thunderstorms, actual oak trees and mistletoe berries. Perhaps the day will come when he will adopt a different theory. Meanwhile we respectfully suggest that a study of the Assyrian, Median, and Persian symbols of the Sacred Tree, the Winged Globe, and the curious representations of the genii or priests holding in their hands or carrying in caskets what appear to be mistletoe berries may assist him to throw a fresh light on an obscure and as yet little understood subject, but a subject which when interpreted correctly may entirely revolutionise the theory of a steady evolution in mental development as regards our forefathers of old time. C. B.

The Theatre

"The Attack" at the St. James' Theatre

TO those who have grown accustomed to seeing Sir George Alexander personify the cool, noble, dignified man of the world, riding over all obstacles with certainty of final success, his assumption of the character of Mérital may prove a trifle disappointing. Mérital is cool, undoubtedly, but his behaviour when in difficulties is hardly noble. He is the leader of an influential party in French politics, and a slip of his youthful days—the embezzlement of a sum of money—is brought up against him most ingeniously by Frépeau, an enemy in the guise of a friend, and the controller of a paper. Mérital at first would ignore the assertions of his adversaries; Frépeau, however, who brings the news, has already, to his disgust, given it the publicity of a denial, thus seeking to drag Mérital into the mire of a damaging controversy. Mérital, to defend his reputation, arraigns Labelle, who is Frépeau's tool and has scattered the scandal broadcast, for libel; also—and this is where he loses that impeccable dignity which we have always associated with Sir George—he discovers a shady affair of Frépeau's past, and threatens *him* with exposure, *à tu quoque* which does not suit at all, we might say, the dynasty of the courtly, captivating Alexandrian kings. However, Frépeau is discomfited; Labelle—whom we do not see—is sentenced, and all ends well for Mérital, his name and fame. And after all has ended well, and the play, as far as the audience's keen interest is concerned, is virtually over, we have a lengthy scene in which Mérital explains his early career to the lady who is to be his wife, tells how he repaid the money that he had taken in a gust of sudden temptation, and is duly forgiven.

The vital part of the play lies in the political machinations and the scenes between the two men; the love interest is secondary, though charming. Miss

Martha Hedman, who made her first appearance in this country, took the part of Renée de Rould with exquisite taste and comprehension; the scene where she tells Mérital that it is not his son whom she loves, but himself, might easily become farcical in unskilled hands, but, as she played it, was full of grace. It is the author's fault, not hers, that this scene was rather spun out until the convincing effect of her first few minutes of gentle appeal was weakened. Mr. Holman Clark was wonderfully good as the double-faced Frépeau: his gradual change from affection to defiance, from defiance to submission, and from submission to a bravado that seemed to save his self-respect even to the very last, was an extraordinary piece of acting. Mr. Vivian Reynolds as Garancier, Mr. Philip Desborough and Mr. Reginald Malcolm as Mérital's two sons, Miss Gladys Storey as Georgette, all took their parts excellently, and Mr. J. Adeane Barlow made a perfect servant. In this English version of Bernstein's "L'Assaut," translated by George Egerton, we imagine that the smaller parts, which are not essential, have lost something in lightness—especially in the scene where the two boys congratulate their father on his success. The general effect, however, is pleasing, and the company received the congratulations of a crowded house. W. L. R.

Holiday Entertainments

THESE particular theatrical adventures grow in favour every year. The most remarkable feature this season, however, is the fact that the children of to-day appear generally very content with the clever productions of a few winters ago.

"PETER PAN" RETURNS TO THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

There is nothing but pleasure in the splendid production of Sir James Barrie's masterpiece for children. No laughter is heartier, no sentiment truer, than that of this now famous play. In its tenth year, it shows no sign of age; there is a freshness of spirit underlying the genius of the author that will outlast our time and a good many of both the actors and the audience. The present production gives us a new and admirable Pirate Captain. Mr. Godfrey Tearle's Hook, although quite other than that of Mr. Holman Clark, who is engaged at the St. James's, is full of interest; he is at once melodramatic and burlesque—the feared and beloved of thousands of boys. There are a few other changes in the cast, but of small importance. Miss Chase is still the Pan of other days, and plays with the delicacy and charm which is already so well known. To us she is not so inspired and beautiful as the original Peter, but, judging by the enthusiasm of the audience, we are rather lonely in this view of the matter. In any case, the entertainment goes forward with delight, and is likely to have a long run of successful *matinées*. It will not be forgotten that "Quality

Street" is played at the same theatre, so if you will, you can see two Barrie plays at the Duke of York's on one day, and both are delightful.

**"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" ONCE MORE
AT THE GARRICK.**

This is another old friend, although seven years younger than "Peter Pan." Added to adventure and laughter and some satire, you here get a strong under-current of patriotism. We have no doubt that the Osborne boys and others are ready to do all they can for their country's welfare, but some of the lines are a little too high-flown for the real schoolboy of to-day. One may admire Nelson and be ready to give all one has for the benefit of the State, but one would like to be quiet about it. This the authors of "Where the Rainbow Ends" do not permit—there is too great an effort on the part of Saint George for England; but there are so many more delightful features in the play that the whole goes through with great success and vivacity.

**FOR CHILDREN BY CHILDREN (AND
OTHERS).**

The daily *matinées* at the Court Theatre vary now between the entertainment composed of Miss Netta Syrett's three fairy plays and the rather more worldly "adventure" which Mrs. Dearmer has written to music by Mr. Martin Shaw. The characters of "The Cockyolly Bird" are said by the author to be "real people," "toys," "animals," "Japanese" and "pleasant cannibals," so you see that the childish mind is well provided with matter and that the seven scenes give us plenty of variety.

We are not sure that a child critic should not be employed to write of such a play as "The Cockyolly Bird." We own we are widely appreciative of every form of stage art, but we feel we are not children, and perhaps cannot enter into the spirit of what seemed to us a very amateur production with the true zest of youth. But, fortunately, we were placed among a group of little boys and girls who expressed their opinions loudly during the play and kicked the back of our stall with hearty enthusiasm throughout the afternoon. This part of the audience proved itself delighted with Mrs. Dearmer's efforts to amuse them. The only severe criticism we heard was a strong demand that the curtain should be left up while the scenes were being changed and that tea should constantly be served. Apart from these points, the adventures of Kit, Miss Fay Lilmar, a little boy who does not like his governess, hates geography, and fears the coming of a girl companion to his mother's house, appeared to be very highly appreciated. As many of the parts were played by charming children, and as the wonders of the story, with its coming to life of toys, its agreeable Polar bear, and so on, ran smoothly and gaily, we imagine "The Cockyolly Bird" will be very popular—especially with those who like to have the back of their stall kicked throughout the performance.

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"CHARLEY'S AUNT" AND "MARUSA" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

It is a little late in the day to recommend anyone to go and see the aunt of Charley still running, for the world has decided to keep on going, whatever happens. But as the present is Mr. Brandon Thomas's own season, especial care has been taken to make the representation of this classic farce as perfect as well can be, and laughter is assured. There have, of course, been many changes since we last saw the play, but to us they seem all for the better; the pace is smarter, the "Babs" of Mr. Percy Crawford possesses new notes of fun, the Jack Chesney of Mr. Geoffrey Kerr adds a touch of truth and charm to some situations which used rather to lack those qualities. As for the rest of the company, they play with a will, and the whole arrangement of fun and frolic goes forward to an obligato of constant laughter.

Mr. Brandon Thomas has put on the stage a very different play of his own in front of "Charley's Aunt" in the evening bill. It is a story of the Russo-Japanese War, and is chiefly remarkable for the dancing of the much-admired Marusa. Miss Vivian Vanna appears in this character with perfect success. Her dramatic dance shows that she possesses all the qualities so greatly admired in the ballet-dancers of to-day. She has fire and youth and beauty, knowledge of her craft, and exquisite feeling for the colour and movement of the music which Mr. Edward Jones has provided for Mr. Thomas's rather queer little play.

EGAN MEW.

Mr. Werner Laurie is just publishing "An Unfinished Song," by Mrs. Ghosal, at 3s. 6d. This novel, which depicts the life of high-class Indian society and the change wrought upon it by touch with Western education, is the work of the sister of Rabindra Nath Tagore. In her own country Mrs. Ghosal has produced novels, plays, poems, and scientific works, and has for twenty-five years been the editress of one of the foremost Bengali magazines. She was one of the first women to emerge from seclusion and mix freely in society. Although interested in everything English, she has never visited England, and this is the first time a work of hers has appeared in this country.

We have received from Mr. Josef Holbrooke his preliminary announcement of the thirteenth year of his series of Concerts of Modern English Chamber Music, to be held at the Art Centre, Mortimer Street, London, W., on the following dates:—Fridays: February 27, March 27, April 24, and May 29, at 8.30 p.m. each evening. Subscriptions for two reserved seats at each concert will be two guineas, and for four seats three guineas. Reserved seats for single concerts are 5s. and 2s., and admission, 1s. Subscriptions will be received at the Hall in Mortimer Street, the usual agents, or by the Secretary, at Vale House, Tufnell Park, London, N.

On Reaching Germany

"WILL the estuary never end?" the visitor asks in wonder, as the steamer goes piloted, hour after hour, up the mouth of the Elbe to her appointed dock.

To gain a first impression of Hamburg you must approach it for the first time from the sea—never from the land; you must gaze on mile upon mile of funnels and rigging etched on grey sky, of crowded barges and quays, of tugs and tenders; you must pass from liner to liner, as from room to room in a temple, till your spirit is ready to fall down and worship the huge image of the *Imperator*, squatting like some monstrous fowl before the very shrine itself. Thus humbled, you will come to Hamburg, and only thus will Hamburg notice your arrival.

The city has reached the awkward age. Forty—thirty years ago, it was a kind of northern Venice—a town of old buildings, standing knee-deep in water, like dock-hands always ready to load or unload. Some of these old buildings still remain, effective, yet discredited. The new city, only half completed, is a city of "blocks." From a shop or from your hotel you will be directed to a restaurant "in the next block but one," or "here in this block"—nothing could be more American. A native explained to me, with obvious pride, the system of land tenure and leasing prevailing in his town. I forget, or never understood, the explanation, but the result of the system seems to be that Hamburg is becoming, faster than London, faster even than Paris or Berlin, a city divided into square stone buildings, light, clean, airy, and not much uglier than ugly barracks. If there are any architects enrolled in the Fabian Society they have doubtless visited Hamburg, and looked with longing eyes at the tiny, black-coated figures running in and out, up and down, the huge hygienic hives now standing in rows behind the Alsterdamm. Buildings and streets are clean beyond belief; thin iron frameworks allow a maximum amount of glass in every window; the rooms are as high and airy as wards in a hospital. One gains an inevitable impression of rapidity and certainty of execution, as though Hamburg were some new nickel-coated patent. "That's neat!" seems to be the particular platitude the sight-seer will find most valuable in Hamburg. Here is nothing antiquated, nothing that can be improved on—or, if there is, you need only be patient for a very little while. It will soon be supplanted.

Hamburg is sometimes described as a very English town. More truly characteristic than Berlin, it is none the less the kind of town that English municipal authorities are trying to copy, rather than itself reminiscent of England. The outlying districts, the trams, the "fine" (*i.e.*, vast—in all branches of architecture these words are now interchangeable) streets and open squares are of the kind that municipal bodies in this country regard as Utopian. Hamburg, whatever happens to it, is so situated that it must always be a

beautiful city; it is for that reason all the more dangerous for other towns to copy.

The arrangement of its streets is, in its hard logic, typical, I suppose, of the German mind. The new Hamburg will be as featureless as a flawless argument. No, that is an exaggeration: a city so constantly interrupted by water can never be featureless.

Hamburg is, besides a port, a city facing outwards, and, as in most ports, there is little vehicular traffic in the streets, whose titanic proportions are, therefore, especially overwhelming. It is now customary to build streets wide and spacious for the sake of light and air, but a large thoroughfare with very little traffic is as great a failure as an hotel with three hundred bedrooms and thirty guests. In broad streets and under huge stone offices, pedestrians—whether in Hamburg or in London—look like flies; it ought to follow that in New York this unpleasant impression would be stronger still, and Mr. William Archer has confirmed this opinion: "What is truly terrible in New York is that it seems a city of giants and a city of pigmies. Not that its inhabitants are physically smaller than those of other cities—only they are more definitely dwarfed by their surroundings. . . . To a superficial view, everything seemed colossal; but to the imagination, and even to a closer visual scrutiny, the scene suggested not an abode of Titans, but an immeasurable ant-hill." In the half-empty roadways and pavements of the newest quarters of Hamburg the resemblance to an ant-hill, an inconveniently uncrowded ant-hill, was very strong, and I wondered whether modern cities, wide and tall, might not in time have the same oppressive effect on their citizens that the mountains of Switzerland have had upon the Swiss. Out of sight, out of mind, the port, with its busy quays and wharves, might slip the memory for a while were not the traveller compelled to observe that the passers-by are hurrying on business of which he gets no glimpse.

He feels shut out from the life of the city, an idler, a drone, whereas at Berlin he will discover himself the welcome, the essential customer. He leaves the flat country round Hamburg, travels through flat country till he reaches the flat environs of Berlin; he has had no hint of the change, but no sooner has he set foot in Berlin than he is conscious of a change. Perhaps he cannot define it till he learns from a guide or a waiter or a chatty shopkeeper that three million strangers visited Berlin last year, but then he understands. Berlin is still anxious to attract visitors. Unlike London and Paris, it is not used to them yet, and its eagerness to please, contrasted with the indifference which London and Paris in their peculiar ways manage to express, keeps Berlin provincial.

Like Hamburg, it will become the sort of city an unimaginative Socialist of ten years ago would have described as Utopian. The huge emporiums scattered all over it seemed—though I do not care to insist on this hurried impression—larger, more crowded, and to contain a greater variety of departments than the big shops of London or Paris. In these shops of the future,

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however, it is possible to buy everything. Nothing would be easier than to live for a year in Berlin without entering more than one shop. . . .

This shop—and there are dozens of examples of it—will comprise the whole "block." When the native leaves it he returns to the "block" of flats in which he lives. More by accident than design, I found myself on the last day of my visit some four or five miles from the Unter den Linden, in an enormous thoroughfare called the Kaiserdamm. "Enormous" is the only word. It stretched in a perfectly straight line as far as the eye could see in either direction, and was as wide, I should judge, as the space between the railings that run beside the Mall. Great stone buildings stared at one another across the almost deserted street. There were flats above and shops below, each a tolerably close—often an identical—reproduction of its neighbours.

Walking back to the city, I noticed that the Kaiserdamm presently called itself Bismarckstrasse, then Berlinerstrasse, then, under the name of Charlottenberger Chaussée, it disappeared into the Thiergarten whence it re-emerged just in time to take up its famous rôle of Unter den Linden. "Just like Holborn, New Oxford Street, Oxford Street, and the Bayswater Road," someone may say. But our crowded, uncertain streets can give no idea of the size and straightness of this great thoroughfare, its cleanliness, its emptiness, or its crushing regularity. Block after block, barrack after barrack, is filled with citizens of a modern city.

"Only a nation of workers," I mused, "could have erected buildings like these." Then I remembered how early the city was astir, how late the shops continued open in the hope of transacting business. A sturdy race, with an insatiable appetite for work and a persevering love of pleasure! Every visitor to Berlin finds it difficult to reconcile the industry of the citizen with the popularity of innumerable restaurants and dancing-halls, open till two, four, even six in the morning. The difficulty grows on inspection, for the German has a genuine love of pleasure—he differs from the Frenchman, who loves excitement. The amusements of Berlin seemed much duller than the amusements of Paris. But there is no doubt that the people enjoy them, and their capacity for pleasure equals their capacity for work—a healthy sign. Their amusements are dull because their city, being young and with, as yet, no striking individuality of its own, has fallen an easy prey to the Cosmopolitanism that is ruining Europe for the inquisitive traveller. The amusements of Berlin are borrowed from Paris, London, and New York. At a music-hall I heard no word of German spoken on the stage throughout the evening. Two of the "turns" were French, two were English, and the rest American, yet I saw in the audience no foreigner besides myself. Possibly the "bill" was exceptional, but naturally I was struck by it.

A. P.

Notes and News

A course of eight lectures on "The Art of Printing Historically Considered," will be delivered by Mr. R. A. Peddie at the St. Bride Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., beginning on Monday next, at 7.30 p.m. At the first lecture Mr. Peddie will deal with the invention of the art and its progress during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Admission free.

The Pioneer Players' performance at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, of the tenth century play, "Paphnutius," the announcement of which has created such wide interest, will begin on Sunday at 8.30 sharp and on Monday at 3.0. The audience are earnestly desired to be in their places before these hours, as, owing to the fact that part of the auditorium will be used for some of the scenes, it will be necessary to shut out late comers until the first interval. A special souvenir programme has been compiled for the occasion. It will contain a reproduction of Albert Durer's frontispiece to the first printed edition of Roswitha's plays, which represents the nun-playwright presenting her panegyric of Otho I to her abbess, and short literary contributions by Miss Christopher St. John, the translator of "Paphnutius," and Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Andrew Melrose informs us that he has just made arrangements for the fifth annual £250 Prize Novel Competition associated with his house. The adjudicators for 1914 will be Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason. Enquiries by intending competitors should be addressed to

Andrew Melrose, Ltd., 3, York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

"Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp" is the title of a book of exploration and adventure to be published shortly by Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co. A vast expanse of British East Africa is quite unknown, never having been traversed by a white man. Through these regions Mr. I. N. Dracopoli, F.R.G.S., explorer, naturalist, and sportsman, marched with a few followers, making his objective the almost unknown and quite unexplored Lorian Swamp, encountering many dangers and adventures, and recording many interesting and valuable facts.

"Annals of the Magic Isle," with notes and introduction, by Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, concludes its serial issue with the last week of the year. Sir Walter Besant used to be a very warm advocate of the serial issue of other than merely works of fiction. In this case the mythology of the Celt (more particularly that of the Isle of Man) is told in the novel form of Boccaccio or "The Arabian Nights." Beginning with the vaguely defined faith of early history, these "Annals" serve to illustrate the influence the Celtic habit of mind has imposed upon law and customs everywhere. It is curious to note that *la couvade* (the hatching) customs of the Basques had their equivalent among the Manx, and that there could have existed in a community so near at hand a kind of universal marriage feast, not unlike that described by Prescott in his "Conquest of Peru." The compact, however, had to be continued for longer than a year and a day to make the wedding bind. Hence, apparently, customs of law that exist in pale shadow in certain Celtic communities to this hour.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE INTRUSION OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE

FROM every point of view the adventurous incursion of Mr. Lloyd George into the domain of naval policy is to be deplored. Bound up with the questions which he discussed were issues of international importance, such as required delicate handling on the part of one occupying so responsible a position as that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. But neither in the method nor in the manner of his expression could it be said that Mr. Lloyd George was particularly happy. Before commenting upon his remarks we are compelled frankly to object to the vehicle which he selected for the ventilation of his views. Again and again experience has demonstrated that an interview in the columns of a partisan Press is an improper medium for a ministerial declaration on any question affecting foreign policy, and is likely, as the present instance has proved, to create unfortunate misapprehensions abroad. In order that our diplomacy may bear the character of honesty and consistency, we regard it as essential that all official pronouncements of a serious nature relating to international affairs

should emanate, not from any isolated Minister talking casually to a newspaper reporter, but directly from a Minister whose department is involved and who is selected by the Cabinet to speak in the name of the nation.

The mischief likely to result from individual action cannot be exaggerated. For example, in foreign countries, where the workings of the British party system are insufficiently understood, undue and even distorted significance may be attached to seemingly innocuous utterances. Not infrequently it happens that the attempts of the Opposition Press to make political capital out of an occasion such as that under review tend to add to the embarrassment which the original offence has succeeded in creating. Again, it may even be that the actual purport of the remarks called into question is not rightly comprehended abroad, and for this circumstance hasty translations and summaries and speeches must be held to blame. Altogether, then, it is manifest that incalculable harm can be wrought by irresponsible utterances on questions of foreign policy, when these emanate from the lips of responsible Cabinet Ministers. Naturally enough, utterances of this kind are well meant. But invariably they end in confusing both our friends and our rivals among the nations, to the detriment of the general harmony, and call for the unfortunate remedy of explanation and counter-explanation which in turn, and somewhat indelicately, exhibit domestic misunderstanding and inadvertently excite public attention to an incident that were better soon forgotten.

When we come to analyse Mr. Lloyd George's observations, we find there is truth in what he says. He is not, however, to be credited with any striking discovery in this particular respect, and there was no sane reason discernible to us why he should choose the present moment for drawing attention to certain obvious facts. Like a precipitate surgeon with but crude professional skill, in his desire to hasten the healing of wounds he has to some extent reopened them; and if the patient, who was going on very nicely without his assistance, must return to his bed again, it is certainly the fault of the Chancellor. But taking a broad view of the European situation, we do not necessarily anticipate so sorrowful an issue. For it is evident from the tranquil tone of the French Press that the Foreign Office has already been at work to repair any mischief resulting from the indiscretion. Time will doubtless clear up the irritation reawakened in Germany. Truth to tell, Mr. Lloyd George, though abundantly possessed of political tact, useful on the platform and in Parliament, has not so far shown himself to be conspicuously gifted with diplomatic qualities. In all probability he is surprised that in relating what he would conceivably term the simple facts of the situation, he has produced a furore throughout Europe. Had he, at the outset, consulted with Sir Edward Grey, or, for the matter of that, with any clerk in the Foreign Office, he would have been told that, so sensi-

tive is diplomacy, a great many simple facts must be thought about in silence and not alluded to in speech.

In emphasising Mr. Lloyd George's failure to appreciate the subtlety of international relations, it must not be supposed that we have lost sight of what was, perhaps, the main motive which prompted him to speak. His remarks certainly do convey the impression that they were directed rather to the Liberal forces at home than to Chancelleries abroad. Having appraised the growing significance and strength of that section within his own party opposed to armaments, he appears to have seized an occasion to improve his own personal position by demonstrating to his supporters the depth of his Radical convictions. But he failed completely to take into account the state of Continental feeling as it affects our foreign relations. As we have said, the veracity of his exposition cannot in the main be denied. It is true that we are on more friendly terms with Germany than has been the case for some years; that Germany, as far as her land forces are concerned, is placed in an unenviable position, sandwiched between France and Russia, both possessing vast armies; and that throughout Christendom, more especially in Western Europe, there is a revolt against military oppression. The whole of these remarks, though perfectly true, placed in sequence as they were by Mr. Lloyd George, constitute a typical example of an unhappy utterance.

Let us take first the point of view that our friends, France and Russia, are justified in assuming. Mr. Lloyd George infers that, if a struggle against Germany is to come, we may well leave the issue in the keeping of the Russian and French armies. What, then, is our return for inclusion in the Triple Entente? Equally unfortunate is the Chancellor in his treatment of Germany. It is quite evident that beneath a calm exterior German public opinion still harbours against England a considerable degree of nervous suspicion, and the belief is widespread that friendship with this country must necessarily involve, somehow or other, a sacrifice of national pride, and, to an extent, of Imperial ambition. Hampered in this respect, the Wilhelmstrasse was anxious, unobserved, as it were, to conclude an understanding with England during a recent period singularly free from the aggressive manifestations of the Chauvinist school. All is going well, when, suddenly, Mr. Lloyd George splashes into still waters. In effect he says Germany has been coquetted into friendly relations with ourselves, the French and German armies can do the rest, and in any case, obviously hinting at the Zabern affair, the people are in revolt against the rule of the sabre. The trouble arises from the fact that it was really not necessary to say these things. It is with Mr. Lloyd George's conclusions, not with his case, that we quarrel. In-correctible optimist though he is, he cannot convince the nation that, without universal agreement, any sensible reduction in armaments is feasible.

MOTORING

ALTHOUGH, owing to the recent fire at Rusholme, the annual Motor Exhibition at Manchester, which opened yesterday (Friday), is necessarily on a much smaller scale than was originally contemplated, it will be found to be fully representative of the best productions of the leading makers, both British and foreign, and there is every indication that a big amount of business will be done. After Olympia, the Manchester Show is the most important in the kingdom, and its abandonment on this occasion would have been a keen disappointment to the thousands of North-country motorists who find it inconvenient to make the journey to London in November. The result of the change of venue to the Manchester City Hall, which has only about half the accommodation afforded by the destroyed building at Rusholme, has been the all-round cutting down of the space allotted to the exhibitors, so that even the most important makers have been unable to show more than one or two examples of their workmanship; but there is some compensation in the fact that the exhibition is more centrally situated and accessible to the general public. Generally speaking, the exhibits have already been seen at Olympia, but among the 70 or 80 different makes of cars shown there are several which make their appearance for the first time; whilst there is an exceptionally comprehensive display of tyres and accessories. The Exhibition will remain open until Saturday next, the 17th inst.

One of the specially interesting features of the Manchester Show is the Napier exhibit on Stand No. 44. Like all the other makers, the Napier people have had considerably to curtail their original programme, and they are only able to show two of their models; but each of these has special claims to attention. One is an example of the 30/35 h.p. six-cylinder which accomplished the remarkable Alpine-climbing test a few months ago—a fortnight's continuous climbing of the steepest passes in the Alps—whilst the other is the 20 h.p. four-cylinder, an entirely new model, which makes its public appearance for the first time, and which represents the principal Napier departure for 1914. In its salient features the new car is designed on similar lines to those of the well-known 15 h.p. Model de Luxe, but the engine dimensions are larger (89 by 127—R.A.C. rating 19.4). All the special Napier features in connection with the carburetter, lubrication, the silent worm-drive to back axle, the multiple metal plate clutch revolving in an oil bath, etc., are embodied in the new model, which should prove very popular with those who want something between the 15 h.p. and the more powerful Napier models.

It will be remembered that in November last a Local Government Board inquiry was held with respect to an application made by the Essex County Council for the imposition of a reduced speed limit on certain parts of Lea Bridge Road, Leyton High Road, etc. The application was of considerable importance, in view

of the fact that the thoroughfares scheduled were main roads, and it was strongly opposed at the inquiry by representatives of the R.A.C. and the Automobile Association and Motor Union. Motorists will learn with satisfaction that the opposition of their leading organisations has been successful, the Essex C.C. having just been notified by the Secretary of the Board that their application is refused.

Just before Christmas the Dunlop Rubber Company issued a list of revised prices for the repair and the re-treading of tyres, which, doubtless owing to the holiday interruption, appears to have escaped general notice. The leaflet is one of importance to motorists, inasmuch as it gives details of substantial reductions in the cost of retreading any make of tyre. For example, the price for retreading a plain or grooved cover equals exactly one-third of the list price of a new cover, whilst the studded retreading prices are just half the list price of a new cover. At several of the Company's depôts, notably at the big factory at Kilburn, London, N.W., at Birmingham, Glasgow, and Dublin, tyres can, if desired, be retreaded within 48 hours, although a longer allowance of time is recommended. As a matter of fact, to get the best results, the rejuvenated tyre should be carried as a spare for at least a week before being used. Copies of the revised price-list for repairs and retreading can be obtained from most motor agents, and at all the Dunlop depôts.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THERE is still no business on the Stock Exchange. We hoped that when the dividends had been paid the money would come back into the market for re-investment, but it did not. The truth is that no one has any confidence. Paper has been crumbling away in value for so long that people want nearly 6 per cent. to compensate them for the risk of depreciation. They cannot get 6 per cent. with safety. The New South Wales loan appears to have been the worst failure we have had for a long time. The underwriters have been stuck with over 90 per cent. There are dozens of other loans waiting to come out, but the question is when will they make their appearance. It requires a good deal of courage to bring out a new issue in these days.

The Municipality of South Vancouver offered us £200,000 5 per cent. bonds at 91, but it only has an estimated population of under 40,000 people, which is spread over 9,300 acres, and it owes £895,593. I do not suppose that anyone will subscribe, partly because they will be certain to buy cheaper later on, and partly because there is nothing at all attractive in locking up your money in such an issue. The Province of Saskatchewan is asking for a million 4½ per cent. five-year convertible bonds offered at 96½. The revenue of the Canadian provinces is very small, and they all of them guarantee with great reckless-

ness. There is also a great deal of jealousy between the provinces and the Federal Government. Therefore, cautious investors will probably keep out of provincial issues. Both New Zealand and Tasmania are also going to borrow money. The fact is, all the Governments in the world and most of the railways thought that they could go on borrowing for ever, and consequently they spent the money before they got it. They are now in the disagreeable position of owing a great deal more than they should.

MONEY.—The Money market has suddenly become quite easy, and the banks are now eagerly bidding for bills. Indeed, the market rate is only a little over 4 per cent. for three months' bills. If this easiness continues we shall certainly get an immediate reduction in the bank rate. It would appear as though the slackening off in trade were having an immediate effect upon the Money market. Some people think that the new banking Bill in the United States will cause large banks in New York to draw their balances from London, but it seems to me that they will hesitate to do this, and as far as I can understand, the provincial bankers in America have been preparing for the new Act for some time past. Hence the stringency of money in the Western States. If the United States withdrew its balances from London there would be no chance of a reduction in our own Bank of England rate, but I do not think this is possible. Some people say that we shall get a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. rate this week, but I write before the announcement is made. Cheap money is certain to come in spite of what everyone says.

FOREIGNERS.—The latest news with regard to the French national loan is that it is to be postponed until the autumn. This is good news, for it will very much relieve the situation. Also, it looks as though the French Government were quite certain that there would be no serious political complications. The bankers have apparently won all along the line, and we are now promised the Servian loan of ten millions. It is a curious thing that Servia should be the first State to tap the French reservoir of gold. It is said that the Servian Government made terms with Russia and France, and, indeed, politely blackmailed those countries. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that Servia is to be first served. The offer will be made on the 14th and the price will be under 94. Next will come Russia with her 20 million railway loan. This she will have no difficulty in obtaining. Greece and Turkey have both been promised new issues. It is probable that Greece will ask London for a certain amount of money, but Turkey and Servia will confine their issues to the Continent. What will happen to the French bankers if they cannot induce their customers to take up all these various issues, I do not know. In 1913 nearly 200 millions sterling was taken up by the French banks, and only a portion of this has been placed out. Underwriters in Paris are all stuffed up with paper. However, it will be better for everyone when the Treasury bills now in the portfolios can be turned into negotiable bonds; for they at any rate have a definite commercial value on all the bourses whereas the Treasury bills are extremely difficult to negotiate. There is some talk of Paris participating in another Chinese loan. The Continent has been nibbling at illegitimate Chinese bonds for a long time past, tempted by the extravagant terms that have been offered by the Chinese. The financial position in China is not good, and I warn my readers to be careful to keep out of any Chinese issues, except those officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange. Cuba is advertising that she is prepared to accept tenders for a big loan, and some of the papers are warning the investor against the Government on the ground that it has not yet come to terms with the Cuban Ports people. I do not think this is quite fair. The Cuban Ports was a very bad

promotion, and no one can blame the Cuban Government if it fights to the very last for its rights. However, Cuba will find it extremely difficult to get any money, whether she settles with the Cuban Ports bond holders or not. Copper remains weak, and Tintos continue dull. Brazilians have been supported during the last two or three days, but they are still very weak, the 1913 loan being quoted at 8 discount. I am afraid that the financial troubles in Brazil have only just begun, and I cannot advise anyone to hold the securities.

HOME RAILS.—In spite of the fact that within a few weeks we shall be getting the first railway dividend announcements, the Home Railway market remains idle. The only activity has been in North Easterns. The takings for the past year on this railway have been remarkable, and there is talk of the dividend being increased at least 1 per cent. South Westerns have also been bid for. Why, I do not know, as it certainly is one of the least attractive of all our Home Rails. The cheapest purchases, as I have continually remarked, are Great Western and London and North Western, and it is quite possible that both lines may improve their distribution; but even if they do not, they return $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at present prices. Little Chats have been weak, and the figures of the Great Northern do not tempt people to buy the deferred. There has been some talk about Metropolitans, and the latest tale is that the Great Central will acquire the line. I do not think that there is any truth in this. They would probably like to obtain the Extension, as it would give them an alternative route and render them independent of the Great Western, but when negotiations were pending before, the Metropolitan asked far too high a figure, and the two railways quarrelled. No doubt, if the Metropolitan could sell its Extension to the Great Central and its Underground route to the District, it would be an excellent thing for the shareholders, and also for the railways concerned.

YANKEES.—In the American market there is an incipient boomlet. Yet trade throughout the United States, in spite of the ridiculous optimism displayed in New York, is bad. The Union Pacific report was interesting; at first it frightened people, as they did not like the suggestion that the investments have fallen nearly fifty million dollars. However, we are now told that the profit on the Southern Pacific deal will be sixteen million dollars. The news of the bonus has come as a surprise and shows that the Railway and the Government are at one. Shareholders get 33 per cent. bonus and 8 per cent. dividend in future. Therefore holders to-day find their stock only costing 140. No one could have a better position than this. I consider Union Pacific quite the soundest of all the American railways. Canadas have jumped about in a very lively way, but they are now a shade harder. Trunks keep dull, as further money will be needed to complete the line. Brazils decrease day by day, and they are now four points lower than the make-up. Clearly, the road is in a bad financial condition. Copper is weak, and Amalgamateds have been sold in consequence. The reports from the Argentine in regard to the harvest are rather mixed. Maize would appear to be good, but the other crops below the average.

RUBBER.—There is nothing new to be said about the Rubber position. Week by week disappointed shareholders try to get out of their shares, but there is always a certain amount of support for the market. The Lumut figures were good, but the board very wisely kept the dividend at 6 per cent., for it knew that if rubber remains at its present price it will not be easy to pay even 6 per cent. for the current year. The shares are, therefore, overvalued to-day.

OIL.—The Premier Oil and Pipe meeting is to be held on Friday, and the Hollebone's committee has received support for about 1,200,000 shares. This should be sufficient to enable them to carry their candidates. I understand that the Germans will also put up a candidate. All the various Egyptian Oil issues have been flat, the news from Egypt being decidedly disappointing. But some of the London holders of Red Seas think that Shell is trying to squeeze them out. There has been further talk of Kern being bought out by the Shell, but I think this premature. Shell wants to buy and Kern wants to sell, but it is all a question of price, and that price has not yet been decided upon.

MINES.—In the mining market Kaffirs are now quite forgotten. All the silly talk about reduction of costs through the use of small drills, having served its purpose, has died down. The excitement in the Mining market centres round the various Russian shares, some of which have been bid up in a rather fantastic manner. The Canadian Mining market seems to have fallen rather flat, but Kirkland Lakes continue to be bid up without any business. This is little better than a rig. Nothing is doing in the Tin market, but Tronoh and Malayan Tin have both been weak. Globe and Phoenix has decided to reduce its dividend to 1s. This is a very wise step. It does not follow that the mine is looking any worse, but simply that the company has been borrowing money to pay dividends, and the new board evidently think this a foolish policy, which, indeed, it always was.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market there has been very little business, but Charrons have been bid for. All Motor shares have been quite a feature. Mr. Barton continues to carry on his campaign in Alby Carbides, not, probably, because he wishes to sell these, but because he desires to get rid of the subsidiary. Van den Berghs have also been bid up. For some extraordinary reason Coal shares are all harder, and I certainly think that holders should take advantage of this to get out, for although collieries may have a few months more of good trade, there is no doubt that we have seen the end of the Coal and Steel and Iron booms. The Canadian Bank of Commerce figures are rather startling, and show that the bank has been borrowing very heavily. Deposits are down; loans on securities have risen, and the balance-sheet is nothing like so strong as it was last year.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"ORANGE FREE STATE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue of November 15 your reviewer of Miss Markham's "The South African Scene" speaks of "what Miss Markham unwittingly still calls the Free State." Since Union it is again "The Orange Free State," and now no more Orange River Colony. A reference to the proceedings of the Conference will verify this. A consideration of who it was that moved that the name be restored points a moral.

May I add a word to your reviewer's reference to Dr. Viljoen? I had the pleasure of meeting him some three years ago in the enforced intimacy of a railway carriage on the thousand-mile journey from the Cape to Johannesburg. As a Britisher I was prejudiced, arrogant and more than a little sore, but I may safely say that not the most

obstinate anti-Dutch Britisher could fail to be charmed by Dr. Viljoen's cultured and liberal personality. I am, etc,
W. T. HEUGHAN.

Central Schools, Germiston, Transvaal.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Regarding the amusing letter you printed last week from "one of the young composers," may I say that there is nothing malignant in my letter about your poor critic—there is only truth; and I do not find the slightest allusion to the point I made, by your critic. The fact that I played some little pianoforte pieces by the "young composer" of your letter should, of course, be the reason of his ridiculous assertions—for it is well known that these "young composers" lick the hand that crushes them, or bite the hand that assists them. . . . That is why the bulk of them are kept by their fond parents—because of their absolute inability to go and fight for themselves. The Philharmonic concert referred to was perhaps the most ridiculous fiasco ever indulged by that well-worn Society—and that is saying much. Yours,

JOSEF HOLBROOKE.

Vale House, Tufnell Park, N.

SURREPTITIOUS SNAPSHOTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In common, I am sure, with many other users of hand cameras, I join most heartily with Mr. Aflalo in his protest against the ungentlemanly practices which mark a certain small proportion of the photographic community. But I would dissent, with equal force, from Mr. Aflalo's dictum that the hand camera is "unreliable for the finest work." Some twenty-five years' experience with almost every variety of camera, hand and stand, leads me to declare emphatically that for the finest work the balance of advantage is with the hand-camera: that is, if by "finest work" we imply the result which by its selection of view point, rendering of tones and inclusion of life is most pleasing to our sense of beauty, and the most faithful recorder of our recollections of a scene. I am, yours very truly,

JAMES A. SINCLAIR.

54, Haymarket, S.W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Memoirs of an American Prima Donna. By Clara Louise Kellogg. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Empire Review; *London University Gazette*; *Cambridge University Reporter*; *Book Monthly*; *Scottish Historical Review*; *University Correspondent*; *Bookseller*; *School World*; *Educational Times*; *Mercure de France*; *Windsor Magazine*; *English Review*; *Gypsy Folk-Lore Gazette*; *Harper's Magazine*; *Poetry and Drama*; *St. George's Magazine*; *Revue Bleue*; *Deutsche Rundschau*; *Literary Digest*; *The Author*; *Churchman's Year Book, 1914*; *Librarian and Book World*; *Publishers' Circular*; *Revue Critique*; *La Revue*; *Peru To-Day*; *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement*; *The Bookfellow*; *Women's Industrial Council, 19th Annual Report*; *The Antiquary*; *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.*

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AND

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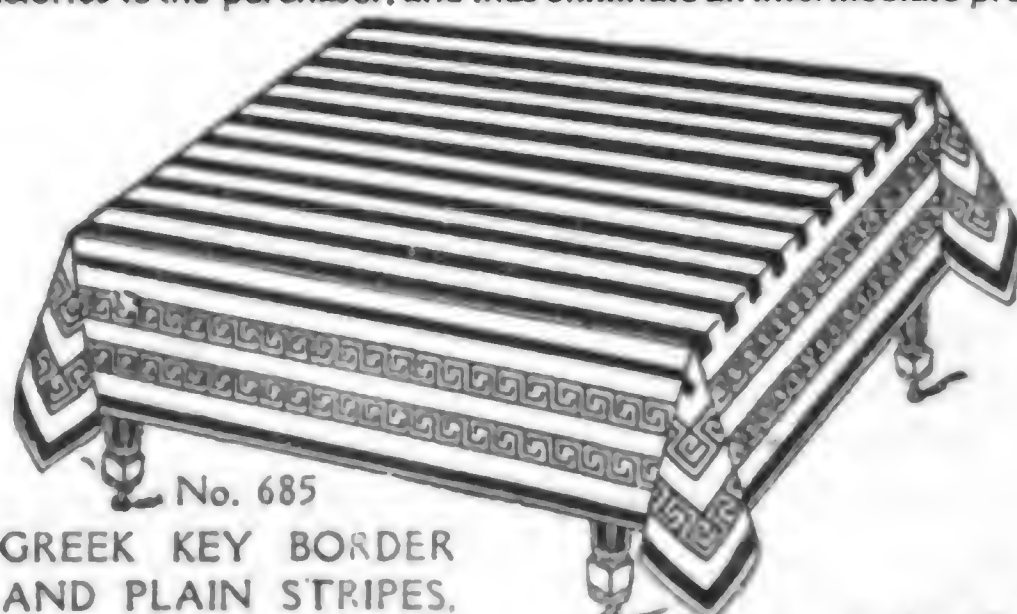
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£5 10s.; Porter's Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History of Freemasonry, 3 thick vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; James' Painters and Their Works, 3 vols., £3 3s.; Habershon Records of Old London, Vanished and Vanishing, coloured plates, folio, £2 2s.; Fea's Secret Chambers and Hiding Places, 7s. 6d., for 3s. 6d.; Oscar Wilde, by L. E. Ingleby, 12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.; Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Landon's Lhasa, 2 vols., new., 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cambridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP**, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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Notes of the Week

LAST week we congratulated the Corporation of Leeds on the practical measures which it had taken to counteract the course adopted by its employes on strike. The Corporation, it is true, is largely indebted for the successful issue to the public spirit of citizens, students and others, who came forward to carry on essential services; but there is no doubt that some local bodies would have lacked the courage to have resort to volunteer action to crush strikers, whilst other bodies would—because of their complexion—have rejected such proffered aid. The authorities of the City of Leeds, through their Special Committee, have throughout acted most fairly towards those who until recently have deserved the thanks of the citizens for their services; but they have resisted, and rightly and successfully resisted, illegitimate pressure which, by striking at public necessities, was intended to bring outside pressure to bear on the Corporation to yield to demands which that body, as the guardian of the interests of the citizens, condemned. The lesson to strikers must be a salutary one, and perhaps it will lead to a more healthy disposition as to the manner in which claims may be formulated for consideration, and machinery agreed on for their examination and decision. Given good faith on both sides, divergent views can easily be adjudicated and a solution arrived at. Free working-men hate the strike) and only resort to it as a result of methods which are the negation of their freedom—the unreason of passion or the iron heel of interested compulsion.

The formation of the S.P.E.—the Society for Pure English—with Dr. Bridges as one of its supporters, is a step to be noted with satisfaction. Its aim seems to

be to induce a few men of letters, supported by the scientific alliance of the best linguistic authorities, to agree upon a scheme for informing popular taste on sound principles, for guiding educational authorities, and for introducing certain slight advantageous changes. One of the proposed reforms relates to the employment of foreign words where English ones are available; the reformers consider that foreign terms, if adopted, should be frankly recognised as English and assimilated to the standard of our language. The Society might remonstrate with the writers—some of them of repute—who use *chaperone* (a female hood!); who write *morale* when they mean what the French call *moral*; of a *double entendre* when they mean a *mot à demi entente*.

All reformers of language, however, will do well to remember the truth insisted upon by Professor Wyld in his "Evolution in English Pronunciation," that it is quite unnecessary to take a despondent view of the future of our language. It is for ever changing, but there is no need to believe that change is always for the worse. Unless we are convinced that Chaucer's English was a poorer thing than that of King Alfred, or the English of Shakespeare a more corrupted form of Chaucer's language, or that Tennyson's speech was a debased variety of Elizabethan English, there can be no reasonable ground for supposing that the present language is degraded and in a state of rapid disintegration.

The situation which has so suddenly arisen in the labour world of South Africa is rendered more complex by a factor with which we in this country have not to contend—the attitude of the thousands of native workmen and the extensive native population in sympathy with them. Towards these natives, the policy of the Boer has always been one of severe repression; at a sign of rebellion or defiance he would not hesitate to use his weapons. Such methods naturally can hardly be adopted by the English, who pride themselves on the administration of justice amid alien races more or less dependent upon them; indeed, as Lord Milner pointed out in his speech at the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday evening, "success will not go very far if it does not rest on the solid base of good government and a just, humane, and enlightened policy in dealing with teeming native populations." Professor Bonn, in the lecture which followed Lord Milner's speech, showed where Germany had failed and had gained experience, in her mistaken endeavour to break up native races in South-West Africa; and although the state of our own comparatively recently acquired territories in South Africa seems rapidly returning to the conditions of Boer government which obtained before the war, certain problems press heavily upon those in nominal, if not always in actual, authority.

Candid Criticism

THESE are many advantages in living in an old and settled country which has hundreds of years of art, music, and literature behind it, and which can take the part of mentor to the world in general with a certain degree of dignity. It can afford to disregard the shrieking of its own sensational Press—engineered so acutely for the breakfast-table entertainment of the people and the profit of persons proclaiming themselves, as though through a megaphone, public benefactors; it can acknowledge a little tail-twisting with a mere leisurely growl as a tribute to its own importance; and it can assume an immense, impenetrable content with things as they are until, after many years, the time for rousing action comes.

There are, however, some drawbacks. The truest content springs from enterprise successfully concluded, not from undisturbed, self-satisfied stability; and the serene, established country may suffer in many ways the penalty of its laurelled age. Generalisations will not carry us far: we are thinking especially of the arts, and, more definitely still, of literature in its department of criticism. In this country the critic is permanently hobbled by law and custom lest he should run wild, in a moment of excitement, and knock somebody over. He dares not say what he thinks in the language that he feels would be most effective and suitable; he therefore is forced to become an adept in the trick of periphrasis. When he wishes to condemn a bad book or to ridicule a silly one, he must be very careful; he must make play with a blunted sword, with a well-padded bludgeon. He has, of course, the resources of irony and sarcasm, the reserves of pungent wit and clever badinage, to draw upon; much can be done with these by a skilled writer; but they do not always take the place of straight hitting.

This is emphasised by a glance at some of the papers which reach us from the other side of the globe. One review in the *Book Lover* of Melbourne, referring to a novel by a well-known author, begins by calling it "a beastly book . . . distinguished merely by a blatant disregard of every convention of good taste and morality." What would the English reviewer have said? "There are passages which, to speak frankly, we could well have dispensed with—obviously they are not intended for the eye of 'the young person'; on the whole, however. . . ." And then comes the saving clause, the tit-bit to mollify the publisher. Here is another charmingly expressive comment from the *Bookfellow* of Sydney: "Set the ghost of Martin Tupper down in Calcutta, with a jar of ghee, a French prose-poem, and two lotus-

buds (one of them a lady), and if he doesn't turn out R. Tagore at 110 deg. Fahr. we'll eat a Nobel trustee. Thus antipodeanly arrogantly do we defy the shadow of W. B. Yeats's great name." Who could mistake the gleeful defiance of it! We can quite believe that the honeyed elegances of the Bengali poet do not appeal to this robust writer. Again, in the same issue, referring to a recent prize offered for an Australian national song: "This bag of feeble rhymers' tricks is a National Song for Australia! . . . If the firm put the Nation first, why did it not give its money anonymously? And if it put the Nation last, its patronage is a defilement to patriotism. . . . This feeble little penny-trumpet piece that two Professors and a Musical Bachelor have prized is not a National Song: it is a national sin. . . . Pish!" Bravo, *Bookfellow*! Would that we in the old land could howl for scalps so vigorously! There are three and a half columns on the subject, and, judging by the effusion in question—which is quoted—the editor of the *Bookfellow* is absolutely right in his scathing protest.

Now, in conclusion, let us look at the *Triad*, of Wellington, New Zealand, which pronounces itself, we think justly, to be "the most courageous, conscientious, and candid magazine in the Dominion." Having suffered indignity at the hands of the *Theatre*, a Sydney paper, it thus retaliates: "The fact is, of course, that from the critical standpoint the *Theatre* can no longer be said to exist. It is a parasite organ of theatredom, and exists only to throw around the butter and wave the decorative flag. The only people it ever ventures to criticise are little struggling people unable to defend themselves or make their protest good. One cannot take such a pert jackanapes of a paper seriously." The *Theatre*, on the other hand, poking bitter fun at the *Triad*, which specialises on musical criticism, says: "The *Triad* is a monthly publication that prints pages of erudite piffle about the performances of the Kauri Gum Glee Club and kindred institutions. . . . One gathers, after reading its columns, that the world's elect and the simpering soprano of the Wanganui weekly warbles are equally unworthy of the life artistic. The former, however, gets a page; the latter a paragraph." This untrue insinuation of snobbishness the *Triad* energetically resents; and so the fun goes merrily on.

This sort of thing makes us regret that the brave Pickwickian days of Potts and Slurk are past. For, although it would hardly be considered good form to allow wholesale head-thwacking or unfettered comment such as the examples which we have selected, it is quite possible to err by going to the other extreme. Too much caution, too timid a choice of words, make for ineffective criticism, and custom, though a good, useful, protective servant, may become deadening when it is permitted to bind the expression of thoughts and ideas too tightly.

W. L. R.

A New Word Game

BY H. BELLOC.

ALL the world knows that one of the hobbies which can so fascinate a man as to make him a crank—or worse—is etymology. The derivation of words is a delightful prospect, and the hunting up of the origin of a word a most absorbing sport. It is one of those games which become awfully serious to the player and correspondingly tedious to the man who can't, or never has, or, at any rate, won't, play it. It can lead men into the wildest nonsense—such as attributing race to language, or fixing on some modern term the meaning of an antique root from which its mere sound has tortuously descended. With all its abuses, follies and delights the sport is certainly a first-rate occupation, and thousands have proved the truth of that.

But there is a converse to it: a sort of complementary game which, for my part, I enjoy almost as much, and that is the following out of the branches that extend from some one main trunk word, and watching the astonishingly different fates they suffer and their contrast with their original. I cannot tell whether this harmless amusement will appeal to anyone else as it does to me. But the evenings are long just now, and it is an excellent Patience or Solitaire, believe me, if one has nothing else to do.

Following up the story of one word is like watching a river system which goes up inland without tributary or backwater for hundreds of miles: like the Nile, for instance. Then, quite at the end of its journey you find it branching out amazingly. *Papyrus* is such a word: and "paper" stood for paper and nothing but paper, for some thousands of years—until, all of a sudden, it began to "spear," as they say in the South of England; that is, it began to throw out, to bud out, right and left in new and vigorous branches, and it came to mean a daily journal, a form of proof, a decoration for a wall, a non-existent supply, a debt, a gratuitous entry to a place of amusement, and I know not what else. "Paper" in quite the last few generations, in the last hundred years, I think—certainly not much more—has produced all these little children. "I have changed my paper." "Have you got it down on paper?" "It is a paper Army." "His paper is all over the City." "The House was full of paper"—and so on. For how many centuries did not that honest and universal word mean one thing and one thing only from the Euphrates to the Atlantic—and then, all at once, it bloomed like the aloe in its extreme old age.

Other words throw out four or five big branches near the beginning of the business, and each branch forms a separate system of its own. Consider *Chair*—a great favourite of the collector in this line of goods is "chair." Chair is itself, of course, only a twig. The stem is the Greek *kathedra*, and that stem, by the way, runs up into two main branches of the fork in our common speech, for it gives us both *cathedral*, and the phrase *ex cathedra*. But that is by the way. "Chair" becoming both *chaire* and *chaise* in French gives you

pulpit eloquence in that language, and a carriage in English. And in its English form it means the furniture on which you sit down, and authority over a public meeting, and a form of ovation. A man rises from his chair to quell a tumult, with cries of "Chair! Chair!" and if his activity makes him popular he is later on "chaired"—carried high in air by his dupes. "Chair" is something more. It is a professorial appointment, a hall-mark and a direction of learning. The man who rose from his Chair to cry "Chair! Chair!"—and who was afterwards chaired—might well hold for the moment the Chair of Tautology in a seat of learning. Here you have a word rather like one of those standard apple trees which has been too much pruned and which was planted late. Right from the ground it begins to branch. The branches are far apart and few, but strong; and each has a few sub-branches.

Then there is the word which never meant to grow and which of its very nature you would think could not grow, but would remain simple till the end. Such a word is the private name *Jacob*. Yet see what happens to it! For century after century after century in the Desert and on the edges of the Desert it was a man's private name given to one man after another: יַעֲקֹב ——"Yaakob" or *Yakoub*—the supplanter. There must have been Jacob the son of this and Jacob the son of that right away back to the beginnings of the tents and of the camels. How could it possibly grow? Yet grow it did. For there came upon the world what is called the Christian Religion, and among its chief Apostles were two bearing that name, and the name went drifting over all Christendom and bore fruit everywhere.

It became, in the first place, several different local forms. You had Iago; you had Jacques; you had James; and Lord! what a foison from those three and from the Latin *Jacobus* from which they all come!

A *Jacobin* is too-ardent and certain a Democrat: why? Because the more extreme Democrats of the French Revolution met in the Jacobin Convent in Paris. But how did that Dominican place in the Rue St. Honoré come to be called Jacobin? Because all Dominicans were called Jacobins. And why so? Because the mother-house of the Dominicans in Paris, the house where St. Thomas Aquinas wrote and taught (not that in which the Jacobin Club met centuries later) stood up in the University on the Street of St. Jacques and against the Gate of the same name.

Then you have *Jacobite*—dead as the name of a heresy, historically surviving as an adherent to the Stuart cause. And you have *Dago*, faintly and distantly derived from the Spanish name, and in *Santiago* you have the warcry of the Reconquista, two Naval actions, a pilgrimage and a valse; and *Iago* for your character in Shakespeare, and the Court of *St. James's*, and all the quarter of *St. James's* for the English connotation and, on a minor twig of so bushy a plant the Rum of that name. For in France to-day, when you say "*St. James*" it calls not the Palace nor London to the mind, but the West Indian spirit: "le punch" and "le toast," those most deathly boring of all French insti-

tutions—especially when they are “of honour.” Heavens! How little anyone thought when he called out “*Yacoub*” over the sand to summon back his slave or his son what a whole bush of meanings would grow out of so plain a piece of dead wood!

Then there are words planted like seeds during the transition of the Roman Empire into the Dark Ages. The fruit of some has shrivelled; others have grown into most vigorous burgeonings.

They planted *scutum*, the oblong-shield of the Roman Regulars, and it gave you the tax *scutage*, which is dead; and in France the *écu*, the big silver-piece, now of five francs—a word just surviving and soon perhaps to die. Nearly the whole of that tree is dead or shrivelled. But there is some thin, immensely vital shoot of it running up through our time rejoicing; the word “esquire,” the title all can give, and all refuse, the most necessary part of all correspondence which the wise write in hieroglyph. Every time you scribble that “Esq.” to put off a bore or a dun *scutum*, a shield is at the root of you: for an “esquire” is the bearer of a shield: poor dog!

But if you want a fine, healthy developed foison from a similar seed consider *bota*. What was *bota*? It was any sort of leathern pouch caught up; a convenient thing for carrying a burden. That was *bota*. It remains, does the parent stem, still quite unchanged in the Spanish Hills: and there it is a leathern skin for wine. But it flourished in every other soil exceedingly, and is flourishing. It made *boot*, certainly: I am inclined to think in spite of the learned that it made *booty* and *bootless*; by *boot* it begat the servant at the inn and the cupboard in the carriage; it made *bottle* (*botella*—the little wine skin), and so it made *butler* in an evil hour. It therefore made *butlery*, and *buttery* at Cambridge and *battels* at Oxford. Then another bit of it (starting from so close to its origin that it might be a twin) gave you *butt*, a cask, and some say—but I deny it—*butt*, a target; for this, I think, is *butte*. And do you not think that *bot*, which is dead now and meant a payment, came from a purse in some way?

What of *Atlas*, who bore the world upon his shoulders? He is a mountain; he is an ocean; he is a book of maps as well—and yet he was the father of the Pleiades!

What of *George*? George is simple enough. It is *Ge*—the earth—and *erg*. It is earth-working and the earth-worker. It is the husbandman. But George, that simple Greek word (Mr. Farmer) got sainted and was cast abroad by the whirling mill of Christendom and you have him as an architecture, and as a coin, and as an expletive, and as a battle-cry, and as a ship . . . and I am told there are other connotations.

The list is endless. Play you with it if you like. I am never tired of the game; nor is any part of it more delightful than the conflict it breeds with other collectors who go purple in the face in their disputes with your theory of this word or of that, and whom you artfully egg on to foaming at the mouth.

The “Entente” in Peril

ALTHOUGH the wave of emotion which swept through France, directly the French newspapers acquainted their readers with the recent pronouncement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on armaments, has been followed by a period of seeming calm, it is quite certain that the apprehensions of our neighbours respecting the future of the Entente Cordiale are not yet dispelled. It is realised in France that we in Great Britain are on the eve of yet another struggle on the question of our Fleet, and that, pending the issue, France herself can only hope for the best. It is long since the cry of “Perfidious Albion!” was raised in France, and Frenchmen would be loath to raise it again. They prefer to think that, in spite of all incitements to the contrary, England will remain true to her pledged word in the understanding which exists between the two countries.

That understanding was arrived at for purposes of defence, not of aggression. There is no aggressive element in the French foreign policy of to-day. Not a single French statesman has any thought of throwing down the gauntlet to Germany. But merely a policy of defence carries with it great responsibilities. They weigh heavily on France, much of whose present large financial deficit is due to the measures which she has been obliged to take in order to ensure the national safety. She holds, however, that in many respects, her interests and ours are identical, and for this reason she hesitates to believe in any change in our naval policy, and trusts that the British Radical malcontents, headed by Sir John Brunner and backed up by Mr. Lloyd George, will be defeated in their designs.

There is much in the French point of view which should appeal to us to strengthen the Unionist Party in its determination to resist the mischievous tendencies. We maintain a Navy primarily for the defence of our Kingdom and our Overseas Dominions, but we also have vital interests in European waters. Some of those interests are undoubtedly affected by the growth of Germany's naval armaments; yet, whilst Germany, without deviating from her course, draws gradually towards her intended goal, it is suggested that we should desist from competing with her, and allow her to attain to a superiority which, in the day of conflict, might well prove fatal to us.

In a broad sense, we have no quarrel with the German people. If they were masters in their own house, the present-day oppressive competition in the matter of armaments might possibly cease by common consent among the nations. But the Germans are ruled by a Constitution which enables their Government to do as it pleases in such matters, and that Government and its militarist supporters have repeatedly refused to come to any understanding. Mr. Winston Churchill's offers were rejected with contempt, and during the past week or so Mr. Lloyd George has been plainly told that, even should there be an abatement in English naval armaments, there will be none in Germany's.

Though there have been occasional scares respecting a German invasion of England, Germany's aim is not the possession of this island, but of Holland and Belgium, and this is one of the questions in which our interests coincide with those of France. It is generally understood that France has agreed to patrol the Mediterranean in the event of hostilities, leaving us to take all necessary measures in Northern waters. German armies might overrun Holland and Belgium to-morrow, but the possession of those countries would be of little value to Germany if we could effectively blockade their coasts and render their ports useless.

It is not to maintain her present limited seaboard, it is not even for the defence of her Colonies, that Germany is creating a great fleet. It is to attain to an enlarged European seaboard, such as Holland and Belgium would supply. And that seaboard she can only acquire by crushing the British Navy. Every German boy learns that Holland and Belgium form part of "Greater Germany," at present unhappily separated from the Fatherland, but destined to belong to it once more, under mediatised sovereigns. There are even works which claim French Flanders down to the Artois hills as part of "Greater Germany," and some carry the pretension so far as to include Boulogne in the coveted territory. Thus Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne would all be German ports. What a boom for German trade! England displaced, too, from her proud position as the world's great carrier; her own ports reduced to a subordinate status; and German *Dreadnoughts* patrolling the Channel with brooms displayed derisively at their mastheads!

Is it possible, France inquires, that we shall allow the English Channel to become a part of the German Ocean? She cannot believe it. Nevertheless, she remains very anxious, for she well knows that the pushful Chancellor has more than once forced his policy on the present British Cabinet, and may possibly do so again. If our naval armaments cease, even if they are appreciably diminished, it is certain that one of the chief conditions of the Entente will be unfulfilled, and that the two nations will drift apart once more. Only after much patient diplomacy and the recognition on either side that there were great interests common to both countries to be safeguarded did the present understanding come into being. Its future now depends on the success or the defeat of the Little Navy partisans. Are they to destroy the international balance, and are we to renounce our position as the premier naval Power and become subservient to Germany?

It is for the Unionist Party to make the Chancellor understand, and to impress, indeed, on the whole nation, that the question of our naval armaments, like that of all other European armaments, can only be restricted by a common and binding agreement between the Powers. Such an agreement would undoubtedly bring relief to the nations, but without it we cannot slacken in the work of National Defence.

ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

The Return of Edwin Drood

THE recent trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood, held at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, has reawakened an interest in one of the most fascinating of literary controversies. What, it may not be irrelevant to inquire, is the net result of the trial? Are we any nearer a solution than we were before? I think we are. I think, indeed, that Mr. Cecil Chesterton was able to demonstrate, beyond all shadow of a doubt, that Edwin Drood had not been murdered by Jasper.

There are many converging lines of evidence, all of which point to this conclusion. Some of them have been discussed by Mr. Wilfrid L. Randell in an article on the subject which appeared in *THE ACADEMY* on February 8, 1913. There is, for instance, the not insignificant fact that one of the tentative titles chosen by Dickens for the novel was "Dead? or Alive?" (Another, by the way, was "The *Disappearance* of Edwin Drood.") Again, Chapter XIV, in which Landless and Drood and Jasper go up the postern stair—it is the last we see of Drood before the news of the murder—is entitled, "When shall we three meet again?"—which is not so much meaningless as dishonestly misleading if there is to be no future meeting between the three parties. Still stronger corroborative evidence is to be found in the design that was drawn for the wrapper by Charles Allston Collins. One of the pictures represents a man in a vault, holding a lantern in his hand, and starting back in surprise as the rays from the lantern fall upon the figure of another man. Assuming the two figures to be those of Jasper and Edwin Drood, the subsequent development of the plot becomes at once intelligible. Jasper, possibly impelled by that impulse to revisit the scene of his crime which is common to murderers and has frequently led to their detection—or, it may be, with the object of recovering the ring which he had forgotten to remove from the hand of his victim—goes down into the vaults under the cathedral, where he is confronted with the very man whom he believed he had killed. The situation is one that would have appealed with a peculiar intensity to Dickens. Finally, if Drood had indeed been murdered by Jasper, I fail to understand why Dickens should have bestowed upon his book such a title as "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," or why he should have disposed of one of his principal characters about half-way through the course of the narrative. The element of mystery is at once removed, for it is obviously the intention of the author to suggest that Drood *had* been killed, while leaving a loophole for his possible escape. That Dickens would have devoted the remaining portion of the novel—six whole monthly parts—to tracking down Jasper until complete evidence of his guilt had been established is absolutely unthinkable.

But who was Datchery? Here, I confess, we are upon more debatable ground. The theory put forward by Mr. Cuming Walters that Helena Landless disguised herself as "a single buffer" with white hair and

black eyebrows, and, in her newly donned male attire, visited many of the very people in Cloisterham with whom she had been intimate, was mercilessly exposed by Mr. Chesterton. What did she do with the pint of sherry which accompanied her fried sole and her veal cutlet at the Crozier? Mrs. Lawrence Clay, who at the trial said all there was to be said for the preposterous Helena Landless theory, was forced to the despairing admission that she poured a part of it into a certain "receptacle" in the dining-room—designed, presumably, for another purpose—while no one was looking! After this, one was not surprised to discover that she had learned the art of tavern-scoring in—where do you think?—Ceylon!

My own belief, which I share with Mr. Chesterton, is that Datchery was Bazzard. At first sight, no character in the book would appear more unlikely to be capable of sustaining such a rôle than the taciturn clerk of Mr. Grewgious. He appears in the first instance as a "Norfolk dumpling," but as the narrative proceeds it becomes evident that this mysterious person is something more than a mere country clown. Afterwards, one learns that he has written a play—a fact which may not be without some future significance.

The Bazzard-Datchery theory is not without some more direct corroboration. In Chapter XX we find Rosa calling upon Mr. Grewgious in Staple Inn. She asks her host if he is "always alone," and Grewgious replies: "Always alone; except that I have daily company in a gentleman of the name of Bazzard, my clerk." "*He doesn't live here?*" asks Rosa again. "No," rejoins Grewgious; "he goes his way after office hours. In fact, he is off duty *here* altogether, just at present." I have italicised the word "*here*," as it appears to me the most important word in the sentence. If Bazzard was off duty "*there*," where was he "*on*" duty? I suggest that he was acting for Grewgious, who was employing him at the time to clear the reputation of Neville Landless, and that he was acting in that capacity the part of "a single buffer, of an easy temper, living idly on his means."

I am not writing a report of the trial, or I would have liked to have alluded at some length to the grave judicial precision of Mr. Justice Chesterton and to the remarkable forensic skill of the counsel on both sides. The witnesses were excellent. Mr. Sheridan Jones made a witty and alert Bazzard, but hardly suggested to me the Bazzard of Dickens. A last word should be said of Miss J. K. Prothero's impersonation of the opium woman. It was triumphant.

T. MICHAEL POPE.

The first exhibition of the Society of Animal Painters is being held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. The membership includes the names of the two Royal Academicians, Mr. H. W. B. Davis and Mr. Briton Rivière, and almost all the other well-known painters in this branch of art. Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch has been elected first president.

REVIEWS

A Third Sex

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

The Future of the Woman's Movement. By H. M. SWANWICK, M.A. With an Introduction by Mrs. FAWCETT, LL.D. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

SOME people think that the Woman's Suffragette movement will die out, or at least slumber again with intervals of fitful wakefulness, as it has during the last forty or fifty years. I am not of that opinion. The real emancipation of women began when the Humber Company built the first ladies' machine in the '80's. This and lawn tennis gave a large number of girls amusement and companionship with men in the open air which had hitherto been lacking, except in the case of hunting for the wealthier classes, and croquet which was really a solitary as well as a slow game for the middle classes.

The young lady of half a century ago who did wool work also wasted thousands of hours of valuable time in practising the piano; in nine cases out of ten she had no taste or inclination for music, and is now as defunct as her grandmother who swooned in graceful attitudes on every occasion. Women are rapidly taking up a more aggressive position in the world; they travel unchaperoned; they ride alone in taxis, and live like bachelors by themselves in flats, if they think fit, without scandal. You cannot get away from it. As a matter of fact a new sex is growing up: a third sex—women who deliberately abandon all feminine attributes and honestly do not care for love or passion. They want to live their own lives; they do not want to get married or expect it. They imitate men as far as they can in their attire. They smoke cigarettes and lead useful lives as clerks, typists, telegraphists, actuaries, doctors, and take up a hundred other occupations which were formerly the sole occupation of men. They do not want men; they are learning to be independent of them. I do not pretend that all women who follow these occupations are of this class, but I maintain that there is a large and growing proportion of what is practically a third sex. Inasmuch as the proportion of men over women is increasing, I see no harm in it but good. Spinsterhood is no longer the reproach it once was and women lead far more interesting and brighter lives than ever they did before.

The woman's demand for the vote is the natural outcome of all this, and the fact that some of them mean to have it has to be faced by both parties in the State whether they like it or not. A large number of Members of Parliament are academically in favour of women having the vote, and many of them many years ago pledged themselves to it on a thousand platforms without much thought as to what it entailed. "Why should not women who pay rates and taxes have the vote when they have men servants who have it with

not a tenth part of the intellectual qualification necessary to judge as to which way to vote on great questions of national or municipal importance? Taxation without representation is tyranny," they said, and from that time they were counted among the supporters of those who believed in Women's Suffrage.

But there was no driving force behind it all; each party fooled the women in turn, until violence became rampant and many supporters fell away. Some because they genuinely believed that violence in this connection was wrong, whilst others made it an excuse.

"People said and say: 'If they get the vote, they will be in Parliament in no time and we shall have a female Prime Minister.'" was another argument against it. I do not think that is likely for many generations. Women on any of the larger local authorities have not been much of a success. A lot of water must flow under Westminster Bridge before they are sufficiently trained. The female mind at present is not attuned to public speaking in debate. We have had some of the best female intellects on the School Board and the London County Council, but no one can say they have shone. They have done splendid work in committees, but their voices have not been heard to much useful advantage in the Council chamber. It will be, as we say, many years before we have a female M.P., and many generations before we have a female Prime Minister. When she arrives, it will be by common consent.

We have read most of the literature on the subject, and it is growing into a big library on both sides. The best book we read on the anti side was called "An Englishwoman's Home," written by one "M. E. S.," and was a working woman's plea for exemption from political responsibility. It did not pretend to be scientific, but it was written by a shrewd woman of the world, who had mixed with men and who had written much. She dissected the weaknesses of her own sex with merciless acumen, and showed where they were bound to fail.

The present book is the best one in favour of the movement we have come across for some time. It is short and pithy, and a list of the topics discussed will give some idea of its scope: "Causes of the Women's Movement—What is the Women's Movement?—The Subjection of Women—Physical Force—Democracy and Representative Government—Votes—The Economic Problem: (i) The Wage Earner; (ii) The Mother; (iii) The Housewife; (iv) The Prostitute; (v) Commercialised Vice—The Man's Woman—The Woman's Woman—Sex Antagonism—The Old Adam and the New."

Counsel for the Crown are always strictly moderate in their statements, and for that very reason their speeches to the jury are often so deadly. The author is clever enough to take the same line; she puts her case moderately but forcibly—very differently, indeed, from some advocates whose hysterical claims evoke nothing but contempt. She gives many interesting

facts; she points out that the "poor sex" have, on a very moderate estimate, raised and spent in twelve months a sum of £100,000 in working for the vote alone, which may be taken as some evidence of the intensity of their demand. "Money talks," as the common expression runs. Then she notes the woman's increased desire to "spend money," wisely or foolishly as the case may be. A cynical reviewer would here comment that women have done that in all ages, but our earnest author means spending the money *they have earned themselves with a sense of independence*. The question of Prostitution is not shirked; neither is it dealt with in a lurid way. It is discussed as frankly as if two men were talking seriously on a serious subject in a smoking-room. The Chicago report on the subject is again and again referred to, and some startling figures are given.

Whether you are for or against Women's Suffrage; if you take any interest in the welfare of your kind, you should read this book. It is bound to arrest your attention, and perhaps put the matter before you in a new light. Although the policy of this paper is dead against the "militants," we desire above all things to be fair.

A Passer Through Prague

My Bohemian Days in Paris. By JULIUS M. PRICE.
Illustrated by the Author. (T. Werner Laurie.
10s. 6d. net.)

PARIS of the 'eighties is the far-off world of which Mr. Price writes. The people of that period still spoke of the Ville Lumière, and dwelt on the truth of such well-worn axioms as "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," and still followed other antique fashions. The author of the present work does much the same. Although he is writing of thirty years ago, he begins by stoutly maintaining that no great changes have taken place since the Bohemia of his day, and that all things are as jolly, bright, and charming as when he was young. This is the agreeable attitude that Mr. Price at first assumes, but as he continues his reminiscences it is gradually borne in upon the reader that times have changed a little, and that even so happy a reveller as the author—and artist—perceives that, after all, his book is but a history of old days, "souvenirs des beaux jours de notre jeunesse."

Now, the making of books on Bohemian life in Paris is a delicate and charming art. Many have practised it, and several of those writers have done it far better than Mr. Price. This, we need hardly point out, is unfortunate for the present volume, but it is lucky for us that we have so many more delicate and subtle memories of student life in the city of most catholic allure.

The long-past personal adventures which the locust

hath eaten require very skilful handling in their re-incarnation—unless the whole affair is to appear banal, vulgar—the weary gloating over intrigues and simple amusements which were jolly enough for a young boy, but a deadly bore to people who hear of them years after. We own Mr. Price, gifted as he doubtless is in a thousand ways, does not possess the qualities which could make his Bohemian days in Paris remarkably delightful. One knows all his stories of his student freaks and love affairs already; everyone has been through these experiences. There is the excitement of fever and the depression of recovery. But given the spirit of romance, and the same bare facts become golden fancies; the mystic rose of youth turns many dull affairs into gay dreams and splendid visions; the fairy fancy may decorate a hundred stupid intrigues until they appear as lively poems of delight.

Mr. Price has relied merely on Paris and thirty years ago and the ordinary student's life as it then was. He states the facts more or less clearly, and adds that she was beautiful and kind and those were happy, happy days. We think it may have been so; but we are not interested, unless he can tell his story with art and feeling and decorate his pages with lively drawings. He does not do either. In his desire to tell us about himself, he indites a bald report, he loses the delicious spirit of Paris and *la jeunesse* in his attempt to make a plain statement of facts. Nevertheless, the opening chapters do give us something of the not always inevitable charm of youth. But in this case it is the manner in which various French families and artists, especially Gérôme, receive Mr. Price when, as a boy, he adventured into the world of art that makes this blithe outsetting interesting and instinct with the essence of old hopes and dreams. Later the book is dull by reason of its attempt to give us too much realism and not enough of the place and period. Years ago someone made a rather bad translation of a lyric by Clément Marot:—

Here in Paris, city free,
One day, passing melancholy,
I into alliance fell
With the gayest damosel
That e'er came from Italy.

She is seized of honesty,
And I think (my fantasy)
Is no fairer damosel
Here in Paris.

I'll not name her here to thee;
Only my sweet friend is she. . . .

And so forth, with a lightness and sense of beauty which Mr. Price, perhaps, possesses, but is unable to endow his present work. The spirit of Thackeray, of Du Maurier, of Henri Mürger, of Marot's "Dedans Paris, Ville jolie," is missing, and its absence transforms a book which we hoped would be a delightful picture of youth and art into a disappointment—indifferently illustrated.

An Italian Philosopher

The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Translated by R. G. COLLINGWOOD. (Howard Latimer. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT is probable that even the name of this Italian philosopher is known to only a limited circle of English students of philosophy, and it can hardly be expected that so solid and elaborate a work as Signor Croce's, even in its English translation, can prove attractive to the general reader. Vico lived so long ago as from 1668 to 1744, at Naples, the son of a small bookseller, always in straitened circumstances; he held for thirty-six years an appointment of Professor of Rhetoric at the University, for the small annual stipend of £17, and was obliged to eke out his resources by literary work and still more by private lessons. In spite of all obstacles, including domestic troubles, this man of genius became "the hero of the philosophic life." Sometimes plunged in a profound individual and cosmic pessimism, he could rise to the certainty of scientific method, advancing from his earlier work, and from his first attempt at philosophico-historical research to his *Scienza Nuova* after twenty-five years of unremitting and toilsome thought. The positive side of his theory of knowledge was developed in this last-named work, where the human knowledge of the mind and of history is raised to the level of divine knowledge. It would be impossible within reasonable limits of space to attempt to give a clear idea of Vico's views and philosophical system. His theories of knowledge passed through two phases. His obscurity consisted in the obscurity of his ideas, writes Signor Croce, "in his insufficient understanding of certain connections, and the substitution for them of fallacious ones; in the arbitrary element, that is, which he introduces into his thought, or, to put it more simply, in his own downright errors." His "New Science" might, in its philosophical aspect, it is said, owing to the prominence given to the study of the individualising forms, above all the imagination, be called without paradox a philosophy of mind, with special attention to the philosophy of imagination or æsthetic.

The wide range of his subjects will be evident from a mere enumeration of them. He dealt with the imaginative and semi-imaginative forms of knowledge, the moral consciousness, morality and religion, morality and law, the historical aspect of law, Providence, the law of reflux, metaphysics, history, obscure periods, heroic society, Homer and primitive poetry, Roman history, the return of barbarism, contemporary culture. Separate treatises might be written on each of them. His metaphysics, for instance, meant his conception of reality as a whole, not of the world of man by itself; the word included also his ultimate negative conclusion asserting the unknowability or the imperfect knowability of one or more spheres of reality, or of that highest sphere in which the others reunite. There are many acute observations of moral psychology in Vico's writ-

ings, "expressed in his gem-like style"; Signor Croce instances "his little-known theory of laughter, which he derives from disappointed expectation and from the weakness of the mind, and therefore denies the faculty both to animals and to the perfect man, considering a man who laughs to be a satyr or faun, intermediate between a brute and a man." In his own days Vico passed for an eccentric and lived as a recluse: even to-day, though well known in certain restricted circles, he has not taken in Italy the place he deserves in the general history of thought. Though he cannot stand comparison with the later philosophers, there is full agreement between his historical discoveries and the criticism and research of the nineteenth century. "Above all, he agrees with his successors in his rules of method, his scepticism as regards the narrative of ancient historians, his recognition of the superiority of documents and monuments over narrative, his investigation of language as a storehouse of primitive beliefs and customs, his social interpretation of mythology, his emphasis on spontaneous development rather than external communication of civilisation, his care not to interpret primitive psychology in the light of modern psychology; and so on." Clearly, Vico was a philosopher of independent and original views, whose thought may profitably be studied by other philosophers and professors. Learned men and students of all countries may therefore take an interest in Signor Croce's book: but such works have their unavoidable limitations of popularity.

The Scourge of Apathy

Lord Roberts' Campaign Speeches. A Continuation of "The Message to the Nation." (John Murray. 6d. net.)

Militarism. An Appeal to the Man-in-the-street. (T. Fisher Unwin. 4d. net.)

THIS reprint of the speeches delivered by Lord Roberts at Bristol, Wolverhampton, Leeds, and Glasgow, between February and May, should convince the public who could not attend his meetings of the seriousness of the military situation. It is a pathetic case. Our Grand Old Field-Marshal, who speaks with unique authority, has been for years pleading with the nation to provide for its self-defence, while there is yet time: and well may he say that the nation has been smitten, apparently, with the most terrible scourge that can afflict a great State—the scourge of apathy. The remedy he proposes is simple, feasible, and adequate: he has been bitterly criticised and grossly misrepresented, but with marvellous pluck and patience he returns repeatedly to the charge. Universal Military Training, obligatory on the young men of all classes between eighteen and twenty-one, for a few months and weeks in successive years, is the method advocated; for the formation of a Citizen Army, to be prepared to defend England in case of invasion, and to admit of the Expeditionary Force of the Regular Army leaving this country, when required for service abroad. Such a National Army

would not be a conscript army: foreign service would not be compulsory. Lord Roberts contends, *and rightly*, that the present Territorial Force has failed in discipline, numbers, equipment and energy. A new Territorial or Citizen Army is essential, in which promotion should be by merit and suitability, and the training necessary should be only long enough to ensure efficiency in discipline, drill, and musketry. The nation and the Government, by special arrangement with every employer, would guarantee the safety of his employment to each citizen soldier. In words that echo Thucydides, the speaker reminded his audiences "that the surest way of preventing war is to be prepared for it," and, again, "For that is the true slavery—to live in fear of other nations through trusting for your defence to the valour or skill of other men." It is true that the creation of such an army would require a small sacrifice, by every able-bodied youth, of a few months, but the sacrifice would be fully compensated by the health-giving and strength-giving discipline, and by the conditions of service, calculated to foster strength of body and of character, quickness of intelligence, moral fibre, which would greatly improve his general efficiency.

Through Lord Roberts, as spokesman, the National Service League has urged its object—to ensure the safety of these islands and the maintenance of the Empire. The cause is doubtless making way, but the attitude of the Government and the apathy of the public are terrible obstacles. It is not sufficient to depend upon our Navy alone. So long as we are unprepared to defeat invasion by land, we invite catastrophe and the loss of Empire.

The other pamphlet on "Militarism" is anonymous—is the author ashamed to own it? It is addressed to the Man-in-the-street, to encourage the democracy to disregard the warnings of Lord Roberts. It fastens on the word "militarism," which he has shown to be a false accusation against the Universal Military Training he advocates. It denies the truth of the maxim, which has been generally recognised as true since its Roman origin—*Si vis pacem, para bellum*, and substitutes the absurd paradox: "If we want peace, we must prepare for peace." What preparation is required for peace, which is still, thank goodness, the normal condition of the Empire? It proposes that Germany or Russia should begin the reduction of her military arm, and England of her Navy. It is opposed to the maintenance of an Expeditionary Force, and suggests the reduction of the Regular Army, to be replaced by Territorials. In short, this little pamphlet ignores facts and parades its ignorance. It ignores the dangers of commencing disarmament while other nations are armed to the teeth. The democracy would suffer equally with others if the views of this pamphleteer were to prevail.

Perhaps too much attention and space have been bestowed on this small production. But there is no subject of greater moment to the Empire than the defence of England. No one wants militarism: Lord Roberts is against it. Preparation for self-protection is the best guarantee of peace.

The Sangrail

The Quest of the Holy Grail. By JESSIE L. WESTON.
(G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

READERS of Tennyson and of Hawker—the poet-priest of Morwenstow—are familiar with the Christian story of the Holy Grail. The Grail legend has long occupied the attention of students of folk-lore. It has, in fact, been brought into the region of controversy. Until comparatively recently, Miss Weston says, “scholars were divided into two sharply opposed camps. The one held that the Grail story was a purely Christian ecclesiastical legend, while the other maintained that the Grail, far from being a Christian relic, was simply the automatic, food-providing talisman of popular tradition, and as such, of purely folk-lore, preferably of Celtic origin. This last is the view of Miss Weston, who, however, examines very carefully the Christian theory of origin. She contends that “there is no ecclesiastical story which connects Joseph of Arimathea with the vessel (dish or cup) of the Last Supper, and that as early as 1260, the Nederland poet, Jacob van Maerlant, in his ‘Merlin,’ denounced the whole story as mere lies, on the specific ground that the Church knew nothing about it.” She further advances the suggestion that the Joseph-Grail story was a devolution of the older myth, and was fabricated by the Glastonbury monks, to raise the position and importance of the Abbey, when its fortunes were somewhat declining towards the close of the twelfth century, the model being found in the legends of Fescamp, an abbey of the same order as Glastonbury.

In the Celtic myth the Grail appears as a food-providing vessel, which appeared automatically according to notions of sympathetic magic, in connection with mysterious ritual celebrations, part, perhaps, of an esoteric cult symbolising Nature’s annual death and resurrection of life under an anthropomorphic form.

There can be no doubt concerning the esoteric nature of the rite, as appears from the following :

du ségré du Graal
si fet grant pechié et grant mal
cil qui s’entremet de conter
fors si comme il doit aler.

[of the secret of the Grail, he commits a great sin and a great wrong, who undertakes to tell the tale otherwise than as it should run.]

Miss Weston examines very fairly the methods by which, as she considers, the Grail legend was equated with the Christian Eucharist, although she misses one point, the sacrificial aspect of the Eucharist as parallel to the ceremonial and sacrificial offering of the life-giving natural food of the earth. But the parallel of partaking this food with the Communion of spiritual food as the source of spiritual life is certainly striking.

If the folk-lore origin of the myth be the true solution, there was nothing to remark; indeed, it might be expected that Christianity would readily adapt it to the Christian mysteries. The connection between the mystery of physical life and life Immortal is suffi-

ciently obvious. We have to remember, too, that in the face of paganism, the Christian rite was also more or less esoteric. The most telling argument in favour of the folk-lore theory is the existence of the additional features in the legend of the lonely castle, the fisher king, the waste land, the dead knight, and the wailing women: of which none can find a place in the Christian hypothesis. But in the clash of Paganism and Christianity a cloud of obscurity is raised, which in all legends and stories (witness the assimilation of the heathen Pantheon) tends to hide true origins. Miss Weston, however, has very learnedly made out a good case, and doubtless many will accept her conclusions.

More Thraliana

The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington, 1788-1821. Edited by OSWALD G. KNAPP. With Thirty Illustrations. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

MRS. PIOZZI, previously Mrs. Thrale, shines in literary history only in the reflected light of the great Dr. Johnson. If the lexicographer had not deigned to accept the hospitality of the Streatham brewer, if he had not conducted a correspondence with his hostess there, and if he had not afforded her the opportunity of later publishing her reminiscences of the literary giant of the Eighteenth Century it is probable that Mrs. Thrale would have been quite unknown to fame. Dr. Johnson was friendly, however, only with Mrs. Thrale. With Mrs. Piozzi, as she became on her second marriage, he refused to have any communication. In his eyes she had committed the triple offence of marrying a foreigner, a papist and a music-master. For such an enormity Johnson never forgave her. His resentment was shared by practically the whole of the circle of which Mrs. Thrale had been the centre at Streatham, and from the day of her second marriage one may say that most of the celebrities with whom she had previously been acquainted passed out of her life.

As a consequence, the present volume of some two hundred letters, none of which had hitherto been published, ought not to raise very great expectations. If it does there will certainly be disappointment. The correspondent to whom they were addressed, Penelope Weston, afterwards Penelope Pennington, was a lady who never gained an entry into literary history. She was at the most merely an admirer of the genius of her friends and acquaintances. She was one of the few who did not desert Mrs. Piozzi on her second marriage, but she was able to give her but little news of the world from which her correspondent was exiled, and the latter could give her none in exchange. Practically the only celebrity who appears in these letters, otherwise than as a distant figure, is Mrs. Siddons. With her and her family Mrs. Piozzi remained intimate. Nevertheless, these two hundred letters throw no new light on the career of perhaps the greatest actress England has known. Apart from the Siddons family,

one catches a glimpse now and then of a few other well-known figures. The banker-poet, Rogers, was one of the several suitors for the hand of Mrs. Piozzi's youngest daughter. Mention is made of a chance meeting with the actress, Elizabeth Farren, after she had become Lady Derby; Mrs. Piozzi mentions accepting once or twice the hospitality of the Ladies of Llangollen. To her, as well as to all others who knew or knew of them, some degree of mystery in connection with them was apparent. "The unaccountable knowledge these Recluses have of all living books and people and things is like magic; one can mention no one of whom the private history is unknown to them."

These letters consist for the most part of small talk of little if any interest to anyone besides the two correspondents. There is an occasional remark about or inquiry concerning a member of the larger world, and in particular during the earlier half of the period covered by the correspondence. Mrs. Piozzi furnishes many reflections on the course of the then contemporary revolution in France. As a consequence of events on the Continent the shadow of the fear of invasion not infrequently falls across these pages. Otherwise, the principal topics of correspondence are Mr. Piozzi's gout so long as he lived and the ungrateful treatment meted out to her by her daughters, and also, it must be admitted, in the later days by her adopted son on whose behalf Mrs. Piozzi almost impoverished herself. The writer of these letters suffered many griefs and sorrows in the course of her long life, but these had no result in souring her disposition. The sweetness of it grows more apparent as the years pass, and at the end one cannot forbear from loving the lonely old figure waiting patiently and uncomplainingly for death; never losing her courage, her cheerfulness or her serenity; setting an example to all who came in contact with her. For her, death had neither terror nor repulsion. She looked towards the end as all may hope to look as their time approaches. "I have an appointment to keep with dear Piozzi, whom I brought out of his own sweet country to lie in the vault he made for me and my ancestors at Dymerchion, where I am most willing to keep him company."

Mr. Knapp connects the letters by means of a copious commentary, which nevertheless is, in parts, insufficient thoroughly to elucidate the text. The reading would have been easier if there had been some readier means of differentiating the comment from the text, preferably by the use of varying type. The illustrations are suitable and well produced, and all interested in Mrs. Thrale and her period will be grateful to both the editor and the publisher of the volume.

Continuing its tour of the world, the Quinlan Opera Company is leaving Australia for Canada and the United States. On the return of the Company to England next autumn Mr. Quinlan will give a short season in the provinces, and present in English Wagner's "Parsifal," D'Albert's "Tiefland," and Ferrier's "Monna Vanna," in addition to the 29 operas already in his repertoire.

An Observant Motorist

A Motor Tour Through Canada. By T. W. WILBY.
Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

DREAMS of a united Canada, of Canada as an Imperial granary, and of the development of other aspects of the Dominion are, as the author points out, in a fair way to full realisation; but in his last paragraph he advances a plea for "the Canada of the scenic road," and in his book is eloquent justification of it. Few English folk realise that there is not yet a trans-continental road across Canada; that even as far east as the lands bounded on the south by Lake Superior the car had to be shipped, since the lake formed the only means of transit, while farther west the difficulties of the tracks—for they cannot be called roads—were numberless, and in British Columbia the adventurers bumped their car from sleeper to sleeper along the railway, since there was not even a track to follow.

The book is brilliantly kaleidoscopic, for its author has not only rushed across a continent, but has also recorded faithfully the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the people he met on the way. His illustrations are excellent, and the text of the work is no whit behind them. Humour comes in with the Monckton Bore, in Eastern Canada, and reaches its zenith with the advent of the Man of Statistics, 'way out in the very far West. The east had its peculiarities. "When it came to the prospect of tackling Choctaw perpetrations like Tontimogouchiasibash and the full-flavoured Pugwashsourispagdhaliochau, I gave order to change our course and fled," with good reason, too. Mere Welsh would tremble here.

Conservatism, the author records, is the keynote of life in the eastern provinces; there are settled conditions and a solid, bounded population. Along the St. Lawrence is more of French than English Canadian influence, with religion as "the dominant and insistent note of the highway," in the form of crosses by the wayside. So steep is the road into Quebec that the car was backed up it, forward progress being found impossible, and "all Gaul collected on the side-walks."

There are in the book, when in company with its author one has reached farther west than Quebec, full details of the Canadian "rules of the road," for motorists in the streets of the cities. There is a note on Ottawa water which grants the author absolute freedom in the noble company of exaggerators, and there is a plea that Canada should waken to the need for intellectual progress as well as for muscular and commercial development. It is only too true that the Dominion has as yet produced hardly a writer of note, nor has one of her citizens yet achieved great prominence in any art or science. Hurried and busied over commercial and agricultural aggrandisement, Canada is far behind in the race for intellectual fitness and development, and the time draws near, with the increasing settlement of the country, when this will count as a

drawback. There is plenty of welcome for muscle, but little for brains.

This, together with the plea for a trans-continental highway, is one of the things in which the author bids Canada bestir herself. Commercially, the Canadian is already astir, and in the right way, too. "He does not call for Demagogy or Socialism or Labour organised against the forces of Capital to win his position among his fellow men, only sterling work, ability, and willingness"—Canada wants the best, and to them she will give of her best, while the wastrels remain in the Old Country to organise strikes and foment labour unrest.

But that is apart from the work before us. The author has written a racy, fascinating story of an exceedingly interesting tour. It is not a dry catalogue of things even, but a breezy, intimate record of experience, a work of value to students of Canada, a witty, humorous book, and one to which we accord a hearty welcome.

A Roguish Satirist

Vices in Virtues, and Other Vagaries. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is quite possible that Shakespeare, when he optimistically contended that "there lives some soul of goodness in things evil," would have been prepared to admit that there is also an element of truth in the converse proposition. That some soul of badness—or, at any rate, of undesirableness—resides in many things which are universally accounted lovely and of good report is a no less tenable thesis; and it is one with which excellent play has been made by the anonymous author of as smart a collection of satirical essays as we have encountered for some time past. The writer's humour is, in every sense of the term, good humour; his eye for the drawbacks that attend attributes and achievements of the conventionally admirable sort is unerringly keen; and he delivers his shrewd hits with a slyly deprecating air and an obvious sense of enjoyment which we confess to having found refreshing and wholly irresistible.

No great amount of penetration, it may be, is needed for the business of indicating the "vices" which attach themselves to much of the organised charity of the day, though it has seldom been done with such combined lightness and sureness of touch as here; and it may be objected with some point that to represent the "innocent" pursuit of gardening as an occupation conducive to the commission of all or most of the seven deadly sins is a mere humorous *tour de force*. But it is in his wickedly effective presentation of "the other side of the shield" in respect of certain generally admired qualities of mind and character that our author shows himself, for all his conscious exaggeration, a really observant moral philosopher. Who will fail to recognise the truth which underlies his paradoxical contention that there is such a "vice" as that of loving

people—relations and others—without liking them in the least? Who will not revel in his denunciation of the hard tyranny of "commonsense," that triple armour of unsympathetic narrowness and bullying self-sufficiency? So, too, with his laughing indictment of the evils that spring from unselfishness, and of the unwitting maleficence of people who yield blind and unreasoning worship to the fetish of what they call their "principles." In these and other instances we find touches of a gay wisdom which, lightly winged as it is, hits its mark with sure and effective aim.

In two of the essays, oddly enough, we find their author reversing his usual practice, and seeking for us the soul of goodness in things evil. That he is convincing in his exposition of "The Joys of Indigestion" we are not prepared to admit; but many who have invalid friends will doubtless find an unholy delight in his consideration of the subject of "Ill-Health as a Profession." Among the "other vagaries" included in this diverting miscellany, there is a disquisition on "The Ungentlemanliness of Ladies" which, in view of its temptation to "feminist" reprisals, may possibly help to explain the author's preference for anonymity. He has not been over-kind to the members of what he himself acknowledges to be "a much-abused race" in his sprightly essay on "Reviewing." But we freely forgive him for the sake of the genuine pleasure we have derived from an exceptionally clever and entertaining little book.

The Machinery of Mind

A Manual of Psychology. By G. F. STOUT, LL.D. Third Edition. (University Tutorial Press. 8s. 6d.)

DR. STOUT'S manual is too well known to need any introduction. The present edition, however, contains extensive and important changes. Two chapters, those on "Instinct" and "Attention," have been added. The leading motive of the former is an exegesis upon the proposition that "instinctive behaviour is essentially conditioned by intelligent consciousness." The criticism which we are impelled to pass upon this chapter, as upon a great deal of the work, is that, however interesting and illuminating disquisitions on these and similar topics may be, their connection with the proper subject of the book is not easily seen, and the result of their inclusion is to throw upon the unfortunate student the almost intolerable burden of 736 pages of compressed wisdom. Fully one-half of this number is concerned with metaphysics pure and simple, and the author is at no pains to utilise the lessons taught by the metaphysician to throw light upon the difficult places in the study of psychology.

We are perfectly at one with Dr. Stout when he tells us that the great error to avoid is "sketchiness"; that the "study of psychology is of no use to the student unless he is able to live himself into psychological

problems"; that cut and dried statements are of not much use, and so forth. While giving the learned author credit for realising these facts and for the best intentions of avoiding the mistakes made by so many of his predecessors, we must confess that he has too often fallen into the very errors which he was so anxious to avoid. He uses, for example, the old fallacious phraseology concerning that nightmare of the student, the problem of consciousness. The unfortunate tyro is left to believe as best he may that consciousness is something *per se*, a self-subsisting unity. He might equally well be invited to study digestion without reference to the activities of the digestive organs or the properties of the substances digested. The author goes at very great length into the relative merits of the opposing modes of thought regarding the problem of consciousness known as "parallelism" and the theory of "interaction." To any save the skilled metaphysician both of these so-called explanations are equally futile. Conscious processes do not "accompany" nervous processes: they are themselves nervous processes. And to say that conscious processes "interact" with nervous processes is as if one were to say that autumn interacts with falling leaves. Conclusion after conclusion is vitiated by the failure to break away from the hypnotic spell of a phraseology formulated before mankind had even the very vaguest knowledge of the essential factors of the problem.

These threadbare shibboleths matter nothing to the modern seeker after truth. It suffices him to know that from time immemorial men have concerned themselves with these futile inquiries into reality, and the multitude of difficulties evolved from the depths of their own minds, and that they are as far from a final solution as ever they were. What concerns him is to get a living grasp on the vital substance of the matter before him, to attain some clear conception of the mechanism and working of this delicate piece of machinery which we call "the mind." He is no longer to be satisfied with the customary bare statement that there happen to exist such things as nerves and sensitive organs and muscles and a brain. In sober truth, psychology as distinct from psycho-physiology is an outworn creed. It has made desperate and pitiable attempts to assimilate itself to changed conditions and has merely rendered itself ridiculous thereby. The reader's consolation must be that the dawn of better things is at hand. That we may hope to possess one day a real science of psychology the constant references in this voluminous work to the elementary teachings of psycho-physiology would alone suffice to show.

A new book, entitled "In Far New Guinea," is sure to be welcome. The author, Mr. Henry Newton, has spent many years in the island in closest touch with the natives, and has a wealth of information to impart concerning their work, customs, cannibalism, sorcery, feasts, and tabus, together with interesting observations on the nature and resources of the country. The book will be published by Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co.

The Stormy Petrel of Spanish Art

Francisco Goya: A Study of the Work and Personality of the Eighteenth Century Spanish Painter and Satirist. By HUGH STOKES. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE romance of the late eighteenth century in Spain is told in this finely-conceived biography of Goya by Mr. Hugh Stokes. The author is by no means content to give us all the known facts in connection with this master's life and work—they are not very full or illuminating—but he presents us with a lively and careful consideration of the society in which his hero lived and the ever-changeful circumstances in which he did his brilliant work.

Goya is a most difficult subject. In the first place, his work varied immensely; side by side with his most delectable portraits you will find his weakest drawing and poorest painting. And then he was catholic in his gifts or tastes; just as you have decided to consider him as a painter of church decoration, you find that you must make a close study of his often rococo but excellent cartoons for the tapestry factory of Santa Barbara, or that he is accepting commissions for delicate and charming *genre* compositions or designing his long list of aqua-tints and etchings which made him famous all over Europe as the inventor of *Los Caprichos*. He mastered lithography in its earliest years. Above all, he was a portrait-painter of extremely uneven achievement until the last years of his long life, during which time his genius blossomed like the rose.

When you have realised that he is the devoted student of Velazquez you will find his beautiful, free little paintings of children owe something to Murillo; when you most feel the influence of Anton Rafael Mengs—who was forced into pseudo-classicism by Winckelmann—you will learn that Correggio taught Goya much, and that the work of Titian and Tiepolo gave him help. Even the famous Frenchmen, like Watteau and Fragonard, showed him the way to some delicious pictures. One could continue the list, but to what purpose, since Goya was still always himself and always intensely Spanish. He has been spoken of as the Hogarth of his country, and Mr. Stokes shows us that one of Goya's many portraits of himself gives us a man very much of the same style as the English painter of social satires—and many better works. But you cannot label Goya in so simple a way. His nature, like his art, was bold, uncertain, infinitely strong and all-embracing.

That the same man should have painted "La Vendemia," the artificial and elegant vintage tapestry cartoon, and have drawn the vague yet *macabre* horrors of the *Caprices*, that he should have made dozens of dignified church decorations of no great distinction, and then painted the frescoes of San Antonio de la Florida so light-heartedly as to suggest the sort of work in colour that Offenbach accomplished in music, was perfectly natural to him. These diversities will appear remarkable only to those who have not studied the heart of man nor made themselves

acquainted with the million moods of a genius. But it is difficult to tell the story of such a one and his art even in a volume of nearly four hundred well-considered pages.

Mr. Hugh Stokes is not, however, affrighted in the least by his chosen task. He adventures among the biographical recriminations of a dozen writers on Goya in a keen, sympathetic and critical mood. He shows us every point of view, but he invariably holds to his own without hesitation or the slightest vagueness. When he can use the research or opinions of those who have gone before him, such as Lafond, Charles Yriarte, Mr. William Rothenstein, or fifty others, he does so boldly, with acknowledgment, of course; but when his views vary from those of previous writers on the subject, Mr. Stokes is not worried: he uses his own acute sense of the most likely result of circumstances about which he is well informed with perfect surety and clearness. The result is one of the most delightful biographies of an extraordinary personage and gifted artist that has been published for many years.

The personality of Goya is said to have attracted and subdued those with whom he held social intercourse. There is nothing, however, to prove his charm even in so meticulous a study as that by Mr. Stokes. But then Goya was a genius and, in a sense, the archetype of a Spaniard of his particular period. Charles VI was a stupid king but a good sportsman, who greatly admired the art of Goya because the painter understood and loved shooting and the romance and bravery of the bull-ring. Most women loved Goya's powerful character and overwhelming physique, his violent passions and his daring, confident nature. He, too, loved women and loved humanity, and we should think gave more than he took from those about him, as all artists do. But he also claimed much, and was ready to face the world in any circumstances throughout the greater part of eighty years.

There were, however, periods of some kind of nervous affection which are not clearly accounted for by his foreign biographers nor the latest English student of his life and work. Some have supposed that his brain may have suffered from time to time and that many of his most violent drawings, such as the decorations of his own house, are the result of some mental aberration. We think otherwise. The normal personality of a gifted artist may at any time produce such extraordinary results and works so varied as those of Goya. Of this any reader of the present work can judge, for Mr. Stokes presents every side of the question clearly and without bias. But even apart from the intrinsic value of the subject, "Francisco Goya" will be, we think, enjoyed, because Mr. Stokes shows that he himself has great pleasure in writing on the world of art in Spain of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. His wide sympathy for, and intense appreciation of, the masterpieces of art generally colour his valuable work throughout and produce the effect of a conversation on a subject we love with a friend in whose views we are warmly interested.

E. M.

Fiction

Rough Hewers. By AGNES L. NEILD. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

THIS is evidently a first novel, and its author handles English awkwardly; there is too much of the story, for it is cumbered with inconsequential and slightly irrelevant things, while most of its characters are old acquaintances of the hardened fiction reader. Giacomo Durant, certainly, is a well drawn figure—a singer who was beloved by a woman far too good for him, and who married a little shop girl, Sylvia, who took to drink after her child was born. But Clement Heathcote, the earnest young curate who damaged his health working in a poor parish, and Margaret, who loved Giacomo but married Clement in the end, are stock figures, of the type beloved of serial writers. Not that these serial writers did not know their business, but the material they used is growing a trifle threadbare. There is a fire in the book, well depicted, but evidently contrived for the purpose of getting rid of Giacomo when the author had no further use for him. We cannot recommend the book as interesting, for it belongs to the manufactured order, and, except for Giacomo, there is not a single character who moves other than in marionette fashion, with the strings in full view.

Marama. By RALPH STOCK. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

IT may be alleged that "Marama" is an improbable story, but, at all events, it is an interesting one, and that is more than can be said of many ordinary works of fiction. Marama, the daughter of an Englishman and his Samoan wife, is placed at a boarding-school at St. Leonards-on-Sea at the age of four. The girl is sufficiently fair not to betray her half-caste origin, of which fact she is kept in ignorance until she returns to her mother's land, just before she enters womanhood. Here she finds her father a slave to drugs and entirely in the hands of his unscrupulous son-in-law, a white man who had married Marama's only sister—a dusky maiden inheriting her mother's swarthy colouring. Marama is now faced with a problem. Brought up for all the years she remembers as a European, what is she to do in this land of her birth? Is she to maintain her English training, or shall she throw in her lot with her sister and her mother's people? The balance is well kept by the author throughout many chapters of the book. The English training pulls and so do the inherent instincts of the heathen woman. To add to her indecision, a native chief proposes to make her his wife, while an English fugitive rescues her when she is madly dancing before an assembly of Fijians. Force of circumstance and her love in the end decide the matter. The plot is well conceived and well worked out; and because it is on unusual lines the story is all the more enjoyable.

The Thing in the Woods. By MARGERY WILLIAMS.
(Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

MYSTERY-STORIES with ghostly thrills in them are growing fewer, possibly because the Psychical Research Society has transformed so many spooks into commonplace and rather depressing things; so that when we come across a yarn with a real thrill in it, we are not over captious with regard to its probability, or the manner of its telling. This is a real mystery story concerning the likelihood of an uneducated Yankee Dutchman turning into a thing with long nails that made awful scratches on people, and caused sundry horrors in some Pennsylvanian woods at odd times. Lycanthropy is given at the end as the partial solution of the mystery, but the author is wise in not turning up all the lights—a thing guessed at is always twice as impressive as a thing known.

For an American story, with an American doctor as its hero, there is very little American ring about the book; save for one old darkey and his rabbit's foot, the whole story, the people, and the language, are thoroughly English. This, however, is a detail, though a few more Yankee traits in the characters would have made the whole thing more probable; in the meantime, bearing in mind the scarcity of thrilling stories, we welcome this as a fairly good one. The scene in the pit of the ruined sawmill is gruesome enough for anyone, and there is, of course, a love interest by way of relief.

Joan's Green Year. By E. L. DOON. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE novel written in the form of letters had at one time a distinct vogue, and certain fugitive attempts to resuscitate it have been made within the last few years. They have not been crowned with any conspicuous success. If Miss (or Mrs.) Doon shares the fate of most of her predecessors, it will be in some measure because she has chosen an art form which is hopelessly *demodé*. The story, too, strikes one as a trifle thin. Joan Caneley goes down to a manor farm to spend a holiday. She remains there for a year, during which time she contrives to fall in love with an amiable publisher with a weak heart, whom she ultimately marries. There are a number of sketches and impressions of country life. But the people one meets in these pages do not strike us as real. We do not say that the author herself has not met them; but if she has it is evident that they were on their best behaviour at the time. To enjoy "*Joan's Green Year*" one should read it in patches. There is some very pleasant humour, and a sufficient stock of sentiment to equip a library of young ladies' fiction. But—to be quite candid—a little of it goes a long way. It belongs to the class of literature known as "bedroom books." The purpose of these works is, we believe, to induce sleep by easy stages.

Mary's Marriage. By EDMUND BOSANQUET. (John Long. 6s.)

THE task would not be an easy one to say how many stories have been written in a similar way to "*Mary's Marriage*." A girl engaged or about to marry the wrong man, and after many complications, more or less ingenious, as the case may be, finding her true love in the end, of course, with a good setting and excellent character-drawing, can make quite an ordinary or commonplace plot well worth working out; but neither is excellent in this story. The scene is laid, for the most part, in Ireland, and political events are touched on in the course of the story. The reader is left with the impression that Mary is a charming woman, that her true lover well deserved the prize, and that the false one had his just punishment in losing her; but in a long novel we want a little more than this—not to be able to be quite so certain as to what will happen in the last chapter as soon as we have read the first. Interest flags, and the reader is tempted to skip many pages when there is nothing left to arouse curiosity as the story drags to its close.

The Elusive Wife. By R. PENLEY. (John Long. 6s.)

THE scene of action in this story is laid principally in Tenandria, a small and almost unknown kingdom on the Adriatic. A man of wealth and position is seriously injured in a motor-car accident. Thinking himself on the point of death, and knowing that his property would be inherited by a worthless relative of the worst type, he pays an unknown girl £1,000 to become his wife, so that she may inherit his fortune. She disappears at once, and he slowly recovers. Years afterwards, husband and wife meet; but as he was swathed in bandages at the time of the hasty wedding, his wife does not recognise him, more especially as in the meantime he had inherited an uncle's title. Complications are caused by their falling in love with each other, since she believes herself married to another man. Many distinct types of characters are portrayed; some good, others unscrupulous and cruel, who exercise more or less influence on the lives of the hero and heroine.

The Romance of Tristan and Iseult. Drawn from the Best French Sources and Re-told by J. BEDIER. Rendered into English by H. Belloc. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE old story of Tristan and Iseult is here told with good effect. None of the pathos of the story is missing in the translation, and many details are supplied not always to be found in other versions. The finish varies from that of one of the latest operatic productions, but the whole tone of tragedy is maintained, the difference being only in the death scene.

Occultists and "Magic"

INTERESTING to the general playgoer, to the occultist Mr. Chesterton's play constitutes a curious phenomenon. Its value as a contribution to occult thought is nil, yet as a "sign of the times" the psychologist cannot afford to overlook it; indeed, it gives much food for thought.

What are the facts? A stage-play appears, frankly entitled "Magic," and frankly about "magic," written, strange to say, by a sturdy champion of the normal, an ardent apologist (in an unexcited world) of Christianity, a sparkling dealer in paradox, an anti-faddist, anti-feminist, a sprightly refuser of all serious topics. What is he doing in this *galère* of "magic," and what is his play doing at the Little Theatre, where the vibrations of "Fanny" and of Miss Cicely Hamilton's point of view must be still so strong? If Mr. Chesterton has desired to achieve a supreme paradox, certainly he has succeeded—that no one will deny. Or, to go to the other extreme, does he really intend us to take him seriously? Let us do so for a moment, even at the risk of his thinking us absurd. His recent book on Blake must be our excuse.

The play, if it is anything, is a defence of the super-physical. To what section of the public is it, then, directed? Whom is it expected to convince? The audience at the Little Theatre is usually composed of fairly well-equipped people, or, at any rate, the theatre has that reputation. Surely such an audience is likely to contain a certain number of actual experts in occult matters, while even the exoteric intellectual may be credited with some little working knowledge of most branches of current thought.

What have such people to learn or gain from the propaganda of "Magic"? Nothing. They will go, once, out of curiosity, but they will leave with a smile, with a feeling of irritation, a feeling of disappointment and regret. And the others—the less well-equipped members of the audience? If they are insensitive, they will probably decide that the whole play was rather a fuss about nothing, and remember gratefully the brighter moments of the Duke; while if they are sensitive, they may be left with an unpleasant and most false consciousness that "evil spirits" are the strong powers in the world.

What is Mr. Chesterton's own point of view, one wonders. Is he an accomplished occultist, concealing from a chilly world much esoteric knowledge under the effectual veil of this very *naïve* and odd little play? Or does "Magic" represent the sum total of his knowledge and convictions? If so, one is sorry, for he does not seem to have advanced beyond some slight acquaintance with the evil or negative side of the hidden powers.

It is as well to say at once that the prologue forms a notable exception, for that, taken by itself, seems to imply that the author has a very real and exquisite sense of the fair, hidden things of Nature. All that Mr. Chesterton has to say about fairies we shall take

seriously, whether he likes it or not. But as the play develops, disappointment follows on disappointment. It is natural to compare it with "A Message from Mars," but the comparison is not favourable to "Magic." "A Message from Mars" was a convincing and coherent affair because the appeal was frankly to the imagination, not to a belief in the unseen world. On that understanding we could accept anything. But in "Magic"—unless the words, "a fantastic comedy," save the situation—we are definitely asked to believe in certain psychic phenomena, and it is at this point that the occultist very naturally feels he has something to say. The production of such a play as "Magic" (not the play itself, be it understood) is an important event to those actively interested in the spread of mysticism. Occultists welcome the appearance on so distinguished a stage, and by a most gifted author, of a play dealing with their special subject. They feel it is an indication that this subject occupies the mind of the critical, intellectual public increasingly, and, most important of all, that art and occultism are beginning to join hands.

But at this point satisfaction ends. Occultists visit the play, a little wondering, but hoping that their beliefs are to be nobly vindicated. The disillusionment is complete. What of the actual "magic," the theme of the whole work?

Alas! it is not of any very great importance. A red lamp becomes blue, certain "presences" make themselves felt in the Duke's drawing-room; there is a good deal of talk about "séances," "mediums," "spiritualistic circles," and so forth, which all sounds curiously ancient and suggestive of the old Leech drawings in *Punch*, where hands on waggly wires gave thrills to ladies in crinolines and gentlemen with side-whiskers.

How are we to reconcile this nonsense with the exquisite faith which breathes from every line of the prologue?

I have called the play *naïve*, and to the occultist it must seem so; but it cannot be considered negligible, for though "older souls" may smile at the portentousness and mystery which are thrown round some rather elementary psychic matters, they must also regret extremely that such stress should be laid on the merely evil and trivial side of super-physical existence. That can only do harm. Moreover, it is (perhaps quite unintentionally and from lack of proper knowledge) an unfair presentation of the position of occult thought to-day, which has advanced beyond the trivial and sensational manifestations that unfortunately made such a strong appeal to popular imagination in mid-Victorian times.

One is left to a general conclusion that as Mr. Chesterton's play makes one angry, there is probably "something in it." But that "something" is certain not a satisfactory *apologia* for the truths of occult science. If it was not Mr. Chesterton's intention to make such a defence, then the play seems to rest on no foundation at all. But the situation remains curious, and to the student of current events, interesting.

I. E. E.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

DECEMBER.—A very interesting feature of this number is the address delivered by Professor Max Planck on his installation as Rector of Berlin University. He treats of the present position of Physical Science—of the need for new definitions and fresh examination—of the developments of the atomic theory. Interesting also is Hoffmann's journal, kept during his employment in Posen under Government during 1802-4, and edited by Herr Hans von Müller. Herr Dickhuth appears to have really concluded his account of the War of Liberation, for the French are all back across the Rhine. The present article deals chiefly with results and general considerations, such as the perfidy of English policy, but there are still some fascinating details. The troops of Yorck, for example, were still wearing, it appears, at the end of the campaign, the clothes they started in for Russia. Charlotte Lady Blennerhasset has some vivid reminiscences of Victorian England as she saw it when she came to live there in 1871.

LA REVUE.

November 15.—"Comte And. . . ." plumbs unknown depths of private history in his "souvenirs" of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife. M. Finot's answer to the question: "Sommes-nous plus heureux qu'autrefois?" — some delightfully irresponsible Faguet, and letters of Champfleury are other features of the number.

December 1.—M. Léo Claretie, who is the prime mover in the Victor Hugo celebrations to be held in Guernsey this year, reviews the poet's existence in the Channel Islands, basing himself chiefly on notices in the *Gazette Officielle* of Guernsey. They confirm the received opinion that Victor Hugo must have been a difficult guest. Princess William Radziwill continues her somewhat scandalous notes on the personages of the Court of Berlin round about 1870. M. Nordau has an article; there are reproductions of studies by Albert Besnard; and there is an interesting illustrated article on "la forme des sons."

December 15.—Mr. Norman Angell's doctrine may be read *in petto* in his "lettre ouverte aux Etudiants français"; he appeals to the French as the pioneers of ideas to help him to realise his own particular ideal. M. Faguet, on an obscure Belgian philosopher, Geulincx, is almost at his best. M. Romain Rolland writes on Stendhal's connection with music and his early biographies of musicians.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

November 16.—M. Champault concludes his Homeric studies with a collection of not wholly convincing puns discovered in the *Odyssey*, and gives reason for supposing that the whole *Odyssey* was an allegory. M. Marcel Coulon breathes a little life into that over-exercised figure, Arthur Rimbaud, and M. Stuart Merrill refutes

aspersions on Walt Whitman's morality. Unpublished reflexions of Grétry on Diderot are given.

December 1.—M. Emile Laloy fears that French, which has already sunk from the first to the third place as a scientific language, will soon fall entirely out of the running. M. Dermée writes warmly of Laurence Sterne. There is an amusing story in M. Boyer d'Agen's account of Fernand Pelez, and there is some Lafcadio Hearn, translated by Marc Logé.

December 16.—M. H. D. Davray borrows and presents facts about Rabindranath Tagore. The *Mercur* plumes itself, not unreasonably, on having first introduced the great Hindu to Frenchmen. M. van Gennep analyses the effects of Islam in Algeria, and concludes that it is the enemy of civilisation. Among the "inédits" are two letters of Rimbaud (!) and the plan of a novel by Stendhal.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

November 15.—M. Lebrun, deputy, advises the equipment of Papeete, Guadeloupe, etc., for coaling and other purposes, in view of the Panama Canal. Translations of Sir Herbert Tree, on "Hamlet," and Lafcadio Hearn, by Marc Logé, are also to be found in this number.

November 22.—M. Lebrun continues. M. Dumont-Wilden is admirable on the Prince de Ligne. A lecture by M. Hanotaux is reproduced in this and the following numbers, showing how the question of the "drapeau blanc" affected the fate of France and of the Comte de Chambord. M. L. Maury on M. Bertrand's "Saint Augustin" and M. Magne on "Le Verre dans l'Antiquité" are also interesting.

November 29.—A lecture by President Woodrow Wilson, on the place of literature in modern life, runs through two numbers.

December 6.—M. Lémonon admires the resourcefulness of our present cabinet. M. Flat has a fine appreciation of Pierre Loti. A brilliant lecture by M. Boutroux, delivered to the students of Princeton University, on the relations between Science and Culture, will be found in this and the following numbers. M. Boutroux protests eloquently against scientific dogmatism, and maintains that there is a study of man as such that is outside the jurisdiction of science.

December 13.—A very sensational account is begun, by an anonymous writer, of the intrigues and military orders leading to the opening of hostilities between the Bulgarians and Servians; General Savof seems to be aimed at as the person responsible for the Bulgarian débâcle. M. Fournol asks whether diplomatic relations with the Vatican could not be resumed. Unpublished letters of Chateaubriand exhibit the writer as "un grand ministre des Affaires étrangères."

LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

November 15.—A very long review deals with M. Louis Reynaud's "Origines de l'Influence française en Allemagne."

November 22.—Sir G. Maspero notices among other

things the publication of certain important papyrus from the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

November 29.—Nietzsche's philological studies, recently published, are noticed by M. Théodore Reinach and M. Legras deals with many books treating of Russian history and literature.

December 6.—M. Chuquet, in a long article, disposes finally, we imagine, of M. Battifol as a serious historian. He also deals rather harshly with the "Duroc" of Commandant de La Tour.

December 13.—M. Pernot dismisses as uninteresting forgeries certain letters purported to have been found by the Bulgarians among the Greek baggage, and containing revelations of Greek atrocities.

LA SOCIÉTÉ NOUVELLE.

November.—The greater part of this number is devoted to reviews. The inaugural address of the new Rector of the Université Nouvelle is given, as well as a very interesting defence of Mathematics as a branch of culture by Professor Laisant of the same university.

Present-Day Paper and Posterity

"OF the making of many books there is no end"; if expert report speaks true, of many books made there will be an end. For this the exigencies of the modern paper market will be responsible. Much of the paper manufactured to-day, it is generally agreed, will not endure. It is compounded of materials that in due time will be resolved into their elements, and fifty or a hundred years hence some of the tomes which are now regarded as fine samples of the combined arts of papermaker, printer, and binder will be just shells, containing no more than a mass of debris. I make no pretence to understand the character of the ingredients which go to form so large a proportion of the so-called art papers of to-day. One knows that they are mineral and wood compounds, very different in character from the old-time rags. During a year I handle hundreds of new books and hundreds of old books. One takes up volume after volume a century, two centuries old, and with very rare exceptions they are almost as perfect as in the days when they were put through the more or less primitive printing press. Will it be possible for posterity, for the student in the year 2000, to say the same of the books we are turning out? I doubt it. Not long ago I was examining a work, to my mind of great historical interest, in the presence of a papermaker. He agreed it was a fine production, but he volunteered the statement that the paper would not last. "It will probably become so brittle in the course of twenty or thirty years," he said, "that any attempt to turn over the pages will end in disaster, and in time librarians will be in despair as to what should be done to preserve their treasures from hopeless and irretrievable decay." The cynic will, of course, promptly put in here: "It will be no loss to posterity if the

majority of present-day books do disappear. It is appalling to think of the mass of worthless stuff now being poured into libraries which are expected to find them a permanent resting-place, lest some wretched man in the dim and distant future may not be able to complete his studies of our banalities without reference to it. Paper warranted to crumble, not in fifty years, but in fifty minutes, would be a providential dispensation, and save posterity and the librarian from much profitless toil and anxiety."

However true that may be, it is not the province of the present to judge what the future may deem to be of advantage to the student. We to-day can only arrive at what we think to be the truth as to the past by calling many witnesses to the bar. Often in the most unlikely quarters we get a clue the following up of which provides a new fact warranting a fresh trial in the Court of History, whilst testimony which from its interest, its literary quality or its method of presentment has been long accepted, may prove to have been a veritable snare. If books are to be preserved, then all should be available. It is not for us, the parties to be judged, to select the documents. It has been the object of the Legislature to give posterity an even better chance than the past has enjoyed, of getting more easily at everything which may be useful to the student. Is that object to be defeated in any single instance as the result of the mechanical devices of the papermaker whose ingenuity provides the publisher with an article which serves its purpose for the occasion only? Books good, bad and indifferent, once published, should be not for an age, but for all time. Of much that passes for literature or learning at the moment we may be ashamed. But our children and children's children must be given the opportunity of studying it if only that a proper posthumous chastisement may be administered. If books as produced will not last, it is obviously necessary that something should be done to safeguard the rights of posterity in the matter. The publisher is compelled to send a certain number of copies of every book to the British Museum and the Libraries of the Universities. The obligation becomes a farce if the books are to vanish before the encroachments of time like ice in a summer sun. Some inquiry more intimate than I am prepared to institute alone should be made, and if it be found that the present-day papers are destined to be resolved into dust then the law should be amended. It should be made obligatory on the part of the publisher to print a minimum number of copies—a dozen would be ample—for public purposes. A special paper, the durability of which was beyond question, would be used; the extra cost would be small in any case, and if the book were of particular value the extra expense might be met and more than met by the demand from private collectors for copies on the specially-made paper. Some publishers will, of course, object; they object even now to having to send out half-a-dozen copies to the public libraries; but if there is anything in the point raised, their objections need not be seriously entertained.

EDWARD SALMON.

Some New French Plays

IT is quite a risky enterprise to adapt for the stage one of Voltaire's satirical *contes*. MM. Régis Gignoux and Charles Méré have, however, fully succeeded in their amusing dramatisation of "L'Ingénu." The adventures of young Huron, suddenly landing in France, his simplicity, his astonished candour, which is continually provoked by the established morals and customs of the day, have been remarkably well presented at the Théâtre Michel. The secret of the success is that the adapters have retained as dialogue whole phrases, one might even say whole pages, of Voltaire's witty work; but, when forced to have recourse to their own imagination, they have certainly not lacked wit, for they rank amongst the brightest young Parisian writers.

The only criticism one might make is that the first and second acts do not contain sufficient preparation in the development of the character of the Jesuit, "Le Père Tout-à-Tous," who, as Mr. Adolphe Brisson justly remarks in *Le Temps*, is a sketch of Basile, prior to Beaumarchais. Those—it is true they are few—who do not know Voltaire's story, which is especially a violent satire against the Jesuits, would be rather surprised and bewildered by the sudden importance taken by the Jesuit, and by the dubiously moral plan he has elaborated, in the wings between the second and third act to assure the deliverance of the Ingénu, young Huron, imprisoned for having rather unceremoniously treated the King's Guards and of assuring for his own self the sympathy of an influential noble, M. de Saint Pouange, who holds a very high position at Court. Otherwise, "L'Ingénu" is undoubtedly the best play of the day in Paris. It is very gay, very light, agreeably salted by that essentially Parisian quality, *l'esprit*. Perhaps in no other work, except in his correspondence, does the genius of Voltaire appear more strikingly than in this story of a young savage suddenly brought into contact with Society. "L'Ingénu" is also remarkably well played. M. Levesque is simply extraordinary in the rôle of the Jesuit; perhaps it is on account of his astonishing creation of the Père Tout-à-Tous that we regret that we do not see more of him during the play.

Mlle. Clémence Isane is a really deliciously fresh, clever, young girl. She has made quite a striking début, and is altogether a worthy descendant of her ancestress, the great Rachel. Mlle. Germaine Reuver is the most amusingly sentimental of old maids, and MM. Guyon fils and Rouger complete an excellent cast. As for M. Harry Baur, he shows his splendid physique to the greatest advantage in his several costumes; his charming, simple laugh is contagious, and he has indicated, with his usual *finesse* of observation, the subtle irony underlying the astonishment of L'Ingénu, whilst making the acquaintance of the established conventions of civilisation.

The Odéon has staged "Rachel," by M. Grillet. The presentation of this work did not take place

without many prohibitions and discussions. The members of Rachel's family refused to have the life of their glorious ancestress depicted on the stage, for they deemed, no doubt, that she has won sufficient claim to immortality, and that M. Grillet's aid towards assuring her a posthumous apotheosis was rather unnecessary, if well meant. And it is to be feared that many persons who have seen the work will be of this opinion!

He has striven to give in dialogue glimpses of all the different phases of Rachel's life. It is, perhaps, rather too ambitious an undertaking. We see her vagabond childhood, her début at the Théâtre Molière, her first triumph at the Comédie Française. At this point, M. Grillet has introduced a sentimental intrigue which does not add much to the interest of the remaining tableaux, and which does not affect us in the least. On the contrary, the figure of Rachel loses rather than gains in strength by the rather easy melodramatic effects drawn from her love for a young officer. However, the play has permitted us to hear a young actress who will certainly have a most interesting career, Mlle. Sephora Mossé, to whom was confided the task of personifying Rachel, when Mlle. Gilda Darthy, to whom the part had been given, definitely renounced playing it because, as she said, she was really too gloriously beautiful! Mlle. Mossé, whose beauty did not prove an impediment, has revealed in her quite satisfying imitation of Rachel an ardour, a conviction, and an enthusiasm which amply justify her successes at the Conservatoire, where she won this year two first prizes. MM. Desfontaines, Gretillat, and Hervé, and Mlles. de France, Luce Colas, and Grumbach battled heroically by the side of their young comrade during the five lengthy acts which, according to his habit, M. Antoine, director of the Odéon, has magnificently staged.

M. Georges Berr is one of the excellent "Sociétaires" of the Comédie Française; he is also a very amusing and successful dramatic author. His vaudevilles are amongst the most irresistible that are written. "Le Million," given some time ago at the Palais Royal, kept delighted audiences just bubbling with laughter during a quite fabulous number of nights. His new play, lately brought out at the Théâtre Femina, is a worthy successor of "Le Million." "Un Jeune Homme qui se tue" will thoroughly amuse all those who spend an evening at the smart little theatre on the Champs Elysées. The intrigue is simple, yet ingeniously complicated.

Vernonnet is a young barrister, also a millionaire—for a barrister, even a French one, this is quite an appreciable quality. He falls in love with Claudine Tourtier, a pretty little simpleton, just because Tourtier *père* refuses to consent to his marriage. It is clearly a case of "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." Vernonnet, in despair, threatens to kill himself: he will do so on the day of Claudine's marriage with somebody else. Happily, his plan is discovered by Marguerite, a charming young stenographer. She warns Claudine,

who is so deeply moved and surprised that Vernonnet should have had the intention of disappearing from this world for her foolish little sake, that she consents to elope with him. And this, for a *bourgeoise* young French girl, is really a very serious step. Whither do they go? Why, to the presbytery of Vernonnet's godfather, the Abbé Oulin, curé of the village of Montsoreau, on the banks of the Loire. The worthy ecclesiastic is a little shocked by the unexpected arrival; however, Claudine is of so delicious a simplicity that she conquers him. And in order that French parents may safely take their daughters to the Théâtre Femina during the holidays, Vernonnet and the Abbé discreetly pass the night at the village inn, whilst Claudine stays at the presbytery with the Abbé's sister.

The third act shows us the arrival of the horrified Tourtier family, piled in the motor-car obligingly lent them by Claudine's discarded fiancé. The dear old Abbé pleads the cause of Vernonnet and Claudine. He does this so well that the Tourtiers, *père et mère*, consent at length to the marriage. The play would seem to end here appropriately. Not at all: by one of those sudden turns so characteristic of M. Berr's imagination, as soon as there is no more opposition to his union with Claudine, Vernonnet discovers that the young girl is possessed of quite a horrid character, whilst she, in turn, cannot restrain herself from squabbling perpetually with him. In order to bring an end to so uncomfortable a state of things, there is Marguerite, whom no one has forgotten. After a succession of amusing episodes, Vernonnet discovers the merits of the sympathetic, pretty, dainty, witty, young stenographer. He marries her, whilst Claudine will live happily for ever after with her patient, neglected fiancé. The last acts are perhaps not quite so good as the first two. One might also reproach "Un Jeune Homme qui se tue" with being of a rather rose-water morality. But sometimes this is not disagreeable. Nevertheless, it is very amusing, quite extraordinarily so; it is also sometimes really touching, and very ably presented. What can one ask more of a vaudeville?

Another piquant feature is that it is acted nearly exclusively by music-hall artists. The Abbé Oulin is represented by Polin, the celebrated *piou-piou chansonnier*, who dressed as a little French soldier sang those military songs which were the joy of the Paris café concerts. Polin, "our national" Polin as he is termed, has proved himself a discreet and subtle comedian. Claudius, another music-hall recruit, in the rôle of a provincial parent, who plays a considerable, though accessory, part throughout the play, has made a very picturesque creation. He possesses astonishing hilarious qualities. Mlle. Jane Danjou is a very pretty, arch, *ingénue*, a charming spoilt child, and a really seductive young person. Madame Bertiny, whose pseudonym simply disguises the author's wife, plays with infinite tact and emotion the sentimental Marguerite. She is, as always, elegant, simple and natural. And as for the barrister

Vernonnet, he is funnily represented by M. Alerme, a very comic comedian.

Amongst other Parisian plays, let us note at the Apollo a new opérette by M. Louis Ganne, "Cocorico," in which Brigitte Régent trills and smiles with her usual irritating monotony. "Mon Bébé" at the Bouffes Parisiens, a French version of "Baby Mine," gives us the rare opportunity, till now withheld from the majority of mortals, of beholding the charming Monna Delza in an exquisite nightgown, which might just as well be worn for a tea gown! At the Variétés, "L'Institut de Beauté," by M. Alfred Capus, shows us one of those beauty specialist establishments; it is to be hoped that amongst the precious phials for sale at the "Institut de Beauté" M. Capus may find one containing a Wit-Restorer! At the Porte St. Martin, the ineffable M. d'Annunzio gives us a female Hamlet, who in lyrical accents emits fine-sounding words, and incomprehensible ideas, and who finally stabs the man who killed her father. And it is very amusing indeed—for half an hour.

MARC LOGE.

Education and Music

THE relation of music to the general scheme of life, and consequently its position in a general scheme of education, is a subject that has been growing in prominence, if not in importance, with remarkable rapidity. Musicians have pushed forward their claims and are doing so now more and more. It is not surprising, therefore, though it is impressive of the seriousness of their intentions, that the subject should be the principal one for discussion at the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and should also form the basis of another complete conference promoted by four leading societies of music-teachers and students. These conferences were held in London during two successive weeks, beginning on December 29 and concluding on January 9.

Both organisations obtained the assistance of Mr. Frank Roscoe, the secretary of the Teachers' Registration Council, a significant fact when it is seen that it was as a general educationist that he spoke. His subjects were: "The Place of Music in a National System of Education" and "The Training of Teachers." In each of his papers the subject of registration came in only as incidental to the broader issues of the application of ground principles. Undoubtedly the most important points in these papers, and in the discussion which they elicited, were those of the need of employing special teachers for such a subject as music, and of securing proper training for them in the art of teaching. Apart from these technical questions, he drew attention to the remarkable fact that, while more is heard of music and musicians, as such, in public life, the art actually takes a smaller place in the life of the educated classes than ever before. In England, music as part of a liberal education reached its zenith in the time of

Queen Elizabeth, when every gentleman was expected to be able to take a part with voice or instrument, or both, in the musical performances which formed one of the chief features of all social gatherings. That it has declined during the last two decades was evident from remarks made on all sides throughout both conferences. Particularly was attention drawn to it in a discussion at the second on "The Decline in the Learning of Stringed Instruments," with the constructive alternative of "Ensemble Classes and How to Encourage Them."

In this discussion teachers of all grades and kinds, headed by Professor Percy Buck, of Harrow, and amateurs headed by Mr. W. W. Cobbett, told direful tales of the diminution of classes and the loss of interest in the study of the violin and its kindred instruments. One redeeming feature of this was that many were studying the pianoforte instead, but there was much complaint of the encroachment of sports, of cards, of dancing, and other amusements, on the time that might well be devoted to art.

Mr. Roscoe was one of the very small number who touched upon the widespread influence and importance of the education given in the elementary schools. Nearly all the others dealt with their subjects entirely from their personal standpoint as teachers in secondary or higher public schools. It is in these, in fact, that the chief difficulties of music as a study, or as a stimulant in the study of other matters, exist. In the elementary schools, music up to a certain point is compulsory. If this is to be of any real service it should extend to the higher-grade schools which many children attend after leaving. There is room, however, in the elementary schools for a better supply of highly-qualified teachers of music. In this respect the other schools usually are better off. As a partial remedy, Mr. Roscoe suggested the grouping of smaller schools for the employment of a specialist, who should supervise the teaching of his own subject.

On the many side-issues much was said in other papers and discussions, some of it of an unnecessarily detailed character, but nearly all eminently practical in its application. From so experienced and successful a teacher as Mr. Stewart Macpherson, of the Royal Academy of Music, advice on "Problems Confronting the Music-Teacher of To-day" was very welcome. The problems with which he dealt were mainly those of a psychological nature, and of the character caused by the artistic temperament of musicians which prevents them from troubling about matters of method and psychology. Mr. Macpherson's insistence on the fact that teaching is in itself an art, an activity of the highest importance which has results of inestimable value in their potentialities, was timely. Though the question of teaching is not left so much now as formerly to the time when actual experience has to be acquired by professional practice, it receives far too little attention from the great colleges and from those who direct the studies of young professional musicians. The need of a sense of responsibility between teacher and pupil, to which he also referred, is closely allied to this, for with

a growth of this sense the need of an adequate preparation will inevitably appear.

The problem which is at the root of everything else is the reason why the pupil desires or is desired to learn music. It is a problem which touches not only the teacher, but all concerned in the life of the child. If the reason is the acquisition of a mere "accomplishment," all this discussion, all this exercise of energy in the direction of improved methods of teaching and of the encouragement of pupils, is wasted. If it is the fuller development of all the emotional and mental powers, then it is only a beginning of what will have to be done in the future. Speaker after speaker insisted upon this point. The inability to play an instrument, the inability to learn how to do so, or even how to sing, does not imply a lack of susceptibility to musical sounds. If it did, then most of the music-teaching, even most performances of music of to-day, would be worse than useless. The art of teaching music is that of creating intelligent listeners, because it is by the intelligent hearing of music that the art can have its widest, if not its fullest, emotional effect. This is gradually becoming realised, and heads of schools are, many of them, meeting the music-teacher half-way. The unanimity of the speakers at both conferences as to the impossibility of teaching, in the older sense of the word, was striking. All agreed that the only thing that can be done, even with the youngest child, is to help the pupil to learn.

The attitude which teachers should adopt towards modern music was a subject on which Mr. Alfred Kalisch gave a most thoughtful paper. He did not dogmatise, or even make any direct suggestions on the subject, but pointed to the fact that modern music is the result of modern feeling, amidst which the child is brought up. In some cases, therefore, though not in all, it might well form the starting-point of the study. The difficulties of modern technique and the danger of approaching too near advanced idioms which may never become established, were referred to in the discussion, but the main principle was generally agreed to.

Other subjects, mainly of technical interest, were dealt with by authorities from various parts of the kingdom. There was also much social intercourse and music-making. The latter included a number of new works, most of which were interesting but none of any commanding genius.

H. A.

The National Liberal *Kölnische Zeitung* for December 19 publishes a warm appreciation of Sir Ernest Cassel and his untiring efforts in the work of furthering a better understanding between his adopted country and the land of his birth. The *Kölnische Zeitung* takes occasion to refer to his generous gift of £100,000 for necessitous English subjects residing in Germany, which fund is under the patronage of the German Empress, and to the same gift granted to him for necessitous Germans residing in this country, for which the King and Queen have consented to be patrons.

The Theatre

"Mary-Girl" at the Vaudeville Theatre

THE new four-act comedy by Mrs. Hope Merrick conforms to all the conventions of play-writing which have been encouraged during the last ten years. It appears made to suit the actors and what is supposed to be the public taste rather than intended to show the natural dramatic development of character.

The plot is elaborate. The caprice of a countess suggests that she shall follow, as exactly as possible, the arrangements made by a foreign Court and hire a foster-mother for her newly born heir, upon terms which prevent the nurse from seeing her own husband and child for at least a year.

Ezra Sheppard is a market gardener, and his wife Mary is young and fair. She is selected to fill the post and receive a large salary. Her husband does not like the idea, but he happens, for the purposes of the play, to be one of those rugged, religious, narrow-minded persons who are determined at all costs to themselves and to those nearest to them to serve what he believes to be the call of his particular creed. In this case his passion is to build "a strong little 'ome for the faithful, seemly in the eye of God." With this end in view he allows the Countess of Folkington to buy his wife, with the result that Mary goes to the castle and is admired and made much of for a long while, and returns to her husband displeased with her old home, with hard work, and especially with the attitude of her once-loved husband. Many small circumstances and bitter tongues eventually bring their disagreements to a point at which Ezra strikes his wife and she leaves him. The life at the castle has utterly changed her point of view. Once in the world of London, she almost starves and comes to shame. Six months pass, and she returns a broken woman to tell her husband of her miserable life. He is awakened from his dream of self-righteousness at last, and rather unconvincingly burns down his chapel, and by this strange act makes peace with his conscience and forgives his wife, and, we presume, enters upon such happiness as is the lot of man.

In the telling of the story we are introduced to a number of fairly well-drawn if not highly interesting characters. Mr. O. B. Clarence plays the good-natured and unimportant Earl of Folkington firmly and with considerable reserve. Miss Dorothy Fane is a sufficiently disagreeable and worldly countess, whose cousin George, to whom she makes love, is made as real as the author will permit by Mr. Charles Kenyon. Various servants are admirably acted, especially an under-nurse by Miss Mary Clare, but they do not hold us very strongly. Among the village people, Miss Mary Brough gives a perfect picture of an elderly gossip who helps forward the action of the play at various points, but it is Ezra and his Mary-girl in

whose fortunes we are invited to be chiefly interested. As Ezra, Mr. McKinnel plays with something more than his usual force and elaborate and considered effect. He is slow, profound, and melancholy—gloomy in manner to the verge of tedium. He possesses his fixed rules of art, and he spares himself nothing in the realisation of his dramatic ideals. Whether such a performance interests the public at large, we do not know, but it is possible that a more varied method would prove, at least, no less engaging. As Mary-girl, Miss May Blayney has a long and difficult part, but she, too, works with admirable skill, and is often both highly effective and touching. At the end of the third act, when she at last turns upon her husband and exposes his unpleasing character to his astonished mind, she rises to a height of power which she has not previously displayed. As a whole, the four acts are not taken quickly enough—a trifling fault which will doubtless be improved away after the anxieties of the first production have passed. Artificiality is the bane of Mrs. Hope Merrick's play; we trust the forcefulness of the acting may prove to be its antidote.

Before "Mary-Girl" Mr. Frederic Norton gives an amusing performance. He is very original and charming in his method and is, in fact, one of those rare birds in the theatrical world—an entertainer who actually entertains. His satire on some kinds of people who recite and a certain form of Italian opera are gay and delightful. We could wish that the long play which follows possessed a little more of such agreeable qualities.

The Pioneer Players in "Paphnutius" at the Savoy Theatre

WHEN Hroswitha, a nun of the Order of St. Benedict, wrote her comedy of the conversion of Thais more than ten centuries ago she doubtless knew, as most artists do, that she was working for all time. And yet one would have to be blessed with a profound understanding of eternity or a conviction of the littleness of time to realise that a play based upon the story of the Conversion of Thais of Alexandria, as told by Rufinus, would be welcomed by a twentieth century audience at the Savoy Theatre to-day. Such, however, seemed the perfectly natural result of the labours of Miss Christopher St. John in translating the Latin play written so long ago with so admirable a motive by the famous nun Hroswitha. Such, too, was the result of the work of the devoted band of "Pioneer Players" under the accomplished guidance of Miss Edith Craig, who as producer and interlocutor respectively, set forth the series of 13 scenes with utmost simplicity and perfect dramatic effect. For, notwithstanding the distance of time between the writing of the original work and the careful translation and production in London, we feel the essence of immortality within the confines of the play.

The passionate enthusiasm for purity felt by Paphnutius when he sought to reclaim Thais from her

life of luxury and lovers still burns, if far less brightly, in our later century. Deeply hidden beneath our materialism, still lie the mystic aspirations of this Abbot of a desert monastery; even now, submerged by the magnificence of their harlotry, our modern examples of the type which Thais represents, feel the desire and longing of the spirit of eternity.

It is not too much to say, as Miss St. John does, that many plays written recently are, in the elemental sense, far more old-fashioned than such a curious example of tenth century work as "Paphnutius."

As the audience are at once in sympathy with the hero and with Thais and with the Abbess and the motif of the play, all that remains is for the actors to convince us. No easy undertaking in any time or place, but no more difficult in Miss St. John's translation than in any other play.

Miss Craig's setting of the scenes is beyond praise. Although we are at the Savoy Theatre of many memories we are mentally transferred in a moment to the dusty desert that lies beyond Alexandria or to the rich rooms of Thais within the city, to the monastery or, indeed, to any scene which the play requires. A few admirable groups of decorative figures, some wide and rich or homely curtains, a few trifling suggestions of furniture and the very place is before us. The effect appears easy enough, but it is in reality the result of infinite skill on the part of Miss Craig and the actors.

Miss Miriam Lewes, as the heroine Thais, is first shown to us in her rich home at Alexandria surrounded by slaves and flowers, jewels and the love of many men. Here her slaves dance for her secret delight. This interlude arranged by Mrs. Lowther may not be strictly in accord with the stage directions of Hroswitha, but it is in the spirit of the period and place of which that dramatist wrote, and the scheme is carried out with charming elegance and, even more dramatically important, it enables us to see something of the character of Thais as she watches the movements of her favourites. This strongly marked Pagan element is broken down when Paphnutius appears before her as a lover and makes himself known to her as a man of God. Hroswitha has chosen to make the conversion miraculously rapid. Soon Miss Lewes, who has given a fully realised picture of the inconstant lover, is transformed into a quiet penitent who follows the Abbot across the desert to the monastery, where beneath the rule of the Abbess she is to work out her redemption. The idea is beautifully suggested by the actress, who displays a depth of feeling and tenderness such as few characters could enable her to show.

Mr. Harcourt Williams does not appear to us to be in appearance quite the handsome, young, ascetic Abbot of the text, but his voice and acting make full amends, and as Paphnutius throughout each scene until the death of the redeemed Thais, when he kisses her "pure hands," "pure lips," "pure eyes," he is earnest and convincing. As the Abbess, Miss Ellen Terry inspired the drama with grace and purity and tenderness and added, with her group of devout nuns, a picturesque

and sombre note to many of the beautiful stage pictures. Mr. Hereward Knight, who as a young monk, Paul, has a vision of Thais in heaven, was one of the many minor characters played with excellent effect.

We hope that we may see "Paphnutius" again, but in any case, all students of the drama owe their warm gratitude to Miss St. John and the Pioneer Players for allowing them to see this inspiring tenth century work under such highly effective conditions.

EGAN MEW.

More Magazines

WE have received the November special issue of the *Triad* from Wellington, New Zealand—an exceptionally interesting number of a paper which has accomplished a great deal, during the twenty-one years of its existence, in the way of educating its readers in musical and literary matters. Apart from sundry items of purely local value, there are several excellent articles by capable writers. Mr. Frank Morton, whose prose is better than his verse, is very amusing on the subject of the young ladies of Sydney, and there is much quiet, acute criticism in his remarks. "The Lure of Melodrama," by D. H., is a plea for an art which appeals to the crowd, and which superior people are too apt to despise. The editorial notes are smart and lively, and fearless in their criticism; one paragraph especially, based on a speech of "Wellington's new humorist," nails to the counter what really must be "the silliest bit of twaddling futility that was ever spoken at a public gathering." With this issue come a musical supplement and an art supplement, the latter especially fine, with capital reproductions of many famous pictures.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December has an excellent study by Mr. H. Fielding-Hall, entitled "England and Ireland," indecisive, but full of insight on this difficult question. "Some Allies of Love," by R. C. Cabot, is an essay well worth reading; "In Belshazzar Court" is a description of life in a large "apartment-house," by S. Strunsky, which we found fascinating and very sure in its human touches; and the stories in this number are good.

In the *Cornhill* for January we have some more early work of Robert Browning, hitherto unpublished. Sir Henry Lucy gives some interesting reminiscences; Judge Parry exhibits a fund of humour over "The Law of the Lost Golf Ball"; Bishop Welldon writes on "Miss Gaskell," and C. A. Vince waxes sometimes witty and sometimes tedious over an elaboration of the story of Jack and Jill hardly worthy of the dignity of the *Cornhill*.

The editor of the *Poetry Review* discusses the compatibility of "Poetry and the English Climate" in a short introductory article; Mr. G. A. Dunlop writes "The Story of a Sonnet," and Mr. J. Wall compares "A. E." and James Stephens. The poetical contributions are good, especially "Caldera," by Katharine Tynan. In the *Irish Review* there are three excellent

stories, some renderings from Gaelic literature by P. H. Pearse, and several other interesting items. The *Antiquary* has an article by J. Reid Moir on "The Piltdown Skull," with a new theory as to the age of that worried relic; an interesting description (illustrated) of a recently discovered Anglo-Saxon cemetery in Yorkshire and its treasures; and many other articles of interest to students. The best thing in *United Empire* for December is a lively account of a voyage to Australia in a sailing-ship in 1852, by S. Cookson, when for a whole month the vessel made only three miles' progress, becalmed, and news while at sea was unknown. Sir R. B. Dewar writes on "Hunting in British East Africa," and the series "Master Builders of Greater Britain" treats of Lord Sydenham (1799-1841). The first number of a new French monthly, *Revue Sud-Américaine*, with headquarters at Paris, is very attractive. Mr. Cunninghame Graham writes on "Le Tango Argentin"—a very different thing from the solemn affair we know; the editor, M. Leopold Lugones, has an article on "Le Panaméricanisme," and many important matters of wider interest than the title of the review are treated by English and French writers.

Discoveries at the Royal Albert Docks

BY WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S.

DISCOVERIES of a highly interesting kind were recently revealed to a party of about eighty members of the London Geologists' Association, who had journeyed down to North Woolwich to inspect the temporary sections exposed in the extension of the Royal Albert Docks. There, in a huge trench, above a third of a mile long, the visitors could see, in concrete form, the later history of the Thames below the bridges—a spectacle the like of which has not been witnessed for more than a generation.

The new dock is being excavated in a low alluvial flat, most of which is covered with goosefoot, knot-grass, burdock and other weeds of the waste, but here and there the eye may detect an interesting casual, such as the North American thorn-apple (*Datura Stramonium*). On this plain, only five feet above the Ordnance datum line, one saw huge land dredgers, of German construction, each capable of scooping out 2,500 cubic yards of solid material daily. The dredgers stand, not on the floor of the excavation, but on the brink of the dock, and are continually hauling their spoil up the sloping sides, and depositing it in wagons standing at the top. Working up and down the entire length of the dock from east to west, they are slowly widening the huge trench. The dock at present reaches a depth of 20 to 25 feet, but will eventually be more than twice that depth. When completed, it will be deep enough to allow of a head of water of 62 feet at the gates.

But it was not the mechanical aspect of the work which attracted attention. At a glance it was obvious that the exposed strata varied in character and age. Reading from top to bottom, the following layers were traceable: "made earth," alluvium, peat, sandy clay, and gravel or "ballast." The floor of the cutting exhibited the uppermost part of this gravel only, but the layer is known to extend downwards for many feet. Underlying all, either with or without the interposition of the Thanet Sands, is the Chalk, which will be reached, in certain places, at a depth of only 30 to 40 feet from the surface.

At the outset, it should be noted that, geologically speaking, the lowest of the beds now visible is but a thing of yesterday. Yet the story of the deposits may be read as in a book. Neglecting the made soil, with its pots and pans and its mounds of earth thrown out of the older dock, we have first the alluvium, a dull brown or greenish clay, very stiff, and now cracked in all directions through shrinkage. Dispersed through the alluvium are land and fresh-water shells of modern types. Here, an old farthing or an ancient potsherd is turned up; there, a skull of the Celtic shorthorn ox, or a portion of a mediæval cooking-jar. Some of these relics are preserved in a small museum in the engineer's office, where, owing to the courtesy that was uniformly manifested by the dock representatives, the visitors were allowed to inspect them.

At the base of the alluvium, and just before entering a thick bed of black peat, is a "floor," recognised by its remains as belonging to the Romano-British Age. This floor abounds in oyster-shells, and the presence of hearths of clay and flint seems to suggest that the molluscs were not eaten raw. But the remarkable feature of the peat was the enormous quantity of trunks and branches of trees which had been carried down by the ancient river, and which, becoming waterlogged, had been buried in the peat. Evidently an old land surface, well stocked with small timber, lay at no great distance. Birch, hazel, elder, and fir were most common, but several trunks of yew were found. These derelicts give trouble to the dredger, but they are constantly being wrenched out by the workmen, and now lie scattered on the surface of the gravel floor at the bottom of the trench. Trees of similar species are found in the overlying alluvium, where they are greatly macerated, and they extend into the sandy loam below. Mr. George Barrow, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey, who, conjointly with Mr. A. Binns, the resident engineer, explained the sections, stated that the trees are never found in their natural position. They may occur vertically, but they are never rooted in the gravel below. The spectacle of this "moorlog," recalling the first stages of coal-formation, was very impressive. The whole arrangement suggested one of the old Carboniferous log swamps which in part, at least, originated our coalfields. The analogy is increased by the fact that, here and there, small flood-streams have entered the swamp, and, having carved out their own channels in the peat, have afterwards, owing to sub-

sidence, filled up those very channels with fine silt. The appearance of this clayey wedge, when viewed in section, is comparable to what the miner calls a "dead fault." The most noticeable of these silted-up hollows represents Old Ham Creek, now covered by dwellings, except where it enters the dock. The section across the creek displays a soft, unctuous, soapy clay, in which may still be seen a network of reeds and rushes, remaining in their natural upright position. Similarly, in the peat above, the reeds are observed piercing the spongy vegetation, just as they did when they flourished in the Bronze Age, to which this stratum probably belongs.

Towards the base of the peat two members of the party discovered flint flakes and "pot-boilers," or cooking-stones of flint. This horizon, therefore, seems to represent the late Neolithic Age. Below the peat is the sandy layer already referred to, and still lower is the "ballast." This last consists of flint-gravel in a matrix of sand, and is probably of Neolithic Age; but there is room for discussion on this point.

To pick up a sheep's rib out of the alluvium, or a hazel-nut or a flint chip out of the peat, or to walk over surfaces once trodden by Roman legions and Stone Age man, has a fascination of its own. The learned guides were able to show that the whole series of deposits, from the gravel below to the alluvial mud above, indicated a slackening current, caused by subsidence of the land, which rendered the river unable to carry its load farther. At times, as when the silt-bed was laid down, the whole lowland was covered with inundation waters; later, the site was merely a stagnant marsh. As already mentioned, the geologist calls these features recent, though they really take us back a few thousand years. But the period represented by such a slight depth serves to emphasise the almost illimitable centuries which stretch behind these deposits.

For the gravels of Westminster and Battersea are older than those of the dock; those of St. Pancras and Stoke Newington are still earlier, while the Clapham Common pebbles have a yet longer ancestry. To recall our comparison: if the dock ballast belongs to yesterday, the Clapham gravels were laid down about a month ago.

The January number of the *Quarterly Review*, as usual, contains a well-balanced variety of articles of present interest. "The Irish Question—Compromise or Civil War?" is naturally the most urgent of all, and has as a companion "The Evolution of the Ulsterman." Mr. Richard Jebb contributes a valuable study of the Imperial Naturalisation Bill; there is an article on "The Future of Rhodesia"; and Mr. Algernon Cecil has something pertinent and luminous to say on "Patriotism." The Dean of St. Paul's contributes a paper on the great apostle to whom his cathedral is dedicated. Among the literary essays are "The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," "Mysticism," "The Contemporary German Drama," and one on Samuel Butler, by Mr. Desmond McCarthy.

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Notes and News

Mr. Heinemann is beginning the publishing season of 1914 with Messrs. Bland and Backhouse's important book on the Manchu Dynasty, entitled "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Pekin." The success of the authors' well-known book, "China under the Empress Dowager," will be in itself a recommendation to readers of this new work, which also in its turn is compiled from material that has not been within the reach of other writers. The book appears this week.

Mr. Fred Burlingham, who the other day climbed down into Vesuvius, and at a depth of 1,200 ft. stayed for twenty minutes to take a series of moving pictures, is now back in London passing his new book, "How to Become an Alpinist," for press, and it will be published this month by Mr. T. Werner Laurie, at 6s. net. A special feature of the volume is 64 beautiful and original illustrations giving many thrilling pictures of Swiss life.

The *Fortnightly Review* for January has a delightful article by Mr. Walter Sichel on "William Hazlitt—Romantic and Amorist," full of humour and delicate appreciation of the troublesome temperament of the essayist of Winterslow. Mr. W. Barnes Steveni writes on "The Ravages of the Black Death in the Fourteenth Century"—a startling account of the terrible plague epidemic in Russia and Siberia, and the more recent outbreaks in the East, vividly presented and containing much material for thought. Politics and national affairs are thoroughly dealt with in this issue, and there is a very amusing contribution entitled "The Romance of the Scarlet Woman."

An exceedingly strong cast has been engaged for Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "The Darling of the Gods," due at His Majesty's Theatre this evening. The leading parts will be played by Sir Herbert Tree, who appears as Zakkuri, and Miss Marie Lohr, who appears in the part originally played in England by Miss Lena Ashwell. They will be supported by George Relph as Prince Kara (Mr. Basil Gill's performance in this part will be remembered), Mr. Philip Merivale as the dumb slave Inu, Miss Lucy Wilson as Rosy Sky (originally played by Miss Maud Hildyard), Mr. A. E. George as Kato, a fisher of carp, Mr. Henry Vibart as the Prince of Tosan, Mr. Percy Goodyer as Tanda-Tanji, and many others.

The Polish Bureau informs us that considerable indignation has been aroused among the Poles by the news, on what is claimed as unimpeachable authority, that the British Consul at Lemberg (Lwow), Austrian Poland, has maintained secret relations with the Ost-markeverein, an extreme German society whose sole object is avowedly the extermination of the Poles. The Consul in question, Professor Zaloziecki, is a Ruthenian and has openly taken sides in the domestic disputes between the Ruthenians and the Poles. The Ost-markeverein has long been established to foster anti-Polish feelings, and latterly sought to obtain the co-operation of the Ruthenians, by promises of financial and other assistance, in the crusade against the Poles and Polish nationality.

A course of five public lectures by Mr. V. de Braganca Cunha, on "Portuguese Literature," will begin

on Wednesday next, at 2 p.m., at University College, London. The first lecture of a continued course of public lectures (Barlow) on "The Inferno," by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, will begin on the same day at 3 p.m. Two public lectures will be given by Dr. E. W. Scripture—one on "The Use of Phonetics in Curing Speech Defects," on Friday next, at 6 p.m., and the other on "Instrumental Phonetics in its Various Applications," on Friday, January 30, at 6 p.m. A course on "Elementary Statistical Methods for Teachers," by Dr. D. Heron, will begin on Friday next, at 6 p.m., and a course of six public lectures on "Parliament under the Tudors," by Professor Pollard, will begin on Thursday, January 29, at 5.15 p.m. Other courses are in progress.

The Department of Architecture and Sculpture of the Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired an important example of English Romanesque art—a Tau or head of a cross-staff, in morse (walrus) ivory, probably dating from the early twelfth century. It is carved on one side with the Agnus Dei between angels, and on the other with a seraph between dragons; the curved ends have been broken away. This most interesting relic was dug up in Water Lane, in the City, about twenty years ago, and has since been in private possession. The only other ivory Tau that can definitely be claimed as English was presented to the British Museum in 1903. Two interesting additions to the collection of German sculpture have been made from the funds of the Murray Bequest; both of them were formerly exhibited on loan from the late Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry. One is a marble statuette of a prophet, late fourteenth century, probably belonging to a series of similar figures made for the high altar of Cologne Cathedral, some of which have been dispersed; the other is a fine figure of St. George in limewood, South German work of the late fifteenth century. These are temporarily exhibited on the staircase outside Room 62. Two large seated figures in painted stone, apparently carved at Verona in the late fourteenth century, were purchased for the Museum at the recent Fitzhenry sale by a small body of subscribers, and are now permanently placed in the East Hall.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

A REPLY TO M. CLEMENCEAU

LAST week we described some of the evil results likely to attend the utterances of a Cabinet Minister when these have no Cabinet sanction. We left out of our exhaustive catalogue, however, the case which has been exemplified by M. Clemenceau of a counter-outburst, equally indiscreet, on the part of a foreign statesman. M. Clemenceau, though not in office, is, nevertheless, a vital force in modern France. What he has to say, therefore, is looked upon as representative of a large section of opinion in the Republic. He is of the belief that Great Britain no longer plays the imposing diplomatic rôle that she did in former days, that the Triple Entente has been consistently "bluffed" by the Triple Alliance, and that altogether, compared with her rival neighbours, Germany is to-day

in a remarkably strong position. This exhibition of pessimism, as we have already hinted, is by way of a rejoinder to Mr. Lloyd George's ill-starred suggestion that the time is ripe for a reduction in England's naval armaments. In so far as M. Clemenceau disagrees with the drastic deductions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer we are at one with him. But to a cool mind it does appear that the rebutting evidence which he produces is altogether exaggerated, and, on the surface, needlessly so; for the case against Mr. Lloyd George is black enough without the counter of distorted fact. As the French statesman with admirable candour has thrown down the gauntlet of controversy, he will not complain if his objections are met in a similar spirit. Rather than murmur at his attitude towards ourselves, a friendly nation, we are in a sense inclined to offer him congratulation in that, free from office, he has boldly ignored the polite traditions of diplomacy.

It is just as well that we should get occasionally a direct insight into the workings of vigorous intellects abroad. In this comment, admittedly somewhat discursive in character, we do not wish to appear inconsistent, and the negative satisfaction we gain from the sequel certainly cannot go to the credit of Mr. Lloyd George, whose notorious remarks must be looked upon, as before, as provocative if not impertinent. On the other hand, M. Clemenceau's retort was indiscreet, but for the reason that he did not occupy Ministerial position less indiscreet than the comments of the English Minister. The interest in his statements lies in the information which they vouchsafe. It would seem that a section of influential opinion in France considers that Great Britain inadequately supports her partners in the Triple Entente, and that altogether this instrument has proved a failure. M. Clemenceau's article to which we allude is a misconception from beginning to end, and doubtless, like Mr. Lloyd George, his English counterpart, he is animated by underlying motive rather than a desire to expound logic for the sheer love of the thing. It may be that, like Mr. Lloyd George, too, his wares are intended for home consumption, not for export, or that he wishes to goad England into expanding her Navy to his country's advantage. Whichever view may be correct, the impression remains that he embarked upon his task in somewhat hysterical mood.

As might have been expected, the conflict between prominent representatives of the Celtic and Gallic temperaments is not without its piquancy. Thus M. Clemenceau in scornful terms refers to the "Welsh demagogue," and promptly proceeds himself to run riot with the fiery torch. Both antagonists, M. Clemenceau, the advocate of militarism, and Mr. Lloyd George, the friend of peace, succeed in totally avoiding each other's case by employing arguments that have no basis in any known fact. Last week we dealt at length with the Chancellor's remarks. As far as M. Clemenceau is concerned, he is wrong in his references not only to the remote past but also to the recent past, and in regard to events that were taking place he has been entirely disproved by all that has happened since. Let

us first speak of what we have termed the remote past. Looking backwards, the French statesman declares that Great Britain's diplomacy has declined. Apparently he has forgotten the peril that attended her policy of splendid isolation during the latter days of the Victorian era. Surely he is not prepared to continue his way of thinking until driven to the obvious deduction that association with his own country has resulted in damage to our prestige. Nor, in reviewing the recent period, do we find that in international affairs the diplomacy of Great Britain has cut such a sorry figure as our critic would have the world suppose. It was the diplomacy of England that arrested the Russian advance in Manchuria, that helped the French to win Morocco, and that in a large measure maintained European peace throughout the protracted struggle in the Balkans.

Referring to this last episode M. Clemenceau is severely critical. At the "Decorative Conference" in London, he avers, the Triple Entente yielded all along the line to the Triple Alliance. Exactly what he means by a generalisation of this kind it is difficult to fathom. Apparently he has in mind the constitution of Albania as a new State. As against this concession he should not fail to recall that Serbia gained what Austria had first declared she would never acquiesce in, an outlet to the Adriatic; that Austria cautiously refrained from re-occupation of the Sanjah and remained inactive while her path to Salonika was barred, and that Germany was compelled to suffer the extreme discomfiture of seeing her friend and protégé, Turkey, nearly driven out of Europe. All these tremendous changes were brought about in the first place because the diplomacy of the Triple Entente was supported by an imposing background of military force, and in the second because the diplomacy of Great Britain, in the wise keeping of Sir Edward Grey, made full use of our disinterested position to minimise friction. Then, M. Clemenceau, reviewing also the situation at the time he wrote, finds as ever nothing but the defeat and dismay of the Triple Entente. He regards Germany's military ascendancy at Constantinople as tantamount to her possession of the keys of the Dardanelles, and, speaking of the problem of the Ægean Isles, he employs the same pessimistic strain. In the meantime, however, as a consequence of the protests of the Triple Entente, Turkey has consented to an appreciable modification of German military influence, while the Powers have gone a long way towards accepting Sir Edward Grey's proposals as to the future of the Ægean Isles.

Furthermore, the Triple Entente is entering vigorous protests against the manifestations of Austrian and Italian intrigue in Albania. M. Clemenceau, dismal to the end, finally predicts an early renewal of hostilities in the Near East, basing his opinion upon the acquisition by Turkey of a Dreadnought now under construction in England to the order of a South American Republic. But ominous though this incident may appear, the astute diplomatists of Greece doubtless have not forgotten that which the French statesman

seems to have overlooked. They will see to it that the question of the Ægean Isles is disposed of before the completion of a battleship likely to interfere seriously with the balance of power in Near Eastern waters. To checkmate the Turkish move they have always the choice of declaration of war, in which event the laws of neutrality would compel the British Government to intern the Turkish battleship; and the knowledge that this policy might in certain circumstances be adopted by them will assuredly act as a deterrent to Turkish Chauvinism.

In one more important respect M. Clemenceau is ill-favoured by the current of events. His tirade comes at a moment when M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance in France, like Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, is advocating a reduction in naval armaments. While fully appreciating his patriotism, the many coincident circumstances attending M. Clemenceau's statement enable us to detect the real motive of his mission. However much Great Britain may be desirous of demonstrating her unwavering loyalty to the Entente Cordiale, she must take heed lest the implacable hostility which French statesmen of the school of M. Clemenceau exhibit towards the Germans should lure her into an adventurous policy.

MOTORING

IN a recent issue of *The Motor* there appeared an article strongly advocating the adoption of the bulk system of delivering and storing motor spirit, in place of the present two-gallon tin method, which is admittedly wasteful and dangerous, and is in addition very much more costly than is generally supposed. As usual, our technical contemporary has hit upon a topic of great interest to motorists generally, and has seized an opportune time for its discussion. There is no doubt that the development of the home-made spirit movement is being impeded by distribution difficulties, many potential distillers of benzol being deterred from entering the motor market by the trouble and expense associated with the packing and delivering of small quantities; and this fact of course involves less competition and naturally tends to maintain prices of all kinds of motor spirit. There seems to be no valid reason why the spirit should not be stored in 1,000 or 2,000 gallon tanks in garages, and why the private user should not store his supply in tanks holding from 100 gallons upwards, although some modification of the existing legal restrictions would be necessary. The agitation on behalf of the bulk system has the strong support of such authorities as Sir Boverton Redwood and Mr. S. F. Edge, and it is to be hoped that *The Motor* will continue its crusade against the present method of distribution.

As is generally known, it is the custom of the powers that be in this country to grant a motor-car driving licence to anybody who applies for one and pays a

trifling fee, without troubling whether the applicant is blind, deaf, or totally unfitted in every way to be trusted with a car. In Germany, from every applicant for a driving licence the local police authorities require (1) a certificate of birth showing that the age of the applicant is at least 18 years; (2) a photograph; (3) a certificate from an official medical man attesting that the applicant possesses no bodily defects calculated to impair his efficiency in driving—especially defects of the sight and hearing; (4) a proof that he has received adequate practical instruction in the handling of a car from a person or at a place authorised by the competent higher administrative authorities. In addition to this rigorous procedure, it is incumbent upon the local police officials to ascertain whether there is anything against the applicant that might render him unsuited to be entrusted with a driver's licence, such as felony, proneness to drunkenness or disorderly conduct, particularly to acts of brutality. When one compares this sensible method with our own amazing practice of granting licences to anybody and everybody, whether blind, deaf, dumb, maimed, or incompetent in every way, it must be admitted by the most rabid Germanophobe that there is at least one thing they do better in Germany.

Municipal authorities have frequently been blamed for lack of enterprise in availing themselves of mechanically propelled vehicles for their various requirements—especially in the matter of ambulances—but this charge can no longer be made against the Willesden District Council, at any rate. This local body has just taken delivery of a fleet of seven Napiers, which places it absolutely up to date in the matter of motor transport. The first and second vehicles are single and double bedded ambulances for dealing with hospital emergency cases and accidents, both being exceptionally well sprung to avoid jolting; the next three are for the convenience of school children, the interior of each being so arranged with seats all round that 14 children can be seated with comfort; the sixth is a van for carrying infected and disinfected bedding. This is lined throughout with a special material which enables the interior, after being used for the transport of infected bedding, to be thoroughly cleansed before further use. The remaining vehicle is a landaulette for the use of the various committees of the council—the medical officer of health, etc. No doubt, the public benefits accruing from this splendid equipment of motor vehicles will soon compensate for the initial expense, and it is to be hoped that other local bodies will follow the Willesden example.

The second impression of the Vauxhall catalogue for 1914 has been sent to us for notice. It is a beautifully got-up production, and its contents represent the best type of the up-to-date motor-car catalogue, which is no longer a mere list of illustrated specifications and prices, but a really interesting and informative description of the methods of manufacture, the special features of design, and the materials used in construction, as well as a complete record of achievements in contests and competitions of every sort. The numerous and varied examples of coachwork constitute a special

feature of the Vauxhall catalogue which is sure to interest buyers of luxurious motor carriages, the Vauxhall Company having acquired a well-deserved reputation for the originality and excellence of its body-building. Section 4 is entirely new, and is a lucid exposition of modern methods of motor-car production, as observed in a tour through the Vauxhall works. It may be mentioned that the catalogue is produced by the "offset" process, which dispenses with the necessity for using glazed paper, and is undoubtedly more artistic in effect than the latter.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange still complains of dull trade. In truth, people have lost all confidence, and whether they will regain it quickly is more than doubtful. A great noise has been made in the newspapers about the success of the loan issued by the Province of Saskatchewan. I see nothing to make a fuss about. The public subscribed 40 per cent. and the underwriters had to take 60 per cent. Surely, the jubilation is misplaced. However, we are informed that the Municipality of South Vancouver which offered £200,000 5 per cent. bonds at 91, got its money. The Empire Transport bonds were apparently subscribed privately. The Manchester Royal Exchange has offered £408,900 4½ per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at par. The Exchange has a membership of over 10,000, and the debentures are an absolutely first-class gilt-edged investment. The Petroleum Company of Ildokani advertised for £75,000 shares at 1s. 6d. premium. This offer of shares at a premium in a company that has done practically no work, and cannot be said to have thoroughly proved the property, is simply impudent, and it is not likely that anyone would subscribe to the issue. Many new issues are being prepared, but it is doubtful whether they will succeed.

We have had one or two small sensations during the week. The Premier Oil and Pipe meeting was one of the most interesting and amusing functions I have ever attended. It caused a great deal of excitement. The passing of the dividend on the non-assenting preferred shares in the Brazil Railway is a serious matter. Apparently, the company considers that it has the right to treat these non-assenting shareholders with contumely, and there is talk of legal proceedings being taken. Certainly the endorsement on the preferred shares does not give any hint that the directors had the right to pay the cumulative share dividend and pass that of the non-cumulative share. However, we shall hear more of the matter shortly. It has been a bad thing for the Brazil Railway. Traffics have been falling away on this line for many months past, and the latest development hardly increases our confidence in the undertaking.

MONEY.—The Bank of England reduced its rate to 4½ per cent. This was expected by everybody. All the banks had been taking fine paper at 4 per cent. some days previously; it was, therefore, palpably impossible to keep the official rate 1 per cent. higher. The banks are now full of

money. Great Britain is getting all the gold she needs, and although I do not expect a 4 per cent. rate before the end of the political year, it seems certain to come early in April. Indeed, in spite of the big loans that will be made in France, 1914 looks like a year of cheap money. Nearly all the banks have now issued their preliminary notifications of profits. They are in almost every instance satisfactory. The London, City and Midland heads the list, and the London County and Westminster has also earned over a million profit. Lloyd's has done equally well. These three great banks are in a very strong position. The National Provincial has made £869,189 profit, and has written off £330,000 from profits, and takes another £150,000 from reserve in order to write down its investments. All this goes to strengthen this great bank. Indeed, all the depreciation that the banks write off will one day come back to them and may therefore be considered as a secret reserve. The London Joint Stock has largely increased its profits, having this year made £582,076, and the London and South Western has also done extremely well. Parr's profits are slightly improved, and Williams Deacons are also better. 1913 was a splendid year for the banks, but they have wisely decided not to increase the dividends, which in almost every case remain the same.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market waits for Paris. It is clear that the present Ministry cannot remain in office many months, but whether it will decide to issue the National loan before it retires is still a doubtful question. It is really necessary for France to make up her mind on this point. A great nation, and one as rich as France is, has not the right to borrow huge sums on Treasury bills and thus dislocate the Money market. The money has already been spent, and the sooner the national loan is issued and out of the way, the better for everybody. There is no news from China, but we are assured that a big loan is to be floated on the Continent. Japan now denies that she has been negotiating in Paris for a further loan. The position in Japan is distinctly bad, and I am assured that the French bankers have no intention whatever of lending the Japanese a single halfpenny. A friend of mine who has just returned from Brazil tells me that the stories of financial trouble in that country are greatly exaggerated. The Brazil Railway is not popular, and there is no doubt that Para and the State of Amazonas are suffering from the depression in the Rubber trade; but my informant thinks that Brazil will soon get out of her difficulties, and that any idea of the Government defaulting on the federal loans is mere nonsense. Tintos have been down as low as 66½ on news of further strike troubles at the mine. Copper is weak, and the American figures are so bad that one suspects that they have been made bad on purpose.

HOME RAILS.—In spite of the excellent traffics, Home Railways remain dull. Prices move up and down as the jobbers are called upon to buy or sell some small parcel of stock. The changes on the week are quite unimportant. I am still of opinion that an investor cannot do better than buy Great Westerns or London and North Westerns. North Eastern consols have hardened, and are now 123, or two points higher than they were at the end of the year, but even at the advanced price the yield is very satisfactory. Underground Electrics have also kept very firm and a good report is anticipated.

YANKERS.—The Stock Exchange has made up its mind that Unions are fully valued on the reduced dividend of 8 per cent. For once I agree with the jobbers. Business in America seems to be going from bad to worse, and the Steel Trust statement of unfilled orders actually shows a decrease of 114,000 tons; nevertheless, Steels have been pushed up to 62. They seem to me very much over-valued.

There is still a great deal of talk about an arrangement with the Government that the railways shall put up their rates. Mexican Rails have been very slack on the news that the revolutionists have turned their attention to this line. Up to the present it has escaped damage. Canadian Pacific move irregularly. It is clear that there are always buying orders when the stock gets to 212. Argentine Rails have hardly been mentioned, but Buenos Ayres and Pacific have been weak and are now at a very attractive price, for the future of this road seems to me assured.

RUBBER.—Raw rubber remains fairly steady at 2s. 2½d. There is now talk about Brazil cutting off her supplies; I should receive these rumours with the greatest caution. The Pegoh report is satisfactory, for the Company has more than fulfilled the promise made in the prospectus. At the same time, the shares are certainly over-valued at 26s. 3d. as it is unlikely that the company will be able to pay more than 10 per cent. for the current year.

OIL.—Oil shares seem to be quite out of fashion. Egyptian Trust and Red Sea have both been sold, but there has been some buying of Lobitos on the revival of the story that the Shell intend to purchase the property. Kerns have also been bought and are now 7s. 6d. They are not over-valued at this price. Premier Oil and Pipe are now 5s. 3d. I am afraid that the committee will be unable to get sufficient support to carry a committee of investigation.

MINES.—The news from South Africa is just about as bad as it can possibly be. Nevertheless the account is so over-sold that it seems impossible that any further fall in Kaffirs can occur. Diamonds are very unsteady and certainly should be sold. Really the whole attention of the Mining market centres round the Russian group, Russo-Asiatics having been bid up to £5 10s. There is no doubt that those behind this market are both powerful and well-informed, and it is quite probable that we shall see a still further rise. My Russian friends tell me that the properties owned by the Corporation are genuinely good, but whether they are worth the figure put upon them in the market is another matter. Cobars are now friendless, and the reconstruction seems inevitable.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market the Rolls-Royce report was liked. The profits are up, and the directors have very wisely written off goodwill and utilised the profits to strengthen otherwise the position of the concern. No finer motor car has ever been built than the Rolls-Royce, and at £2 10s. the shares are not over-valued. Charrons are easing off. There has been some bidding for British Radiums, which are now quoted 12s. I am a little suspicious of this share, but there is no doubt that the company is doing a fair business. Liptons still continue very weak, and Van den Berghs and Maypole Dairy have been sold.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—One does not know which to admire the more, Mr. Josef Holbrooke's clever music, his amusing letters of advice to young composers, or his caustic comments on the apathy of the public and the wickedness of publishers. But surely Mr. Holbrooke is in error in stating that "young composers lick the hand that crushes them, or bite the hand that assists them." The young—and old—composers that I am acquainted with can well look after

their own interests—particularly when it comes to that part of the negotiations where £ s. d. must be discussed. I venture to think that the reason why some of the young composers are kept by their fond parents is not, as Mr. Holbrooke asserts, because of their absolute inability to go and fight for themselves, but because they are misled by well-meaning and clever folk who give them bad advice.

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT WHITELEY.

Golders Green, N.W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Militarism and Wages.* By F. Mertens, J. P. (The Garton Foundation, London, S.W. 1d.)
La Condition de la Femme dans la Tradition et l'Evolution de l'Islamisme. By Mansour Fahmy. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 4 fr. 50.)
In a City Garden. By J. R. Aitken. Illustrated. (T. N. Foulis. 3s. 6d. net.)
Fra Lippo Lippi, Painter, of Florence. A Play in Seven Scenes by Joseph Lee. Illustrated by J. Milne Purvis. (John Leng and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp. By I. N. Dracopoli. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

FICTION.

- Mary's Marriage.* By Edmund Bosanquet. (John Long. 6s.)
Faith and Unfaith. By James Blyth. (John Long. 6s.)
Noris. By Jules Claretie. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)
The Decoy. A Romance by the Countess of Cromartie. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Possessed. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. (Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
Love and a Title. By Flowerdew. (Greening and Co. 6s.)
The Price of Conquest. By Ellen Ada Smith. (John Long. 6s.)
Callista in Revolt. By Olivia Ramsey. (John Long. 6s.)
Pantomime. By G. B. Stern. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
The Waters of Lethe. By Dorothea Gerard. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

VERSE.

- Poems from the Portuguese.* Translated by Aubrey F. G. Bell. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)
Sa Muse s'Amuse. By Wilfrid Blair. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)
Philomelia. By Phyllis Gleadow. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)
Svold: A Norse Sea Battle. By S. F. B. Lane. (David Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- The Champion; Willing's Press Guide, 1914; The Irish Review; Bookseller; La Société Nouvelle; The International Whitaker; Book Lover; Publishers' Circular; Revue Sud-Américaine; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.; Wednesday Review; Collegian; Bedrock; Revue Bleue; United Empire; Revue Critique.*

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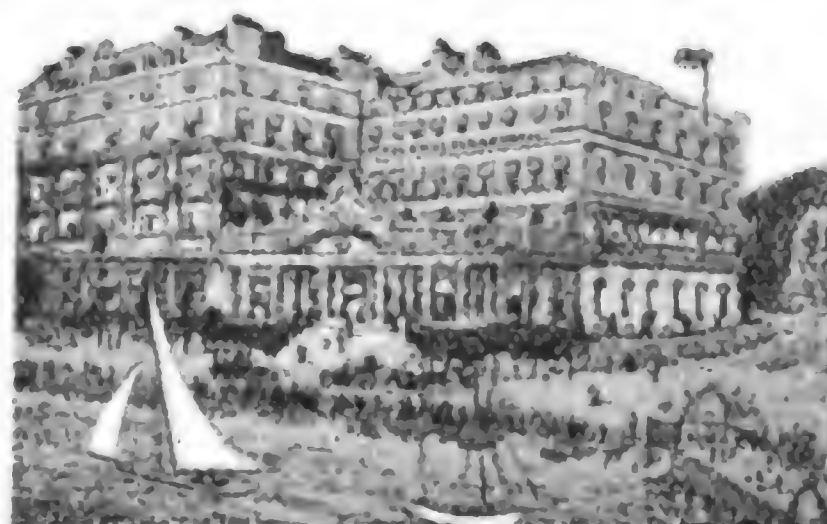
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£5 10s.; Porter's Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History Freemasonry, 3 thick vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; James' Painters and Their Works, 3 vols., £3 3s.; Habershon Records of Old London, Vanished and Vanishing, coloured plates, folio, £2 2s.; Fea's Secret Chambers and Hiding Places, 7s. 6d., for 3s. 6d.; Oscar Wilde, by L. E. Ingleyby, 12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.; Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Landon's Lhasa, 2 vols., new., 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cambridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP**, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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Notes of the Week

THE crisis which has arisen over the provision of an adequate margin of naval superiority for Great Britain and the Empire is one which cannot be passed over in silence. THE ACADEMY has never exhibited any exaggerated affection for Mr. Winston Churchill, and it has consistently proclaimed him as a failure in every office which he has held until he found semi-salvation at the Admiralty. We may forget, although we cannot condone, his scandalous treatment of Sir Francis Bridgeman, the late First Sea Lord, and the untrue explanations which he offered in the House of Commons of his action. Experience, however, has mellowed his judgment, and it is obvious that at the present moment he is not prepared to sacrifice the opinion of his expert professional advisers to the maunderings of "the Welsh mountebank," the pro-Boer Brunner, the wholly negligible Byles, and the simple fool Booth. The question arises in the present emergency whether Mr. Asquith will for once prefer favourite habits, as has been usual before, to the exercise of his just authority as Prime Minister. Any man who cares for his country's welfare, and, indeed, salvation, is entitled to demand from the person who figures as the head of the Government that he will throw out the intriguing, lying, pettifogging attorney who is ready to sell his country for what he imagines is personal profit; and uphold the Board of Admiralty in the demands which they rightly make in the interests of national security.

We notice with deep satisfaction that the militant suffragettes are entering upon a path of comparative sanity. They desire to see the King, and to put the women's case before His Majesty. There cannot be

any reasonable objection to such a course. Whilst we have always condemned the criminal methods adopted by disappointed and therefore hysterical women, we have never been able to agree in the view which is held by some eminent men that even the best women are disqualified to cast an intelligent vote. We are quite aware that many men in prominent positions are absolutely opposed to any women being admitted to the franchise, because, they argue, women are deficient in judgment and are therefore unreliable. Generalisations such as these do not appeal to us; we are entirely convinced that many women exist who are far better qualified to be electors than some of the men whom it has been our misfortune to canvass, and who have obviously only been given the franchise by unscrupulous politicians in search of votes. There is, of course, the argument, which appeals to us, that because unqualified men have been admitted as voters, no valid excuse exists for admitting a number of unqualified women to the same privilege. With all humility, we should like to offer a suggestion. If a new departure is to take place, women must be content—although it is entirely opposed to their nature—to proceed by steps; and we venture to think that some such method as election to vote on behalf of the sex through the medium of an electoral college might be devised by a politician of the versatility of Mr. Lloyd George, who is not afflicted with his exceptional disqualifications for devising sound reforms.

There is something rather attractive in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's suggestion in a recent article that we should have no foreign news in our daily papers, for certainly the wide expanse of information from all the capitals of the earth is apt to be rather uninteresting at times. The question at once occurs, however, what would take its place? We do not want more details of the sordid happenings of our own country—since "news" too often seems to be interpreted as the supplying of particulars of murders, catastrophes, and accidents; and it is too much to hope that the space thus saved would be devoted to brilliant essays or intelligent articles on themes of the moment. We must admit that the Englishman of these days is a cosmopolitan person; thousands cross the Channel now for every one who crossed a hundred years ago. Therefore, we suppose, the foreign news must stand. And there is another reason—we have to realise more and more that other lands have their intimate and important affairs. In reply to the advice "be insular," it would be easy to say that concentration on our own country exclusively would make us far too insular, and would send us well on the way to undue egotism and self-glorification.

The Gift

I BRING no pearls to deck thee—only these,
 The first sweet flowers that open in the spring,
 But I have garnered them 'neath whispering trees,
 'Mid music of soft waters murmuring:
 Ah! be not angry with me that I bring
 No gems to crown thee! I will teach the breeze
 To woo thee softly for me, and to sing
 About thy dreamful couch, sweet melodies.

I have no gift to give thee, save a heart
 That holds thine image only, while I live
 This life, from which, to serve thee, I would part,
 Grieving that I have only one to give!
 Deign thou my humble offering to receive,
 And only let me linger where thou art!

Transvaal.

ANTHONY WEBB.

Assuagement

AND have you reached a pleasant country, sweet,
 Of changeless light, after the dreary morns
 And weary eves of earth? And are your feet
 Treading on gold, that here trod flints and thorns?
 And is your beauty more than ever bright—
 Clear of the pain that marred it here, and thrust
 You down to death? And see you God in light,
 Whom here we saw darkened, through tears and
 dust?
 If this is so, my loneliness is lightened,
 Seeing you stand with heroes, bards, and saints,
 Your peers; the gloom of my sick woe is brightened,
 Knowing your joy. I purge my lips from plaints
 And bitter cries of unfulfilled desires,
 Hearing your voice among the heavenly choirs.
 Philadelphia. WILLIAM LAIRD.

Duty and Honour

DEEP below the waters of Whitsand Bay, within a very few miles of the Cornish coast, lies a little submarine, its machinery silent, its final plunge taken; day after day the torpedo craft have swung their hawsers and cruised from end to end, from the green cone of the Rame to the island off Looe, in the hope of finding that lost shell of steel. Better, perhaps, to let it rest now, than to renew the sorrow of friends, since there is no possible chance of life being saved. They were fine fellows, the crew, every one of them; but there is no need to make heroes of them or to write columns of sentimental nonsense. Each man knew that service in this particular branch of the Navy meant the taking of high risks; but the crews of submarines are volunteers—they choose this way of earning a living, and they do their duty.

What is this mysterious impelling force, "duty," which comes to the front every now and then, but which is constantly present, connected inseparably with honour, and only to be disregarded by a sacrifice of honour which the normal man will refuse to make? It is old-fashioned enough, we know; in ancient days it was probably as strong a power as it was in the time of Drake, of Nelson, as it is, in fact, to-day. It has no particular attractions; is often unpleasant, occasionally dangerous; yet, left undone, it brings restlessness, regret, and self-reproach. It is not always the result of fine training in youth or of close reasoning; nor does it arise from any prospect of reward, since a man's sense of duty will sometimes bring him blame instead of praise, poverty instead of wealth. It is something more than the mere doing of the daily task in the best manner possible; one assumes that to be done by thousands who are simply earning a living by using their individual gifts or accomplishments to the best advantage.

It seems, then, to be something inherent, born in us, akin to conscience that pricks a man forward when he would hang back, akin to honour which keeps a man clean amid disreputable surroundings. That it can be misused, strained, exaggerated, we all know by historic examples and by personal experiences; many a man who boasted that he was "doing his duty" has posed as a martyr, bought himself the cheap admiration of the thoughtless, made himself, in short, a fool. The man who talks largely of having done his duty should always be regarded with suspicion. It can be perverted in another way. Certain chilly persons, suffering from this distorted ideal of duty, will do the most unpleasant things, being apparently under the delusion that because a thing is disagreeable they ought to do it. They are the most uncomfortable characters in the world to meet; by some queer abnormal influence they manage to make quite nice people feel distressed and conscience-stricken. They have an air of perpetually setting an example to their less righteous friends; they coax their own little fire of self-satisfaction into a glow which, alas! never warms anybody else, and they are generally very prim, very proper, and slightly patronising. Their eyes never twinkle, and their handshake is depressing. If it is our duty to love them, we fail hopelessly therein—we can but tolerate them.

No very elaborate argument, then, is needed to show that, with certain exceptions which have formed the theme of novels, the sense of duty is allied with that of personal honour, and that the man who satisfies it carelessly and heartily, taking it as a matter of course and saying nothing about it, comes nearest to the ideal. If he risks his life, it is "all in the day's work," and he wants no halo of admiration; if he fails, he needs no reproaches, for he is just the one to find the reasons for failure. He may be rough or polished, educated or ignorant, but we have an occasional reminder, sad though it may be in itself, that his type is not by any means dying out in this country at the present day.

W. L. R.

The Finger Test of Literature

WHEN one speaks of the "finger test of literature," it may naturally be asked, "Whose finger?" Though forced to reply, my own, I hope to make it evident that this finger is, in a manner, a general index for the reading public, and that its adventures are here recorded from no mistaken sense of its own importance. To make the matter clear, a few personalities must be touched upon, for, after all, that finger is of my own flesh and blood; but its spiritual explorations belong to all who will accept its findings.

If I were blind, and had attended a school for the blind in youth, doubtless my reading by touch would be much swifter, hence it should be understood that I was past thirty when, on a slip of tin, I learned to feel out the alphabet with the brave forefinger of my left hand. My eyes have never been strong, insomuch that a few hours' use of them each day puts them out of business for the remainder of the twenty-four—hence my purpose to supplement sight by feeling; at the same time, not being entirely dependent upon touch for my acquaintance with literature, my finger did not toil as persistently as otherwise it might.

When the adventurous thought of learning to read without eyes first dawned, I did not know there were three systems of reading for the blind, but imagined that with the alphabet on that slip of tin, I held the key to all embossed books. Alas! After learning that "b" feels like sliding down hill and "y" like climbing back again, that "l" is formed like a telephone-pole, and "t" like a "staub" used to hold down the flap of a circus-tent, it developed that there was not only American Braille in the world, but Line Type and New York Point. Because embossing is expensive, and because, as a rule, one who can read in one system knows nothing of the others, the literary horizon of the world of the blind is indeed narrow. The choice of a book, fortunately, is not still further limited by one's purse; thanks to free circulating libraries, "Cyr's Fifth Reader," which would have cost seven dollars, and Irving's "Sketch Book" which sells for ten dollars and a half, might be mine for the asking—even the postage to be paid by the Government.

Nevertheless, choosing what book to read was always an engrossing problem calling for much discussion. It was my custom to read aloud to my mother, whose eyes, like mine, were not good for the printed page at night, and a work must be decided upon of sufficient interest to hold her attention while I groped from word to word—yet at the same time it must have sufficient merit to pay for so much labour. I cannot deny that this was putting our prospective author to a severe test, but a book that cannot stand severe tests is not literature. No matter how much we might have enjoyed a book could we have devoured several lines at once with single eye-flashes, skipping dull wastes like mountain goats, and avoiding tedious and useless

minor characters at sight of their names coming round the corner of the page, it was now another matter; in vain were the oases green and delightful, if my mother went to sleep while being transported across desert stretches.

Not only must the book hold the attention, but so far as could be predicted from knowledge of the author and rumours of this particular work, it must end satisfactorily. Far be it from me to devote night after night with indefatigable perseverance to a book labouring to make me think more meanly of my fellow-man and leaving me with a bitter taste in my mouth. If, not knowing what to expect, we had embarked upon "Crime and Punishment," had piloted ourselves out of the breakers—always with my uncertain finger—into the illimitable sea of misery, to find ourselves, after weeks of wild tossings, half frozen in Siberia and half dead from our long fear of detection and doubts if we really deserved punishment for murdering that old woman. . . . But no, Dostoieffsky was not in our catalogue.

Our choice usually fell upon some well-known and well-beloved author who had written so many books that no one man could be expected to peruse them all unless devoting himself solely to that object. There were some of Sir Walter Scott's romances which we had never read, or at least could not remember—which comes to the same thing—but in my Braille appeared only "Ivanhoe," known too well from school days' enforcement. We found eight titles by Kipling and six by Mrs. Wiggin, but only one by Thackeray—and it, "The Rose and the Ring"! Mrs. J. H. Ewing was represented by six works, J. Fenimore Cooper by one. How ungrateful are they who cry out against the multiplicity of books! Let them turn blind and they will sing another song.

During the past years spent with these Braille books as well as with the varied contents of *Matilda Ziegler's Magazine for the Blind*, certain truths about style and methods have been not only perceived with rare clearness, but have been, as it were, rubbed into my consciousness by that finger of a thousand and one nights. Its trackings after the palpable footprints of authors has led it to discover divers clues leading to literary misdemeanours which seem crying aloud for publicity. It has already been admitted that a book is placed at disadvantage when the reader cannot skip or hurry. In reading Braille there are other handicaps. If the finger lose its place it must grope among mountains of bewildering dots with no trail leading back to the starting point. Sometimes it goes on strike, refusing to do another stroke of work until it has rested, no matter how exciting the tale—this is after long travel has caused it to lose all delicacy of touch, insomuch that the words grow blurred and everything turns to "x's," "z's" and "q's"—all of which feel pretty much alike. During this enforced waiting, no other finger can be sent as a scab to take the striker's place, for, strangely enough, only that trained and long-experienced left forefinger can read a word; the other

fingers are as useless as proud and pampered dames of royal courts if suddenly put in the kitchen. How important it is for our author to have something worth saying, and to say it in the fewest words—words, so far as it may be, without a single “x,” a single “z,” that is to say, simple, home-like words, short and full of life!

Much depends on how the book begins. If there is a grand flourish at the opening no more substantial than breath in a trumpet, if the author deliberately sets himself to his task as if working by the day rather than by the job, if he cunningly selects his words with dexterity too evidently self-conscious, clothing his nakedness of thought in the silks and satins of language, he is pleasing nobody but himself. After the finger has toiled over barren foothills with no refreshing stream in sight, it may go on because there is no other book in Braille closer than Boston, but it proceeds dejectedly, while she who listens fights heroically against drowsiness. Even when the story at last warms to a plot and the plot begins to tingle with suspense, that unlucky beginning dampens the spirits with resentful memories—even a belated murder that might have happened in time to lure us on, now prompts no impulse to look under the bed.

We shall never forget our surprise when we discovered that there is a plot in “Cranford” (published in Braille in five fat volumes). To be sure, it is very fine art to present a story so simply and faithfully that the pages seem torn out of the life of everyday; but this fine art almost lost “Cranford” two readers, for had we died anywhere in the first three volumes, it would have been in the firm belief that we had already found in that work all Mrs. Gaskell had put in it.

Next to a dull beginning, my finger had to complain of the superfluous word, no matter how harmonious or exactly chosen. Since every dot on the embossed page robs that finger of a tiny fraction of its reading-power, it is indeed discouraging literally to throw away its strength on useless *ands* and *buts* and *verys*, to say nothing of those multiplied descriptive adjectives crammed into the paragraph to make “fine reading.” Rhetorical outbursts, maddening balanced sentences, carefully worked-up climaxes, vain repetitions, in short, all vegetation, no matter how luxuriant, that must be cleared out of the way before one can get anywhere—how could all such be met, save in high dudgeon? And if mere useless words were an aggravation, what shall we say of descriptions of scenery and weather which the man with two eyes blithely skips—or of some superfluous character in the tale, put there that the tale may be longer and not that it may wag to any better purpose?

Special complaints must be lodged against all hackneyed phrases, the last word of which is as evident, when the first word is reached, as the earth underfoot, yet which must be felt out in order to get to something else. Occasionally my mother would sigh, “Now he is going to say. . .” And I would dole out what her experienced thought-waves would have washed aside.

And ah, that anecdote whose point we anticipated so long before my finger was laid upon it, that it sat heavy, like a warmed-over biscuit! And ah, when the author feared we did not perceive his wit, and repeated the joke, nursing and fondling it, and giving it back to us again in a change of clothes with the Mark Twain thoroughness!

The author’s pet phrase might cause us to smile indulgently when we came upon it where it had no business—like the monocle in Gilbert Parker’s “The Right of Way”—we condoned because the author loved it so; but a writer’s complacency over his situations and his insulting fears lest we fail to appreciate the wonder of him, we could not forgive; for Sentimental Tommy must be in a book and not at the back of it to give unalloyed delight. In a word, anything that halted the action was inexcusable, though it should take us through a bypath strewn with diamonds. Yet we were not in such break-neck haste as to be satisfied with those short stories embossed from popular monthlies, wherein hero and heroine meet for the first time and get engaged, or farther, during a car ride or a drive across country. We wished to get forward, true, but to get forward naturally. When a character or situation was artificial, it was almost intolerable to find how that artificiality hardened and glittered under the slow tracings of the finger.

On the other hand I have known that finger to stop suddenly while the voice waited before it could go on, not because the finger was swamped in a quagmire of “x’s” and “z’s” and “q’s,” but because it had discovered some rare bit of feeling, some searching tenderness common to all hearts, causing tears to answer tears in the darkness.

To be sure, our life is but a span, our journeying not unlike feeling our way through the dark. Were we Arguses, able to read fifty books at once, still would the great bulk of the Unread rise like a mist-covered mountain peak before us. After all, who will say that the finger test of literature is a standard too narrow? We shall never have time now for superfluous words and for anecdotes born of long travelling—not in this advanced age of the world. We shall never have time for descriptive passages that lead nowhither, yet fail to pay for themselves by intrinsic value—nor for the superfluous character or needless incident that could be cut out of a book without leaving a root-filament in its body. Instinctively we feel that the blind, sadly limited in their choice, should not be given books which seek throughout to show the sordidness of human life and the hopelessness of impersonal fate; and we who have eyes to read the sun-lighted heavens, have we the time for masterpieces of mere words that breathe no life of faith, no immortality of progress? For the blind, printed books are too few to sadden them with records of uninspired purposes and lives wrecked by blind chance; for the living, books are too many to narrow their horizon with those works which read God out of the world.

J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

Lord Lytton's "Coals"

THIS pity that the unhappy story of Bulwer-Lytton's marriage has been allowed to eclipse the more attractive side of the biography which his grandson has recently given to the world.* Thousands have devoted attention to the scandal who would regard the literary and political record of the first Lord Lytton as little more than an anti-climax. How far the tragedy affected his public life, how far it arrested his development in a statesmanship for which he appears to have been peculiarly fitted, none can tell. It seems to have influenced his literary work, his literary interests and his literary judgment not at all. The literary appeal of the second volume is to me irresistible—not profound, but certainly not superficial. Whatever may be the feeling of the present and the future as to Bulwer-Lytton's own work—and it seems pretty clear that few give much time to his novels to-day—there is abiding interest in the views he expressed with facile freedom on the writings of others. His own output and his own engagements can only induce in more commonplace mortals wonder that he ever found the time to read, still less to put his thoughts at considerable length into his letters to his son and his intimates. Perhaps like Carlyle—or someone else—he wrote long letters because he had not time to write short ones. Few men have turned out so rapidly as large a measure of literary work which only just missed being great; and none perhaps has ever realised more strongly the need of rest and the necessity for replenishing the fuel supply of the brain. Stop and "take in coals"—meditate and get new ideas—was his injunction to all and sundry over a large part of his life. He himself roamed the seven seas of literature and put into every port ancient and modern to replenish. In the 'forties he wrote: "All great works require stern and silent meditation. We must brood deeply over what we wish to last long. The proof of genius is increased by the abundance of fuel that supplies it." His idea for literature was to adapt Bentham's axiom in politics: "The greatest happiness of the greatest number should be the object of Government." Lytton said: "'The greatest delight of the greatest number' should be the object of poetic art. I add—which Bentham does not—for both. 'And for the longest possible period.'" Read the most extensively popular of the writers among the dead if you would be original, striking, and popular—Homer, Horace, Ariosto, Goethe, Scott. In Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe's *Werter* and *Faust*, Lytton told his son, "you have the three greatest minds in the known world made familiar to the widest possible circle."

It was in 1831 or thereabouts when Sir Walter Scott was visiting Italy after the disaster which wrecked health, fortune, all save courage, that Bulwer-Lytton dedicated *Eugene Aram* to the wizard of the North as an expression of "that affectionate admiration with which you have inspired me in common with all your contem-

poraries and which a French writer has not ungracefully termed the happiest prerogative of genius." He talked of Scott's genius and of his fame as poet and novelist. Remembering this tribute we turn with some curiosity to the letters written thirty years after to ascertain to what extent the more intimate verdict is consistent with contemporary dedication. Lytton had the intensest admiration for Scott, but he was not for a moment in doubt as to his limitations. "Think of Shakespeare, and Homer—Goethe in his two popular works. And to judge what I mean think what Scott would have been if he had had the intellect of Shakespeare or even the vocabulary of Shelley." His son, Robert, he thought, might do wonders as a poet if he would study Scott and then say to himself: "Why not have all his merits and add to them a little more thought and purpose with a polished vocabulary instead of so much slovenly slip-slop."

Lytton read through twenty-one volumes of Coleridge in 1863. To him the author of *The Ancient Mariner* seemed to have had "by far the largest mind of his age. Scott and Byron, as minds, looked thin and narrow beside his. He is singularly creative as a poet. But unluckily he rather creates other poets than completes his own poems. All the germs of the poetry that blossomed after him seem to me in his verse." Coleridge is a "leviathan" whose slightest movement makes a stir in the ocean that is felt miles and leagues off. "But he wants many of the elements of a first-rate thinker. Like Shelley he can but make fragments, but he makes grander fragments than Shelley and his fragments are fairer representations of the great whole." Lytton lived to revise "an illiberal estimate" of Keats, whom he regarded in maturer judgment as "a transcendent genius," but he thought his influence bad. "We owe to it the effeminate attention to wording and expression and efflorescent description which characterise the poetry now in vogue." Of Browning his opinion was not high, and of Tennyson a little contemptuous. He admired the music in certain of Tennyson's lines, but he regarded him as "a poet adapted to a mixed audience of school girls and Oxford dons." "I admire many felicities in expression in spite of many vulgarities and conceits which his hunt after such prettiness often incurs. But to my mind he has in him less of the masculine quality than any English poet of repute." But then Lytton despaired of being a fair judge "in an age which says Pope is no poet and Rossetti is a great one."

Among the really delightful pronouncements made by Lytton as literary appraiser for the benefit of his son is the linking up of Johnson and Macaulay: "I incline to think Johnson the greatest writer in the language next to the poets and philosophers. The style of the *Lives* is very superior to Macaulay's. . . . Johnson says finer things in a finer way. His grammar is often incorrect—to my surprise. But I know not any English writer whose grammar is correct—curious. . . . Macaulay makes fewer slips than any I can remember, but the niceties and elegancies of construction and style are little known to him."

* "The Life of Lord Lytton," by the second Earl, reviewed in THE ACADEMY, December 13, 1913.

Gibbon, Jane Austen, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Dickens, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, and others are subjected at length, or in passing, to the all-encompassing judgment. There are digs at critics who dare not go against the public taste: for ten years of their lives—till, that is, they become popular—most authors, he says, ought to consider critics their natural enemies. Lytton was apparently not prepared to endorse Swinburne's view that "the appreciation of friends like myself" more than outweighed failure to obtain "the favour of journalists." And this brings one to the gem of the collection. Swinburne, with *Poems and Ballads*, in 1886, had stirred such a hornet's nest that Moxon, his publisher, withdrew the volume in deference to an outraged public taste. Swinburne had been brought into touch with Lytton about this time, and his letters are full of angry resentment with both critics and publisher. When a little later he republished the volume he issued a pamphlet in which he attributed the attacks on his morality to the pruriency of minds which would find impurities in the purest art. "The sudden thunder from the serene heavens of public virtue" was a storm he at least was prepared to brave. He went to stay at Knebworth, and Lord Lytton had only one view of the censure passed on his work: he hoped Swinburne would "purge his volume of certain pruriences into which it amazes me any poet could fall. If he does not he will have an unhappy life and a sinister career. It is impossible not to feel an interest in him. . . . In him is great power, natural and acquired. He has read more than most reading men twice his age, brooded and theorised over what he has read and has an artist's critical perceptions. . . . Perhaps he has overinformed his tenement of clay. But there is plenty of stuff in him. His volume of poems is infested with sensualities, often disagreeable in themselves, as well as offensive to all pure and manly taste. But the beauty of diction and mastership of craft in melodies really at first so dazzled me, that I did not see the naughtiness till pointed out. . . . He inspires one with sadness, but he is not so sad himself, and his self-esteem is solid as a lock. . . . And he seems to me as wholly without the moral sense as a mind crammed full of æsthetic culture can be." The personal "appreciation" here is surely as dynamic as the force of the poetry which left Lord Lytton unconscious of the "naughtiness" till some less subservient literary judgment drew his attention to it. So does Art play Puck to Morality's Lysander.

EDWARD SALMON

Mr. Walter van Noorden, managing director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, has recently added to an unusually extensive *répertoire* Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann." A special cast, including Mr. William Wegener, Mr. Hebden Foster, Miss Sybil Conklin, Miss Beatrice Miranda, and Miss Ina Hill, has been selected, and the opera is conducted by Mr. van Noorden.

REVIEWS

Ancient Mysteries

The Occult Arts. By J. W. FRINGS. (Wm. Rider and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

"THERE is nothing supernatural—nature is the sum of content. But to many minds there is much that is supernormal to them. The further up the side of a mountain one ascends, however, the greater is the prospect which appears in view. The more widely one extends the mental vision by the review of further human knowledge the more easily does the supernormal become the normal."

With this paragraph in the author's preface we thoroughly agree. There is much of man's experience in nature that he is unable to explain. And the easy way to propound an explanation is to attribute the phenomenon to supernatural causes—hence the old-time beliefs in Magic, Witchcraft, Spirits, Devils, and what not; much of which has been consigned to the limbo of burst bladders, as Science has marched; and the rest in time will follow.

In the first two chapters of this book the author endeavours to show, and we think with some success, that the old Alchemists and Astrologers were the fathers of Modern Chemistry and Astronomy, that, though groping in the dark, they were working on the right lines, and that some of their theories, such as the possibility of transmuting metals, have been confirmed by the latest discoveries of Science.

In his subsequent chapters, however, he deals with necromancy, divination, horoscopes, and possession, the phenomena of which he indeed shows to be explicable by telepathy and suggestion. If he had stopped at this point, we could have gone with him all the way, but he goes further than this, and endeavours to justify the old superstitions by the acceptance of the modern phases of Occultism, of Esoteric Buddhism, and of Spiritism.

Amongst other things he tells that "Thought" is a force. "The astral, or etheric shell is material and composite, or at least organised, like that of the grosser material body of flesh, muscle, nerve and bone. This etheric shell remains for a time, like the physical body, a more or less completely organised structure after death has taken place on the physical plane. It is the persistence of this etheric double which has given rise to the evidence for phantasms after death." "The Etheric world has its inhabitants." "Ether is ceaselessly in motion," and "this eternal motion we may call spirit." "At death the mind, wrapped for the time in its astral envelope, passes out of the physical body on to the next plane." Occultism "postulates a continual ascent of man to a spirithood, and eventually to Godhead, and omniscience," and "It will render man practically independent of our three-dimensioned space."

These quotations are given only to show some of the conclusions at which the author arrives. But his argument is ingenious, subtle, and worth reading, though in our opinion unsound. The key to the whole is the assumption, first above quoted, that Thought is a Force, "a form of energy as real as light or electricity." "The materialised expression in the phenomenal world of the Will." Deny this postulate and the whole argument falls to the ground, and may be relegated to that absurdest of conceptions "the fourth dimension," to jostle the inhabitants of the "Etheric World."

Now what is the will? The will is like "the mind," a convenient expression for a natural phenomenon. Let us consider the conscious machine which we call the nervous system. This machine was a living but unconscious entity prior to birth. It drew its life from its original constituents—Life which has always been and always will be in the constituents of matter. At birth this live machine, if properly adjusted, acquires an elementary state of consciousness enabling it by degrees to exercise its capacity for receiving and comparing impressions, for storing memories, for formulating desires, for exercising its muscles.

This elementary consciousness continues to develop, and with it continue the operations of the machine itself till its eventual dissolution. To the operations of this conscious machine we give the convenient name of "mind." The Conscious Machine realises its individuality, it recognises its limbs and organs as belonging to itself. It differentiates between itself and the things not itself. It grows to exercise what it is pleased to call its will. What is this operation? It has instincts, principles and desires inherited from its forbears. For every cell which helps to form its bones, muscles, nerves and nerve-centres has something in itself of all its millions of ancestors. It has stored in addition thousands of ideas derived from its education and experiences. It is closely affected by yearly, daily, momentary influences from its environment. These impulses from within and without act, some together and some in conflict, and when action comes, it follows the line of least resistance, the resultant of all the impulses. This process it is pleased to call the exercise of its Will. It may have been conscious or unconscious. If conscious, what we call "thought" has been involved in the process; if unconscious, no thought has been involved. "Thought" then is merely a form of procedure, and "Will" the demonstration of the result of conflicting impulses; neither the one nor the other can be placed in the same category as light or electricity.

But it will be said how do you account for the admitted phenomena of telepathy, hypnotism, suggestion, auto-suggestion, and somnambulism? The answer is that we do not know enough about it to formulate anything beyond guesswork.

Late in time these phenomena are now admitted facts. They are doubtless governed by natural physical laws of which we as yet know nothing. We

may hazard that as floating bodies are drawn towards each other some law of attraction inter-acts between the great nerve centres of individuals. Possibly so-called animal magnetism exists, which can be brought to bear by one individual on another, in analogy with wireless telegraphy. It is certain that other stimuli than light and sound can affect the seats of sensation, which are ordinarily stimulated only by light and sound, in which case the brain mistakes the one stimulus for the other, and conceives that the eye had seen, or the ear had heard. It is possible that these stimuli may act over great distances, and that the seats of sensation may, under some such circumstances, be intensely and subtly receptive, especially if the temperaments of the individuals are especially so adapted as to be in tune with each other.

Whatever the influence may be, and however it may be exercised by one person on another—and that everyone does influence everyone else, more or less, is common experience—the influence must be that of one brain on another brain where the phenomenon is that of suggestion, and of the brain upon itself in the case of auto-suggestion. The brain of a healthy man is in a state of delicately balanced equilibrium. The balance is easily disturbed, it may be by a lesion, it may be by the action of drugs or of alcohol. May not the equilibrium be disturbed by the subtle influence above referred to, so as to produce the hypnotic or somnambulistic sleep? And would not this account for the phenomenon of multiple personality? The personality of a person depends on the arrangement, so to say, of his brain; a slight disarrangement of the brain would destroy that personality, and introduce a different or second personality; a further disarrangement would produce yet another or third personality, and in each case the patient would have no recollection of his previous personality. Cases are common where through shock, or injury, or illness, a person is found wandering and forgetful of his past. It surely is not necessary in such cases to postulate a subliminal self, or an astral body?

As to the proposition that a medium is actuated by a disembodied or any other spirit, the cases recorded are of so futile a nature, and so many explanations can be offered, that we may confidently leave them to be elucidated by some hypothesis of a purely physical character like other phenomena for which we are at present unable to account.

The recent correspondence in the *Times* on "the theory of Ghosts" and "Impressions on matter" is a healthy sign of the decay of the belief in the supernatural. The subject is most interesting, and we need here only refer to the quotation from Sir Oliver Lodge, viz.: "I have reason to believe that a trace of individuality can cling about terrestrial objects in a vague and imperceptible fashion, but to a degree sufficient to enable those traces to be detected by persons with suitable faculties." If this is so, though it is difficult to follow out the idea, it would account for many apparently authentic cases, of which one hears, with

regard to so-called haunted houses. Perhaps the experts in finger-prints at Scotland Yard could render assistance. Something other than light and sound must in such cases stimulate the seats of sensation, for there is nothing present to cause the sound or excite the vision. The brain is deceived by the abnormal stimulus, and judges that it sees and hears when there is nothing to see or hear. There must be something in the nature of suggestion, but of what it is which presents the suggestion, we are at present hopelessly ignorant.

Poets—Sooner or Later

- Rose Windows: Book I.* Poems by ROBERT V. HECKSCHER. (George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
Flowers from a Poet's Garden. By J. HAROLD CARPENTER. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)
Early Poems. By M. A. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
Later Poems. By EMILY HICKEY. (Grant Richards. 1s. 6d. net.)
Poems and Miscellaneous Verse. By J. WELLS THATCHER. (Chas. Taylor. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE has been a peculiar pleasure in reading Mr. Heckscher's "Rose Windows." Some two years ago we reviewed a previous volume of his work, and, in spite of judicious puffs on the fly-leaves, found very little of intrinsic merit to commend. We have been all the more gratified to discover a new and refined quality in these pages. The poems are, for the most part, less ambitious in form; they evince a simplification of expression and a much enhanced clarity of emotion. They are by no means all of equal merit, but there are at least half a dozen real lyrics of a very commendable substance, to have produced which is no mean distinction. We would instance "Sunrise," "Sunset," "Music, Going Home," "The Soul," "Surfeit," "To a Vision of the Virgin," and "Genius." Any of these would justify quotation; we choose the last named:

Along the mountain ledge I tread,
 Alone in joy and woe;
 I brush the heaven with my head,
 And I have looked below!

I do not meet with anyone—
 No sound is in the air;
 Within an arm's reach of the sun,
 But one step from despair!

That is remarkably well considered; more could scarcely be expressed within such narrow compass. At the back of the volume Mr. Heckscher ventures a specimen of more sustained work in "The Legend of the Christmas Tree," which occupies nine pages. The subject is highly fanciful, but it is handled in such a way—with such nicety of detail and happiness of phrase—as awakens some expectation with regard to the author's future work. And the title of the present volume suggests a continuation.

Sooner or later love makes every man a poet; and it is a rather graceless business to let loose the critical pruning-knife in Mr. Carpenter's pretty garden. His arrangement of it in clumps or plots of so-called "Roses," "Narcissi," "Daffodils," and so forth, strikes one as a little arbitrary; but there are some pleasant blooms, call them what he will. We like the "roses" best, and here it is one pauses, doubting the right to desecrate such a garden, surely cultivated for one especial pair of eyes. For these roses are love-poems, tender, sincere, and full of that awakened wonder which lends them something of the sanctity of a shrine. In the verses that succeed, Mr. Carpenter evinces a quiet, thoughtful spirit; he cannot delight with the rarer shock of surprise, but he would fain please with the music of a shaded, limpid, gently-moving stream. And yet—how many more times must we groan over the falsity of the poetic ear that can rhyme "dawn" with "morn"?

"M. A.'s" poems have a peculiarly youthful charm; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, a feminine origin. Even a sophisticated reader must confess the spell of a romance so consistently and so ardently hymned. For "M. A.'s" visions are all of—

Enchanted mountains peaked and pinnacled,
 Spired cities by dim reaches of the sea;

where high-prowed galleys disburden their outlandish merchandise, and armoured knights ride to deeds of chivalry. It is a world of dreams, not grey and shadowy, but vivid with bright-hued birds and flowers, its waters and meads coloured like jewels. Now and again we are jarred by a false rhyme; occasionally the fancy is a trifle extravagant, as:

And the tears which fell from his throbbing soul
 Glowed to an opal aureole,

and sometimes there is a warning of the fascination of mere rhyming; but we take these for "early" blemishes. In general, the mastery of the poetic medium both commands respect and makes promises. One or two irregular sonnets, such as "Graves" and "On a Bust of Queen Mary I," touch a sterner note, but the more familiar song runs to this tune:

Quiet almond-orchards, petal-strewn and sweet,
 Where lingers the long clear gold-dusted gloom,
 Where opalescent skies and blossoms meet,
 Till twilight stars entangle with the bloom,
 And fallen stars lie scattered round the feet.

Friend, shall I weave these stars to broideries,
 With gracious tears and glad-souled gratitudes
 For love's submissions and sweet servitudes?
 For wisdom's ways and faith's divinities,
 And lantern lights in desert solitudes?

Blessings on all weavers of fair dreams! Nevertheless, when she comes to realities, "M. A." should do something even better.

We believe Emily Hickey has done some good work, but these "Later Poems" are hardly likely to make a

wide appeal. The greater part is frankly religious, much of it very slender from a poetic standpoint, though "After Our Lady's Presentation" is informed with a tender human quality above the rest. Another element of the book is Irish, of the legendary school. A long poem on Mider's wooing of Etáin the Queen has passages of real beauty, but there is really small satisfaction in such an example as "Amairgen," with its run of verses constructed after this pattern:

Amairgen the White-kneed sang;
I am a Tear of the Sun,
And of Plants the fairest one,
And the Vulture upon the rock.

There are other perversities, such as a "Ballad of the Judas Tree," which weaves a monotonous length of close on a hundred lines to a uniform rhyme in "ee." There remain some two or three poems of a less equivocal character: "Eld to Youth," "In the Day of Understanding," and a pleasant sonnet on "Ox-eyed Daisies." For our part, we would keep these and let the rest go.

When Mr. J. Wells Thatcher determined on publication he evidently intended to lay up no vain regrets on the score of omission, for we could well suppose this volume to contain almost everything he has ever written with a pretence to rhyme. The result is a most amazing medley: humorous verses, songs, translations from the classics, verses from his Christmas cards, *jeux d'esprit* left over from a wedding breakfast, a poetical rendering of a chapter from the "Eikon Basilikè," album verses, and a long effusion about the staff of a publishing firm, full of personal allusions—and even now we have not exhausted the varieties. Many of these have neither value nor interest for any save a few personal friends; and, indeed, it would be folly to suppose that Mr. Thatcher has had any intent to challenge comparison with laureates in bringing this book to birth. A piece about an airship and a series of verses called "The Angler" have merit, but the translations from Horace, from Ovid, from Propertius, come nearest to poetry of anything in the book. That is not to say they are perfect translations—or even perfect poems—as a single comparison will show:

hic generosior
Descendat in Campium petitor;

Adown the slope
To Mars' wide field, with high-born signs,
A candidate for office strides, with Hope.

But the collection will doubtless please the versatile author's friends.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing, on January 28, a new play by Mr. Israel Zangwill, which is being produced by the Play Actors' Society at the Court Theatre on the 25th, entitled "The Melting Pot." To the English edition Mr. Zangwill has added a lengthy note dealing with the racial and religious problems involved in the play.

Quakers and Quakerism

John Woolman, His Life and Our Times: A Study in Applied Christianity. By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (Macmillan and Co. 5s.)

ONE of my earliest recollections of anything connected with Quakers is reading as a child in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the description of the scene when George and Eliza were being helped to escape by Phineas Fletcher, the Quaker, who at a critical moment pushed Tom Loker backwards over the rocks with the remark: "Friend—thee isn't wanted here." John Woolman might probably have acted in the same way under similar circumstances, but he was not put to the test. His whole life was a stern subordination of expediency to principle, and the only man of modern times at all comparable with him on these lines was General Gordon.

Born in 1720 at his father's home in Burlington County, New Jersey, he in very early life adopted to the utmost the faith as laid down by George Fox, Robert Barclay, and other leaders of the sect; and although on various occasions he had great mental struggles he never gave way, always doing what he thought right regardless of the worldly consequences. The present work is founded on the Journal of Woolman kept by himself, written in very simple language but with an eloquence of its own.

Very early in life he was appointed a Minister, although Quakerism does not set apart those who teach or preach, and very early also he openly stated that slave-keeping was a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. As he grew older this conviction increased, and he laboured with great earnestness among friends and foes to bring about its abolition. The fruits of the seed sown by him and others took over one hundred years to ripen. Woolman lived in a curious age; the Quakers practically governed the State of New Jersey, and no doubt after the persecution their forefathers had endured in England, first at the hands of the Puritans, and later at the hands of the restored Church party, they in turn were severe when in power. One enactment issued by the members of the Assembly may be noticed:

That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, who shall after this Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high-heeled shoes shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours."

We must leave the reader to follow the life of John Woolman through his journeys among the Indians and to his death in England in 1772 of smallpox with all its then horrors—a pattern of resignation and patience.

It may be interesting to note in connection with this life of a perfect specimen of the Quaker a few facts

about the sect generally. George Fox, a Leicestershire peasant was its founder about the year 1648, and Dr. Thomas Hodgkin in an article on the Society of Friends forming part of a book "Our Churches and Why We Belong to Them" (1898), tells us that Calvinism was dominated when Fox started the new faith—"the universal light of Christ in the souls of all men"—and of the persecution from all sides that followed. This continued until the Toleration Act of 1689. From 1689 to 1740 the Quakers flourished and founded many of the private banks, some of which still survive. They were esteemed as men of their word and had the public confidence for their honest trading.

The next period runs from 1790 to the present day. The early part of it marked the change to "Evangelical" Quakerism, and was noteworthy for the Gurneys and the magnificent work done in connection with prison-reform by Elizabeth Fry. One could wish that Elizabeth Fry might see a modern prison with its cleanliness and luxury compared with those of her own time.

Of the early literature written for and against Quakerism and its doctrines, one may mention a book written by William Penn; but the most celebrated was by Barclay, the "Apology for the True Christian Divinity" (1678). This brought in reply a book called "A Confutation of Quakerism or a Plain Proof of the Falsehood of what the Principal Quaker Writers (especially Mr. R. Barclay in his apology and other works) do Teach." The writer was Thomas Bennet, M.A., Rector of St. James's in Colchester, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge (1705).

The preface to this book is a splendid illustration of Christian charity, and we are likely to see some of this same spirit in the present Kikuyu controversy. Mr. Bennet wrote: "I cannot but think Quakerism one of the vilest and most pernicious heresies that our unhappy nation has ever been infected with. And wherefore I am heartily grieved, that although my brethren the Clergy of the Established Church have written with great learning and accuracy upon most other points, yet the Quaker controversies have been almost (wholly) neglected by them"—and much more in this strain.

A word on the other side. Lamb, in the Essays of Elia, "A Quaker's Meeting," written between 1820 and 1833, heads the essay with a poem by Richard Fleckno:—

Still born silence? thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart—

and pays an eloquent tribute to the peace passing understanding. Lamb knew the writings of John Woolman and advised his readers to get them by heart. His own essay is certainly worth reading; so is a modern one, "John Woolman the Quaker," by George Macaulay Trevelyan in a book of essays on various subjects published last November; quite short but excellent, particularly on the slavery question.

We opened our review by a reference to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so let us see what the authoress of that

book says of the Quakers in the "Key" to it published in 1853, giving "the original facts and documents upon which the story is founded":—

The character of Rachael Halliday was a real one. Simeon Halliday calmly risked fine and imprisonment for his love to God and man. He had many counterparts among the sect. Richard Dillingham was sentenced to imprisonment for three years for helping slaves to escape, and died of cholera caught whilst nursing other prisoners. Whittier, always sympathetic, wrote a poem on his death.

To summarise, it is clear that Quakers have never been guilty of oppression, that the tenets of their faith are simple, and that the world would be much better if the principles they profess and carry out were more general. That it is possible, as John Woolman's career shows, to live a pure and simple life even in this work-a-day world; but it is very difficult and requires a strong courage and devotion to one's principles to do so. Finally, that until the world is differently constituted, "when wars shall cease and all mankind be kin," the present-day Quakers must be in the minority, and be prepared to suffer for their faith.

W. N.

The Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner

The Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner. Translated and Edited by CAROLINE V. KERR. (James Nisbet and Co. 6s. net.)

MISS KERR has done a useful work for the more modest race of Wagnerian enthusiasts, those who can spare neither the money nor the time for making acquaintance with the enormous mass which exists of Bayreuth literature, in compiling a short history of the Bayreuth enterprise. This is told by means of a copious selection from the "Bayreuth" letters which she has translated afresh, with explanatory notes and running commentary by herself. Almost all, we suppose, of these letters have appeared before in an English version, but Miss Kerr, using Glasenapp and Finck for her historical narrative, has so interwoven them with it that the whole book affords a clear picture of the most remarkable episodes in Wagner's career. The letters, as everyone who has read them in former editions knows, are not letters whose interest derives from style, or thought, or cunning terms of expression. Wagner was not in the class of the great epistolers. These are, for the most part, specimens of the business correspondence of a genius, whose genius did not prevent his absorption in the organisation and the practical details of his great scheme.

For this extraordinary man could not only write huge dramas and put great music to them; he could hold in his hands the many threads of a most difficult and laborious enterprise. He has to finish and make ready the four great operas of the "Ring" while

he is building his theatre, maturing his plans, selecting artists, and collecting the gigantic funds necessary for his Festival. He has to inspire antagonistic natures with will to work together, to make lions lie down with lambs, to compose differences, foresee and remove difficulties, while never once letting the reins in his hands become slack for an instant. His letters written during this period, business letters though they may be, have always attracted readers, not only because they tell the story of a marvellous enterprise conceived and carried out by the brain and the indomitable will of one man, but because they show their author as he was, not as he is described by idolaters. The world is recovering from the fit of idol-worship which penitence for an earlier scepticism helped to make unreasonable, and, grown calm after its delirium, can think and speak of Wagner with a sobriety which would have seemed impossible twenty years ago. The present generation, then, should welcome a book like this of Miss Kerr's, which, within reasonable limits, tells them a very wonderful tale, and tells it in the best possible manner.

The inhabitants of Chicago, for aught we know, may have built for themselves a temple consecrated to Wagner such as they offered to build and endow when the Bayreuth plans seemed doomed to failure. Other equally wealthy and enlightened cities may yet do the same; but Bayreuth, one would think, can never lose its unique place. It may come to be no more than a ruined temple, but men could never see it for the first time without something of that breathless feeling with which one sees the Forum or the Parthenon for the first time. It must remain one of the wonders of the world, and people will always want to know the story of its conception and realisation. The book is well printed, and there are several illustrations. It would serve admirably as a present to any young musician or ardent amateur who hopes some day to go to Bayreuth—yes, and also to those who have made that pilgrimage: for these may have forgotten the details of the great legend which they learnt in their few days there, and be very thankful to have it all lucidly put before them in a handy volume.

The Council of the Royal Anthropological Institute has made arrangements for an address by Professor Baldwin Spencer, C.M.G., F.R.S., on the "Life of the Australian Savage," to be given by kind permission of H.M. First Commissioner of Works in the theatre of the Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, W., on Tuesday next, at 8 p.m. To the magnificent volumes of Professor Spencer the scientific world owes its present knowledge of tribes who with the Andamanese stand at the bottom of the scale of human culture. Professor Spencer is a master of the science of anthropology and of the art of descriptive ethnography. He proposes to illustrate his address by means of cinematograph films and by phonograph records, so that in the heart of civilisation will be portrayed, as realistically as modern inventions will permit, the life of the most backward people of the Empire.

More Blackstick Papers

From the Porch. By LADY RITCHIE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

THE Fairy Blackstick is with us again; her judicious blending of the fairy-like and the edifying proclaims her to be of the good old-fashioned fairy race of a generation ago. This volume might have been entitled "Blackstick Papers Continued," thus recalling Lady Ritchie's delightful book of a few years back; but the Fairy Blackstick is more resourceful in the matter of titles, and she gives us something that is happy indeed, though a trifle solemn—for a fairy. It seems matter-of-fact enough at first glance—is there not a photograph of the porch itself?—until suddenly, with a little shock of awe, we gather its symbolism, and realise, sighing regretfully, that Lady Ritchie lives in her sunset. Here are memories of the Victorian giants such as only those who have drunk at the fount of immortal youth can set down. Here is the kindly smile over the ancient fashions and faded pomposities of a still earlier period. All is gentle and informative, having that true relish for life and books which belongs to an age before literature had become the whole duty of writers.

The aim of the book might be stated in the words of page 196:

This is an age of pictures. There are few people who do not love them. Besides the actual representations of things that we see with our eyes, and the images of the benefactors we have actually known, there are also those pictures which we paint for ourselves, memory-pictures, hope-pictures, wishing-pictures, all depicted upon that mysterious atmosphere which surrounds our life as it passes. It sometimes happens that these visions show us men and women who never knew us, who died long before we were born, and yet who are actually a part of our lives and in some way still with us and full of help and sympathy and encouragement.

Lady Ritchie has a happy way of reviving half-forgotten memories. The gentle ghost of Sainte Jean Françoise de Chantal haunts the ancient streets of Annecy as we wander through them with her. With what affectionate laughter is "the Swan of Lichfield," Anna Seward, recalled. Did she ever dream of the amusement she would provide for a future and less precise generation? A sentence from the "Swan," such as "May never the blight of disease, the vapours of folly, or the canker of vice shed baneful influence over the children of such care," is a pass-word admitting us to the spacious days of Johnson. The essay entitled "L'Art D'Etre Grandpère" tells us of "the first great English geographer," Major James Rennell, and of the letters he wrote to his grandson, which reveal him as something other than explorer and soldier—a delightful and unconventional page from a worthy man's history.

Among better-known names, Dickens appears as a splendid and vivid memory. And even more precious are the few reminiscences of Thackeray and of his connection with the founding of the *Cornhill*. "The Dis-

course on Modern Sibyls" is not too modern, as their names will show—George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Currer Bell, and Mrs. Oliphant. Of all Lady Ritchie has something illuminating and often something personal and first-hand to say. Her reminiscences of Mrs. Oliphant are peculiarly interesting. The article on Alfred Stevens is a tribute to a great artist to whom the world has meted out a tardy recognition. The last three papers in the book show Lady Ritchie's interest in philanthropy: "A Meeting in a Garden," telling of an encounter with Canon Barnett, while "Upstairs and Downstairs" and "In My Lady's Chamber" concern the founder of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, Mrs. Senior. There are other papers which we have not touched on, and the same charm is in all. We trust that Lady Ritchie may dwell in the porch for many years yet.

The Cubit and the Span

The Early Weights and Measures of Mankind. By GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G. (The Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. 7s. 6d.)

THIS volume is a further contribution by the author to the study of an interesting subject. Notwithstanding the proverbial leisure of very busy men, it is difficult to understand how the writer, in the course of a really arduous career as soldier, administrator, engineer, and police commissioner, has managed to spare time to accumulate the materials which make the substance of this and his earlier work.

The present book will appeal perhaps to the antiquarian and the historian rather than to the average layman; but to those students whose inclinations or necessities direct them to the kind of inquiry undertaken by Sir Charles Warren, we can confidently recommend it. In many respects the work follows the lines of the classical treatise* of Professor Flinders Petrie. A large part of the volume is devoted to the statement, in tabular form, of the relations existing between the weights and measures of the different geographical units of antiquity; and it is made clearly apparent that the majority of these weights and measures had the nexus of a common derivation. To literary style there is little pretension, and, indeed, literary style would hardly have been appropriate to so condensed a presentation of the facts.

The philosophic background of the study provides its main source of interest to the general reader. The author points out how early systems of measurement, whether of length or weight or capacity, depend upon two factors, of which the first was some dimension of the human body, and the second was some simple system of counting. The use of the latter to express convenient multiples and sub-multiples of the primary measurement must have been a very early, as it certainly

was a very important, achievement of human intelligence.

The development of the idea of length into ideas of area and volume is indicated. The last was obviously associated with capacity. Capacity was found to be susceptible of easy measurement in terms of seeds or grains: for seeds and grains had this advantage (over water, for instance), that their number could be counted. The rati or gunga seed (wild liquorice, *Abrus precatorius*), by its uniformity of size and weight, and by its comparative freedom from change due to desiccation, possessed a special suitability for estimations of capacity; and so originated a most interesting series of numerical relations between various systems of measurement and the weight of the rati. In this connection it is interesting to remember that the relation between bulk, weight and number has been very exactly and scientifically developed in later times. It has been applied to such diverse purposes as physical and chemical measurement, the telling of coin, and the counts of the Census.

Experiment has fixed approximate limits to the weight of the rati, which ranges from 1.31 grains Troy (Sir W. Jones) to 1.91 grains Troy. Sir Charles Warren's estimate is 1.7044 grains Troy. The margin of variation or error is thus still large. The evolution of the successive units, and their connection with and relation to this original measure, form the chief matter of the book, which elucidates much that is important and interesting in the civilisations of the earlier nations of Europe and the East.

General Sir Charles Warren's work should be in the library of all whose interests take them in the direction of antiquarian research. It is a mine of information, and students of metrology will find in it much suggestive and valuable material.

Enemies of the Race

The Snakes of Europe. By G. A. BOULENGER. Illustrated. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

SOME twenty-eight different kinds of snakes, venomous or otherwise, occur within the limits of Europe and on the Western borderlands of Asia, and of these, three only are found in Britain and other Northern countries, the majority, to the number of seventeen, being credited to the Balkan region and neighbouring islands. It is further worthy of notice that not only are the venomous snakes more numerous and more varied in the hotter portions of Europe, but that a fatal sequel to their bite is least frequently recorded in the colder latitudes.

Pre-eminently, Dr. Boulenger is, in the best sense of the words, a cabinet naturalist, and his official position at South Kensington gives him opportunities of comparing reptiles from every part of the world that not even travelled naturalists can hope to emulate. In this compact hand-book he presents, as might be expected, an exhaustive and masterly account of such few snakes as are found in European countries, and he has invoked

* Inductive Metrology.

the aid of illustrations which, while on technical grounds leaving nothing to be desired, undeniably lack much of the attraction that would have belonged to coloured plates.

Although the structure and classification of his subjects are his chief concern, the author by no means neglects the popular aspect of their life-story, and he devotes adequate space to an account of their manner of feeding, biting, moving, feigning death and uttering those familiar sounds of hissing or rattling which, however useful they may have been in the forest primeval, must, since the coming of man, have proved a source of danger to them, since, but for this advertising of its whereabouts, many a snake would easily escape notice. The author is severe on the fable of snakes fascinating small birds by the glint of their eyes, a popular superstition to which he denies even a basis of truth, pointing out that keepers in menageries are actually afraid to give live rats as food to valuable snakes because they know that the chances are equal whether the snake devours the rat, or the rat the snake. There is an analogous belief to which Dr. Boulenger makes no reference, and that is the supposed deception of birds by the quivering tongue, which, according to some writers, they mistake for a wriggling worm. Of snake-charmers the author entertains no very high opinion, though he bestows grudging praise on the indifference with which they handle such deadly playthings, attributing their courage to conscious immunity earned by gradual inoculation. As for the potent spell which they claim for their music, Dr. Boulenger dismisses it with the contemptuous remark that anyone can, without the aid of music at all, obtain precisely the same result by sitting in front of a cobra and swaying his body from side to side. The cobra is, however, geographically outside the scope of the present volume; and so also, if we except its supposed occurrence in a viper indigenous to the Island of Cyprus, is the famous bezoar stone, or snake stone, the medicinal virtues of which have been held in such high repute by many nations, ancient and modern. To this matter the author accordingly devotes only a few lines, else, with a wider range of survey, he might have drawn attention to the presence of bezoar stones in the wild goat of the Himalaya, which sportsmen know by the Persian name of "markhor," which means "eater of snakes."

One of the most important popular errors which he takes the timely opportunity of correcting is the danger of attempting to identify dangerous snakes by any such easily recognisable external character as the flattened head commonly associated with the venomous kind. It is true that many deadly snakes have this depressed type of head, but, on the other hand, some of the most dreaded of all, among which mention may be made of the cobra and krait, have not, and would therefore, probably with disastrous consequences, deceive anyone relying on the display of such means of identification.

Taking into due consideration the limitations imposed by his geographical rubric, Dr. Boulenger may be congratulated on having written a very interesting and attractive hand-book.

A Hint on Saving Money

HOW A SHILLING A DAY WILL BE WORTH £300, WITH
UNSURPASSED SECURITY.

MANY people could save money and accumulate a modest competence by merely putting aside the money they waste because it does not seem worth while investing it.

For instance, a shilling a day represents over £18 a year, but most men will not bother to accumulate that sum annually because it does not promise a good enough return from investment. As a matter of fact, it represents a capitalised sum of considerable magnitude—a sum, moreover, which increases in value from year to year, and is always available for use upon specially advantageous terms.

As an instance, to a man aged thirty less than this sum represents an immediate capitalised value of £300, which becomes his own property absolutely at the age of forty-five. In the meantime, should he die, that amount is payable to his family, or to anyone else he may appoint to receive it. Also during those fifteen years he can borrow money at the most advantageous terms upon the sums he has invested in this way, so that during the fifteen years in question his savings are earning him money, and he is providing for his own wants in the future and for the welfare of those dependent upon him.

If he decided to invest his savings so that the capitalised value were payable either at death or at the end of twenty-five years, the man of thirty paying £20 5s. 5d. a year would receive £500 at the age of fifty-five, plus any bonus or profit added to the sum assured. Profits at present rate of distribution would be £218, making total sum payable £718—provided, of course, that the bonus is maintained at its present figure—a very good investment result.

These are merely examples of a large number of attractive ways of investing small amounts, and those who wish to take advantage of the new way of saving and investing money with absolute capital security and the many other advantages indicated should write to the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, 61, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., whose funds amount to the gigantic total £23,000,000, for Endowment Booklet No. 14. This company, which, according to the *Statist*, "deservedly enjoys a world-wide reputation for financial strength and liberal treatment of its policy-holders," specialises in all kinds of insurance, and in reply to inquirers will submit for consideration a number of attractive proposals on the lines indicated above. It is, of course, distinctly understood that the sending of such an inquiry to the company in no way implies any obligation on the part of the sender.

Shorter Reviews

Masonic Papers. By JIVANJI JAMSHEDJI MODI, B.A.
(Published by the Author, Mithi Lodge, Colaba, Bombay.)

THE author of this book is a well-known Parsi writer in Bombay, and evidently also an ardent Freemason. His first paper on "The Legendary and the Actual History of Freemasonry" does not, he admits, pretend to be anything more than the notes of a student: it contains a brief summary of the History of Freemasonry as given by Dr. A. G. Mackay in four volumes. It will thus save any student the labour of looking through a mass of material. The "Legend of the Craft" goes back to such ancient names as Lamech, Nimrod, the Tower of Babel, Abraham, Euclid, Egypt, Judæa, Solomon's Temple, Charles Martel, St. Alban, Athelstan, and Edwin, and many more are mentioned. The Legend appears to rank no higher than an Historical Myth, but it has been examined critically by Mr. Modi, and is at least as interesting as many legends to which no historical value can be attached. In dealing with the actual or authentic history of Freemasonry, Mr. Modi goes back to the Roman College of Artificers, where Masonry or Architecture began, and through the Roman connection with Britain treats of early Masonry in Britain, and its later history after the downfall of the Roman Empire. The paper on Zoroaster and Euclid does not aim at comparing their lives, which were separated by centuries. Mr. Modi's object is to show that the study of an exact science like that of Euclid's geometry prepares a young man to be a good and true Zoroastrian as well as to be a good and true Mason. Euclid's teaching and Zoroastrianism he regards as similar to a great extent. In writing of King Solomon's Temple and the ancient Persians, the author has collected a quantity of Oriental lore and learning, and claims a connection, through Judaism, between Christianity and Zoroastrianism. The volume is, on the whole, a remarkable production, which it is profitable to appreciate for its wide range and ambitious aims, though its historical value may not be very great.

The Secret Doctrine in Israel: A Study of Zohar and its Connections. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.
Illustrated. (Wm. Rider and Son. 10s. 6d. net.)

AMONG non-Jewish students of the Kabbalah, or Jewish mysticism, Mr. Waite certainly holds a high place. Of Englishmen he is the first to treat that extraordinary literature of Jewish mysticism—the Zohar—as a whole, and those readers who are interested in such subjects will doubtless extend a hearty welcome to this volume, which is the second of a series of three. Mr. Waite has devoted many years of his life to this study. Twelve years ago he published "The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabbalah." After the lapse of more than a decade comes the second volume. After a

further interval—"it may well be that several years will elapse before the task is finished"—a third is to come, the decoding of "the Hermetic side of transmission, properly so called, by which I mean the great texts of alchemy." The present volume must not, however, be considered a sequel to the earlier one. It approaches the question of Zoharic tradition from an entirely different point of view. Among the subjects to which whole chapters are devoted are "The Hidden Church of Israel," "The Majesty of God in Kabbalism," "The Myth of the Earthly Paradise," "The Fall of Man," "The Coming of Messiah," "The Soul in Kabbalism," etc. Mr. Waite also writes of the early students of Kabbalism, the occult sciences, developments of later Kabbalism, and the alleged Christian elements. Jewish mysticism undoubtedly dates from very early times, earlier than those of the Apocrypha, and Mr. Waite is well justified in holding this view as against that of other authorities who consider the Zohar but a mediæval forgery. Ancient or mediæval, however, Jewish mysticism is of the slightest interest or value now, and to the ordinary layman it seems that Mr. Waite and those who share his labours are wasting much time and study which might be devoted to a far better object.

Two Useful Books

IN a few years' time probably it will be necessary to extend some of the reference books to more than one volume; each year they continue to increase in size. "The Literary Year Book" for 1914 (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s. net) has again extended its pages, and although some details with reference to Public Library returns have been omitted certain additions have been made in the list of Periodical Publications. This list is very good, particularly the section devoted to the Canadian, American, and Indian journals, where the detailed information must be most useful to all writers who have any dealings with the publications of foreign countries.

The division of the book into different parts while still keeping the paging consecutive is an improvement upon the system adopted in previous years, when each section began with page one.

We note that Mr. G. H. Thring still allows to pass uncorrected the wrong spelling of Prince Edmond de Polignac's name in connection with the Nobel Prizes, and the revision we suggested last year in connection with authors' names and publications does not yet appear to have taken place.

"Willing's Press Guide, 1914" is unaltered so far as general appearance and form are concerned; although, of course, it is brought up to date with regard to its information. The scope of this book is very wide; it must be useful to everyone connected with the newspaper world in any capacity, whether as proprietor, contributor, publisher or merely the ordinary seller in shop or street.

Fiction

Dust from the Loom. By EDWARD NOBLE. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

WITH the exception that it would have been advisable occasionally to shift the scene of this novel from the island of Santa Lucia and the training ship *Silver Cloud*, and to have let us hear a little more about a few other persons in addition to Captain Grant, Señorita Chasca and her chaperon Liseta, the story is very good indeed. In fact it is quite interesting in spite of the small complaint we have made above. Liseta, a thoroughly kind and considerate gentlewoman, makes such a complete muddle of the little English she knows, that she affords great amusement. Her intentions are excellent, but it is doubtful whether she really aids at all the lovers she is so anxious to befriend. There are no very serious complications in the way of the love-making of Captain Grant and Señorita Chasca; another suitor makes his appearance, but as he loves the lady's fortune more than the lady he is quickly disposed of. Don Pedro acts the stern parent, but is quickly brought by the two ladies to see the error of his ways. The story is enjoyable and the setting attractive. Readers in search of a pleasant relaxation should order "*Dust from the Loom.*"

The Vaudevillians. By an Anonymous Author. (John Long. 6s.)

THE inner life of the music-hall world has not hitherto been very fully exploited by the writer of fiction, and we are not quite sure that the present book carries out that idea, for it reads rather as a transcript from life than as a work of imagination based upon the observation of facts such as, we suppose, the novel should be. But from our personal point of view, the present author's method is, however, admirable. Observation and photographic exactitude should be relieved by art and the refinements of literary fancy, of course; but suppose one does not possess these qualities, then to write clearly of a world well known to you and of people with whom you have been intimate is, we readily own, a perfectly sound undertaking. The anonymous author of "*The Vaudevillians*" is obviously well fitted for her work. She has studied the world of which she writes with infinite care, unsuspected, we presume, by the many personages in the midst of whom she must have wrought her vivid, candid story. If her book is read by the music-hall world we can imagine their surprise would be much the same as when Miss Burney's friends first realised the gifts of the author of "*Evelina*." Since Mr. Gleig's powerful book on the life of the musical comedies' people, "*The Woman in the Limelight*," no such clear and boldly truthful picture of real happenings behind the scenes has been given to the public.

The heroine of the book, Coralie Wilson, is an ex-

ample of a well-known type of music-hall singer who has been bred to the business and knows very early in life all that the world has to tell. She is curiously attractive and sage, yet wildly foolish on occasion: impassioned, kind, wrong-headed and good-hearted all at once. The author makes us see her and understand her every mood and action; indeed, all of the very many characters live and have their being after a fashion by no means common in modern fiction or in novels of any period. The only person who does not quite convince is the devoted Dr. Nicholson, who, after many adventures, is eventually rewarded with the somewhat difficult hand and heart of the music-hall heroine. All readers who care to find themselves in a little-known world, and wish to see the life therein depicted with sympathy, clearness, and an abundant sense of humour, will enjoy "*The Vaudevillians*"; whether the personages of the novel who are so fearlessly drawn, we should think, from the life, will take equal pleasure in the book is doubtful. But, after all, such well-made caps fit a thousand people, and is it not always our neighbour who is the real owner?

Splendrum. By LINDSAY BASHFORD. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE object of writing a novel such as "*Splendrum*" is not easy to imagine. A very large number of the passages will be quite familiar to readers of the daily halfpenny Press; for they would do nicely for the political leaderettes in which cheap journalism indulges. And as these are within reach of every possessor of the modest copper it is not too much to expect that the writer of a romance should refrain from offending his readers' ears with everyday matter of the kind he proffers. The main idea of the story appears to be to show how a son of a rich and self-made man imbibes Radical ideas and in the end turns Tory. The working out, however, is not good. It is crude and unconvincing, and, towards the end is hurried to a climax. *Splendrum*, senior, as the hard business man, is a more living figure—a type of the person who overcomes all obstacles in his desire and determination to succeed in his business career, and at last is overtaken by a weakness in his own disposition. The book should be read soon, for the events recorded are topical, and not likely to excite much interest a few years, or even a less time, hence.

Mr. J. H. Weeks, the author of "*Among Congo Cannibals*," has written another book, entitled "*Among the Primitive Bakongo*." He has spent practically the whole of his life in Equatorial Africa, and has made a careful study of the languages, customs, habits, and beliefs in witchcraft, sorcery, fetishism. The book is well illustrated with extremely interesting photographs, and will be published immediately by Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.

"The Immortal Memory"

ON the day of publication of this week's issue of THE ACADEMY, or on Monday, tens of thousands of Scots, members of Burns clubs and kindred societies, will meet in banqueting halls to celebrate the one hundred and forty-eighth anniversary of the birth of the author of "A Man's a Man for a' That." There will be the usual perfervid outpourings of dubious eloquence, in which amateur orators will repeat the stale laudations of bygone biographers, and wax sentimental over the trials and privations of the bard. Ninety-nine per cent. of the speakers will refer to the poet as "Robbie," and pat their audiences upon the back in an excess of mutual congratulations at having been born north of the Tweed. Quotations from the poems will be liberally made by men, of whom not one in a thousand could repeat correctly two verses of the song, the chorus of which will terminate their proceedings. The occasion will be made the excuse for bibulous excesses; staid citizens will unbend at the remark, "Ah! Rantin' Robin was a de'il among the lasses," and swap experiences of their own, of which their wives had never heard, of course. So the old, wearisome farce will go on, the memory of the luckless poet debased by the unintelligent enthusiasm of those to whom his name is a catchword, the significance of which is lamentably misunderstood. Were Burns to revisit the glimpses of the moon, one can imagine him looking on at all this merry-making in his name with a mingling of sadness and disgust, turning mournfully away at last, determined never to return.

It is not the memory of the man who wrote "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut" and "The Lass that Made the Bed to Me" that will benefit the world by recollection; it is by nurturing the influence of the prophetic spirit who saw the coming of the day when "man to man the world o'er shall brithers be" that the real worth of Burns is to be perpetuated. The accepted manner of celebrating him is utterly at variance with the spirit of the lesson that Burns taught the world, and bears as much relation to that lesson as would the wearing of ear-caps by students of Herbert Spencer's philosophy, or the indulgence in opium by admirers of the genius of Francis Thompson. It was the misfortune of the bard that his heart was too tindery, and his stomach unsuited to the bacchanalian demands of his period, and the consequences of this misfortune reflected in his poems are items to be understood and then forgotten. It is not intended to belittle the perfect drinking songs which Burns has bequeathed us, or to find unpleasantness in his more amorous compositions. These have their literary value; but certainly they do not reveal the best that Burns had in him, nor is it upon these that his claim to immortality rests.

His spirit outsoared these trammels of temperament, and sang songs that hold in their words the authentic music of eternal truth. To him it was given to illumine the darkest corners of the human heart; to his inspired yet simple mind came the vision out of which he was to

paint for us the likeness of a practicable Utopia, towards the building of which we have already progressed far since his day. The seed he sowed was one of revolt, but it contained growth and sustenance as well, and much that makes for the amelioration of the conditions of the poor, though attributed to other men, is due directly to the echoes of his battle-song of individual independence. Life, whether manifested in a mouse, or a wounded hare, or even a common flower, lay revealed to him in all its aspects, care ever jostling gladness, misfortune treading on the heels of prosperity, beauty and purity smirched by ugliness and filth, laughter mingling with bitter tears. Contemplating the mystery, he saw and understood and spoke, giving new impulse to the doctrine of love by expressing it in terms of universal brotherhood. Despite his occasional excesses, his indiscretions, and his follies, Burns was a pattern according to which any man might safely shape his character, and never do aught but gain.

Every man has his weaknesses; none can hope entirely to escape the distortions of nature resulting from regulated social existence; but these things are easily forgiven when honour and integrity of spirit shine with such splendour as in Robert Burns. His influence is immortal; even though every line he wrote were burned and forgotten, it would remain undiminished; it is to be felt in every movement towards the essential uplifting of the race. Lord Morley has said that six lines from a poem of Burns have done more for mankind than all the leading articles that have been written since newspapers came into being; and this is no exaggerated statement. Eighty-six years ago Carlyle foreshadowed this truth, and the pity is that those who pretend to revere the memory of this rare and mighty spirit should be content and even proud to celebrate that memory by a pitiful annual outburst of roystering.

It is time that this indecent mockery were brought to an end. Rather than that it should continue, let all the Burns clubs and societies be flung into the limbo of exploded anachronisms; the memory of the poet would not suffer. For all practical and ennobling purposes it is enshrined in the bosoms of thousands who treasure it with a reverence only less sensitive than religion, and who endeavour by action, not oratory, to urge mankind forward by example towards the ideal for which the poet bade men pray. A. H. D.

Mr. Erskine MacDonald proposes to publish a series of "Modern Playbooks," to be edited by Mr. Stephen Phillips. He will make his selection from unacted plays for the most part, and the series will be confined to new English dramatists, who have had less encouragement to appear in book form than their Continental brethren. Writers of this form of literature should communicate with the publisher (and not the editor), in the first instance, at Malory House, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.

Some New French Books

M. ETIENNE REY is a young author who has already written what he considers quite definite things on love. He has just published a small, elegant volume called "Maximes Morales et Immorales" (Bernard Grasset, 3fr. 50). Some of these reveal him as being certainly very young, for they are presumptuous and have a tendency towards definitiveness—two very youthful characteristics. In others, he has discovered with much satisfaction some rather too evident truths. However, we cannot reproach him with this too much, as precisely the great inconvenience of writing thoughts and remarks is that many other people have thought and remarked them before you! M. Rey also tries to disguise himself in the garb of a blasé Don Juan, whilst in truth he simply shows that he is specially subject to the usual naïf masculine cynicism. He strives towards originality. He is not shy of paradoxes, and is not averse from a certain voluntary and cold scepticism, which evidently in his eyes is the stamp of perfect modernism. His book reveals a very precocious experience of life, and it does not lack a certain audacity in treating of subjects which have furnished matter of reflections, remarks, and "Pensées" to such writers as La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Stendhal, and Balzac. Nevertheless, M. Rey has the merit of saying certain things with a frankness, with a cynicism, which are often lacking in the above-mentioned authors. For, in the past, it was not the fashion to treat sentimentality and sensuality with such frankness.

Women will especially appreciate the "Maximes Morales et Immorales," for women often like to be spoken to, and also to be spoken of, with a tranquil brutality, as it gives them a pleasantly exaggerated idea of the importance of their little persons; they will certainly be delighted when M. Rey says: "Il ne faut jamais battre une femme avec une fleur. Il faut la battre avec un bâton." They will no doubt fully approve the masculine egotism of this remark: "Il ne manque aux femmes pour être tout à fait charmantes que de savoir souffrir en silence." They will sorrowfully acknowledge that he is right when he observes that "La vertu des femmes tient pour beaucoup à l'ignorance où sont les hommes de leurs moments de faiblesse." And, of course, all women know in their own hearts that "La pudeur est une question d'éclairage"!

M. Rey's work is not, however, limited to reflections on the eternal question. It contains some really original ideas, which denote certainly rare facilities of observation, and real possibilities of humour. One cannot help laughing when he affirms that a husband has no need to avenge himself of his unfaithful wife. The other man will do so for him. In short, his book contains a pretty lesson of scepticism and indifference for the use of such persons who have not yet found out that those are the only ways of staying the many blows of life.

M. Marc Elder has had the pleasure of obtaining the *prix Goncourt* for his last book, "Le Peuple de la

Mer" (Oudin, 3fr. 50). This work contains some fine, vigorous sketches of the psychology, and even of the physiology, of the fishing population in Lower Brittany. The crudest and most elementary of passions seem to lurk in the hearts of his heroes. They are envious, malevolent, jealous and bestial. A goodly part of the *couleur locale* of the "Peuple de la Mer" is furnished by scenes of drunkenness, which are, unhappily, very exact. It is divided into three parts: the first, called "La Barque," describes the envy of the fishers for their luckier comrade who, by his thrift, has been able to buy a fine new boat—and this simply conducts them to murder. The second part, "La Femme," is the picture of the rude passions of these weather-beaten, bronzed men. It is as melodramatic as the preceding, and is further rather licentious, and even slightly puerile. Fisherwomen of Lower Brittany are not in the habit of bathing in the costume of Eve, thus provoking men to kill each other for the beauties they espy amidst the cool, blue waves! Women of Lower Brittany rarely take any baths at all—and this lack of cleanliness is perhaps just as much to be deplored as M. Marc Elder's striving towards voluptuous evocations! The third part is devoted to "La Mer," and describes the insatiate craving of the sea for victims, and this is rather *roman-feuilleton*. Nevertheless, M. Elder possesses some real gifts of strength, sobriety, and fitness of expression, and no doubt will succeed, in his future works, in avoiding the above defects.

Amongst the latest French publications, one of the most interesting is "François Villon," by M. Pierre Champion, the son of the well-known publisher. He has not contented himself with drawing the life of Villon, but has endeavoured to make us know all the different *milieux* he passed by, the society in which he found his protectors and his victims, the Paris which he dearly loved. M. Pierre Champion goes on to say, in his preface: "I have tried to guide my reader through the Paris in which he used to wander, showing him the particularities of the street and of the life of Paris which the poet has mentioned, and showing him also what a student of that time would have seen in Paris." It is therefore not surprising that, having composed his work according to this plan, M. Champion's "François Villon" should prove the most diverting, instructive and captivating of reading. He has remarkably analysed the genius, sentimentality, and sensibility of Villon, and some curious illustrations greatly add to the interest of this fine book.

M. Léon Werth has undergone, or has imagined himself as having undergone, an operation, and this incident has led him to write a book, "La Maison Blanche" (Fasquelle, 3fr. 50), prefaced by the virulent Octave Mirbeau. The latter, with his systematic exaggeration, declares that M. Léon Werth, "with his soft yet ferocious eyes, is a wild beast." Do not, however, be alarmed. The "wild beast" appears very quiet, for he has been chloroformed and operated upon; and, far from roaring, he is perfectly content to lie for days in

his bed, very occupied in getting well again. M. Léon Werth, in this book, which is his first, depicts the life in a private nursing-home; he positively revels in the description of his impressions during his stay at "La Maison Blanche," which has nothing whatever to do with the residence of the President of the United States of America, as one might think. After having endured innumerable hardships, after having known only the sadder aspects of life, the home, the "maison blanche," appears to him as a sort of haven; even his illness, his operation, seem real godsend, and the quiet, regular, methodical days of his convalescence fill him with an ever-increasing wonder and interest. During his stay at the home he discovers himself, he discovers life, he discovers how to draw from his illness "a lesson of serenity and joy." He learns to care for his illness, and that is rare, "for nobody loves illness for what it contains of the unexpected, of the comical, of the joyous." He notes carefully each detail of his daily life whilst within the precincts, and he does so after the manner of Charles Louis Philippe and of Marguerite Audoux. His style is simple, and concise—perhaps a trifle laboriously so. Each little incident takes a really exaggerated importance; this too close dissection of a sick body and brain is astonishingly irritating, and at length becomes almost unbearable. "La Maison Blanche" is a great deal more the autobiography of a *névropathe* than that of a wild beast.

MARC LOGE.

Musical Comedy—and After

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

WHAT is to follow musical comedy? The question has been asked a good many times at intervals during the last two or three years; and thus far the only practical answer has been, "More musical comedy." But the time is near at hand when a better answer will have to be found. Our little systems, even of light entertainment, have their day; and the day of musical comedy, prolonged as it has been, cannot last for ever.

The first warning of its wane was given some time ago, when its patrons, until then quite content with its meandering inconsequence, developed enough of the critical spirit to demand of it something in the nature of a coherent plot. That meant that the thing in its original form had begun to pall, and was a reminder that in the world of amusement, as in other worlds, change is a law of life. In response to the new demand, plots thickened to a certain extent, and the introduction of the languorous valse-theme, since worked to death, added for a while a fresh element of attraction. But all that only helped the public to the discovery that the more musical comedy changes, the more it is the same thing. The deadly monotony of its simpering chorus-girls and their idiotic squad of attendant "nuts," the antics of its low comedians, the stereotyped stupidities of its amatory *imbroglios* and eternal interchanges

of sweethearts and wives, were bound sooner or later to get on the nerves of the least exacting of playgoers; and there are not wanting signs that the last stage—the stage of public boredom—will be reached in a future which is perilously near. Then, having outstayed its welcome, musical comedy, as we know it now, will go.

There is little reason to hope that a lasting successor has been found in the hotchpotch which, with scant respect for one of the most characteristic products of the lighter French theatre, we have the hardihood to call a *revue*. If we possessed in this country the special bent of genius and temperament that go to the making of the delightful but essentially Parisian brand of entertainment to which that name rightfully belongs, it would be a different matter. But our home-made *revue*, so called, is at its worst a sorry show from any point of view; and at its best not much more than a vehicle for the exhibition of negroid dances, daring draperies, and go-as-you-please buffoonery. But for the timely assistance of the "ragtime" craze, the English *revue* would already by this time have been as dead as mutton; and its chance of surviving the extinction of that craze is not worth calculating. But, in any case, the *revue*, with its spectacular trappings and its frankly music-hall appeal, is a thing of the variety theatre, and is in no way qualified to supply the place of musical comedy in what have hitherto been, and still for the present remain, its recognised shrines.

What, then, ought the purveyors of our theatrical light refreshment to do? It is "up to" them not only to anticipate the inevitable demand of their patrons for a change of *menu*, but to be ready to meet that demand by the provision of acceptable fare. Theirs is the duty of looking forward; but some of us, who cherish memories of jocund hours spent in the theatre in days when musical comedy was not, may be tempted to wonder why it never occurs to them to look back. If they did, they might become impressed by the fact that the old-time burlesque-extravaganza at its best—and even at its second-best—was an infinitely brighter, wittier, more sparkling, and more humorously satisfying entertainment than its present-day successor. They might be influenced by the witness of playgoers who revelled in those joyous orgies of really droll fooling—those burlesques that actually burlesqued something, and did it with cleverness and point—whereby the Gaiety of former days made itself the hub of laughter-loving London. They might ponder the secret of the unflagging sprightliness and spontaneous "go" of a "Little Dr. Faust," a "Little Don Cæsar," a "Bohemian Cyurl," and a "Young Rip van Winkle," and remind themselves of the scope which those gorgeous nonsense-revels gave to the comic genius of artists of the calibre of Edward Terry, Fred Leslie, and the inimitable Nellie Farren. And then it might occur to them to wonder whether it was not possible and profitable to "try back"—in short, to make the bold experiment of reviving burlesque.

Of course, if the thing were done at all, with any hope of recapturing the old spirit, it would need to be done superlatively well—and there, no doubt, would

be the rub. So far as the players are concerned, it ought not to be impossible to find the right people among those whose comic talent is at present employed in eking out the banalities of the Anglicised *revue* and the up-to-date musical comedy. But, should the hour strike for the revival, would it bring us the writers—the competent successors of Byron, Farnie, Reece, and Burnand? As to that, there has grown up among the younger playgoing generation a false tradition that nothing more admirable than a perpetual jingle of puns and word-twistings went to the work of these supreme burlesque-makers. That, as their elders know, is a libel. Puns, indeed, there were in plenty, some of them welcomed for their genuine wit, others extorting the tribute of a howl of laughing protest by their ingenious enormity. But there was a good deal more in it than that. The rhymed couplets and the incidental songs were full of real humour and point, and the “books” of these merry burlesques were as exhilarating as champagne, charged as they were with the spirit of fun and impish parody. Let us get “books” like them to-day—even omitting the puns, if necessary, as a concession to latter-day taste—and the revived burlesque would be a revelation to the surfeited and yawning *habitués* of the musical comedy theatres.

It would be better still, no doubt, if it were possible to find successors to the gems of light operetta and opera-bouffe which Paris used to send us in such profusion two or three decades ago. But Offenbach and Lecocq, Audran and Planquette have unhappily left no heirs, and we may look as vainly to-day for another “Grande Duchesse,” another “Madame Angot,” another “Olivette,” or another “Cloches de Corneville,” as for a new “Pinafore” or a new “Mikado.” But, meanwhile, the successor to musical comedy has to be found; and, failing the invention of a new form, there might be many less hopeful experiments than a revival, with the necessary modern improvements, of the old burlesque. Is there any among the managers who will have the enterprise to lead the way, and put the matter to the test?

In the Learned World

IN the current number—an unusually large and interesting one—of the Hellenic Society's *Journal*, Mr. K. T. Frost deals at length with the explanation of the Atlantis legend which he foreshadowed some five years ago in a letter to the *Times*. His view is briefly, that the story told in the *Timæus* and *Critias* of Plato about a great island beyond the Pillars of Hercules or Straits of Gibraltar, the inhabitants of which tried to conquer all the countries about the Mediterranean until overwhelmed in “a day and a night” by a catastrophe which sank it under the sea, is in fact a reminiscence of the sea-power of Crete. He shows with fair conclusiveness that the silly people who have tried to see some mystic revelation in this story have failed to notice that it implies the existence

of a civilisation in Greece at least as advanced and perhaps better equipped than that of the fabled Atlanteans, that Crete did possess a sea-power little inferior to our own at the present day and made use of it to attempt to raid Egypt, and that the great catastrophe of the sack of Cnossos and the burning of Minos' palace was brought about by raiders from Greece, whose leader may have been the legendary hero, Theseus. Its weak points, of which Mr. Frost makes no secret, are that when Plato wrote the Mediterranean world remembered a good deal about Minos and the luxury of his Cretan capital, and that neither Plato nor Solon, whom he drags into court as his witness for the Egyptian traditions on the point, ever seem to have connected him with the Atlantis legend. There is also the likelihood, which Mr. Frost fully acknowledges, that Plato invented the whole story *ad hoc*, and one would like some scientific authority for the statement which he says is “geologically certain” that no great subsidence in the Atlantic or Mediterranean has taken place since palæolithic times. Yet Mr. Frost's theory is certainly taking, and it is much to be hoped that some archæologist—Sir Arthur Evans for choice—will tackle it seriously.

Those interested in magic—I mean from the archæological and not from the charlatanic point of view—will also do well to read the account which M. A. Delatte gives in the last number of the *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique* of a marble sphere of about a foot in diameter now in the Museum at Athens. It is covered with scenes and inscriptions in low relief, which evidently have some magical meaning or intention, and which M. Delatte tries to connect with the many Magic Papyri in a mixture of Greek, Hebrew, and Egyptian, now scattered among the different museums of Europe and generally assigned to the early Christian centuries. It is certain that such of the words in Greek characters appearing on the sphere as are legible seem to be constructed on the same principle as the galimatias or gibberish to be found in these papyri; but none of them, I think, is exactly the same, and their appearance in both places may be accounted for by supposing them to be corruptions of some forgotten language such as Hebrew. One of the most extraordinary things about M. Delatte's sphere, however, is the art of the figures there carved which, debased and degraded as it is, is so like that of the corresponding figures on the small coffers or boxes coming from the Duc de Blacas' collection and now in the British Museum, that it is hard to suppose they are not from the same hand. The British Museum coffers, which von Hanmer declared were “baphometric,” or in other words were used by the Knights Templars to enclose the little idols which the Inquisitors accused them of worshipping under the name of Baphomet, have been pronounced forgeries, and therefore withdrawn from exhibition. Is the marble sphere of Athens a forgery also? If not, what was its use and how did it come into Athens? If genuine, it is almost the only material, as apart from literary, relic

of the sorcery of the ancient world which has come down to us.

In the *Revue des Etudes Grecques*, M. A. de Ridder examines at some length recent attempts to explain and restore the sculptured groups of the Parthenon friezes which have of late exercised many Hellenists, including Professor Studniczka, M. de Boissonas-Collignon, and our own Mr. A. H. Smith. He leans, however, most to the theory of the Greek scholar, M. Svoronos, who thinks that the Western frieze was filled with the dispute between Poseidon and Athena, or rather her triumphant march after her coronation by Nike or Victory directly after her coming-forth from the head of Zeus. The lost part, according to him, must have included figures of Poseidon and Hera on one side, and Dionysos and his spouse Cora on the other, with the rising and setting sun beyond all. This seems to accord fairly with the account of Pausanias, and ought to be borne in mind by everyone visiting the ruins or studying any of the now numerous reproductions of them. M. de Ridder sums up the situation fairly when he says that if M. Svoronos' views are not well-founded, he has at any rate shown the traditional interpretation of the groups hitherto current to be a good deal less so.

In the same *Revue* is to be found the representation of a headless female figure in ivory coming, we are assured, from the excavations of M. Tsountas at Mycenae. It shows someone, perhaps a goddess, seated on a rock and dressed in a semi-transparent garment reaching to her heels in loose folds, but fitting closely to the body above the waist where it terminates in a kind of corset leaving the breasts exposed. A large necklace with ray-like pendants completes the costume which is, as may be seen, that worn by the so-called serpent-goddess whose figurines were discovered by Sir Arthur Evans at Cnossos. That she was the same goddess who was worshipped in the early Christian centuries at Laodicea and elsewhere in Asia Minor as shown by Sir William Ramsay seems very possible, and it is probable from the pose of such arms as remain in M. Tsountas' ivory that they originally brandished snakes. But what is the symbolism of this figure? Do the snakes represent, as they did to the Semites and perhaps the older nations from whom they borrowed after their fashion their earliest beliefs, the powers of evil overcome by the good, or are they merely symbolical of the earth into which the serpent creeps? The answer to this, if a satisfactory one could be obtained, would be a key to many of the most pressing problems of archæology at the present time.

F. L.

Chief Kenlon, of the New York Fire Brigade, faces day by day the most difficult problem of any fire chief in the world. He is probably the greatest expert on the question of fire-fighting at this moment, and his volume, entitled "Fires and Fire-fighters," which Mr. Heinemann publishes this week, contains some most exciting stories.

Notes for Collectors

THE dispersion of the gathered treasures of other days has begun more vigorously than ever this year—in London, at least.

At Sotheby's there have already been more than a dozen important sales, and an equal number are already advertised—sales which will contain many rare books and fine prints, such as the Americans are now so keen in purchasing.

At Foster's, in Pall Mall, there are the weekly picture sales of old and more recent masters, in which many an attractive work by the now fully appreciated Etty, or Bonnington, or Morland, may come up. Each Thursday, too, will be found all sorts of antiques, furniture, china, old silver, and Sheffield plate, and all the delicately wrought wares of the eighteenth century. The same auctioneers are selling, on January 27, part of the contents which have been removed from Walmer Castle to the Grange, at Walmer, by direction of Earl Brassey.

If you care to go further afield, a collection of rare domestic pieces will be found at Sandhill Park, Somerset, where Morris, Sons, and Peard are selling the antique furniture, books, and so forth from the collection of Sir Wroth Lethbridge, on February 10 and following day.

Puttick and Simpson have a valuable library to offer on January 29, and so on, until we might make a list of thirty or so interesting dispersions now about to take place.

With the renewal of the sales and the general activity of collectors come several books likely to be of great service in this connection. Those with which we deal for the moment will prove of most use to the amateur who desires to fill his cabinets and his rooms rather than to the accomplished connoisseur, who generally holds his own views, right or wrong, upon such matters.

"MORE ABOUT COLLECTING,"

published by Stanley Paul at 5s. net, gives us the latest work of Sir James Yoxall upon a subject about which he used to write so agreeably in "London Opinion." His taste includes every form of decorative antique, from brasswork even unto the lacemaker's bobbin. On each and every topic he has some little experience to tell us, often humorous, often useful, always clearly stated, and usually illustrated with pleasant line drawings or reproductions of photographs, so that all who read must learn something from his light and cheerful dissertations. He prides himself on original research, and, although his conclusions are such as many collectors have long since arrived at, there is a personality and pleasure in the way he tells of his adventures, which will make his book interest very many readers.

"THE CHINA COLLECTOR."

In this work, published by Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., at 5s. net, Mr. H. W. Lewer sets forth a whole host of

useful facts in regard to the earlier porcelains of the English factories. His method is in no way affected by the previous publication of a considerable number of books which cover the same ground. He approaches the matter with considerable courage, and, if he tells us no news, he certainly very clearly and compactly states a number of important points which all collectors of our native ceramics would do well to bear in mind. Mr. Lewer is particularly fortunate in the reproductions of the photographs and the distinguished outward appearance of his book.

As to the full collection of marks, these have, of course, been shown us more or less correctly many times before. But they are now set forth in so convenient a form that all who desire this sort of guide in their collecting would do well to keep this volume ready to hand. Of course, it is recognised that marks are the first and easiest part of an old piece of china to forge, yet other matters have proved genuine the various designs used by potters and potteries are of intense value and highly informing.

"THE FIRST STEPS IN COLLECTING."

The two excellent books we have mentioned appeal to the beginner in the art and craft of collecting, but Mrs. Grace M. Vallois' work is candidly addressed to those who can hardly stand alone in the complicated world of antiques. T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., publish the volume at 6s., so, like the others we have mentioned it is well within the reach of all those who are interested in the subject. We remember the time, not so long ago, when it was impossible to turn to any inexpensive volume for the slightest information on the subject of antique domestic decoration. But that has changed. Books such as the present, with its sixty-one illustrations, are now rapidly issued from the press. If there still be any persons of taste who are not collectors already, we would say, "Courage, *mes infants*, and begin at once." There are many other admirable guides still on our bookshelves which call for later notice.

E. M.

Cloven Tongues

THERE is an insect which people avoid, whence is derived the verb 'to flee.' This etymology, though advanced by a Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, is not strictly accurate. It is true that the noun and the verb are connected, but not in the way Lewis Carroll invites us to believe. The real connection is one of common ancestry; for both the verbs "to fly" and "to flee" and the nouns "fly" and "flea" are from the same Anglo-Saxon root found in *fleogan*, "to escape."

We have selected this word to exemplify a process which we will call the cleaving or divarication of sounds, a process which has played a most important part in the evolution of language. When the genius of humanity set himself the task of finding names "for all cattle and for the fowl of the air and for every beast of the field," he was faced by the difficulty of shortage of material. A few names existed ready to hand,

fashioned by nature herself; but what were they among so many? It is true that one name may serve for many things, yet there is a limit to the principle of communism in nomenclature. Words are surprisingly elastic, yet they have a breaking point. If a name is required to mean too much, it will end by meaning nothing at all.

That the difficulty was solved in due time we know, and also that no name was ever arbitrarily attached to its nominate; yet by what miracle have the few score of names provided by nature been multiplied so as to suffice for every animate and inanimate object of which man can think?

The multiplication of names was effected by slow degrees, through the alternate segregation and congregation of parts of the same nation. When some tribe of nomad humanity became so numerous "that the land was not able to bear them that they might dwell together," it became necessary for the community to break itself into two, and for these to lead forth their flocks in different directions under different leaders. There would now be two tribes speaking the same tongue, yet holding no communication. Hence would arise differences of speech; for the children of each tribe, mishearing the sounds uttered by their parents, or failing of that complete co-ordination of the nerves of ear and tongue by which adults can exactly reproduce the sounds heard, would alter them, sometimes in the same, sometimes in different directions; and, when in the course of time these two tribes, abandoning their nomadic life and with it the need of separation, became united once more, they would find many words in use among them sounded in two different ways. Now, if it chanced that any of these names was already performing the functions of two, these functions were now accommodated with two functionaries; the separate forms acquired separate uses, and the divarication of sound was used to signify a divarication of meaning. Thus, for example, the Anglo-Saxon race, at some period of their history, were released from the necessity of calling all fugitive insects "fleas," as children still do, since for the winged kind they had one name and for the unwinged another.

This example illustrates the process of divarication in its simplest form. Sometimes, however, the various shapes of a word are far more numerous. Thus of the word *grave*, we have the collateral forms *groove* and *grove* (properly "a cutting through trees"), also the Greek *graph* and the Latin *scribe*. But undoubtedly the most highly divaricated word in the language is the Anglo-Saxon *sceran* "to cut." This word appears in its simple form in *scar*, *score*, *shear*, *shire*, *share*, *shear*, *shore*, *sheer*, and, with dental suffix, in *short*, *shirt*, and *sherd*.

In view of these facts, we must beware of speaking carelessly of any change in the pronunciation of words as decay or degradation. A very striking example of this fault is to be found in Mr. Bridges' recent book on "The Pronunciation of English." In this work, the writer makes frequent references to the degradation and deterioration of English, yet in no part does he give

an adequate definition of the meaning he attaches to these terms. If he means that all change in the pronunciation of words is decay, then the decay of the language and the growth of the language are identical processes, which is absurd. If, however, he means that some changes are for the better and some for the worse, then he should make clear his standard of excellence. Thus, of the two current modifications of the word *mistress*, namely, *Mrs.* and *Miss*, he may hold one to be the result of decay and the other of growth. But which does he believe to be which? Here he leaves us in complete uncertainty. Or, possibly he may hold that any change involving contraction or loss of sounds is decay and deterioration; yet this view would lead him to unwelcome results; for, if loss of sounds be deterioration, then acquisition of sounds must be amelioration, and we must believe that the English *trousers* is a better word than its ancestor the French *trousses*, since it has acquired an additional sound; or that the English *cellar* is better than the Latin *cella*, for the same reason. Yet this belief we know that Mr. Bridges does not hold since he protests against the pronunciation of Victoria as "Victorier."

It is Mr. Bridges' avowed intention to arrest the changes which are taking place in the contemporary pronunciation of English by the introduction of a new phonetic alphabet. We have nothing to say against his alphabet, which has many excellent and attractive features, but against the end which the writer hopes to achieve by its introduction. The whole of Mr. Bridges' argument is based upon an assumption which he makes no attempt in any part of his book to demonstrate, namely, that all changes in the current pronunciation of English are from the better to the worse. That there are reasons for doubting the validity of this assumption we have attempted briefly to indicate.

It would, indeed, be possible to argue that language has now grown far enough, having found names for all things in heaven and earth and under the earth, and that all further growth must prove useless and unfruitful and had better be checked. Just as the gardener clips off the tops of his beanstalks when they have reached the extremities of his beanpoles, so we might propose to clip off the excrescent shoots of language now that its branches have extended in all directions to the confines of reality. But have they? Is not this an audacious and unwarrantable assumption? How dare we assert of the future what has never been true of the past, that no new thought will be born to seek utterance, that the brain of the creator has grown tired, and that the springs of evolution have run dry? Is reality indeed a dead beanpole, or is it not rather a living tree, whose form can only be followed by a language itself living and growing?

JOHN RIVERS.

Mr. Bertram Forsyth has arranged for "The Shepherdess Without a Heart" to be played at the New Theatre every afternoon, Saturdays included; extra special evening performances will be given every Wednesday and Saturday at 8 o'clock.

France and Humanity

THE inaugural lecture given on Monday, January 19, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, by Professor Mantoux, was an exceptionally interesting one, both for its subject and for the manner of treatment. The title of the lecture was "Le Rôle de la France dans les Grands Mouvements Européens du XIXe Siècle." The chair was taken by the French Ambassador, who briefly introduced the lecturer. M. Mantoux responded to the initial applause in the true spirit of the title he had chosen; that applause, he said, he must share with the great French historical school, represented in the past by such names as those of Fustel de Coulanges, Sorel and Gabriel Monod, and in the present by Ernest Lavisse; but chiefly it belonged to the native-land of all fertile thought, to France herself. The English sympathy for France was not due to mere vicinity, nor even to the interest inspired by a stormy history. It went out to the embodiment of a civilisation and an ideal. France may be loved or hated; she cannot be ignored.

M. Mantoux proceeded to expand the thesis that France is the work-shop of ideas. She does not always invent them, but she gives them that human and universal touch by which they survive and become efficient. The French Revolution may have been full of dangerous mistakes, but it presented mankind with certain principles, which till then had been the property of a few isolated minds, but were to be thenceforth living, universal and irresistible forces. One of these was the principle of nationality, with its two component principles of liberty and unity. Conquered Europe used the indiscreetly lavished gift to defeat her conqueror. But the fruit of the Revolution is still coming to birth—in Egypt, China, and wherever civilisation has lagged or rested. England is changing before our eyes, beneath the unspent buffetings of 1789.

Socialism began in Germany, and in that country to-day counts its largest number of adherents. France, however, is the land that is watched by the world to see if Socialism can regenerate society. Frenchmen can carry out a doctrine to its remote consequences; they dare experiment; they can state a thesis clearly and give it universal application. Romanticism, which is much more than a literary doctrine, began with Rousseau and impregnated the whole nineteenth century. Victor Hugo's Napoleon III was a creature of romance, Alexander I made his own romance; the revolutionaries of the period, such as Blanqui, come straight out of plays or novels.

Clearness and universality, the distinguishing marks of the French spirit, have their dangers and disadvantages. Great questions—of faith, for instance—are not shelved; the contradictory theses are clearly stated, "la question est abordée de front" and "not peace, but a sword" results. France has been rent and torn; she has suffered the most terrible of catastrophes in the search for truth. The

revival of the old conflict between rich and poor, in its universal aspect, belongs to France.

In one direction the French qualities have nothing but advantages. If France has not invented everything in science, she at least supplies us with our conception of the world; her contributions to knowledge are never isolated phenomena, and their destination is made plain when they are presented. To philosophy, as to diplomacy, France has given its language: "*la langue de la philosophie est pour toujours cartésienne.*"

M. Mantoux was not afraid to quote Lord Morley's dictum that the essential French characteristic is vanity. Frenchmen are not afraid to praise France, and, while they do it with knowledge and delight, we are never tired of listening. M. Mantoux has praised France with charm and sincerity, and we have listened with delight.

The Valley of the Shadow

THESE are no rueful portals at the Valley of the Shadow; you enter it unawares, and are already deep within its recesses before its embrace is felt. Life, which is normally an unrealised medium, becomes by imperceptible gradations first a labour and then a combat. Hour after hour the wheels of action move more and more stiffly, and clog and interlock as you drive your jaded brain through its daily task, until at last you know that you are beaten; and with a feeling almost of relief you cast all responsibility aside and fling yourself down upon the bed and give up the struggle. In the torpid interval that follows you drift incoherently through a world with which you have no concern. Someone must have brought a doctor; for you remember being asked questions; and there was an operation; for you recall the thin sweet taste of the anæsthetic under which you died. You were sure of death and rushed gladly towards it, as to the way of escape; time ceased; and you dwelt abandoned but free from pain at the bottom of some abysmal depth of space.

By some means unknown your sense of numb contentment began to give way to wonder at your own continued identity. The body, of which you are most literally tenant for life, reasserted its claims upon the soul; and you sped upwards to the surface of consciousness as a diver returns from the deep. The roar of the ocean died away to a far-off murmur; it ceased utterly; and you awoke to torment.

"In the morning thou shalt say, 'would God it were even,' and at even thou shalt say, 'would God it were morning.'" When you reach that stage, nothing matters; the scanty minutes of drugged sleep and the endless hours of waking pain, with doctor and nurse moving dimly across the field of vision like figures in a nightmare, lead inevitably to the first great lesson to be learned in the Valley of the Shadow. Will you live? You neither know nor care. Pain has destroyed,

fear; and you understand why the pathway of death becomes easy to the dying.

The mere habit of living helps you over the worst phase of convalescence, when you exist without volition, simply because it is easier to keep on than to stop. Your attitude towards the world is purely negative. From time to time you think of the things in which you once found pleasure and wonder how you came to take delight in them; the delirious explosion of energy in the cricket field when you jumped out to the fast ball and hit it high over the bowler's head to the canvas; breezy days on Welsh mountains and Scottish lakes; nights at the opera when your nerves tingled with an exquisite joy as the laughing cascade of the Figaro overture rippled from the violins. These also are vanity and vexation of spirit.

The first sign of the turn in the tide is a prosaic interest in food; you think long and seriously of dinner. With appetite comes hope, and with hope, laughter. Once more you are glad to see the faces of your friends, and the sound of their voices is pleasant. You begin to read again, and approach old books with new eyes.

A little experience is the strongest basis of sympathy. We talk glibly of the horrors of war, but our vocabulary is more vigorous than our thought, and we fail to realise the horrors of which we speak. After all, wars are a long way off and the tales of the special correspondent are mellowed by distance. We like to believe that the worst things never happen, so that the pages of a Crane or a Zola awake in us no acute repugnance. But when we have once seen our own flesh cut by the knife of the surgeon and bedaubed with blackening blood, a revulsion seizes us. Thereafter, when we think of a battle we see more than the smoke and the splendour and the excitement; we see the mangled soldiers helpless in the sodden grass and trampled upon by flying horses. We remember how hard it was to support our own share of misery, although made easier by all that love and skill could do to help us; and a passionate anger rises in our hearts.

But this insight into the meaning of anguish is a gain for the future rather than the present. In the early dawn of health the mind is purely receptive; you have lost the alert contradictory attitude which leads a man to wrest authors to his own purpose, and you desire only such books as you can appreciate at once. That modern form of psychological novel in which the story revolves endlessly upon itself, and the interest depends upon subtle analysis of character, is entirely incongruous with your mood. You need something with progress and an outlook in it, and fall back upon the brisk narrators of fiction, to learn how much merit can exist in a pot-boiling novel by Dumas. The magnificent cheerfulness of Dickens compels you to enjoy even the dull parts of "*David Copperfield*," just as the true Wordsworthian enjoys the ecclesiastical sonnets. Scott, too, is a sure refuge, although with a difference; when you were at large in the world you liked him better in his life than in his works; but when your horizon is

bounded by four walls, the sombre close of Lockhart's prose epic seems to throw its shadow backward over the whole book, and you turn away with relief to the crisp rattle of *Quentin Durward* and *Ivanhoe*.

At last the day comes when you are allowed to sit up at the window to envy the men who are walking about alive in the streets unconscious of their own happiness. Particularly do you envy the people going past in motors; not so much those who sit on the cushioned seats behind and submit to be blinded by dust and stupefied by the roar of the engine in their irrational desire to get from point A to point B; but rather the driver, the only man who is not plainly wishing he were somewhere else. He alone is entirely satisfied to be there, to drive at a speed bordering ever more closely upon the suicidal, to cope with faulty ignitions and slipping gears, and to "burn with a hard gem-like flame." He may be wearing out, but he is not rusting out; and after a few weeks of stagnation, you have no doubts as to which process is preferable.

Your first time "up" soon comes to an end. When you are lying down you feel so vigorous that you would willingly undertake to climb mountains, but a single flight of stairs makes you realise your impotence, and you are glad to get back to the bed you were so impatient to quit. Still, you have gained something, and will gain more day after day, until the time comes when you can walk unattended in the streets and thrill with the contact of humanity, and expand to the warm welcome of the sun; and then the Valley of the Shadow is past, and once more fearing no evil, you wander gladly down the paths of life.

F. C. M.

The Theatre

"The Darling of the Gods" at His Majesty's Theatre

THE test of ten years of time is rather a severe one for such a dramatic piece as the Japanese romance in five acts by Mr. Belasco and Mr. Long. But, thanks to the care with which it is now produced and the ability and sincerity shown in the acting, "The Darling of the Gods" has doubtless started on one more long span of success.

The tragedy of the passing of an antique and out-moded method of government, as shown by the personal misfortunes of the doomed representatives of the old order, is a legitimate and inspiring subject for a stage play, but it requires to be treated with infinite dignity and poetry and beauty. On again seeing this story of the extinction of the Samurai of old Japan, we felt the fine conception, the grand idea of the play, but we missed to some extent the simplicity and tenderness and grace and bravery we had imagined inherent in its action. Memory is apt to play us these tricks, and we set out expecting more than we have a

right to do, even when the theatre is His Majesty's and the manager so accomplished a protagonist as Sir Herbert Tree.

It will be remembered that the period is said to be that of 1860, and that Kara, the outlaw prince and leader of the Samurai, Mr. George Relph, and his small band are being hunted by the Government, led by Zakkuri, a famous Minister of State, Sir Herbert Tree. Although the love interest which brings about the final misfortunes of the Samurai is intended, and deserves, to engage our interest, it is the craft of Zakkuri which holds our attention most completely. In this character Sir Herbert has a magnificent chance to display a subtle, dignified, cruel, and lustful, but also pusillanimous, Oriental personage of a type which has passed during the flight of the last fifty years. The actor takes the fullest advantage of his part, and presents us with a wonderful and supremely clever study of the powerful, blackhearted, yet fearful Zakkuri. The representation is an immense improvement on that of ten years ago, far more effective, truer, deeper, and instinct with a cynic comedy which has not hitherto been shown us. If the beauty of the Japanese scenes, the ability of the company generally, and the grace and gaiety, the pathos and agony, of Miss Marie Löhr as Yo-San had not made for victory, the Zakkuri of Sir Herbert would in itself have been enough to assure a triumph for the revival.

"The servant of the Emperor has a thousand eyes," says Zakkuri, and not only is he all-seeing but greatly felt. When Kara, breaking his Samurai oath, loves the beautiful Princess Yo-San, the Minister feels that he can tell the Emperor that the outlaw is within his grasp. We know the final tragedy is only a question of time, but the plot is cunningly developed, and the life of Japan as one may suppose it to have been in 1860 is laid before us in a series of beautiful pictures and exciting episodes.

Mr. Yoshio Markino has supervised the manners and customs of the characters, thus many historic touches are added to the elaborate production, and a result is arrived at which is rich both in terror and tragedy, as well as in æsthetic charm and grace. But above all the beauty, all the passionate love, the romance and pleasantries looms the colossal shadow of the mighty Minister of State. It is his peculiar power which gives particular distinction to "The Darling of the Gods" in her present avatar.

EGAN MEW.

More than ordinary interest attaches to the new edition of Professor L. W. Lyde's Text-Books of Geography which Messrs. Black announce. These text-books, issued some fourteen years ago, were practically the first to introduce into schools the modern method of teaching geography, and their ever-growing sale (over a million copies) is an indication of their value and popularity. A feature of the new editions are the problems and exercises illustrated by diagrammatic maps.

Notes and News

Messrs. John Long, Ltd., will shortly publish a new novel entitled "A Bespoken Bride," by Fred Whishaw. Mr. Whishaw's description in this novel of the gallant little nation, Finland, fighting against inevitable absorption, is moving and holds the reader.

Mr. Andrew Melrose will publish immediately "Blind Eyes," a new novel by Margaret Peterson, who won the £250 prize with her first novel, "The Lure of the Little Drum." The second book in Mr. Melrose's list to be published this month is "Jehane of the Forest," by L. A. Talbot.

Another new volume from Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly is to come from Messrs. Chatto and Windus in the spring, entitled "My Days of Adventure: The Fall of France, 1870-71." As this book will be concerned chiefly with the author's personal experiences during the Revolution of 1870 and the Franco-German War, it should be exceptionally interesting.

In order to make way for their long-promised production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Granville Barker terminate their present season of repertory at the Savoy Theatre this evening, January 24. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they will suspend it, for it is their intention to produce another repertory programme as soon as ever opportunity permits.

The National-Liberal *Kölnische Zeitung* for January 5, in a very thoughtful review of the political situation during 1913, lays special stress on external relations, and regards the improvement of Germany's relations with England as the most important outcome in this respect. As to the British-German negotiations the *Kölnische Zeitung* says: "They are not yet so far advanced that any details can be made public, but it is known that we have come to a clear understanding in the matter of the Bagdad Railway and all questions in connection therewith, and that a clear definition of the German and English spheres of interests has been reached in regard to the commercial opening up of the Portuguese Colonies in Africa."

The synopsis of the next lecture in the series of eight being delivered by Mr. R. A. Peddie at the St. Bride Foundation Printing School, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, is as follows:—The great change in printing during the early years of the nineteenth century; rapidity of output; development of machinery; further decline of artistic spirit; types; revival of Caslon old face in 1844; increasing speed of production; decreasing artistic character; revival of hand press work; the Kelmscott Press; other presses; effect on general book production; the position of to-day; simplicity begins to be considered the keynote of good workmanship. This lecture will be given on Monday evening next, at 7.30 p.m. The lecture on the following Monday evening will deal with:—The earliest decoration; the 1457 Psalter; colour printing in the fifteenth century; the first woodcut illustrations; Albrecht Pfister of Bamberg; the woodcuts of Augsburg and Ulm; Italian illustration; Aldus; French work; the Books of Hours; the rise of copperplate engraving; chiaroscuro and other colour and tint processes of the sixteenth century. Admission to these lectures is free, and each is fully illustrated by lantern slides, books, and prints.

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Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE PLIGHT OF JAPAN.

AT the present time there is no more afflicted land on the face of this earth than Japan. Some weeks ago we described the terrible ravages of the famine now devastating the northern island of Hokkaido, and in alluding to the apathy of the Government in the presence of a similar calamity nine years ago we expressed the hope that no considerations of false pride would again prevent them from accepting the practical sympathy of the world. Unhappily, with that fatal coincidence frequently to be noted in times of stress, disaster has quickly succeeded disaster. Volcanic eruption, with all the catastrophe that such a visitation brings in its train—earthquake, tidal wave, and conflagration—has swelled Japan's death roll, already great by the wastage of privation and starvation. Yet, we are sorry to say, the attitude of the Government in the face of these overwhelming calamities, remains as before, cool and calculating. Here, once again, let us frankly admit that we are wholly unable to comprehend how it is possible to reconcile a state of affairs manifest to our eyes with the existence of that mystic *Bushido* which is generally supposed to animate the descendants of the two-sworded samurai who rule over modern Japan.

The people, like all peasant masses in the presence of those tremendous upheavals of nature which they cannot understand, have proved themselves to be patient and brave. But these communities are composed of humble tillers of the soil, the non-humans of pre-Restoration days, not members of a warrior class privileged to submerge their emotions in a strange code of morals in which not unfrequently self-complacency is mistaken for self-abnegation. As we have remarked, the members of the Administration are in the latter category. And this Administration has published official statements asserting that the disasters have been exaggerated in the newspapers, and that more than sufficient funds are in hand to cope with the prevailing distress. In the circumstances no benevolence from outside is permissible, and, while deploring the fact, we would be inclined from motives of taste to let the matter rest there were it not that the events under discussion throw an illuminating light upon Japan's position in the political horizon of the Far East. Her plight also is illustrative of the argument that incalculable evil attends a victorious nation no less than a defeated nation in the vast scheme of modern war. Needless to say we do not pretend that the volcanic eruption and famine are traceable to the Russo-Japanese campaign. But certainly we are justified in asserting that the general poverty of the country and the inability of the Government to alleviate on an adequate scale the existing misery, is due to that campaign and its sequel—pressure of taxation for the purpose of maintaining the grand aspirations of the Imperial Japan of to-day.

Naturally it would be out of place to embark upon a controversy that might be held to bear relation to world conditions. Japan is altogether a separate case. She is confronted with economic problems different from those which trouble Europe, and, were these handled boldly, far easier of solution. Also she enjoys an isolated position of strategical strength well without the vortex of the armament competition which oppresses Europe. In neglecting the greatest resource which any State can possibly possess, the rearing and maintenance of a happy and contented people, she is losing the value not of one, but of a number of Dreadnoughts, and, by permitting the withering process of human wastage to continue, is diminishing a national exchequer already in an extremely precarious condition. Yet Dreadnoughts Japan continues to construct, with the inevitable result that in periods of gloom like the present her people perish in peace as rapidly as would be the case were the nation at war. For in spite of official denials we believe that the accounts of calamity in the Press are substantially true. Impartial foreign investigators who have made it their business to visit the stricken region of the north declare that no fewer than ten million individuals are suffering the agonies of starvation and hardship in a climate that is Siberian in rigour. The Government ignores these figures, however, preferring a general statement of denial, and adds that twenty thousand families are now in receipt of relief. In like manner the Government reports that whereas impartial eye-witnesses say that many thousands of people lost their lives through the volcanic eruption in the south, the roll of victims actually numbered only a few hundreds.

To anyone acquainted with official procedure in Japan the policy thus disclosed will not come as a surprise. It has many historic precedents. The most notable instance, apart from the last famine, was that of the Russo-Japanese War. To this day the Japanese have never accurately revealed the extent of the casualties which they then sustained. Nevertheless, it is known that, though victorious, they suffered in this respect in a greater measure than did the Russians. Nor, as the campaign progressed, could they bring themselves to confess to a single reverse, and on occasions even went so far as to lend the weight of official sanction to the denial of unpleasant incidents which foreigners knew had taken place. It is doubtless true that dependent as she was upon the European money market victory meant much for Japan. It is equally true that at the present time, when Japan is verging upon bankruptcy she is tempted to convey the impression that the stories of domestic calamity are exaggerated.

That she has long been anxious to obtain a foreign loan and has hitherto been thwarted in her desire is not denied. A business intellect brought to bear on her position might conceivably reason that she is pursuing a sensible policy in throwing dust in the eyes of the world. Along these lines it would be urged in the first place that no calamity, no matter how great, among a

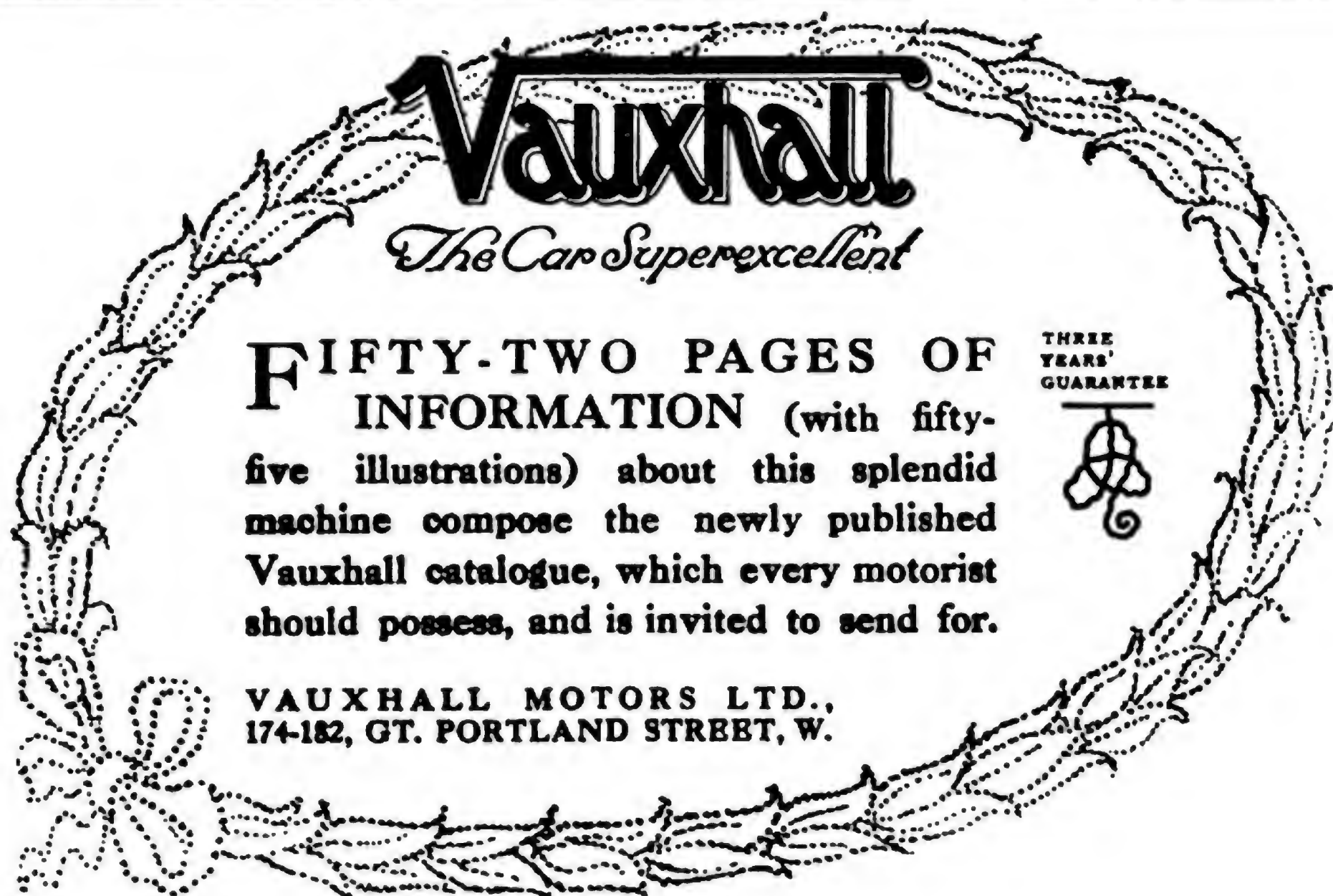
section of the people, justifies a State in neglecting the welfare of the people as a whole. Then, in the second place, we can imagine the easy conscience which is the twin accompaniment of the business intellect suavely contending that in order that securities for possible loans may remain unimpaired it is the duty of Japanese statesmen not to shrink from minimising the disagreeable truth. In reply, from the point of view of fact, we may object that when so considerable a proportion as one-fifth of the population is in a pitiable plight from starvation, and when another large section is decimated by a volcanic eruption, the outlook is so bad as to show official complacency in a somewhat despicable light. After all, the dictates of humanity impose limitations upon the demands of business convenience. From the point of view of State policy we are justified in doubting the wisdom, acquainted as we are with the Far Eastern situation, of sacrificing thousands of valuable lives in time of peace for the building of Dreadnoughts only to be used for purely aggressive purposes. And finally, from the point of view of ethics, we are entitled to complain of the dishonesty of the Japanese Government which seeks refuge in misrepresentation as a means of inducement to foreign investors to subscribe to its loans. Were an individual to be involved such misrepresentation would be called fraudulent, and we see no reason why a Government should escape some censure.

MOTORING

IT is now a year since the increasingly serious outlook with regard to petrol stimulated the leading spirits of the representative motoring organisations into a show of activity, which culminated in the formation of a joint committee for the specific object of investigating the possibilities of benzol as a petrol substitute. A little later, the scope of the inquiry was enlarged so

as to include all other spirits which might prove useful as motor fuels, and a good deal was expected by the motorist in view of the fact that the committee consisted of some of the most distinguished experts in the kingdom. But, as our contemporary, the *Autocar*, points out, the net results of the committee's work up to date, so far as the public know, may be summed up as follows: The inspection of a gas-works, an examination of a process for impoverishing town gas for the purpose of obtaining a greater yield of benzol, the publication of a pamphlet containing hints on the use of benzol, and, finally, the "discovery" of a process by which 40 million gallons can be obtained annually from home-produced material. This discovery, by the way, was no discovery at all, inasmuch as it referred to a process already known, although the vague and mysterious terms in which it was announced led everybody to suppose that it foreshadowed the imminent solution of the whole problem of cheap motor fuel. It is, of course, possible that the committee have done some really valuable work the nature of which they do not deem it advisable to disclose at the moment, but the motorist would vastly like to have some assurance on the point. Looking matters frankly in the face, the probabilities seem that matters are as they were. Petrol maintains its exorbitant price, whilst the supplies of benzol, the only practicable substitute available at present, remain inadequate to satisfy even a fraction of the growing demand for motor fuel. Apparently we are still as far off as ever from that great desideratum, the home-produced spirit which is to be manufactured at a price and in quantities sufficient to render us independent of foreign supplies.

Probably many of the members of the Automobile Association and Motor Union are themselves unaware of the extent and variety of the advantages to which their membership entitles them. It is not universally known, for example, that one of the features of the Association is a "Lost Property Department," which



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is engaged solely in tracing the owners of property of every description lost on the road and found by the A. A. patrols. It is quite a common thing for this department to receive in the course of one month over a hundred articles such as lamps, horns, trunks, spare wheels, motor clothing, portions of car mechanism, and even hoods, and in the great majority of cases the rightful owners are found and the property restored to them. As an instance of the promptitude and thoroughness of the department in dealing with these cases, it may be mentioned that on December 29 a member reported having found on the road a cape cart hood cover. On January 1 a description of the article was circulated by the Association in the Press, and on the 6th it was claimed on behalf of a member who had sailed for Cape Town. On the 9th the finder was put into communication with the claimant, and the hood cover restored to the owner's representative. Many similar cases of recent date are specified in the report issued by the Secretary, all of which serve to indicate the practical value of A. A. and M. U. activity.

Motoring by night should be shorn of many of its perils if the new flashlight lamp, which is said to have been devised and perfected by a London firm, proves practicable in every way and is taken up by the motor-ing associations as an adjunct to the warning posts they have erected at the top of steep hills, at awkward corners, and at dangerous cross-roads. The lamp, which is called the "Aga," is constructed on the light-house flicker principle, flashing about sixty times to the minute. The light is supplied by compressed acetylene gas, a single tubeful of which is stated to afford adequate and continuous illumination for a whole year without requiring any attention whatever. One of the advantages of this "land lighthouse" is that its object could not be misunderstood, owing to the distinctive nature of its light from that of all other signalling lamps. As the initial cost is only a little more than that of an ordinary street lamp, and the yearly cost of maintenance only 30s., there is no doubt that the motor organisations, especially the A. A. and M. U., will investigate the possibilities of the new invention.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE tone of the City has been much better during the past week. The reduction in the Bank Rate seemed to put heart into everybody, and there has been quite a brisk buying of Consols. It is said that the Government is in the market, and is making large purchases on account of the Sinking Fund. There is also no doubt that many of the purchases are purely speculative. People have at last come to realise that we are in for a period of

cheap money, and that all gilt-edged securities will go up. I have been preaching this in season and out of season for a long time past. There is no doubt that huge sums have been lost in these so-called bond issues—issues which promised 6 per cent. and 7 per cent., but gave no security. To-day people see that it is much better to have a definite 4 per cent. income than a certain loss of capital, even if you are promised 6 per cent. on your money. The Victorian Government offered one million 4 per cent. stock at 97, and it was immediately subscribed. Here again the success of the loan had a wonderful effect upon the market. The Chesham Supply Company offered £150,000 6 per cent. preference shares at par. This company sells motor cars to chauffeurs on the instalment plan, and has been making large profits on the deals. The certificate for 1913 showed £24,902 profit, and for the half year ended July 31, 1913, £23,635. Big dividends have been paid, but the company requires more capital. The preference shares are a reasonable commercial risk. Forestal Land has once again been in the market and asked us for £1,200,000 5 per cent. debentures, the issue price being 96. Forestal owns nearly five million acres of freehold and 630,000 acres of leasehold. It has its own railways, factories, steamers, and about 100 head of livestock. The money is needed to provide the Santa Fé Land Company with the funds to pay off its debenture debt, and for other purposes. The directors state that the average net profits of Forestal and Santa Fé Land companies are £498,913, and that an additional profit of £107,000 a year is anticipated. Forestal is one of the most important companies in South America. The debentures are a good security, but it is doubtful whether the ordinary shares will keep their value.

MONEY.—As this article is written before the directors of the Bank of England meet, I am making a shot in the dark when I say that I think that a reduction in the Bank Rate is certain. The money position is very good. New York is shipping gold to Paris, and it is clear that the Secretary of the Treasury does not intend immediately to call in the funds which he recently loaned out to New York bankers. It is quite certain that unless anything unforeseen occurs, we shall get a gradually reducing money rate during 1914.

FOREIGNERS.—At last the Banque Victor has met with misfortune. This is not at all surprising considering the bold manner in which M. Victor speculated, and the very curious deals he took on, deals that very few people in London would have cared to handle. His most famous coup was made when he acquired the controlling interest in the Pekin Syndicate and purchased the Rothschild holding of Shansi shares. These he placed amongst investors throughout France, and bitterly must these unfortunate people regret their gamble. They thought that they were going in for a dividend-paying security. Victor is a man of remarkable energy, but his gambles were uncontrollable, and it is a good thing that his energies have been stilled. The position in France will probably clear now that this trouble has been removed, but we must not expect higher prices, for all the Victor securities have merely changed hands. They have not been sold. He was very largely interested with the Empain group, a Belgian crowd of almost equal courage to himself. Empain himself took up large deals in Egypt, but whether he made any money out of them is more than doubtful. Tintos have hardened a little mainly because the "bears" have been buying back. The latest news is that the strike at the mines still continues. Everyone has been trying to explain the American copper figures to which I alluded last week, but no one can give any reason for the astounding statement. Copper remains weak.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market has been moved up, not before it was necessary. Even the friendless Great Eastern are now back at their make-up price, and Great Northern deferred have had a smart rise. Great Western, London and North Western are both harder, and may be safely bought. The principal buying in the Railway market has, however, been in the prior charge issues, all of which were very much under-valued. The dealers are all short, and the least demand frightens them. Underground Electric Income bonds are now up to 94.

YANKEES.—The American market has taken on a good tone. The excuse given for the rise is cheap money and the New York Bank figures, which are certainly exceptionally good. The "bears" have been buying back, and this is evidenced by the sharp rise in Steels, which have been up as high as 65. No one had a good word to say for the Steel Trust, and as the trade in the United States is falling away very fast, it is considered a safe thing to sell Steels. But when it was rumoured that Wilson intended to abandon his suit against the Steel Trust, all these "bears" scrambled to cover. Hence, the sharp improvement in values. I think myself that Unions at 163 are definitely over-valued, and I should not be surprised to see a small reaction occur. The "bears" have also been buying back Canadian Pacifics, which have had a big rise. Investors should certainly unload this stock. The news from Canada is not good. It is quite certain that the dividend can never be raised above 10 per cent., and therefore Canadas at 200 are very reasonably valued. "Bears" have also been actively buying back all their Mexican securities. Indeed, throughout the whole of the Foreign Railway market there has been a steady marking up of quotations, the unfortunate Brazil Railway being the only exception.

RUBBER.—In the Rubber Market prices remain dull. Yam Seng report is very disappointing. The final dividend is passed, and it is clear that unless the company can very largely increase its output and considerably reduce its working costs, it will have hard work to pay 5 per cent. for the current year. Yam Sengs are, therefore, very much over-valued. Raw rubber is a shade harder, but business is limited.

OIL.—In the Oil market the rig in Venezuela Oil Concessions still continues, and the shares, 17s. 6d. paid, are quoted 35s. premium. The chairman made a very grandiloquent speech which caused much laughter on the Stock Exchange. The crowd behind the company are not considered strong enough to talk in millions, and as far as anyone knows, the concession is at present practically unproven. It is stated that the Asiatic Petroleum, one of the Shell subsidiaries, has made an agreement with the Anglo-Persian. This was not unexpected, as it is well-known that the Burmah Company, which controls Anglo-Persian, has great influence with the Shell. The Anglo-Saxon would appear to be having good luck in Mexico, and Royal Dutch and Shell have been harder in consequence.

MINES.—In the Mining market prices are firmer, and Russo-Asiatics have been bid up to 5 on specially good news. Kaffirs are better now that the strike in the Transvaal is over. The Rayfield report was not liked, and it would appear that this company must reconstruct. Cobalt Townsite figures are not particularly satisfactory, but the shares have hardened. Much fun has been caused in the Canadian market by the issue of application forms for shares in Tough Oaks, a company which is to purchase the control of the Canadian Co. Twenty per cent. allotment is

promised, and as Tough Oaks are quoted at $\frac{1}{4}$ premium, a good many shares have been sold on this promise. Indeed, Mr. Latilla no doubt hopes to catch some of the bolder of the "bears." The whole deal is peculiar, and I strongly advise my readers to stand on one side or they may burn their fingers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market, Liptons have recovered a little, the directors having sent out a circular. Nevertheless, I think it safer to sell than to buy. The announcement that Messrs. Morgan had secured the Cuban loan in competition with Messrs. Kleinworts, had a bad effect on Cuban Ports, which are certainly overvalued. Breweries have been very steady. They seem to me fully priced to-day. Marconis have also been bought, and it is said that Mr. Heybourn has gone to the United States and proposes to boom up American Marconis. If any rise occurs, I advise holders to take advantage of it and get out. Electrics are steady. Holzapfels have had a good year, and pay 12 per cent. Indeed, nearly all the Industrial reports that are coming out now show improved results and increased dividends. Both Van den Berghs and Maypoles have hardened, and there has been some bidding for Whiteley's preference and ordinary on the news that this firm has purchased another business.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

The Cobalt Silver Mines in the North-East of Canada are being brought to special prominence at the present time by reason of their excellent profit-earning prospects. Three of the companies in this group are dividend payers. Last year Townsites paid 7s. 6d. per share, besides purchasing a mill of its own for £25,000 out of its profits, Cobalt Lakes 3s. per share, and Casey Cobalts 1s. per share, but there is good reason to expect that the profits already earned will be considerably increased during the current year, inasmuch as the three mines will be working at their full capacity with increased stamping power, which will enable larger quantities of ore to be treated. It is anticipated that Townsites will earn 100 per cent. on its capital during the current twelve months, and Lakes and Caseys from 40 to 50 per cent. Townsite Extensions, the other member of the group, owns 59 acres situated near the best paying mines on the fields, whose veins are working up to the company's boundaries. There is already an active market in the shares of all four companies and a considerable rise in price is confidently predicted in the near future.

The Industrial market is destined to play an important part in the Stock Exchange revival which has now set in. Amongst the shares of the leading motor manufacturing companies which for some time past have proved popular with investors by reason of the good profits earned and the prospects of larger profits in the future, is that of Straker-Squire (1913). Although the company was only formed in November last, it has already justified the anticipations contained in the Prospectus, and there is good reason to believe that the shareholders will receive an interim dividend shortly. At the Statutory Meeting last week it was announced that the sales both for cars and heavy vehicles, including omnibuses, had increased by 30 per cent. as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year. The profits estimated at the flotation of the company for the current year were £18,000, and the prospect of this sum being exceeded is particularly promising. The company's shares are being confidently talked up in the market.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MIDDLE COURSE IN SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—You had an excellent unsigned article in your paper, issue of March 9 last year, entitled "Spelling and Sophistry." In it you criticised the scheme of Spelling Reform adopted by the Simplified Spelling Society, and you referred in particular to the use of "z" to indicate some of the plural forms.

This is one of the features which have induced me to offer in the enclosed leaflet some suggestions for a reform on much less drastic lines. Though much more moderate than the scheme you have already criticised, these suggestions are intended to be complete, and are quite sufficient to fulfil the necessary purpose of indicating clearly the sounds of our speech.

By a simple and perfectly English method, it is shown how the final "z" may be satisfactorily avoided. Further, the hard-and-fast doctrine of the Simplified Spelling Society, which says we must have either all *k* or all *c*, is disposed of in a simple and reasonable manner. Yours truly,

J. W. BANKS.

Sheffield.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES.

COMPARE
SIMPLIFIED
SPELLING
SOCIETY.

	(1) No "z" to indicate the plural :
praiz	Hee prays,
praiz	„ givs praize.
praizez or {	„ praizes.
praiziz {	
fenz	In the fens.
fens	On the fense.
defendz {	Hee defends the defenses.
defensez {	
	(2) Reversion to the old value of "u" (as in "put") :
pool, shood,	Pul, shud, wud, put, instrument,
wood, poot,	influse.
instrooment	
infloovens.	
	(3) Preservation of "obscure" vowel :
intimit	Intimat (adj.), intimait (vb.).
	(4) "Long" i="iy" (by combination of "i" in "mind" and "y" in "my") :
het	Liyt, miytier.
mietier	(this is tantamount to double i, on same principle as double e.)
	(5) Nearer relationship between short and long "u" (impossible with the notation "oo") :
	Pul, puul
	(Thus rumor or ruumor, and gud or Scotch guud.)
	(6) Retention of both "k" and hard "c" :
contact, ceen	Contact, keen, paket, forsaik, silk.
pacet	
forsaic, silc	

N.B.—The scheme contains only one irregularity—the soft *c*. Although this letter may need to be eliminated "officially," it will undoubtedly maintain its position for a long period.—J. W. BANKS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE.

- A Ballad of Men, and Other Verses.* By William Blane. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Sonnets from the Trophies of José-Maria de Heredia.* Rendered into English by E. R. Taylor. (The Author, San Francisco.)
- Rubáiyát of a Minor Statesman.* By G. W. S. Sparrow. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 1s.)
- The Rose of Ravenna.* By Edward A. Vidler. With Frontispiece. (George Robertson and Co., Melbourne.)
- Patriot or Traitor.* By Charles G. Fall. (Elliot Stock. 4s. net.)
- Intimations of Heaven.* By H. E. Walker. (Elliot Stock. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Willow's Forge, and Other Poems.* By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Barham Beach, a Poem of Regeneration.* By Julia Ditto Young. (Floyd-Genthner Press, Buffalo, N.Y.)
- The "Bacchæ" of Euripides.* A Translation by F. A. Evelyn, B.A. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Short Poems.* By Gertrude de la Poer. With Portrait. (A. C. Fifield. 1s.)
- Dislikes: Some Modern Satires.* By Charles Masfield. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)
- The Mark of the East, and Other Verses.* By J. M. Symns. (W. Thacker and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Lyrics and Poems.* By Edith Rutter-Leatham. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Fame-Seeker, and Other Poems.* By Janet Jeffrey. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Place-Names of Gloucestershire.* A Handbook by W. St. Clair Baddeley. (John Bellows, Gloucester.)
- Animal Sculpture: Suggestions for Greater Realism in Modelling and in Pose.* By Walter Winans. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Supplement to the New Punto Tagliato Embroidery.* By Louisa and Rosa Tebbs. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- In Far New Guinea.* By Henry Newton, B.A. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

FICTION.

- Idylls of a Dutch Village (Eastloorn).* By S. Ulfers. Translated by B. Williamson-Napier. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)
- The Power of the Duchess.* By Edward Quarter. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

PERIODICALS.

- The Eugenics Review; Literary Digest; Cambridge University Reporter; Constitution Papers; Land Union Journal; Bookseller; Review of Reviews for Australasia; Journal of the Imperial Arts League Incorporated; The Theosophical Path; Cambridge Magazine; Socialist Review; Dublin Review; Quarterly Review; Publishers' Circular; Revue Critique; Mercure de France; La Revue.*

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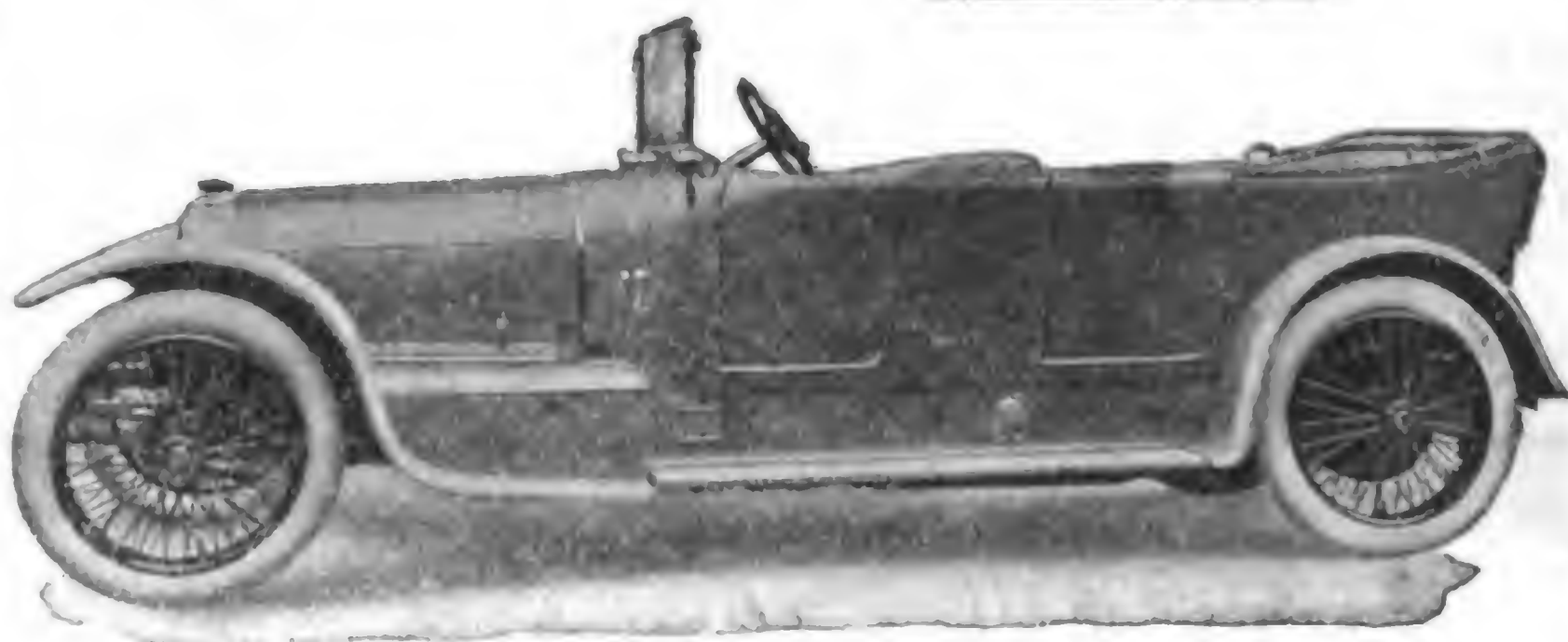
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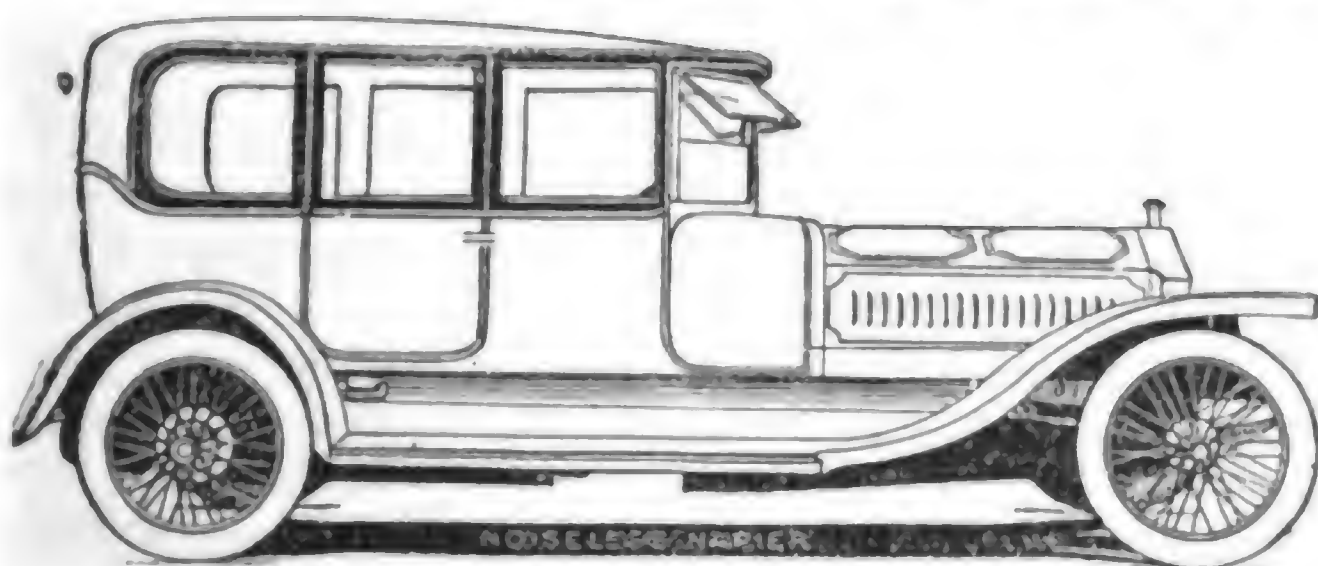
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Notes of the Week

HERE is rather a disposition, as we think, to treat too lightly the grave speech which Mr. John Redmond delivered at Waterford. There is no useful purpose in eternally banging the drum and making an exhibition of the bunting. Owing to the indiscretion of the late Mr. Gladstone and the corruptibility of the present Government, the Irish question has arrived at a point where the order of things must of necessity be changed. The position is wholly lamentable, but it exists. Having reached such a conclusion, the reasonable man asks what course common-sense and constructive capacity suggest. In our issue of October 4 we put forward an idea which we believe is perfectly sound, and which offers the only tolerable exit from a position which is now intolerable. We wrote:—

The only possible solution—if the *status quo* is to be departed from, which we do not admit—is an assembly for Catholic Ireland and another for essentially Protestant Ireland. The two countries might conceivably get to know and trust each other in time. We think the time will more probably be measured in centuries than in decades, but there is just an off-chance of success. There might be an arrangement for joint sessions and conferences, with the British Government as ultimate arbiter. Especially in matters of finance, such a scheme seems to be indispensable. We leave Members of Parliament to digest the proposal, and, if there is anything of value in it, to elaborate it. The lion has never yet laid down with the lamb without absorption, but we live in a progressive age, and miracles are commonplace.

Can any reasonable man suggest that in the position of affairs on the Continent we can afford to risk civil war

at home? We put it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is sorely harassed to find a method of balancing the results of his disastrous finance, whether he is prepared to provide the funds for the vanquishment of Protestant Ireland, whether in Ulster or throughout the South and West of that portion of the United Kingdom.

There is much to admire in the legislative proposal which Lord Willoughby de Broke will introduce into the House of Lords in the coming session, the object of which is to enforce upon the well-to-do or comparatively well-to-do classes the duty of taking their share in the defence of their country. In Lord Roberts's proposal for universal service there is the obvious difficulty that men of very divergent classes will not readily associate in the circumstances of training in camp. We have no preference for one class over another; and in time of war all classes mix cheerfully with each other, and find out what good fellows they are. When, however, there is not the spur of necessity or the call of urgent patriotism, many influences occur to prevent men of the higher class mixing on equal terms with those who belong to a lower grade. We believe in certain countries where conscription is the law there are selected corps where indiscriminate association is automatically obviated. We have not had the opportunity of seeing Lord Willoughby's scheme *in extenso*, but if it proceeds on some such lines as those to which we have adverted it augurs of success and is wholly admirable.

The annual dinner of the Bacon Society, held at the Trocadero Restaurant on January 22 "to celebrate the 353rd Anniversary of the Birth" of "the greatest human being God ever made," as Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence said, was very successful. We confess to becoming gradually more and more puzzled over this eternal question of the authorship of the works attributed to Shakespeare. Twelve months ago we reviewed a book by a French writer who held the theory that Roger Manners, Lord Rutland, should thus be honoured; and in the current issue of a Sunday paper the indefatigable Mr. Tom Jones announces that "the Shakespeare plays might with greater plausibility be assigned to the Earl of Southampton than to Bacon." Between all the prophets, what shall we believe? At any rate, the Baconians, under the charming presidency of Sir Edwin, are enthusiastic and convivial, and earnest enough withal to convert any half-hearted visitor. Mr. Kendra Baker made a careful and exhaustive speech, Miss A. Leith proposed the Bacon Society, and Mr. Crouch Batchelor waxed eloquent over the health of the guests; to this toast Mr. Herbert Jenkins made a neat response. Mr. W. T. Smedley proposed the President, and this, with the reply, concluded a most interesting evening. The Baconians, as the President pointed out, have passed the stage of being sneered at; they have to be taken seriously. And, while doing this, we reserve, as we said last year in commenting upon a similar function, our own opinion.

A Dreamer's Epitaph

THE Light that lit the sunless hill,
 And shone above the barren leas,
 The Life that moved when leaves were still,
 And quickened in the dying trees;
 The Power that with my weakness grew
 (Mature in my unripened youth!)
 Could still the disproved hope renew,
 And turn to naught the foolish truth:

The Spirit that so loved my dust
 That with the dust it feud could wage,
 And all the alien glory thrust
 Upon me as a heritage;
 The Strength which with my frailties wed,
 And for my cause so strangely schemed,
 That I, whom it had made and led,
 Its maker and its leader seemed:

The days when in each cup of shame
 I saw the gleam of hallowed wine,
 Nor feared the beast, nor felt the flame,
 Because my Comrade was Divine—
 These things are my eternal store,
 Eternal is my joy for them,
 Though He should show His face no more,
 And draw from me His garment-hem!

G. M. HORT.

The True Essayist

IT must be admitted that in the golden age of the essay, when men had more leisure for thought, and when it was not necessary always to be topical in order that work should become printed, much was written that is hardly worth remembering save for the student of history and literary tendencies. Perhaps the plentiful time at the disposal of the essayist had something to do with this; he had no need to write as one who burns with a message or a story; he could, if he wished, sketch out a plan of campaign and roam from hill to hill of his selected country, giving a lengthy account of his views from each summit, taking the patient reader with him—and some readers must have been admirably patient in those days.

In spite of the fact that a large number of these dissertations were models of style and of that peculiar quality known as "finish," not many of us now have the time or endurance to go perseveringly through their supremely elegant pages. We feel, often, that it is a labour to read them; the brain wanders away on some more attractive by-path of its own, and has to be jerked back every few minutes by the string of attention;

presently even that breaks, and we set the essayist and his polished periods aside for the spare hours that never come.

Yet, rather later than the age which is sometimes termed Augustan, there arrived other writers who were less concerned with the niceties of language, less overloaded with the weight of toppling phrases, and more desirous of relieving their hearts than unpacking their intellects. The Addisonian period was passing; the peculiarly careful handling of English which we now find "stilted" and tedious was avoided by some of the newer writers as a method which failed, somehow, in elasticity. They had sometimes the directness of Swift without his bitterness, the clarity of Addison with no hint of the rostrum or the teacher. To these, whom even now we can read with pleasure and thrills of response, we return again and again; we realise their personality, their absolute sincerity, their inspiration.

The secret of personality, which gave such charm to the work of Charles Lamb, of Hazlitt—who is too little read nowadays—and of many others, is an elusive thing. Analyse the "Dream Children," the "Old Margate Hoy," and it is probable that no especial method, no definite skill in phrasing, will appear to gratify the legitimate curiosity; each essay is a complete little creation, not to be disturbed or dissected. And, as a rule, the essay of a recognised master is a consideration of its subject from one point of view in one style. The humorous, as with Lamb, may lie very near to the springs of pathos; quite possibly two consecutive sentences may touch laughter and tears; yet there will be no incongruity, no clash—not, certainly, the deliberate shock of contrast. It is as though two colours, instead of being exhibited boldly and largely for the sake of a startling effect, were woven together quietly and patiently into the beautiful, general pattern, where, as nothing can be added, nothing can be spared.

Such closeness of structure, such restful unity, is attained by no assiduous practice of literary tricks; it is a matter of the vision of the man himself. Style is a poor thing without vision. It pleases eye and ear, perhaps, by skilful cadence or harmonious arrangement; but it stimulates no urgent thought, rouses no emotion, brings no flush to the face, no quicker heart-beat. Eagerness, wistfulness, wonder, courage, all the splendid shining desires that are dulled by the burden and heat of the day—who shall awaken these save the one who is hot and bright-eyed from victory, or maybe even angered by defeat, staying not to choose pretty words? Ardour brings expression in speech; and its flame may burn so steadily, whatever the theme, that even the cold printed page may convey the secret emotion miraculously across strange distances, into future ages. Only thus is the essayist a poet, though he may never write a line of verse, and immortal, though he dies as other men; and only thus, when the final reckoning of his work is taken, does he confront, with equal serenity, the threatening sword or the proffered laurel of criticism.

W. L. R.

Criticism Astray*

IT is a good thing that wise and thoughtful critics should occasionally write about the work of other men; especially so in the literary world, where books, unlike music or painting or sculpture, are accessible, as a rule, to all. Many of us have read Browning's poems with a new delight since Mr. G. K. Chesterton wrote his keen monograph in the "English Men of Letters" series; many of us turned with fresh pleasure to the Wessex novels after reading Lionel Johnson's discriminating estimate of Mr. Hardy; many of us felt anew the spell of George Meredith when Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, scholarly and dignified, told how the spell had fallen upon him, and interpreted for us certain things that hitherto had been hidden. Each mind, if it be independent and worthy, forms its own outlook; but by that very act it may shut from itself aspects that lie outside its field of vision. Then comes the wise and thoughtful critic, and with a word, a phrase, sets a light shining here and there, and in a moment we see a different beauty, a renewed charm.

We took up this volume on the work of Mr. Henry James, therefore, with a certain amount of pleasure, knowing that Mr. Hueffer is a strong admirer of that work, hoping for illumination, sensitive appreciation, vision; we set it down with discontent, having found blank carelessness, tedious verbosity, incompetence. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has taken a header into the crystal pool of Mr. Henry James's fantasy, splashed about awhile, and left the critics to pull him out, dripping, and to clear up the mess. Rarely have we been so disappointed, so resentful, as at this mishandling of a masterly writer; and yet the intention was so admirable! If any author needs careful, leisurely, persuasive exposition, it is Mr. Henry James; he has received the hasty, slap-dash comments of an incorrigible egotist. Mr. Hueffer's views on every subject that happens to cross his mind, relevant or irrelevant, are stirred in with his opinions on some of the novels of Mr. James, interspersed with plentiful quotations, and the whole tasteless conglomeration is elaborately presented as—a "critical study"!

All the finer points are missed. No allusion is made to those subtle, individual touches which we may surmise gave Mr. James immense pleasure in the making, and which give his readers such pleasure in the tracing: the grouping of peculiarly fitting adjectives or phrases, so often in threes, to take but one instance. We remember "poor foolish, generous, precious Valentin" in "The American"; the great scene between Charlotte and the Prince in "The Golden Bowl"—"Something in her long look at him now out of the old, grey window, something in the very poise of her hat, the colour of her necktie, the prolonged stillness of her smile, touched into sudden light for him all the wealth of the fact that he could count on her"; or Charlotte again, so finely braving her conscience: "It had ever been her sign that she was, for all occasions, found

ready, without loose ends or exposed accessories or unremoved superfluities." We remember the magnificent passage towards the close of the same book, where Maggie Verver, calm and resentful, realises the situation, and realises also why she has never been able to give herself to "the vulgar heat of her wrong":

She might fairly, as she watched them, have missed it as a lost thing; have yearned for it, for the straight, vindictive view, the rights of resentment, the rages of jealousy, the protests of passion, as for something she had been cheated of not least; a range of feelings which for many women would have meant so much, but which for *her* husband's wife, for *her* father's daughter, figured nothing nearer to experience than a wild Eastern caravan, looming into view with crude colours in the sun, fierce pipes in the air, high spears against the sky, all a thrill, a natural joy to mingle with, but turning off short before it reached her and plunging into other defiles.

The beauty of description which occurs here and there in detached passages in nearly all the books is passed over in silence by this "critical" student. There are a few phrases in "The Sacred Fount"—a book which is not mentioned by Mr. Hueffer—that impressed us as framing a particular conversation with wonderful delicacy:

There was a general shade in all the lower reaches—a fine clear dusk in garden and grove, a thin suffusion of twilight out of which the greater things, the high tree-tops and pinnacles, the long crests of motionless wood and chimnied roof, rose into golden air. The last calls of birds sounded extraordinarily loud; they were like the timed, serious splashes, in wide, still water, of divers not expecting to rise again.

Mr. James's genius for the description of persons is also ignored—those little sentences or phrases that make so many of his hundreds of characters live; Colonel Assingham, for instance—"the hollows of his eyes were deep and darksome, but the eyes, within them, were like little blue flowers plucked that morning." A score of such touches could be quoted by any student of the novels; here is another: "The point at which the soft declivity of Hampstead began at that time to confess in broken accents to St. John's Wood."

These, and a hundred other points, not only should be noted, but must be noted, by anyone who professes to expound the work of the most deliberate and conscientious artist of our day. The voiceless interchanges; the intense concentrations; the occasional annoyances of double negative or involved suspensions; the abrupt, effective use of slang and colloquialisms now and then; the persistent, amazing play on a single metaphor, sometimes through a whole chapter, with cumulative effect; the names, which often fit the characters as neatly as did those chosen by Dickens (who can forget poor, dull, decent Mrs. Bread in "The American"?—these things, for all the inquiring stranger can know who may wish to learn something of the style of the great author, do not exist for this critic. He prides himself, we think, on the fact that

* *Henry James: A Critical Study.* By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

he has read practically everything that Mr. Henry James has written. We have no doubt of it; we believe, quite seriously, that he has read the cream of the world's literature. Why, then, in a "study" of pretensions, omit mention of the author's best books? "The Tragic Muse," and its elaboration of Peter Sherringham's predicament with Miriam Rooth and Nick Dormer's dilemma between art and politics; "The Sacred Fount," with its truly bewildering subtleties; "The Ambassadors," full of humour and with a perfectly delightful plot—one of Mr. James's most fascinating novels; "The Better Sort," that collection of stories, two or three of which must rank as among the score or so of the world's best—"The Beast in the Jungle," for instance, wherein sheer terror and remorse and agony of spirit are shown in the tremendous calm climax as probably none other could have shown them; "The Other House," a story of a beautiful and delicate situation; "The Bostonians," a detailed presentation of American life; "The Outcry," one of the most recent books; we believe we are right in saying that not one of these is even alluded to. The short stories alone should have had a brilliant chapter to themselves—and what opportunities are here lost for comparisons and contrasts! Nor is any notice taken of Mr. James's infrequent appearances as a dramatist. Mistakes are even made in the names of characters; Milly Theale and Merton Densher in "The Wings of the Dove" become Milly Strether and Morton Densher; while Dickens' Uriah Heep is given as Uriah Heap.

We are unfeignedly sorry thus to dismiss as almost useless a volume by Mr. Hueffer; but what other conclusion is possible? The chances are so lamentably missed at every turn; even in the section entitled "Methods," after a couple of excellent pages which lead us to hope for something memorable at last, all Mr. Hueffer can manage is to quote lengthily from Mr. James's own revealing prefaces to the collected edition; perhaps, however, this was really the wisest thing he could have done. He discusses the society pictured in the novels rather well, and his references to Balzac and Turgeneff are in the picture; but more than this is needed for a "critical study." We came across one paragraph, however, which struck us as illuminating:

I can't myself, for the life of me, see that a writer's subjects concern any soul but himself. They have nothing more to do with criticism than eggs with aeroplanes. A critic may like a class of subject or may dislike them—for myself I like books about fox-hunting better than any other book to have a good read in. I would rather read Tilbury Nogo than Daniel Deronda, and any book of Surtees than any book of George Meredith—excepting perhaps Evan Harrington, which is a jolly thing with a good description of country house cricket. . . .

This paragraph, which will serve as a fair sample of the author's style and grammar, explains a great deal.

W. L. R.

Homage to Utamaro

THE life of Utamaro Kitagawa was a strange compound of pathos and triumph. Dissolute while still a boy, he was early ejected from home in consequence; and thenceforth his strength was slowly consumed, year after year, by the dread disease of nympholepsy, the result being that, when imprisoned for issuing a print libelling the Shogun, he had but a feeble constitution wherewith to confront this new reverse. Only fifty-two years of age though he was, his days were numbered; yet long before this he had become famous, not only throughout the whole of his native Japan, but even in China; and now, while he lay dying, the publishers thronged to his bedside, striving eagerly to acquire works from his hand. Throughout many years after his death, moreover, his style was copied persistently, some of the emulators going so far as to counterfeit the signature of the deceased; and it is strange that he should have won all this homage from his own generation—as strange as Goya's triumph in holding a place as court-painter under three successive kings—for, like the Spaniard, the Japanese was a rebel, beginning his career by opposing public opinion. At the date of his advent the wood-engravers of Japan were mostly engaged in delineating actors in character, and the man who eschewed this theme was apt to find slender market for his output; but the master refused to tread the broad road of pleasing the vulgar taste, and instead he chose paths of his own wherein to wander.

It were fulsome to write of Utamaro as a man of exceptional versatility, for, true nympholept that he was, he concerned himself mainly with doing endless studies of *filles de joie*; while certainly it was in this field of work that he achieved his finest triumphs, notably in the pictures he did for a very rare book called "Kuruwa Nenchiu Gioji," which is, being translated, "Annual of the Courtesan Quarter." Indeed, this is probably the loveliest volume ever issued, far transcending anything done by the Kelm-scott, Vale, or Eragny presses; and, turning the fragile pages, one is constrained to vow that whoso has not looked upon them has no conception of Utamaro's genius, perhaps no conception of the heights to which the craft of wood-engraving sometimes soared in old Japan.

Utamaro is the Mozart of the graphic arts, being like that composer a positive emblem of mastery over delicate harmony and rhythm. A few of his prints are as richly coloured as a passage in Gautier or Ruskin, but in general he deals exclusively with soft, dreamy shades; and these shades of his, so exquisitely unified always, are as subtle, as tender as those in the inner petals of a flower. And the lapidarian workmanship in the Japanese master—those intricate and fairy-like embroideries on the kimonos of his courtesans—these have their surest counterpart in the deft cadences of *Die Zauberflöte*. Many men have drawn with greater power than he, yet, just as Mozart constitutes a richer mine of varied

melody than any other composer, so too Utamaro is the most melodious of all draughtsmen, nearly every one of his prints being replete with lines which seem to ripple like waves on the shore, and almost tempt the hand to beat time. The most graceful of his draperies have a look of absolute naturalness, the folds of the kimonos seeming to have fallen of their own accord into the shapes wherein they are seen, and betraying no signs of studious arrangement on the artist's part; while though his composition is always so eminently eurythmic, and though one marks, on examination, that each separate factor is as vitally important to the whole lovely design as every note is in a symphony by Mozart, these factors invariably appear to stand just where they naturally would in life itself. Sometimes the various girls are grouped into a pattern nearly as intricate as those on old Celtic crosses, yet even on these occasions nothing reminds of the hand of the arranger; for the girls look as if they had been taken unawares and sketched precisely as they stood; they might have grown up like flowers or risen by an incantation, and the entire scene has that semblance of inevitability which characterises great tragedy.

Waiving altogether the aforesaid element in Utamaro, is he not essentially a tragedian? a minor tragedian, of course, yet perhaps as great a one as ever was produced by Japan, the land where a diet of lotus roots perforce begot a race incapable of art of real might. For though, like most of his compatriots, Utamaro eschewed depicting the human form realistically with the aid of modelling, and though sometimes no corporeal presence is indicated within the draperies he shows, these facts do not vitiate the foregoing contention that he combines truth with beauty, his studies of courtesans being singularly true to the actual spirit of the subject. It was part of his genius to evolve from this a refined art, a feat compassed by hardly any Europeans save Crackanthorpe and Baudelaire; while, again in contradistinction to most Occidentals, he was never tempted into being sentimental about this theme of his, courtesanship being in his native land a legitimate and reputable institution. Yet even in Japan the Yoshiwara has its tragic aspect—just the little tragedy of a faded flower, or of a theatre seen by daylight the morning after a glittering performance—and is not this little tragedy enshrined with divine certainty in Utamaro's achievement? Triumphant where divers other sufferers from nympholepsy have failed—Raphael, for instance—he crystallised his malady in his art, charging all he did with an aroma of world-weariness, a pensiveness which is strangely winning. The burthen of each of his works is—

That music and splendour

Survive not the lamp and the lute,

while the girls move with a certain drowsy languor, seeming to say with the imperishable poet of "London Nights":

And now we are a little tired

Of the eternal carnival.

W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH.

REVIEWS

A Royalist in Two Countries

Ombres Françaises et Visions Anglaises. By COMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

THE Comte d'Haussonville has given us in "Ombres Françaises et Visions Anglaises" a work that divides accurately and symmetrically into two self-contained halves. There would, at first sight, appear to be no reason why the two halves should not form two separate books. But there is a thread; invisible to the casual beholder, it yet, with the tenacity characteristic of invisible bonds, binds together the author's observations into a consistent whole. For M. d'Haussonville is a Royalist. The shades he calls up are the shades of French Royalists, of the last men who truly believed that it was possible "to restore at this time the kingdom to Israel." The question that M. d'Haussonville came to England to answer was: "Do monarchy and the passion of loyalty exist anywhere in modern Europe as living realities?" The answer he feels able to give is a triumphant affirmative.

Though we have reasons of our own for finding the English part of the book the more interesting, the French part has its fascination. The author is in a position to know many things that have not been noised abroad. His long and loyal service of the Comte de Paris, the important part he played in many Royalist campaigns, and his intimate knowledge of two generations of French politics, give his words a rare and imposing authority. Moreover, we may quote, as unimpeachable witness to character, a fellow-Academician of his—M. Anatole France: "M. d'Haussonville n'a pas de souci plus grand que celui de la justice." Sometimes, however, we are driven to wonder whether the very nearness of the throne may not have been an obstacle to perfect vision. For instance, M. d'Haussonville was constant in his disapproval of any abetting of Boulanger; he seems to have been repeatedly assured and more or less convinced that no material assistance had been given. Yet certain recent evidence seems to show that the General was largely subsidised out of Royalist funds.

The portrait of the Comte de Paris is a work of piety. The pathos of exile is never so poignant as in the case of an able and patriotic Prince. We have met many excellent Frenchmen who are incapable of separating the ideas of "la France" and "la République Française." It is a pity, for there are many worshippers of "la France" for whom the two expressions are not synonymous, and many rare and great gifts of patriotic devotion have thus been wasted and thrown away. Portraits of princes are sometimes unsatisfactory; the pen of the courtier is apt to be a leveller of the most pernicious and indiscriminating type; the panegyrics of a Henri IV and a Louis XV have been known to be

almost interchangeable. But M. d'Haussonville has the vision of love as well as the vision of loyalty. Another interesting feature of the French part is the life of Duke Albert de Broglie, wisest and most patriotic of the Royalists who have endured the French Republic.

The English part of the book is a kind of trilogy in three "visions." They describe three visits, each lasting about a week, made in 1910, 1911, and 1913, respectively. Our distinguished visitor had been much distressed by the "sombres pronostics" that he had heard about the future of the English State; he went away reassured. He finds that the English still believe in their kings, and that their kings still work for England. The ideal of the Comte de Paris, which included Henri IV and excluded "le Roi Soleil," is here almost satisfied. The English aristocracy still means something, and the English parties are grappling with modern problems in a true constructive spirit. Yet there is Mr. Lloyd George, and M. d'Haussonville is somewhat disturbed by the reflection. But there are many other statesmen to redress the balance, and our visitor finds them in both the principal parties. The end is certainly not yet.

In 1910 M. d'Haussonville came to see England suffering from a General Election; in 1911 he came to see her rejoicing in a Coronation; in 1913—"j'ai voulu la voir dans sa vie normale." On all three occasions he was extraordinarily thorough. In election-time he heard most of the leading orators of both the principal parties, though he somehow failed, in spite of frequently expressed aspirations, to hear Mr. Lloyd George. We suspect a lack of resolution; Liberal-Conservative opinions and the French Academy were a bad starting-point for the adventure. In 1911 he "did" the Coronation—including the decorations, the Naval Review and the Shakespeare Ball—exhaustively. In 1913 his tireless gaze swept the horizon of our institutions with incredible success.

M. d'Haussonville claims to be "un des rares Français qui aiment Londres." He certainly knows our great city, and he sees many things in her that we are apt to miss. He was especially anxious to get at the bed-rock of modern conditions—"die Sache der Armen." He uses a characteristic short cut to obtain this knowledge. "Jamais je ne vais à Londres sans rendre visite à l'Armée du Salut." Well, the Salvation Army is a great agency for good, even if it does seem to claim a monopoly in philanthropy, and, when time presses, "l'Agence Cook" can show you in a week more of a city, even of the city of Misery, than the oldest inhabitant and the most philosophical guide. Our guest is terribly impressed by our lowest *strata*. "Je constate" (*à propos* of the sandwich-men) "combien la misère est différente d'aspect et plus dégradée à Londres qu'à Paris." This reflection is repeated on many occasions. It is, after all, the bed-rock problem; may it be solved by Liberal-Conservatives like our author, and not by the Socialists!

M. d'Haussonville can never see an English public

speaker with his fingers "dans les revers de sa redingote" without astonishment. The presence of lady relatives of the speaker on the platform is another permanent joy: "à la prochaine réunion je m'attends à voir aussi les enfants avec leur bonne." He is agreeably surprised to find that Cabinet Ministers do the round of the country, whereas in electioneering France "chacun ne s'occupe que de sa petite affaire." The Coronation decorations are dismissed as crude, but the comfort and elegance of our taxis receives high praise, and are assigned as the reason why French manufacturers lost this market. There are some sound considerations, from a French point of view, on Protection, and the visitor thinks that the English rule of fair play was somewhat violated during the attack on the House of Lords.

We will conclude with the opening words of this most entertaining book: "Je crains bien que ce gros volume ne soit le vingt-et-unième publié par moi. Au moins devrais-je promettre que ce sera le dernier. Mais, si Dieu me prête vie, je ne m'engage à rien." A sturdy and most praiseworthy resolution! May M. d'Haussonville long avoid the fate of the "petit poisson," and may we be there to read his twenty-second volume!

Some Ancient Villages

Villages of the White Horse. By ALFRED WILLIAMS.
(Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

IN days when so many people rush through the land in motors, seeing so much, but knowing so little, of real country life, of the people or of Nature, it is quite refreshing to read the work of a genuine observer of men and things, the harvest of a thoughtful mind. Evidently Mr. Alfred Williams possesses the rare gift of penetration beyond the well-known reserve of the rustic peasantry, who appear to converse with him almost as readily as with each other, judging by the freedom with which they have told him delightful stories of their lives and doings. He wanders from cottage to cottage and seems welcome everywhere. The theatre of this fascinating book is laid among the villages which cluster under both ridges of the Wiltshire Downs, from Wroughton, south of Swindon, to the famous White Horse Hill, along the Icknield Way. Mr. Williams claims that "these villages are some of the most ancient in the world, having been first of all inhabited by remote prehistoric peoples, then by the early Britons in their fortified camps, next they were Roman stations, afterwards Saxon villages, then Danish settlements, and, finally, as we know them here, strongly and typically English, second to none in the land."

The author is a master of local dialect, so much so, that at times the dialogue becomes almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader. He says that, wherever he has gone, he has found "the villagers industrious, sturdy in principle, breezily optimistic, cheerful, philosophic,

and exceedingly kind-hearted, but poor—much poorer, in fact, than they ought to be in this wonder-working age of ours.” Yet he himself admits that, though wages may be low, there are many perquisites and compensations unknown to the artisans of cities and towns—a fact which we have often observed, and one which is invariably neglected and overlooked by statisticians and Socialist statesmen. It must not be supposed that this book consists of essays—far from it. It is rather a series of dramatic pictures and sketches, full of life, anecdote and humour, together with charming Nature-studies. It introduces us to the people in their homes and in the field. It gives the most vivid impression of how they live, of what they think, and of what they say. We have known country life for many years, but we are bound to confess that we have not known it as this observant writer knows it. It would be quite impossible in a short notice to give extracts which would do justice to the great amount of interesting information contained in this very interesting book, which we heartily commend to all who care about the ways and doings of remote villagers. The last chapter gives an account of White Horse Hill, Uffington Village, and Tom Brown’s School. The famous scouring of the Horse, the revels, sports and games have long since passed away. The cleansing and renovation is now done by workmen of the estate. There are very few survivors left of those who took part in the great Revel of 1857, though there are two or three—one man who is nearly ninety, who can relate most of what happened then, and who knew many of those mentioned by Judge Hughes in his book. Times are changing, but long may these villages and villagers retain their attractive characteristics.

An Amateur Vagabond

The Friendly Road. By DAVID GRAYSON. (Andrew Melrose and Co. 5s. net.)

IF ease in writing were a prime virtue in literature, Mr. Grayson would stand very high. And who shall say, in these days of self-conscious art, that it is not? Certainly it is a delight to discover a book in which there is no pose, no striving after effect, no “precious” use of words. The spontaneous naturalness of Mr. Grayson’s style is as refreshing as his unconventional matter. His previous book, “Adventures in Contentment,” described how a weary townsman, feeling the artificiality and bondage of his life, escaped to the country and lived on a small farm. It is a very idyllic story, and it loses none of its romance from the fact that it is American. After some years of this experience the writer begins to feel that even farm-life may have its bondage. In his own words, “So often we think in a superior and lordly manner of our possessions, when, as a matter of fact, we do not really possess them; they possess us.” He could not get free

all at once—“it required several days to break the habit of cows and hens”—but he starts off on a pilgrimage of uncertain length, careless of destination, and with a minimum of cash. His money is soon exhausted, but he continues his wanderings and lives by his wits—from which point his book becomes extraordinarily interesting. Yet he is never put to any mean or unworthy shifts; and in each of his devices to obtain food and lodging he manages to point a moral in an unobtrusive and therefore very effective fashion.

In his brief preface Mr. Grayson says: “If you chance to be a truly serious person, put down my book.” We disagree with this; rather, if you chance to be a truly serious person, take up this book, provided that you have a sense of humour, for that is necessary. Indeed, we believe that if any flippant folk get hold of this volume they will soon be found in a very serious frame, for, with all its ease, it induces thought. Mr. Grayson has an eye for the symbolism of his adventures, and in the course of his book nearly every great problem of human life is hinted at. This propensity is seen at its best in the chapter entitled “I Play the Part of a Spectacle-Pedlar,” but it is so amusing that we laugh and cogitate in the same moment.

Mr. Grayson’s method of procedure in his hour of need is to go and work alongside the person or persons from whom he decides he will get the necessities of life. This leads to some strange encounters, but, in his pages at least, it never fails. As a method it may be successful in the great Western Continent, but we fear that in our more insular life it would not always lead to such happy results. The only suspicion of unnaturalness appears in the two encounters with the Vedders. On the first of these he discovers them living the simple life in a house by the side of the road, and endeavouring to forget their wealth. Their confronting him with his own earlier book and his compulsory acknowledgment as the blushing author is almost too good to be true. And Mr. Vedder appears almost too much as a *deus ex machina* in the strike episode near the end. True, stranger things have happened in real life, so we absolve the author.

For the rest, his book is like a breeze of springtime, as we hope this passage, which shows him of the true vagabond order, fully attests:

Now I usually prefer the little roads, the little, unexpected, curving, leisurely country roads. The sharp hills, the pleasant, deep valleys, the bridges not too well kept, the verdure deep-grown along old fences, the houses opening hospitably at the very roadside, all these things I love. They come to me with the same sort of charm and flavour, only vastly magnified, which I find often in the essays of the older writers—those leisurely old fellows who took time to write, *really* write. The important thing to me about a road, as about life and literature, is not that it goes anywhere, but that it is livable while it goes. For if I were to arrive—and who knows that I ever shall arrive?—I think I should be no happier than I am here.

The Primrose Path

Reminiscent Gossip of Men and Matters. By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE author is here seen as the most casual go-as-you-please writer that we have met for many a long day. Versatility is generally accepted as a curse to the literary man; if it be a vice, it is one to which we are particularly kind, but Mr. Baker carries the matter a trifle beyond the borderland of reason. It is all very well with an essay, as in "The Epistle to a Young Friend" of Burns, to find that—

Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

but to be scared and guided by the *ignis fatuus* of the author's recollections throughout some thirty chapters is a weariness to the mind.

It would appear that Mr. Baker prepares his essays with the aid of old note-books in which he has written down any odd matter that seemed at the moment of interest to himself. These often trite and obvious memoranda he now develops into short articles freely sprinkled with marks of exclamation and interrogation, which leave us rather cold. His exegesis on these texts are not very enlivening.

He boldly states that "there is a subtle charm in looking over old note-books, wherein, as the years have flown on, facts have been commented on, striking incidents noted, travel hints preserved, books culled from, and thoughts inscribed." We wish we could share this simple faith with Mr. Baker, but it is too courageous and general a statement for us. If the present book of reminiscent gossip be an example of such a method, we own that the result is disappointing—but not, of course, to the writer of the book. He, at least, has the memory of a thousand adventures behind his written word. The kings of the earth supply him with what he considers amusing stories; the philosophy of all the races of men engages his interest and delight. Just how it happens that a writer of such wide experience, and, doubtless, great achievements, should produce a book which, notwithstanding its light and varied method, remains dull and futile, is something of a psychological mystery. We have tried to solve it in the reading of Mr. Baker's book, and our conclusion is that the fault must lie with us. The primrose path of reminiscent dalliance which has so often given us pleasure appears on this occasion barred against our best endeavours; the casual quotations and the extracts from older writers, which might well be of value, appear as a twice-told tale. But other readers may find the pleasure we have missed.

Mr. Baker thus explains what is before you in one of his essays: "Facts and persons, extracts from books under notice at the moment, notes for expeditions, a perfect *olla podrida* are these little note-books. Not a review of the times, but glimpses into some of the great events of the world's history for many a year." And if you like that kind of thing, and Mr. Baker's style generally, "Reminiscent Gossip of Men and Matters" is just the book to get from the library.

A Prophet and His Honour

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869). Sa Vie et ses Œuvres. By J. G. PROD'HOMME. (Ch. Delagrave, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

THE "Grand Siècle" still hangs heavy over France. The mother and grandmother of Academies has not lost her ancient power of chastising the solitary artist. In two of the arts the modern right of private combination has partially redressed the balance; "cénacles" and "salons des refusés" have shown that organised revolt can make quite comfortable homes for the unorthodox of poetry or of painting. Independent genius may still starve, if it will, but simple unorthodoxy, tempered with sociability, is assured of subsistence. For music the hour of deliverance has not yet struck. Perhaps it will never strike. Music is the most individualistic of the arts; it abhors coteries. Revolt has often prospered, but generally through the sheer force of a creative personality. We may say that for the last century and a quarter music has done nothing but revolt, and that at the present moment the revolt is spreading. The Futurists seem even to be forming the first musical Trades Union.

When Berlioz fought for his revolutionary music, which he himself regarded as merely in the tradition and as opposed to Wagner's "musique de l'avenir," there was no "foyer de révolte" round which miscellaneous rebels might rally. The artist must either storm the doors of the academies or pass a contract with Mæcenæ. For the latter our particular artist had an unqualified respect. Unfortunately, the Mæcenæ of Berlioz' day was as elusive as Proteus, being the successive creature of many revolutions, and when found he was not always easy to command. Political revolutions are not kind to artistic revolutions; they have no time. Berlioz based great hopes on Napoleon III, and was not long in seeing them collapse.

The chief result of Berlioz' difficulties, or the result most pertinent to the matter in hand, is that Berlioz' life is uncommonly interesting. The lives of artists, of musicians especially, may or may not "oft remind us" of various important matters, but they are apt to be rather dull. The career of Berlioz was by no means dull. A good deal of it was mere squabbling, but in its essence it was a fight for the good against the bad—for truth against conventions and for the dignity of art against the mercenaries. Sometimes the indefatigable fighter struck rather blindly and wounded friends with his blows. He quarrelled absurdly with Wagner, after a long friendship distinguished by extraordinary forbearance on the part of the Bayreuth master. It is true that there were fundamental differences in the points of view of the two composers. In Berlioz' accomplished work Wagner saw only platitude and promise; to Berlioz Wagner represented anarchy in art, and "la musique de l'avenir" was a pretentious puzzle. Wagner regarded the theatre as the temple of the highest music; Berlioz said "les théâtres sont à la musique *sicut amori lupanar*."

It is no very rash assertion to make that Berlioz is the greatest of French musicians. Leaving out of the question some of the moderns, such as Debussy and Ravel, there is no name in the history of French music that stands more emphatically for an ideal and for a progress. What that ideal was and in what direction that progress tended the composer has not explicitly told us, and could probably never have told us. We find it ourselves in the somewhat negative ideal of freedom. However that may be, Berlioz suffered something very like martyrdom in the cause of his art. From the day when his *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* was drowned on the Place de la Bastille by the untimely accompaniment of regimental drums, to that on which, leaving his bed to vote for a friend at the Institute, he signed his own death-warrant, his life in France contained little but mortifications and sacrifices. Abroad every honour awaited him: in Germany, Russia and England he was acclaimed and adored; princes, cities and orchestras vied with each other in their homage and their gifts. But his glance always wandered back to his ungrateful Parisians. France had seen but one great native musical genius in several generations, and she rejected him. It is true that she has since built the sepulchre of the prophet, but the prophet had to be killed first.

Adolphe Adam was foremost among the detractors of Berlioz, and his criticisms are monuments of what criticisms ought not to be. There is a passage on a newly-heard composition that might do for an almost literal paraphrase of the famous "Bab Ballad":—

It was jerky, spasmodic—of that I'm aware;
But still, it distinctly suggested an air!

The best excuse for Berlioz' critics was that their quarry was also a penman—"le seul musicien qui écrit," says Adam. He filled countless columns of the *Débats* with his *feuilletons*, and only desisted when he had secured a competence that made him independent of them. Nor did he omit to praise himself.

The sentimental life of Berlioz is a mixture of farce and tragedy. He married twice, an Englishwoman—Harriet Smithson, the great Shakespearean actress—and a Spaniard, and he had countless love-affairs. The taunting visit of the second to the first Mme. Berlioz is a most unpleasant and chilling episode. On the other hand, it is impossible not to smile at the picture of the original Mme. Berlioz trying to keep pace with her husband's infidelities. "Le cœur de Berlioz allait si vite qu'elle ne pouvait pas le suivre; quand, à force de rechercher, elle était tombée sur l'objet de la passion de son mari, cette passion avait changé."

Berlioz' work is best represented by passages from the "Damnation de Faust" and by the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; but his life and his effort were greater than his achievement. He deserves the special remembrance of Englishmen as one of the real creators of the Philharmonic Society and a pioneer of musical taste in England.

Synge, and Irish Drama

John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre. By MAURICE BOURGEOIS. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Irish Plays and Playwrights. By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is inevitable, perhaps, that every significant movement should be arrested, should be hindered from going forward and discovering the natural outcome of its intention, by the presence of those who have been attracted by its first success, and who come, not as workers, but as critics, with their baneful gift of self-consciousness. There is no doubt—there are many in Ireland to deplore it—that the first fine promise of Irish drama has been hindered in this way; and that the cause of it has been the presence of something that is well indicated by these two books. It is worthy of remark that both writers should be students coming from other countries. In each case the whole of the literature has been covered with a thoroughness that has left nothing unread: not even the remotest articles in the remotest journals. M. Bourgeois especially has been indefatigable; and his book is, indeed, a remarkable achievement for a young writer in a strange tongue. But the symptoms remain. And the result in Irish drama is only too manifest.

We have said that the evil this larger and merely critical interest has brought has been premature self-consciousness. Obviously this is so; and it is best seen when Synge becomes, as he has now inevitably become, the centre of interest. The present writer yields to none in his admiration for Synge's genius. He felt this from the beginning, and has expressed it frequently. But there is no disguising the fact that Synge, more than any other, has arrested the movement of which he was a part—or, rather, not Synge so much as the indiscriminating attention a certain purely fortuitous set of circumstances has created about his name. The quaint anomaly that now has come about is this: that if dramatists do not write like Synge they are not conceived as Irish, and if they do they are conceived as disciples. His brutality of outlook—not an expression of strength, but a revolt against his physical weakness—has made a vogue of mere photographic actualism. When men write, as the Western people speak, English in the Gaelic syntax and idiom, it is said that they, in M. Bourgeois' words, "write in 'Syngeese.'" Presumably, *An Craoibhin* wrote the "Love Songs of Connacht" in "Syngeese." Of course, the truth is that Synge derived the hint of the possible uses of the Gaelic idiom as much from Dr. Hyde as from anyone. He himself admitted so much in words that M. Bourgeois is careful to quote, but which we think he has not heeded as much as he might have done. Synge's individuality inevitably came into play: as, for example, when, failing to catch the abrupt cadence with which the people give hardness to their speech, he attempted to gain the same end by holding to the monotony of sweetness and loading it with a

brutality of metaphor more proper to the revolt of his mind than to the speech of the people. But these are incidental considerations. The main fact is that the praisers of Synge have come to crush the movement that Synge himself would have wished to carry into newer fields. When he died, the newer fields were, as M. Bourgeois points out, in his immediate vision; yet they seem incalculably remote now from the point of view of Anglo-Irish drama.

It will seem churlish to speak of M. Bourgeois' book in this way, in view of the inexhaustible patience with which it has been accumulated, and particularly churlish in face of his kindly references to the present writer. Moreover, his own frankness is disarming. He says that Synge himself would not have read books upon himself, least of all the present one. We may believe that such books that fasten on one adventitious success in a wide movement, marring the movement in a chorus of ill-considered acclamation which demands the conformity of the movement to that one outstanding success, can work nothing but harm; but when we are faced by M. Bourgeois' particular book it is difficult to be hard. Synge's work, as too many writers forget altogether, was but half done—the cadences of verse-drama lay ahead; but that cannot be said of M. Bourgeois' book. He has gone about with attentive ear, and, undoubtedly, an attentive pencil; hearing everything, noting all things. Some of the conversations that have been recorded are possibly of discomfort to his interlocutors of the past—the present writer has one slight grudge on this account, which is of small moment; but everyone and everything has been called upon to subserve the book. Moreover, M. Bourgeois has woven them together, if not always with judgment, yet certainly with skill. Therefore, the book is an invaluable storehouse of information, and should be extremely serviceable. We were surprised, knowing his extensive information, to note that he has perpetuated the false impression that the Abbey Theatre and the Irish Literary Theatre were coextensive, one being the flower of the other; and that W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory were at the beginnings of both. The truth, of course, is that the movement was started before either by a number of playwrights, including Mr. Padraic Colum; and that it was Miss Horniman's money that gave Mr. Yeats, and through him Lady Gregory, the ascendancy in a movement they did not originate—one of the results of which ascendancy may be seen in the fact that the plays of the original circle are not included in the present repertory, whereas plays by such Continental writers as Strindberg are. M. Bourgeois has been wise in avoiding any hint of the contentions that have occurred; but in this instance his facts have not been altogether justly presented.

Mr. Weygandt's book is concerned with a wider subject, and is an excellent example of American journalistic bound in covers. If one laments the inevitable distortion that a book like M. Bourgeois' means, despite its patience, its care and its labour, we can only resent "Irish Plays and Playwrights." It is, as we have said, pure journalism, and sycophantic journalism at that.

It adds little to our store of actual historical information, and makes no attempt at critical examination, though it is liberal of appraisal. Those who have had any experience of American professional literature will know precisely what to expect, and they will not be disappointed. The more general reader, to whom a book is something beyond his morning paper, both in substance and virtue, will be both disappointed and puzzled. He will be puzzled at an element in the book which simply is this, that Mr. Weygandt, no doubt unconsciously, has been influenced into writing a partisan work without making that partisanship so evident that the looker-on may judge. This is not his fault: it is the fault of writing of a movement from the outside. It is not for nothing that his best chapter deals with a personality that has always remained outside all movements of a purely literary sort: "A.E." His examination of "A.E.'s" work and influence, without a doubt the greatest single influence and the best sustained of the whole "literary revival," does indeed advance one's information, though it, too, is immersed in the spirit of the reporter out for copy. In conclusion, both of these books are characteristic of a tendency that we cannot but conceive to be bad: M. Bourgeois' is well and capably done, whereas Mr. Weygandt's enforces the necessary evil by the pure spirit of the reporter.

The Civil Service

How to Enter the Civil Service. By E. A. CARR.
(Alexander Moring. 2s. 6d. net.)

THERE was a time when the would-be humorist was accustomed to put to his friends the conundrum, "Why are Civil Servants like the fountains in Trafalgar Square?" and expect the reply, "Because they play from ten to four." If the joke ever had a point that point has certainly long been blunted, for the hours of Civil Servants are not nowadays from ten to four, and, whatever they do during the working day, they certainly have no time for play. One may say, even, that Civil Servants are among the hardest workers in the country. The amount of their work varies with the different offices, but in some, such as the Post Office, the Civil Servant has to spend a very strenuous official day. Differing from the members of other professions, his work is by no means finished when he leaves the office at the end of the business day. The Civil Service is probably the worst remunerated of all the professions. In very few cases, apart from the members of the Higher Division, is an adequate salary paid, and in the case of the Higher Division the salaries offered are not such as are likely to tempt the best brains in the country. As a consequence, most Civil Servants, especially those who are married, are compelled to supplement, or even double, their official incomes by means of writing, teaching, and other occupations. As a result, the

whole of the energies of Civil Servants are seldom at the disposal of the State. Apart, however, from the inadequate salaries, common to all ranks—for instance, the Secretary to the Post Office, the head of a business which dwarfs its nearest rivals almost into insignificance, receives only £2,000 a year, about a fifth of the salary of the manager of a bank or a railway company—the caste system, which governs all staff questions in the Service, serves as an ever-present discouragement to all below the level of the Higher Division.

The Second Division clerk, no matter how intense his zeal on his entry, sooner or later realises the hopelessness of his position, the life sentence of helotry which he has to serve. His enthusiasm is soon crushed out of him; his ambition, if it survives, is directed into non-official channels. As a consequence, the State he is willing to give the best that is in him receives but the dregs. His freshest energies are reserved for other masters. His only hope is to attain to the fortunate position of being able to resign his membership of H.M.C.S. In this manner is explained the dead level of mediocrity to be found throughout the Civil Service, the inert hand of precedent supreme everywhere, and, as consequences, the gross incompetences which led to the War Office muddle during the course of the South African War, and the procrastination and negligence at the Board of Trade which made that Department a participant in the tragedy of the *Titanic*. A Royal Commission on the Civil Service is at present considering the terms of its report. It is to be hoped that the Commissioners have found some means of reinvigorating the army of Civil Servants and of restoring to them the encouragement and the hope, without which no one can work with satisfactory results, of which the present system has deprived nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand.

Mr. Carr, in writing a guide for the Civil Service aspirant, has painted the colours of the Service in the liveliest possible hues. Between the lines, however, one can read that he is by no means unmindful of the very many serious blemishes which tend to spoil the beauty of the profession of which he is a member. It is obvious that Mr. Carr feels how much room there is for improvement in the organisation of the Service. He is, however, not concerned with Civil Servants so much as with would-be Civil Servants. For these latter, his guide fulfils its purpose as well as any book can do so.

It is nearly two and a half years since a MS. entitled "Pot-Pourri Parisien," bearing several addresses, was left at Mr. Murray's office by the author, who promised to call for it in a few days' time. He has not kept that promise, and communication with every address has proved futile. If the author sees this paragraph, will he kindly make his whereabouts known to Mr. Murray?

Another M.P. in India

India of To-day. By E. C. MEYSEY-THOMPSON, M.P. With a Map. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

INDIA should be kept out of party politics, and Mr. Meysey-Thompson, the Conservative member for Handsworth, might well have omitted his occasional "digs" at the Liberal Government. This book is apparently meant as a corrective of the works of Radical visitors to India, with which we are familiar. Where they generally disparage the Indian Civil Service as a selfish bureaucracy, Mr. Meysey-Thompson records his entire appreciation of the present system of administration, and suggests strengthening that Service. He does not explain how this would be compatible with the lavish donation of appointments to natives of India which he advocates, and he does not meet the practical difficulties when he proposes selection by preliminary nomination, followed by competitive examination. His assertion "that rank is, at least in India, a necessary concomitant of ability" cannot be accepted as correct. In fact, Mr. Meysey-Thompson is generally so inexperienced an observer that his deductions can hardly be relied upon. His admiration for Lord Curzon and the latter's educational reform is so great that he thinks, "as their effect is gradually felt, so will decline the numbers and influence of that discontented crowd of unemployed 'intellectuals' without discipline and without paternal reverence." The contrary is more likely. The "intellectuals" form a microscopic minority. As education expands, the crowd of semi-educated, unemployed, discontented will increase, not decline.

Mr. Meysey-Thompson has rightly diagnosed certain facts which he could hardly have missed—namely, "the enormously increasing prosperity of the country under the present administration, caused by the security to life and property, the certainty of impartial justice in the English Courts, the opening-up of the country by roads and railways, the great extension of the systems of irrigation, and the protection to life afforded by the splendidly organised system of providing relief in case of famine." And he has endeavoured, though with varying success, to probe beneath the surface in various directions, such as the Administration, Local Self-government, Education, the Partition of Bengal, Land Revenue, Taxation, Social and other grievances, and Political Reforms. Some important subjects—Military and Frontier affairs, and the relations with the Native States, he has apparently not studied. His conclusions cannot always be accepted: for instance, when he asserts that "on all sides the necessity for some partition—of Bengal—was admitted." The increase of population was almost entirely in the numbers of the cultivating classes. Decentralisation and devolution would have relieved the highest authorities. The matter is too complicated to discuss further here. Mr. Meysey-Thompson is hard upon Secretariats and the Bengal administration. There is nothing to show that he has heard both sides of the questions he touches upon.

This is the error of itinerant M.P.'s. Being on the search for information, they are receptive: being pressed for time, they accept statements without sifting them. Nor can they always read correctly, or know what to read, though certain excellent Handbooks to India supply the information required. Mr. Meysey-Thompson has made some strange mistakes. Any schoolboy who has read Macaulay's essay on Clive knows that Clive captured Arcot and (with the aid of Admiral Watson) recaptured Calcutta: but Madras was not "brilliantly recaptured" by him, as Mr. Meysey-Thompson mistakenly writes, or by any other commander. Clive had not a roving mandate to recover lost cities. Madras was restored after peace was declared, not recaptured. Mr. Meysey-Thompson has summarised Indian history from Plassey to the Mutiny, exactly a hundred years, in ten lines, with the satisfactory conclusion that "thus by degrees the greater part of India came under our beneficent rule, and peace and prosperity were found to follow the British flag."

Such a summary is too brief. The prosperity is manifest. The peace is not so certain, when so much is heard of unrest and outbreaks. Mr. Meysey-Thompson has picked up a valuable hint or two, on which it would be easy to dilate, such as the unsuitability of the legal system; but he might have added that, as law is indispensable, the remedy lies in adapting the law to the requirements. The natives can, and do, resort to the Courts, not to obtain justice only, but to wreak vengeance on their enemies by legal process: and the executive administration is paralysed by the subtleties of acute lawyers arguing to weak tribunals. It is impossible to supply here all Mr. Meysey-Thompson's deficiencies or correct his various errors of fact. He is entitled to his own views; but it may be permissible to suggest to him a longer stay in India, to make further inquiries, hear both sides, verify his history, and then write promptly before an interval of some years has damaged the value of his narrative: he will perhaps learn to discredit the alleged proverb that "in the British Ráj the sweeper is king," as insulting as it is incorrect.

The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society was held on Wednesday evening, January 21, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Mr. C. J. P. Cave, M.A., president, in the chair. The president presented to Mr. W. H. Dines, F.R.S., the Symons Gold Medal for 1914, which the Council had awarded him in recognition of his distinguished work in connection with meteorological science. Mr. Cave in his presidential address dealt fully with the subject of upper air research. He pointed out that research in the upper air may be by means of manned balloon with observer and instrument, or by self-registering instruments sent up in kite, captive balloon, or free balloon, and discussed each method in a most interesting manner.

In Unknown Africa

Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp. By I. N. DRACOPOLI. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

FAR distant, we believe, is the day when Africa will cease to provide fresh fields for conquest by the explorer, the sportsman, and the naturalist. However old in fact, there is still much that is new to the modern world to be found in huge tracts yet untrodden by the foot of the white man. Great Britain has not even had time in twenty years of occupation to survey and map out her Protectorate in East Africa—which is hardly astonishing when one considers the extent of country lying between Abyssinia and German East Africa, and between the Indian Ocean and the Albert Nyanza. Otherwise, Mr. Dracopoli would not be able to describe his book as an account of "an adventurous journey of exploration and sport in the unknown African forests and deserts of Jubaland to the undiscovered Lorian Swamp." We do not agree that in a few years the opportunity for adventurous exploration in what not so long ago was the Dark Continent will have passed. Mr. Dracopoli's own record shows how little we really know of Jubaland, and books such as his and Colonel Stigand's "Land of Zinj" will sharpen the desire of heroic spirits who are not satisfied to follow in the wake of the Churchills and the Roosevelts along the almost hackneyed route of the misnamed Uganda Railway, through Uganda to the Nile. Mr. Dracopoli evidently anticipates developments in the deserts and bush-land which he succeeded in crossing without serious mishap—a remarkable proof of the reality of British influence, however little it may seem to be in evidence in Somali or Borana villages, hundreds of miles from Kismayu or Nairobi.

The state of affairs Mr. Dracopoli found in Jubaland cannot, he says, last very long. "Its inhabitants are living to-day in the same fashion that their forefathers lived centuries ago. Its wild animals roam undisturbed over its wide and silent plains, or lie unmolested in the shadow of its bush." Except to the explorer who will face the Arctic terrors of Labrador or the tropic terrors of a Sahara with equal indifference in order to discover the secret of the unknown, and to the sportsman or naturalist who is prepared to go anywhere and endure anything for the sake of big game or a new specimen, Jubaland can have no peculiar attractions. To be quite frank, the country for the pioneer who was not a sportsman, as Mr. Dracopoli is, would be appalling in its chequered monotony. Its long stretches of desert and wilderness are relieved by few geographical features of interest; and progress through its scrub and thorn-bushes seems often to have been pretty much what one might expect if one went hunting through barbed-wire entanglements. Its population is more or less nomad, driven from place to place by the necessity of finding pastures for its cattle, and villages of any importance are as few and far between as the rivers and water-holes. Yet it is a British possession, and as such ought not to be left indefinitely in the primitive state in which

we took it over. Perhaps when the sportsman, for whom at least Joreh has been called a paradise, elects to pay it serious attention, it may begin to move forward to that doubtful goal of civilisation from which some would preserve it. Whether developments are possible on economic lines, in the way of agriculture and of forestry, aided by irrigation and water-storage, we do not gather. Mr. Dracopoli thinks much might be done to encourage trade with the natives. They have sheep and cattle in great numbers, which they might well be encouraged to exchange for rice, cotton and iron. It is, however, difficult to see how transport difficulties are to be got over, and Mr. Dracopoli does not seem to have taken them into account.

His twin object in going to Jubaland was geography and sport, and he accomplished much in both directions. Hunter's hartebeeste, Grant's gazelle, Grévy's zebra and the rest afforded plenty of occupation and excitement, whilst lion, elephant, and rhino' are about, though they did not come within Mr. Dracopoli's range. The interest of his book is on the side of sport: the value is in its contribution to geographical accuracy, if, as we must assume, his observations have correctly located places as to which the sketch-maps hitherto available were misleading. "The position of the Lorian Swamp varied on the different sheets by nearly one degree," but this is not strange, seeing that the natives themselves did not know the country between Gulola and Lorian. A good deal of misapprehension appears to exist with regard to the meaning of native names. "Lak" and "Lagga," for instance, both mean a river that runs only after rains. "Lak Guranlugga," given on some maps, is equivalent to saying "River Guran River." We hope Mr. Dracopoli's information on the scientific side is more precise than in some other respects. He says Jenner was murdered in 1905 by the Somali whilst attempting to make the journey to Lorian Swamp: Jenner was killed in 1900 or 1901. He tells us that the Maribou storks have certain feathers under the tail worth £12 an ounce, but that six birds have to be killed to secure one ounce. Under the picture of the bird, he says that three yield an ounce. The book would have made much better reading if it had been revised by someone with an eye to redundancy and repetition: these, however, are small points, and do not seriously detract from the value of a work which seems to us to be a real contribution to our knowledge of Africa. Mr. Dracopoli may at least claim the credit due to one who has trodden a part of the country in which no white man was ever seen before. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

Among the books published in January is Colonel Roosevelt's "History in Literature and other Essays," a volume that illustrates another aspect of his multitudinous interests. The main thesis of this work, which Mr. Murray publishes, is that the domain of literature must be ever more widely extended over the domains of history and science. Colonel Roosevelt's treatment of his subject is highly characteristic.

Shorter Reviews

Friends of the Riverside. By R. E. GREEN. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

THE angler, like the poet, is born. The amateur, like the versifier, may, perhaps, be made. There is no mistaking the category to which Mr. Green belongs. He is of the true brotherhood of the line. There is, too, something infectious about his enthusiasm, as he tells you of the marvellous trout that he has landed while fishing in those wonderful Yorkshire streams. But, for the most part, Mr. Green has chosen to remain modestly in the background. It is about the people he has met—his fellow-anglers up and down the country—that he prefers to chatter. (We use the word "chatter" advisedly, for this book has the quality of a casual and dismissive conversation.) They are drawn from all classes—schoolmasters, clergymen, men from the manor-house and men from the mill; nondescripts, foreigners, shepherds—but, anglers all. Perhaps the pleasantest of them is the person, who divided his enthusiasm between his religion and his rod. He came up to Mr. Green one morning, waving a letter. "This has been forwarded to me from home," he said; "it is an invitation (a call, I suppose I ought to say) to another church, and the place is within three miles of a bonny trout-stream." That little touch helps one vividly to realise what manner of being this fisher of men was. It is a pleasant little book that Mr. Green has written. "The rod, net, and basket," he tells us, "constitute a passport into the kingdom of a large and kindly friendship." All who belong to that kingdom—of which old Izaak Walton, of blessed memory, still remains the supreme sovereign—will extend a kindly welcome to this little volume. Its value, we are reluctantly forced to add, would not have been seriously impaired by the absence of the illustrations.

The Mending of Life. By RICHARD ROLLE, of Ham-pole. Edited in modern English by the REV. DUNDAS HARFORD, M.A. (H. R. Allenson. 1s. 6d. net.)

RICHARD ROLLE was born in Yorkshire about the year 1300. He was educated at Oxford at the expense of Archdeacon Nevile, of Durham. Here he imbibed that peculiar mystical influence which eventually made him one of the greatest of a famous group of mystical writers of the spiritual era of the fourteenth century. Hence arose, he tells us himself, his conversion, which meant his leaving Oxford scholasticism and taking to the hermit life in the neighbourhood of his old home. He made a hermit's costume for himself from two dresses of his sisters, and then fled to the woods. He there persuaded one John de Dalton of his sanity and sanctity, who provided on his estate a cell and means of subsistence for the young enthusiast. After a period

of three years passed in spiritual contemplation, he seems to have spent the remaining twenty or twenty-five years of his life in constant efforts for the spiritual teaching and help of his "Even-Christians." Finally he settled down as spiritual adviser to the Cistercian nuns at Hampole, near Doncaster, where he died in 1349.

"The Mending of Life" was probably written after the experience of years, when he had learnt the value of systematic instruction. It is at once a deeply spiritual and a practical treatise. It is evidently, too, a picture of the ordering of his own life. Mr. Harford gives an interesting and exhaustive introduction, in which he compares Richard Rolle with Thomas à Kempis. And he sums up the value of Rolle's work in the following words:—

"The phenomena of the unitive life seem to have been henceforth displayed in him—occasional times of rapt ecstasy, constant Practice of the Presence of God, with creative and inspirational influence over the lives of others."

In order to produce this excellent version, the first in modernised English, Mr. Harford has spared no pains in collating various MSS. This valuable treatise will appeal to men of all schools of thought, Anglican and Roman Catholics, or Protestants, for it deals with realities of the soul, which are common to all spiritually minded and devout Christians.

Psychical Research and Survival. By JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this interesting volume of "The Quest Series" considers that "the controversy about psychic phenomena is between those who sympathise with materialism and those who sympathise with the desire for a spiritual interpretation of the world." The attitude of both sides is carefully discussed. The weakness of telepathy as an explanatory conception is exposed. It is merely a process of mental action. Spiritualism, to some, connotes superstition; to others, incredulity. The really important question, to which Dr. Hyslop devotes his attention, is whether personal consciousness survives or not. He believes that the evidence for survival is sufficiently conclusive to satisfy all intelligent people. In estimating the value of scientific objection, there are two points often forgotten. One is that the materialist is unable to prove that consciousness is a function of the brain. Normal experience tends to show that death annihilates consciousness, but scientifically this cannot be proved. The other is that it is an axiom of science that energy is never destroyed. Of this, a simple illustration will suffice. If a ton weight is elevated one hundred feet, and then falls to the ground, at first sight it seems to have lost all its energy, whether of motion or position. But science demonstrates that its energy is not destroyed, but simply transformed into another sort of motion—namely, heat.

We may conclude that the energy of consciousness is not destroyed by death, and there is a fair ground for presumption that it is translated to another sphere of action. For the purpose of this inquiry the writer practically dismisses the emotional religious conceptions of a spiritual world, and confines his attention to scientific and philosophical ideas and activities. He considers that the conflict between science and religion is something deeper than one between dogma and beliefs. It is rather between temperaments and desires, between realism and idealism, though science is not necessarily opposed to the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. This short treatise will interest all who believe, with the author, that the "fact of survival is the only one that will in any satisfactory way co-ordinate and explain the phenomena of spiritism."

List of Annual Subscriptions. (Wm. Dawson and Sons.)

Handy Newspaper List. (C. and E. Layton. 6d.)

IN these two handy booklets we have a mass of information which will be of considerable use to all who have to deal with periodicals, either as advertisers or subscribers. Messrs. Dawsons' list, which is in its twenty-fifth edition, gives, in addition to alphabetical lists of English and foreign publications, the rates of subscription to each. Messrs. Laytons' list is indeed "handy," as its name implies; but it only covers the Press of the United Kingdom, and so anyone wishing to go farther afield will have to consult other lists. Nevertheless, this "Handy Newspaper List" is a most useful one for our own home papers.

The Drama Society will present three new plays at the New Rehearsal Theatre, 21, Maiden Lane, on Sunday, February 8, at 8 o'clock: "Poudre d'Amour," by Aldon Roen (produced by Mr. Tripp Edgar); "Damages," by A. von Herder; and "Barn y Brodyr" ("The Voice of the Brethren"), a Carnarvonshire play by T. R. Evans, which will be acted in Welsh, with a full English synopsis on all programmes. Miss Edyth Olive and Mr. Rathmell Wilson will recite. Among those in the casts will be Miss Eve Balfour, Miss Rose Yule, Miss Megan Williams, Miss Janet Evans, Miss Cordelia Rhys, Mr. Miles Malleon, Mr. Ronald Hodgson, Mr. Stanley Roberts, and Mr. Gwilym Aeron. Tickets and all information may be obtained from Rathmell Wilson, International Club, 22a, Regent Street, S.W.

"The Eternal Maiden," by T. Everett Harré, which met with instantaneous success in America, going through four editions the week of publication, has just been brought out in England by Messrs. Duckworth and Co. Few books of recent years have elicited such praise from notable people.

Fiction

Chance and her Victims

Chance. By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

AS the author states, the story of Flora de Barral—otherwise the story of “Chance”—was imparted to him instages. None of the chapters, or even a page, must be missed, for there is many a breaking-off and a continuing of the narrative by a different person from the one who starts to relate a particular incident. The book is concerned with ships, and they that go down to the sea in them, and right royal, hearty, and true are the captain and his mates. But to imitate Mr. Conrad and return to previous happenings, Flora de Barral is the child of a speculative financier, whose reckless handling of other people's money brought him within reach of the law. At the time of the crash, Flora, a girl of sixteen, was living in a luxurious house at Brighton in charge of a governess. In his description of this terrible woman Mr. Conrad gives a glimpse of the kind of writing the reader may expect to find in the story. Disappointed, envious, and furious at having her plan of securing the de Barral thousands—which she thought to gain by throwing her scamp of a nephew into Flora's society—frustrated, she turns on her innocent young charge. Flora

stood, a frail and passive vessel into which the other went on pouring all the accumulated dislike for all her pupils, her scorn of all her employers, the accumulated resentment, the infinite hatred all these unrelieved years of—I won't say hypocrisy. . . . No! I will say the years, the passionate, bitter years, of restraint, the iron, admirably mannered restraint at every moment, in a never-failing perfect correctness of speech, glances, movements, smiles, gestures, establishing for her a high reputation, an impressive record of success in her sphere. It had been like living half strangled for years.

From this terrible onslaught Flora emerged thoroughly stunned, broken-hearted and quite ill.

It is not possible to relate the whole of the happenings Fate had in store for the luckless girl, but before her marriage and the tragedy of her father's release there stand out prominently Mr. and Mrs. Fyne. “They were commonplace, earnest, without smiles and without guile. But he had his solemnities and she had her reveries, her lurid, violent, crude reveries.” Mrs. Fyne was also a feminist, although her doctrine was neither political nor social, but took the form of strange advice to many girl-friends she gathered round her.

Such were some of the influences on the early life of this daughter of the once great de Barral, so that when Captain Anthony—Mrs. Fyne's brother—tells her he loves her, asks her to marry him and promises a shelter on his ship for her disgraced parent, the only reply he receives from the poor child, now so utterly hopeless

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5th,

THE CANDID QUARTERLY REVIEW

Of Public Affairs, Political,
Scientific, Social and Literary.

CONDUCTED BY
THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

No. 1. - - FEBRUARY, 1914.
Price, Five Shillings Nett.

The aim of this Review is to deal with Public Affairs faithfully and frankly, and to treat them with candour, having sole regard to the Public Welfare.

The attempt, often promised, rarely made, and yet more rarely continued, to review Public Affairs impartially and without Party bias will here be renewed. The effort will be to search out the quality, character, and fitness for the Public Welfare of things done or proposed, whether in the political, the scientific, the social or the literary domain, and to present them on their merits without partisan prejudice.

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To sincerity will be extended respect and sympathy. But wherever there may appear insincerity, dishonesty, corruption, or aught that may bring danger or dishonour to the State, every effort will be made to discover, display, and denounce it, and to destroy it, together with its originators.

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and so thoroughly desperate at the unkind treatment meted out to her on all hands that she had even contemplated suicide, is:

"Nobody would love me," she answered, in a very quiet tone. "Nobody could."

The Captain wins in so far as he makes her his wife, and has both father and daughter on the ship with him. Here now comes the crux of the story. De Barral hates the idea of Flora being married and claims all her attention. The generous Captain, believing that the girl really does not care for him, stands aside until a crisis arrives and he wins to happiness at last.

The story is good right through. The minor characters are drawn with as much care as are Mr. and Mrs. Anthony and the terrible old man. One knows them thoroughly, and they are all necessary for the development of the story. The descriptions, as we have said, are excellent, but Mr. Conrad's style is not perfect. There is a little carelessness over the repetition of the same term, when by a little thought another could have been substituted, and from the continual use of the word "devil" in the first twenty-five pages it would almost seem that the author regards it in the nature of a superlative—which perhaps it is. But these are trifling matters and do not lessen the interest of the story, which should not on any account be missed.

The Power of the Duchess. By EDWARD QUARTER. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE power of the Duchess was not so great as the power of love, the author would have us believe. Johnny, the Duchess's would-be son-in-law, was of distinguished though not respectable parentage, his father, Lord Carlston, having buried one wife, divorced two more, and finally married a music-hall artiste—which for the purpose of fiction is very ancient history indeed.

There is a *deus ex machina* in the person of Lady Elizabeth Ringshaw, who lived opposite the castle of the Duchess (surprisingly like Arundel, by the way) in middle-aged comfort, having kept her own lover trotting at her heels for nearly a quarter of a century. She smooths matters for Johnny and the Duchess's daughter to an amazing extent, and is, in fact, a thoroughly mid-Victorian busybody. Her portrait, as that of a meddling, tiresome, and even exasperating old chatterer, is excellently done, and her devoted lover is an equally good sketch of masculine vacillation and weakness—his only strong point being his devotion to the lady who played at ducks and drakes with the best years of his life. In spite of these two irritants, the book is cloying. The author uses the word "sweet" with some frequency, and it is typical of the whole work, perusal of which resembles a meal of wedding cake. The prolix conversations of county and sub-county people form a drag on the action of the story, and incidents are few and far between. The lady of the halls whom Lord Carlston married is the author's most interesting creation.

The Price of Conquest. By ELLEN ADA SMITH. (John Long. 6s.)

IN spite of such a profusion of adverbial phrases as would almost shatter belief in the existence of a standard of English, and also in spite of infinitives arrestingly split, this book compels attention. The opening is distinctly unpromising, for in the first part Sigismund Wirth, a great violinist, goes, under an alias, to stay at a west country farmhouse, where Daffy Huish, artless and unsophisticated, lives with her grandparents. There is, however, no sordid intrigue to follow, for Wirth, convinced that the girl has great talent if not genius, becomes her guardian, and after her father's death has her trained by one Waldemar, who, having just missed greatness as a performer is yet great as a teacher—and hates the artist in Sigismund because that artist is greater than himself.

Under Waldemar, Daffy climbs to great heights, and accomplishes the inevitable by marriage with Sigismund. Then Waldemar sets out to gratify his hatred of Sigismund—a hatred that has always been carefully concealed—by suggesting that one day Daffy will outshine her husband, whose youth is passing while her popularity is growing. Herein lies a psychological problem of the finer sort, and the deft manner in which it is handled leads us to hope great things of the author, when experience has taught her what to avoid. For, having admitted rich promise and no small performance in the book, we feel at liberty to cavil at its faults. The chief of these is a rank disregard for the decencies of language; sentences here and there are clumsy and amateurish in construction. This, we hold, is a legitimate grumble, for manner makes matter, and it is a pity that so excellent a story should be marred by unhandy phrasing. We welcome the book, however, for its originality and high promise.

The Master of Merripit. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. With a Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)

MR. PHILLPOTTS lays the scene of his latest novel in a wild part of the West Country dotted here and there with certain venerable farms dating from mediæval days, one of which is occupied by four generations of a family named Rowland and another by their neighbour, John Coole, the Master of Merripit. The story is a breezy one of a hundred years ago, with the usual highwaymen, murders, and love rivalries, and is told in the author's well-known pleasing style; and, as was to be expected, the local colouring and delineation of the characters are excellent. A word of praise is due to the publishers for the get-up of the volume. The type is excellent, and the three hundred pages can be comfortably read without recourse to a microscope.

Messrs. John Long, Ltd., will shortly publish a new novel entitled "Why She Left Him," by Florence Warden, author of "Love's Sentinel." Miss Warden's gipsy heroine forms a very interesting study.

Unbeaten Tracks

TRINIDAD

OVERNIGHT the word goes round the ship that we are to pass through Boca Monos at daybreak. The captain is about, according to the usual legend, to make this passage for the particular behoof of his passengers. So in the grey of the dawn they crowd the deck in varying degrees of *déshabille*, pleased by the illusion that their coming experience is one rarely afforded.

The wonderful tropic night wanes quickly; the Southern Cross hangs faint and dim on the horizon; the air is eager and nipping. Above the ship, which speeds like a busy little insect toward its goal, towers a bastion of bluffs crowned by three peaks, from which Columbus named this island "Trinidad." Let it not be forgotten that the Indians had of old called it *Iere*, the Land of Humming Birds. When one considers how in the wake of the Spaniards marched every detestable atrocity, how they turned the beautiful New World into an Inferno of wickedness, how every nameless abomination was in the main wrought under the cloak of religion, one longs to blot out the name Columbus gave the island and rechristen it as of yore, "The Land of Humming Birds," a beautiful, poetic name, reminiscent of "this Eden of the *western* wave," before it was wrecked by lust and rapine. The Indian, be it remembered, worshipped and still worships the humming bird as a god in visible shape; the civilised society woman wears its corpse on her head as an ornament.

The passage of Boca Monos is a wonderful sight. Vast pyramids of Silurian rock front the eternal wasting Atlantic surge. The Gulf of Paria, into which we emerge, is a great inland sea rapidly shoaling under the flow of the mud-laden waters of the Orinoco. Now and again in these waters may be seen a hapless monkey, drifting down to meet his fate on a forest tree which has fallen with some remote landslide in the interior of the Continent. His bones, lapped in alluvion, will be fossil some day, when this great area of water has become a marshy jungle. In England we read of geological transformation; in the New World that transformation is a panorama unrolling before our eyes. Through the gateway of the strait looms up Port of Spain.

The topsy-turvydom of Trinidad has been veraciously summed up thus: "This is a land of wonders. We have lakes of pitch—streams of tar—oysters growing on trees—animals with pouches to shelter their young—one fish, or animal resembling a fish, that produces its young alive and gives suck—crabs that mount on and feed in fruit trees—other fish that entertain us with a concert—and, lastly, one kind of fish clad in an elegant suit of armour."

Trinidad has been described by Kingsley at white heat. During his stay in the island his enthusiasm knew no bounds; he was accomplishing the dream of his life. Those who came after him can but glean where he has gathered in the harvest.

The Caroni River is a muddy stream which sluggishly debouches through swamps into the Gulf of Paria. About it hovers an atmosphere of malaria. Now the rise of tide in the gulf is but four feet or so, and the mouth of the river is hemmed in by a vast bar. We started off a party of six—two Englishmen, two Americans, and two boatmen—to bag alligators on its banks. The police lent us magazine rifles, and we hoped to reach the river and its shelter of virgin forest in the cool of the morning. Instead of doing so, we were afforded a useful object-lesson in physiography. Our boatmen had calculated their time of start to give us the few inches of water requisite to scrape over the mud flats into the deeper pools beyond. In default of this, we but drove our way into shoals, on which at length the boat lay fast. There was no help for it. We were forced to watch the tide creep down, as the fierce heat of the day leapt up. The glitter of morning sunshine on tropical waters is as trying as its dazzle on freshly fallen snow, and similarly is apt to produce nausea and dizziness. Our eyes were, however, so busily drinking in the novel scene about us that we forgot all else. Vast flocks of flamingos—scarlet, blue, and white—and clouds of other wading birds paraded before us at a respectful distance. Idleness breeds mischief. We had rifles in our hands, "our matches burning." The gayest bird of the flock in plumage was picked out, and a bullet at 300 or 400 yards brought him down. His murdered carcase, drifting toward us on the current, revealed the fact that, after two or three hours' imprisonment, the flowing tide was with us, setting us free.

Thus we scraped over the bar and pulled between walls of mangrove—surely the most fantastically dreary of all tree growths. A few yards off they resemble a wilderness of petrified snakes, their roots being thrown down stilt-fashion into the mud. Thus the tree holds the soil together and acts as a veritable pioneer, conquering and absorbing the poison of the deadly swamp. One realises the sinister meaning of the old stories of escaped slaves taking shelter in these awful places. Now a wonder came to pass. By one of the truly amazing partnerships of the animal kingdom, the alligator has a companion bird, whose cries forewarn him of danger. With the exception of this troublesome biped, all feathered fowl disappeared with the coming of the heat of the tropical day, which thus made its own solitude. Gorgeous butterflies flapped lazily along the edge of the stream; reptiles and snakes were active; but for the most part birds and beasts lay *perdus* in the dim recesses of the forests, to emerge in the cooltide of the day. Nearly everything in which is the breath of life thus hides away from the tyranny of the sun.

Shooting alligators is a pastime calculated to test the smoothest temper. These brutes' speciality in perversity is the fact that, when mortally hit, they immediately plunge into the mud of the river bed and there bury their carcases. The faculty by which the wounded or dying saurian buries himself in mud doubtless explains the prevalence of his fossil remains in deposits such as

those of the Lias and Bracklesham. One chance you have, and one only; shoot him in the eye or under the armpit, and he has no time for his favourite manœuvre; he turns belly uppermost. Yet look out after hauling him into the boat; like all torpid creatures, his long-drawn "muscular contractions" are wont to be exciting. The alligator is at once one of the cunningest and most inquisitive "beasts of the forest." His habitual pose is to float with the snout awash, keeping a wary eye on any intruder. Thus will he lie hour after hour, like a drifting log. His impassivity is a conjuring trick. As your boat creeps up the stream, an insignificant log silently sinks, leaving a trail of bubbles. The chance of a shot is gone. Exposed mud banks and spits caused by the eddying deposit of leaves and refuse afford the best opportunity for a palpable hit. One of our party, a demon photographer, secured a good snapshot of an alligator basking in the sun, when the click of the camera sent our prey splashing into the water within a few yards of the boat.

Writhing in and out of the mangrove stilts, we watched the iguana, whose gaudy colours make him one of the most brilliant of the minor reptiles. His flesh is looked upon as a delicacy by gourmets. The preternatural stillness of the forest-shrouded mangrove swamp is broken now and again by a sharp report, like that of a pistol. This is caused by the sudden bursting of the seed-case of the sand-box (*Hura crepitans*). We had a singular instance of the life-tenacity of this seed. We brought a seed case home as a paper weight, the centre having been cut out and filled with molten lead. Three years later this same case burst like a bomb in our drawing-room.

In the next article we hope to describe a visit to the famous pitch lake at La Brea.

A. E. CAREY.

Of Good and Bad Luck

"It is better to be born lucky than wise."

HERE is matter for dispute. Some folks believe in luck, while others laugh at it. According to Emerson, only shallow people talk of it; and if he was right, then Horace was shallow and Ovid and Seneca. It is only the egoist, who is his own Providence, with no belief in the smiles and frowns of Fortune, whom we can regard as deep. Perhaps this is hardly fair paraphrase of the seer of Concord, yet it seems a reasonable deduction. One man scouts the notion of luck; another is even credulous of the virtue of odd numbers "either in nativity, chance, or death." The fisherman, alone among his neighbours, makes a personal matter of it, and strict regard for the truth compels the admission that my brothers of the angle are not always consistent in the business. Your gentle angler, that is to say, is rarely backward in acknowledging the bad luck of which he believes himself the victim and of which he recognises probably ninety-nine varieties. Why, you

ask, did he come back from the river empty-handed? My dear Sir, how could anyone, even *he*, catch fish in such wind, rain, frost, fog, sunshine, hail or thunder? How could anyone expect sport from a river ruined by herons, otterhounds, launches, lumber mills or chemical works? Such is his virtuous indignation that he would sooner blame Christabel Pankhurst for his empty creel than himself. He never wearies of bemoaning the circumstances, wholly beyond his control, of which he is the sport. One would think, to hear him, that the very fish themselves, cold-blooded and callous creatures that they are, were in a conspiracy to go hungry rather than take his well-thrown fly or appetising bait. He is ever more sinned against than sinning, the plaything of a cruel fate that withholds the success to which his skill and patience alike entitle him. Such, with more in keeping, is the burden of the unsuccessful fisherman on a day when everything goes wrong. Compared with him, Jeremiah was an optimist with a mind of sunshine; and so eloquent is that maltreated sportsman in his own defence that some among his audience must marvel how, with so much to fight against, anyone can be fool enough to go a'fishing.

Yet, if you meet the man at the end of a red-letter day, when he proudly displays the silvery burden of his full basket, his face wreathed in smiles, his gloom forgotten, who more surprised, more hurt, more taken aback than he if you should be so tactless as to congratulate him on his good luck? The very man who gratefully accepted your condolence in other circumstances is the first to resent this view of his success. *Luck?* Nothing of the sort, my dear fellow. Fortune favours the brave, and this magnificent catch of trout is the reward of science, art, patience and every virtue that goes to the making of a good fisherman. The man who argues from such a standpoint is above all the laws of mere logic. His is the happy, the enviable temperament that can take the ups and downs of life serenely, claiming all the credit of success and repudiating all the blame of failure. Happy are those who can apply this comfortable argument to their fishing days. To myself, every kind of fishing has seemed to depend on nine parts luck and one part skill.

There were the two large trout that together took my inartistic wet flies on a still glide in a Black Forest river, where by rights the dry fly only should have killed. If this was not a case of unalloyed good luck, what was it? Cleverness on my part in striking out a new line? Pooh! There was neither authority nor precedent for the experiment, which was but a desperate effort to relieve the tedium of prolonged failure. The whole business was a fluke. It was as when a man aims at a pigeon and brings down a crow.

Again, there was that tarpon that fell to my rod on the first morning I fished in the Pass, the only tarpon caught that day among a dozen boats, some of the occupants of which had fished for a fortnight without killing a single fish. What was that but luck? I knew nothing of catching tarpon, beyond what I had read in days when the literature of the sport was very

meagre, and there is, in fact, up to the moment of hooking the fish, nothing to know. The preliminaries are even easier than in the case of salmon. It is the fight itself that counts. How different on the trout stream, where all the angler's art goes in tempting the fish to take the hook and so little of it is needed to bring it to the net! Mention of tarpon recalls a curious contrast of good and bad fortune attending a man on two consecutive days. A friend of mine, arriving in Florida a day or two after myself, also caught a fine fish on his first day. He was elated by such good fortune and looked forward to catching many more within the fortnight that he had allowed for his stay. Next day, the Gulf was in one of its rages, and the Pass was unfit for fishing, so we amused ourselves by catching sheepshead, ladyfish and other small game from a little jetty on the island. The best bait for this miscellany was a small crab that swarms in the shallows, and while wading in search of more bait, my friend trod barefoot on the upturned edge of a broken bottle, inflicting so severe a gash on his instep that he had no choice but to return to civilisation and put himself under surgical treatment. Did ever the Jade smile and frown on a man so quickly!

I remember hooking a noble bass, a fish exceeding eleven pounds and as full of mettle as any I ever caught before or since, close to a bridge which spans an estuary a little way above the bar. At spring tides, the water races madly beneath the bridge, and I had my work cut out to keep the fish from going round the posts. All was going well, and I had already recovered sufficient line to give me control, when my hopes fell to zero at sight of a great bunch of weed firmly attached to the line thirty or forty feet above the fish. Obviously, I could do nothing. A few more turns of the reel would bring the obstruction to the top ring of the rod, and in such heavy water the hook might come away any moment. As I pondered on these unattractive probabilities, the bass decided for me by a timely shake of the head that dislodged the weed and sent it running down the line. Five minutes later, the bass was in the net. There had been no skill whatever in getting round a seemingly impassable difficulty, merely luck.

The circumstances in which I recovered an even finer bass, a fish of seventeen pounds, in a backwater of the Sea of Marmora were different, for in this case victory was due not to luck, but to the ready wit of my Greek fisherman. The fish was sufficiently exhausted to make its capture an apparent certainty when, with one of those sudden inspirations characteristic of bass, it made a dive beneath the caique. Fortune favoured it, for the line caught round a nail in the stern. The bass and I were both helpless, and I stood foolishly looking at it, so near and yet so far, as it kicked feebly in a couple of fathoms of water. Of a sudden, with a leap that all but capsized the boat, my man was over the side with the landing net, in which he had the bass safe and sound before it had sufficiently recovered from its surprise to make good its escape.

Of good luck I have, in fishing and otherwise, had

enough to be grateful for, and of bad less than enough to resent. Perhaps the worst of my fortune as a fisherman has been a world-wide pursuit of the tunny, lasting over nearly ten years, without even hooking one. The first of many failures, round the beautiful island of Madeira, was a matter less of bad luck than of the excessive depth of the Atlantic, which thereabouts renders the capture of tunny on rod and line a dubious venture. The same may be said of a later attempt in the swift depths of the Bosphorus, another water in which tuna-fishing is not, I imagine, lightly to be attended by conspicuous success. Yet it was bad luck only that took me all the way to California during one of the very finest summers in which the tunas have altogether stayed away from Santa Catalina, and the same ill-fortune pursued me to the colder seas of Cape Breton. There I fished for three weeks in company with two others, both of them, though they failed to kill, had at least the satisfaction of getting strikes. Here, as in tarpon fishing, there was no question of skill, since it was just a question of towing the bait astern across the vision of the shoals for the great fish to take or leave. Mine they left. This was bad luck. When, however, I had got my flies hung up in a tree, or pulled the hook out of a trout's mouth, or lost a good fish in getting the net under it, it was not bad luck, but bad fishing.

Bad luck is essentially made up of factors wholly beyond the fisherman's control. Any sudden and unforeseen change in the weather that makes the water too high or too low, too thick or too clear, too slow or too rapid, is bad luck, and no one will blame the victim of such mischance for his empty creel any more than they would blame him for being struck by lightning. Unfortunately, the fisherman most often fails in graceful acknowledgment of the many occasions on river or lake on which he has none but himself to thank for his failure to catch fish. He is not expected to take all the blame of every blank day, for such an admission would be mock modesty. All that is in reason asked of him is the confession that a full basket is as often the result of luck as an empty one, and he who can bring himself to concede so much has at least the comfort of remembering that, in fishing more even than in shooting, the lean days predominate. The unsportsmanlike attitude, to which exception has already been taken is that which, on the easy principle of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose," takes all the praise for the fish that are caught and none of the blame for those that are left in the water. Such a point of view is unworthy of any man, and is fit only for spoilt children.

Some men are born lucky. If you throw them in the sea, they would be no more likely to drown than Arion or Jonah. Yet only a fool trusts to luck, for muddling through is a policy which, occasionally successful with nations, is fatal in the individual. The soldier fears God and keeps his powder dry, and my Arab fisherman, Abdullah, though always praying to Allah for more fish, was careful to keep shifting the boat to new grounds till we got them. There is luck in most games, else what of a dropped catch and a new life

at cricket, or a break off a fluke at billiards? Even in bridge, which, without playing it, I take to be more of an exact science than a game, there is surely hazard in the deal, though skill may win against it by making the most of bad cards. The only exception, in which skill is everything, with nothing left to chance, is a game like chess, the ideal recreation for anyone who wants to forget his own wickedness.

Fishing, if not exactly a lucky dip, is always something of a lottery, and the greatest artist that ever swung a salmon rod is liable to the mortification, while drawing blank in every salmon pool, of seeing a tyro on the other bank catch fish after fish. Far from resenting this element of chance, we should realise that it is no small part of the charm of our sport, since, when we speak of the glorious uncertainty of fishing, we only mean the good and bad luck to which every angler is subject. Good luck sometimes comes in strange disguise. So it came to Joseph, who was sold into bondage by his brothers that he might become Pharaoh's vizier. So, at times, it comes to most of us. As a friend of mine once remarked, "I've had a deal of worry in my life, but most of it never happened!" I well remember how on one occasion a sudden and unlooked-for summons to London made me lose two of the best days of covert-shooting that winter. All the way to Paddington I was filled with righteous self-pity. Yet it was on that visit that I met the man who, a little later, gave me some of the best shooting that I ever enjoyed in my life, with better sport and greater variety of game than any I had missed at home. Such are the not unkindly buffets which playful Fortune sometimes deals us.

Gratitude for good luck is as proper a sentiment as acceptance of bad, though, in the fisherman, at any rate, resignation must stop short of the lazy fatalism of the East. It is in this that the fisherman's persistence differs from the patience of his neighbours. We cannot be lucky in every venture, whether it be dealing in Marconis or catching trout. When, however, we are out of luck, there is no need to have recourse to sack-cloth and ashes. Then is the time to beat the goddess who handles the rudder of our destiny. F. G. A.

"The Lonely Dancer," by Richard Le Gallienne, at 5s. net, will be published this week by Mr. John Lane. Several of Mr. Le Gallienne's finest lyrics may be found in this new volume of poems. Mr. Lane also issues immediately "Food and Flavour, a Gastro-nomic Guide to Health and Good Living," by Henry T. Finck; with illustrations, at 6s. net.

Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing a cheap edition uniform with his "Cathedral Series" of "A Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Terms," by John S. Bumpus. In this work terms used in liturgiology, hymnology, music, ritual, cathedral constitution, architecture, ecclesiology, are clearly and concisely explained, both from a descriptive and an historical point of view. Price 6s. net.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) for December deals rather with old subjects than new material. Prominence is given repeatedly to the treatment of Indians in South Africa. Lord Hardinge's speech at Madras, in which he expressed sympathy with the Indian cause, is never forgotten; he should now retire before his popularity suffers a reaction. The whole case possesses all the elements for grave indictments, of which an Indian writer gladly avails himself. The charges of ill-treatment, of unnecessary violence, of broken faith, of want of veracity, are forcibly made; and Mr. Botha has entirely failed to satisfy India by the constitution of the Commission of Inquiry which has been set up, and by the terms of reference to it. The demand for an Indian member of the Commission is reiterated. No doubt the South African question has gone far to exacerbate the existing discontent in India; the mismanagement of the problem by the Imperial Government is fully recognised.

The editor regards it as only a question of time when the All-India Moslem League will be merged in the Indian National Congress. He opposes any idea of provincialism or communism in the Congress; but any real *rapprochement* between Hindus and Mahomedans is impossible: any coalition on their part under the veil of Indian nationality will be a measure of their antagonism to British rule. The Government having resolved, in compliance with demands, to give advances freely to Trade from the Treasury balances, a protest is now raised against the experiment on the ground that the Chamberlain Commission is sitting; at the same time, the Commission is depreciated before it has reported. Not even a patriot paper can offer an excuse for the banking crisis in which native-managed banks in Lahore and Bombay have failed. By their gross mismanagement native credit has received a deadly blow. The attention now being paid to the cultivation of cotton and sugar is a hopeful sign. The Governor of Bombay has, with little experience, further liberalised his Legislative Council. Such bids for popularity always bring their Nemesis.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta, October to December) is always interesting as a record of educational advancement, which is making remarkable strides in India, under the patronage and financial assistance of the Government. At the Bombay University the important question has been discussed whether a branch of Oriental Studies, with teaching arrangements and corresponding degrees, should be established; in other words, whether students should be trained as pandits or maulvis on traditional lines. The proposal was first carried and subsequently defeated on a compromising amendment. In Bombay, too, a Government College of Commerce has commenced work to prepare students for a University degree in Commerce; a building for the college is contemplated. There are said to be many Hindustani students in America, one of whom has written in an American journal some well-meant advice for his countrymen.

A series of ten lectures on cricket, delivered by an Indian professor to a youthful audience, the "Aryan Excelsior League" of Bombay, is something of a novelty. Delhi, the new capital, is said to be educationally backward: more, more money, as for everything at Delhi, will be required to improve matters. In the new Province of Behar there has been unusual activity in education, commencing with a stock-taking of the present position. The policy in favour throughout India is to endow education with ever-increasing grants, in the hope of future good resulting—will it do so? The Hindu University project drags on. The meetings, reported throughout these journals, of literary and students' societies, and prize distributions presided over by high officials, are very numerous, and betoken intellectual life, though the fruits may not be immediately conspicuous. An elaborate paper on the "Paradox of Oxford," by an American, is quoted at length and is worth reading; the paradox is apparently the inconsistency between the present and the traditional past of the University. The publication of an *Encyclopædia Indica* of Hindu literature at Allahabad promises to be a large undertaking. Convocation addresses of several Universities contain much valuable discussion of educational subjects. The Lecturer in Persian at Oxford has described at length in this journal the Persian studies there; his letter ought to help Indian students proceeding thither for degrees. The Indian Science Congress to be held in January in Calcutta promises well. A working-men's institute for Indians in that town shows the progress of the times. A long paper on Lycidas should be useful to this journal's readers.

The *Popular Scientific Journal* (Madras) for October. This is a curious medley, and cheap at the price, four annas. It ranges from the advocacy of scientific education, "the imperative need of India," to a few words on snakes, spiders, and bats, with miscellaneous notes and a course of lessons in elementary science. Much cannot be expected for two rupees a year, but this popular journal may attract beginners in science, and, if it survives, may be improved.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing this week a new novel entitled "The Business of a Gentleman," by Mr. H. N. Dickinson, author of "Keddy" and "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard." This novel is rather political in character, for the hero is an ardent Tory, plunged by the force of circumstances into the labour unrest in a Lancashire cotton centre.

Mr. George Ives is an acknowledged authority on criminology, having devoted himself to its study for twenty years. He has now written, for Mr. Stanley Paul, "A History of Penal Methods," which although primarily a history of punitive systems from early mediæval times to the present day, has also much sound criticism on the scientific classification and treatment of criminals.

The Theatre

The Play Actors Society at The Court Theatre

THIS association has done so much interesting work since its foundation that we always look forward with hope to its productions. Unfortunately, Mr. Israel Zangwill's long drama in four discursive acts, "The Melting Pot," is not a great opportunity, nor is the principal actor particularly well suited to make the best of a distressing and impossible character. One of the main reasons for the author's failure to produce a work of art is that he desires to use his experience as President of the Emigration Department of the Jewish Territorial Organisation for the foundation of his play; another is that he does not trouble to observe the conversations of human beings, but is content to fit his leading characters with rhetorical speeches which are difficult to deliver and sound absurd when they finally get over the footlights.

"The Melting Pot," says a small note kindly given us with the programme, "needs no recommendation; it has been played thousands of times in America and has sold nine editions in book-form." Such being the case, it is not necessary to mention the good points in Mr. Zangwill's serious drama of Jewish life as it was in Russia and is in America; it is enough to state that in a Western London theatre it would be played to roars of laughter from the exceedingly few people who would pay to see it.

David Quixano is the young Hebraic hero who believes that America is the melting-pot of the universe, and that when the process is completed, all the races of the earth, including, we suppose, the black and the yellow, will be merged in one resplendent whole, and the result will be as near perfection as man may hope to get.

Perhaps Mr. Zangwill's play is intended to aid this desirable end. If so, he has not followed a very helpful or convincing method.

Mr. Harold Chapin is the protagonist of the new heaven and the new earth that is to arise in the United States. As David, we are led to understand that he is a brilliant violinist and the writer of an American symphony which is to stir the hearts of men and rejuvenate our squalid world. But he is much more than a Jewish genius: he is a tremendous talker, who is loved almost on sight by the beautiful Russian Baroness Revendal (Miss Gillian Scaife); but then he happens to be an undistinguished-looking person to whom everyone is devoted. He wins, at once, the full support of the famous conductor, Herr Pappelomeister (Mr. Clifton Anderson); a good supply of his winged, but laboriously delivered, words convince the Catholic servant of the Jewish household that she must serve his grandmother and be interested in Hebraic affairs; a few of his speeches change the whole life and mental attitude of the bureaucratic Russian Baron Revendal—who has had a good part of the family of Quixano shot

down in Kischineff—so much is the Russian's spirit changed by speech that he offers the immaculate David a revolver and stands awaiting to be shot. The hero's good uncle, who does not believe much in America, loves David as only such a character can on the stage love. The elder Quixano (Mr. Hugh Tabberer) even goes the length of saying that "a sunbeam took human form when David was born." The result of this peculiar transmutation is a super-human bore who expects the mixing of races in America to produce the superman. Fortunately, he tells us that he is "nothing but a simple artist," and uses all sorts of theatrical phrases, such as "prating of" affairs, and so forth; otherwise, we feared that, having put Jewish things from him, he would put on Americanism and declare, in a lengthy speech, that he was himself the fine flower of the melting-pot.

However, we were saved this outburst, and Mr. Zangwill permitted us to see something of the hero's love affair with the beautiful Russian lady, something of the intimate life of the poorer Jews in New York, and a good deal of the conductor with the awkward name of Pappelomeister, who supplies, with Kathleen, the servant, Miss O'Connor, the quality of the play which is intended to be humorous. The real fun was in the enormous literary speeches of the hero and the method in which Mr. Chapin gave them, and in his addresses to the armorial bearings of the Northamptonshire family of Washington, which hang upon his wall in the form of the American flag. As the stepmother of the troublesome Russian heroine, Miss Scaife gave an excellent performance, and Miss Inez Bensusan played splendidly, and made us regret that Mr. Zangwill had not taken the trouble to give her a more human and agreeable and natural part.

EGAN MEW.

"Hullo Tango!" at the Hippodrome

THE revue as a London entertainment has been enormously discussed of late, and we have been told finally that we have had the ideal performance given us, and also that that desirable end is still far to seek.

Our own view is that in the first revue at the Hippodrome we had a delightful, gay, and irresponsible sort of thing that might have gone on for ever but for the fact that many of the performers had to go out of the cast. The present vast undertaking has the advantage of including such amusing and clever people as Miss Ethel Levey, Mr. Harry Tate, and Mr. Morris Harvey, and a hundred beautiful ladies; many of the wonderful costumes are designed with all the grace of which the gifted M. Leon Bakst is capable; many of the scenes are elaborate beyond the dreams of pantomime; and yet there is one essential missing. The revue is not written. There are odds and ends of caricature, slight scenes of a more or less burlesque character; but although Mr. Max Pemberton and Mr. Albert de Cour-

ville are said to be the authors, there appears to be next to nothing to act. It is true that the accomplished Miss Levey is enabled to give us a vivid and amusing Countess Zicka from "Diplomacy," but throughout the whole of the revue that is almost the only scene that possesses life and wit. Mr. Tate we have seen and enjoyed so often before; his "Upside Down Airman" with Miss Levey ought to be funny, but somehow it is merely tedious, just two exceedingly clever people unprovided by the authors with anything worth doing. There are plenty of songs and dances, but none of them is very wonderful. Miss Shirley Kellogg's "Who's the Lady?" when she comes among the audience, is an awkward and not very worthy piece of hard work. Everywhere throughout the revue we feel that the scene is perfect, the actors equal to any fun, the singers in good voice, the dancers ready to enthrall us, but very little opportunity is given to them. It would seem that it is enough to throw half a dozen comedians on the stage, provide beautiful dresses and gay scenery, and, lo and behold! the revue is made. However, in an entertainment of this sort it is so easy to add and to subtract that no doubt before this is printed changes will have been made and the cleverness of the actors and the grandeur of the production will have been helped by the wit and cunning of the authors.

Variety at the Coliseum

THE most amusing thing here is "Humpsti-Bumpsti," as performed by Pipifax and Panlo. Their performance is fairly well known, but it goes to more applause than ever. Their acrobatic antics appear to infect the rest of the programme, for the performance of "Wild Australia, or Fun in the Stockade," is crowded with the sort of knock-about fun indulged in by Panlo and his partner, and even Mr. Seymour Hicks, in "Always Tell Your Wife," is inclined to the wildest and rashest movements in his desire to race through his part at top speed. Miss Ellaline Terris and Mr. Hicks are immensely popular in Mr. Temple Thurston's little farce, but, as a matter of fact, we have never seen them in anything that suited them so badly and was so little worthy of their talents. On the night we were at the Coliseum "The Follies" revived their "Pantomime Mixture," but all the life and merriment and freshness and satire had gone out of it; one only saw the shadow of what had been amusing, and heard the echo of music which once was gay.

E. M.

"The Ways of the South Sea Savage" is the title of a forthcoming book by Mr. R. W. Williamson. This author has travelled widely in the South Seas, and has recorded his experiences and observations in a work full of interesting information concerning the customs and characteristics of little known tribes. The book will be published by Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd.

Notes for Collectors

THESE have been many vague rumours lately that the famous £10,000,000 Pierpont Morgan collection might come upon the market. We think it hardly likely, but American collectors and dealers are greatly interested in the matter, and the present Mr. Morgan is bothered on all sides as to exactly what he means to do. At present we fancy he means to do nothing in particular. There is no doubt that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is not prepared for all the treasures which were taken to the States from South Kensington, but there are plenty of other museums and galleries wherein the vast collection of paintings, miniatures, porcelains, bronzes, and so forth could be held until the Metropolitan had made ready its splendid house, so that a want of a home is not likely to cause a sale. In any case, it is said the Morgan collection will be on view in New York for a year, and after that we feel certain it will be at the service of the nation in one way or another until all museums pass away.

Failing such extensive sales as this great American gathering of things of beauty, we can turn to our own minor affairs. In King Street, Christie's is now in full working order, and many interesting collections of objects of virtu are being shown to an eager public of connoisseurs. Especially old English silver is bringing large sums in all those rooms wherein it is sold. Old silver and antique furniture are of continual interest, and the mere fact of the London season not yet having begun makes little difference to the large prices such things bring under the hammer.

One of the most interesting branches of old furniture is, of course, to be found in the remarkable clocks which have survived from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As an aid to collectors in this direction comes an admirable volume from George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., at 31s. 6d. net.

TIME'S RECORDERS.

Old clocks have an especial attraction for the connoisseur, for they carry within one case, as it were, a dozen arts and crafts. Palaces of princes have been rich in them; the cottages of the poor have been—until these days of the American artless contrivance—well provided with decorative examples.

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door.

It is in the period of this style of work, mentioned by Goldsmith, that collectors are now most happy. But that the field is broad and reaches through the centuries is made very clear for us in the excellent volume by Mr. Herbert Cescinsky and Mr. Malcolm R. Webster, entitled "English Domestic Clocks." This elaborate and useful book supplements Mr. Cescinsky's work on "English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century" for the consideration of clocks in those volumes was somewhat curtailed. With the aid of Mr. Webster,

however, a very complete and valuable consideration of all classes of these interesting examples of man's handicraft is placed before us. While the technical side of the matter is dealt with, as only a competent craftsman such as Mr. Webster can, the historic and decorative portion of the work is fully and ably handled by Mr. Cescinsky, who is a devout student of all that belongs to the subject. With some hundreds of fine drawings and photographs by the authors, this excellent volume forms a guide and informed friend to every collector of clocks. No branch of the subject is neglected, no detail allowed to pass unnoticed. But all is clearly stated; nothing is set down that is dull, and nothing that is doubtful. Many an enthusiast of the subject will, on reading this admirable book, regret that the work of Mr. Cescinsky and Mr. Webster had not appeared before he completed his collection. But there are always new-comers in this field of connoisseurship, and to them "English Domestic Clocks" will prove an absolutely necessary volume to have close to hand beside the other works which have already done so much to make this subject one of the most clearly understood and therefore most interesting in the world of collecting.

E. M.

Notes and News

The Swiney Prize for Jurisprudence has been awarded to Mr. John W. Salmond, K.C., Solicitor-General for New Zealand, for his work "Jurisprudence." The prize consists of a sum of £100 contained in a silver cup of the same value. It was founded in 1844 under the will of Dr. George Swiney, a somewhat eccentric medical man, who left £5,000 Three per cent. Consols to the Society of Arts in order that the prize might be awarded on every fifth anniversary of his death to the author of the best published work on the subject. Although the bequest was made to the Society of Arts alone, Dr. Swiney appointed as adjudicators the members of the Society and the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians. An arrangement was made that the award should be given alternately for Medical and General Jurisprudence. The cup is made after a design prepared in 1849, for the first award, by Daniel Maclise, R.A., and the execution has been entrusted to Messrs. Garrard. The prize has been awarded on thirteen previous occasions, among the recipients being Sir Henry Sumner Maine, K.C.B., D.C.L., for his "Ancient Law"; The Right Hon. Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore, D.C.L., for his "Commentaries on International Law"; Thomas Erskine Holland, D.C.L., for his "Elements of Jurisprudence"; and Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., and Professor F. W. Maitland, for their "History of English Law before Edward the First." It may be mentioned that in addition to this bequest to the Royal Society of Arts, Dr. Swiney also left a similar sum of £5,000 to the Trustees of the British Museum for the establishment of a lectureship in geology.

We regret to record the death, at Richmond, on December 13, last year, of the younger of the two poets

who wrote under the name of "Michael Field." Of their first published work, "Callirrhoe" and "Fair Rosamund," which appeared in 1884, THE ACADEMY wrote: "It will be seen that here is a young writer with plenty of convictions and plenty of courage. In addition, we may credit him with the fresh gift of song, a picturesque and vivid style, as yet without distinction or reserve." Since then there has appeared a long series of dramas of high quality, many through the sumptuous medium of the Vale Press, and three volumes of lyrics, "Sappho" (1889), "Underneath the Bough" (1893), and "Wild Honey" (1908). In all there is a complete fusion of two personalities. Nevertheless the elder and surviving poet wishes it to be known that the famous Faun song in "Callirrhoe," which has found its way into many anthologies, the fairy songs in "Fair Rosamund," and the whole of the "Father's Tragedy," were the work of the younger writer while still a girl. Their definitely Catholic work is represented by two volumes of devotional verse, "Poems of Adoration" and "Mystic Trees," of which it is now known that the first is the work of the poet lately dead. It is possible to detect in these two books a diversity of gift and temperament of which no trace appears in the earlier writings.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

A DECADE OF WORLD PROGRESS.

SOME eight or nine years ago remarkable symptoms of national re-awakening began to manifest themselves throughout the countries of the East. Japan successfully challenged Russian domination in the blue waters of the Pacific, the movement that was to result in the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty in China perceptibly quickened, Persia clamoured for a Constitution, Egypt exhibited an ominous state of unrest, sporadic anarchy troubled India, and the Ottoman Empire, with a German trained army generally believed to be equal in efficiency to any European force, was looked upon as a rising and formidable Power. It is interesting now to return to the opinions then expressed as to the future relations of East and West, examining these at the same time in the light of subsequent events. Such task need not be approached in any spirit of despair arising out of the limitations of human judgment. For at the outset let it be frankly admitted that so impressive, so widespread and so sudden was the upheaval which occurred during the period under review among the teeming millions of Asia, that students inclined to indulge in a prophetic vein found themselves carried away by the sheer enthusiasm of their pessimism. Thus we were told on all sides that the arbitrary cycles of the world's civilisation, that of East and that of West, which take many centuries to perform a revolution had again reversed, the Eastern turning towards progress, the Western towards decline. Veritable panic agitated the pens of not a few publicists. With Japan as a guiding star the nations of the East were to find a common enemy in the nations of the West. What the

Island Empire of the Pacific had done in half a century the rest, with her example before them, could accomplish in far less time.

Amid the muffled din of all this pessimism could be heard the alarm of a Yellow Peril at the portals of the West. Men actually saw visions of another Mongol invasion, one more awesome than any in the past in that it would be reinforced by hordes from India, Turkey, and Persia, and would unite all the savagery of a still barbaric Asia with the smooth science of the machine-making West. Contemporary thinkers who in the nature of things are confused by environment and prejudice do not create history; and only after the lapse of years, when individual opinion sinks into insignificance, can it be said that any semblance of truth rises to the surface. In the decade that has elapsed since the fierce contest in Manchuria much has happened, and the course of events has so shaped itself as to completely falsify views vigorously advanced at the time to which we have alluded. The outstanding fact has emerged, contrary to all gloomy forebodings, that the nations of the West have not lost their vitality. On the other hand it is plain that the nations of the East have not made the most of their opportunities. The state of Japan to-day is one of sterility; China moves, though slowly and not along popular lines; Persia is rent with anarchy; the Ottoman Empire is in the melting-pot; Egypt is no longer dangerously assertive; and India remains an enigma which assuredly the passing of years will solve, though more years than most people allow for.

In the West, altogether a different picture is presented. If we free our minds of political considerations which, in engendering bias, distort the vision of world affairs, we are bound to say that in the last ten years Europe has undeniably progressed. The pacifist may perhaps object that the vast armaments maintained are opposed to this assertion. But failing the practice of universal brotherhood no alternative than that of power by the sway of the sword has been devised for the protection of a community. It is perfectly true then that the millennium of permanent peace resulting from subjection of rivalry among nations organised to compete with each other is not in sight. Because of that circumstance, however, we cannot agree that, compared with the East, the West is on the decline, more especially, too, when we reflect that the former also is arming with aggressive intent. Civilisation is not the monopoly of any single country, and civilisation will always move forward independently of national jealousies so long as these are not permitted the excess of war. Within practical limits we may even with reason join issue with the pacifists. We welcome the fact that during the period of peace which Europe has enjoyed, international intercourse has grown to a remarkable extent. It is an interesting circumstance that all the capitals of Europe are to-day rather international than national in character. International congresses are now more than ever the rule. The intellectual thought of the nations is in closer constant communica-

tion and, on the whole, in harmony. To deal adequately with this development alone would require an article in itself. Our simple reference is merely intended to show that though progress has necessarily been slow, the nations of the West at least attempted to understand each other.

If we take the standard of commercial success to guide us, then we find that Europe is enjoying unparalleled prosperity. Altogether no sign can be detected of that swift decay which the prophets declared awaited the peoples of the West. Yet, in spite of the record of disaster of which we have spoken, it would be an error to assume that the peoples of the East have not appreciably advanced. In their efforts to appraise the exact degree of this advancement we fear that many authorities have started from false assumptions. One school, for example, has erred in the belief of a common ideal existing among all Asiatic races. So vast is the region embraced within the term Eastern that it contains problems no less grave than those which have obstructed enlightenment in Europe. Too often it is forgotten that the nations of the East have rival religions, rival policies, both political and economic, and, in many important instances, even conflicting ideals. Again, too much reliance is frequently placed on that latent power supposed to be hidden in the mysticism of the East. But mysticism fails completely in the presence of modern problems, the problems which baffle sorcerers and only statesmen may solve.

And finally the idea became fixed in the purview of many students that the wholesale importation of Western institutions would impart fiery vigour to the slumbering peoples of Asia. Constitutional government has so far failed completely throughout the East, but on that account there is no reason to despair. The limbs of the masses are still stiff and sore from the chains which encumbered them in the barbaric past. That they are free at all from these chains is welcome progress, and in time they will accustom themselves to walk with the easy gait of men of conscious freedom. Nothing is more fallacious than this habit of imagining that Western institutions are an immediate panacea for all the ills that afflict the East. For these self-same institutions are in a state of evolution in the very region to which they owe their origin. For example, the Duma and Press in Russia are in a subservience to authority that is almost Oriental in rigour. In Germany, as we have seen lately, Constitutional Government is almost a farce. In England there is certainly wide divergence of opinion as to the merits of parliamentary control. In France governments change as quickly as do the seasons. In Hungary the Diet is very frequently the scene of discreditable brawls. Nevertheless, constitutional government is certainly to be found a reality in the West, whereas, in the East, with the exception of Japan, it is altogether non-existent; and even in Japan the parliament has been described by an eminent Japanese politician as comparable only with an "assembly of devils." If without dwelling too critically upon its manifestations we regard progress among the

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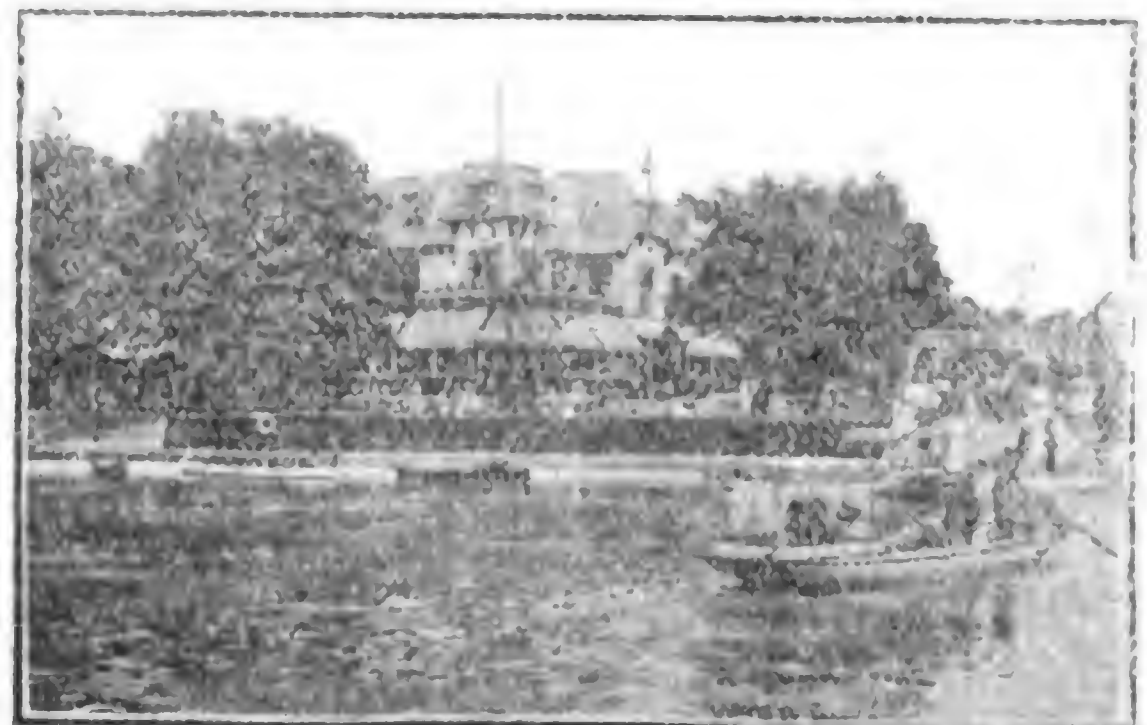
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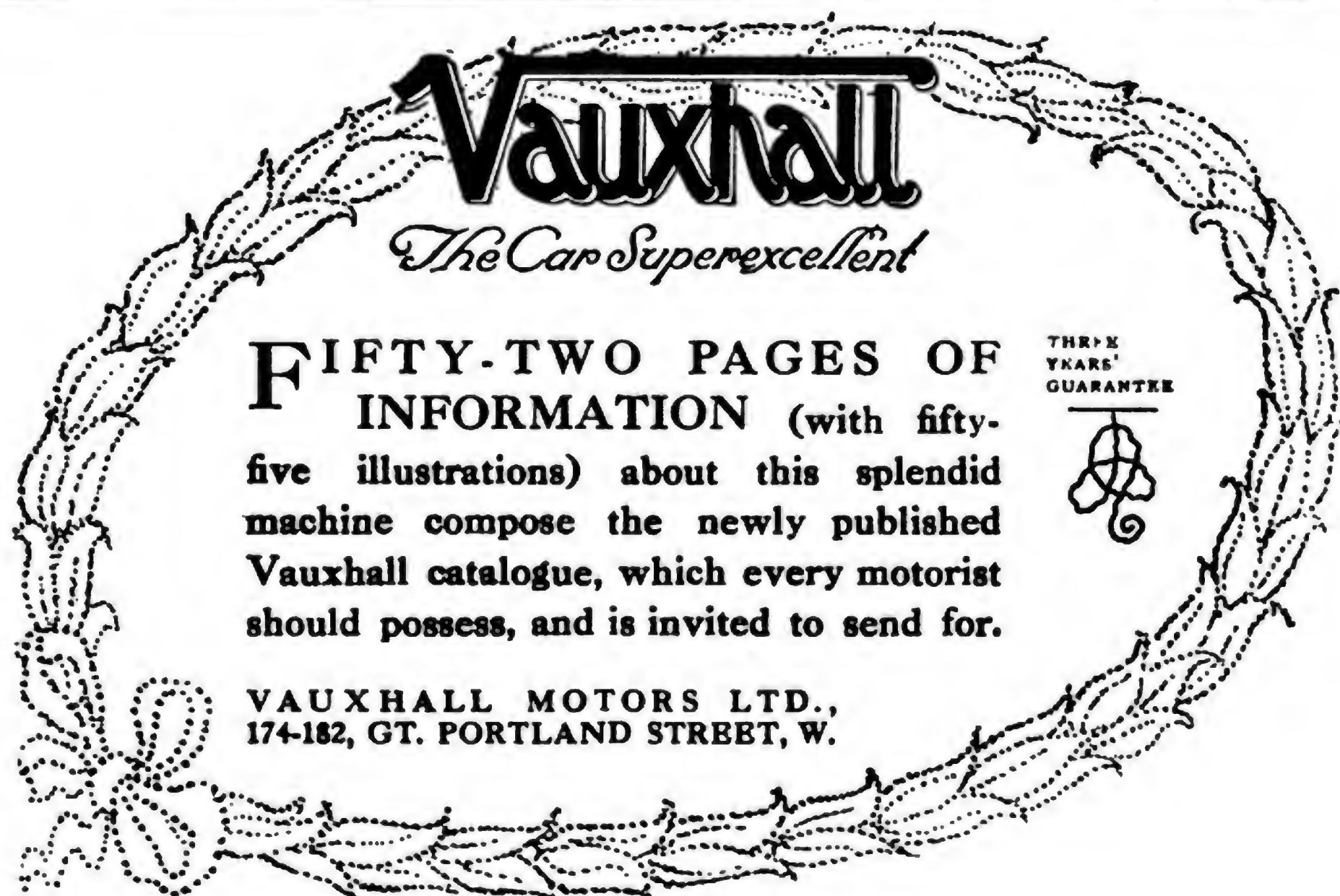
nations as merely slow advancement towards the grand ideal of universal comprehension, and at the same time make full allowance for the historical and geographical disabilities of our less fortunate rivals, disabilities from which we have in an incalculable measure derived profit, there is surely no room for arrogant self-complacency. Were there to be a wider realisation of this truth, the peoples of Europe would learn intelligently to appreciate each other's struggles and, in turn, the still more uphill task with which Eastern nations are confronted. For all alike have started from the same point, and are proceeding along the same road, though the stages which they have reached are widely set apart.

MOTORING

IN the opinion of the delegates from all parts of the Empire who attended the Imperial Motor Transport Conference held in London in July of last year, alcohol will be the motor fuel of the future, and this view as to the ultimate solution of the motor fuel problem seems to be steadily gaining ground among those qualified to gauge the limitations of the present sources of supply and the requirements of the future. It may reasonably be assumed that the astonishing development of mechanically propelled locomotion will continue rapidly and uninterruptedly to supersede every other form of locomotion or traction; and it is abundantly clear that to meet the continuously increasing demand for the necessary motor fuel it will be imperative to develop some other and practically unlimited source of supply. The most promising of these potential sources is undoubtedly alcohol. It has been demonstrated to be a perfectly efficient motor fuel, and it is a matter of common knowledge that it can be manufactured at a small cost from commodities and materials of which we have, or can produce, an inexhaustible supply. The

obstacles to its immediate utilisation as a motor fuel are two-fold: firstly, its artificially enhanced price resulting from the imposition of the heavy Government duty, and, secondly, the necessity for somewhat important modifications of the existing standard type of engine. To overcome the first-mentioned difficulty, without involving any diminution of the revenue at present derived by the Government from the sale of alcohol as a beverage, all that seems necessary is that the spirit, when intended for use as a motor fuel, should be "de-natured," and thereby made unpalatable—a process which is perfectly simple. The other obstacle, namely, that of engine modification, is perhaps not quite so easily overcome. In fact it is not easy to ascertain precisely the nature and extent of the alterations which would have to be made in the present type of engine before pure alcohol could be used with perfect satisfaction; but it may be taken for granted that the car manufacturers will not be eager to introduce costly alterations of engine design. It is to deal with these difficulties mainly that the Alcohol Motor Fuel Committee has just been formed by the Imperial Motor Transport Council. The committee is of a very influential and authoritative nature, among its fourteen members being the Hon. Arthur Stanley, chairman of the R.A.C., Mr. S. F. Edge, Dr. Hele-Shaw, Professor Vivian B. Lewes, Dr. Ormanby, and Sir Boverton Redwood. Its practical work is to commence at once, and there is every reason to hope that the results will be of great importance to the whole community.

At a dinner at Edinburgh on Tuesday last, Lieut.-Col. Matthew, president of the Scottish Motor Association, stated that he had sounded members of the association with regard to the ear-marking of motor vehicles for the use of the Government in the event of war, and had received eighty-six favourable replies. In any time of crisis, these firms would be able and willing to place at the disposal of the Government 739 motor cars, 96 motor lorries, and 800 qualified drivers



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for the transport of troops, supplies, and ammunition. It would be interesting to know what would be the result of a similar plebiscite of the whole of the firms in the British motor industry.

According to the *Autocar*, at the recent New York Automobile Show 87 per cent. of the American cars had an electric engine starting equipment as a standard fitting and as an integral part of the chassis; 1 per cent. of the cars had acetylene starting outfits and 4 per cent. air starters. As an optional extra, electric starters could be fitted to 2 per cent. and mechanical starters to 1 per cent. The most striking point in connection with the above is that in only 5 per cent. of all cars shown was no provision made for some form of engine starter. At Olympia and Paris the percentage was probably the other way about, *i.e.*, possibly 5 per cent. of the cars had some such provision. The above particulars are furnished by the United Motor Industries, Ltd., the British selling agents for the North-east starter-generator. This equipment, we learn, is fitted as standard to fourteen models of six different American makers, seven of these models being similarly equipped last year.

Those motorists who are fond of statistics may be interested to know that of the eight hundred tyres fitted to cars at the Scottish Motor Exhibition at Edinburgh, five hundred and fifty-five are Dunlops. At the three officially recognised motor shows held in this country—London, Manchester, and Edinburgh—the respective figures of Dunlops and all other makes combined have been 2,372 to 1,646.

In the Temple of Mammon

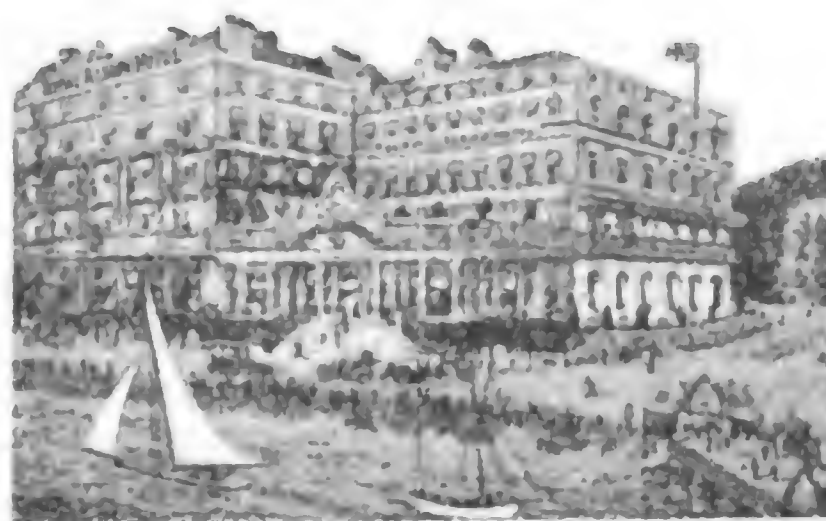
The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

CHEAP money is almost bringing about a boom. The banks have reduced their rate of interest on deposits to a figure which renders it unprofitable for the public to keep their money idle any longer. Consequently, investment brokers are quite busy purchasing gilt-edged securities. The rise has not yet come to an end. I will not go as far as most people and say that we shall have a boom year. This does not seem in any way probable; but it is clear that the City will do well. Trade continues to fall away. Consequently, money which is used in business is coming to London. The new issues have many of them gone extremely well. The City of Concepcion was over-subscribed in a few hours. On the other hand, the Forestal debentures failed to meet with approval. Associated Provincial Picture Houses offered 470,000 shares for the purpose of building cinematograph shows. It is doubtful if the issue was subscribed, in spite of the success of the parent company. Plymouth Consolidated propose to revive an old mine on the mother lode in California. This is a sheer gamble. The same may be said of the Trinidad Silverstream Oilfields. Trinidad may be full of oil, but, unfortunately, up to the present the companies exploiting it have not been lucky. Lord St. Davids has brought out

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a new Trust and asks the public for £250,000. He will probably get it as no one knows better how to run a successful Trust than the group with whom his Lordship has surrounded himself. The Birmingham Aluminium Casting Company is a small affair of only local interest. The Bengal-Nagpur Railway offered two million 4 per cent. debentures at 97½, and they were immediately snapped up. The Anchorage Life offered 100,000 shares and proposes to start a new Insurance Society. It is difficult to see how such a company can succeed. The Melbourne Electric Supply asked for £150,000 5 per cent. debentures at 97½. This is a reasonable commercial risk.

MONEY.—The Bank Rate was reduced to 4 per cent. as everyone anticipated, and we are now all talking of a 3 per cent. rate, though when this will come about is perhaps doubtful. However, money is cheap all over the world, Paris being the only capital in which the rate has not been reduced. The French banks want all the money they can get for the new loans, and they will probably maintain their rate in order to attract gold from both London and New York. Sir Edward Holden's oration to the shareholders of the City and Midland Bank has attracted a great deal of attention. He was extremely pessimistic in regard to the Post Office Savings Bank, which he thinks should publish a balance-sheet and keep a reserve. Everyone in the City agrees with him. The Post Office Savings Bank was established at a time when Joint Stock banks were in their infancy. It is now an anachronism, and sooner or later the big banking institutions of Great Britain will come to an agreement with the Government to take over the deposits. The Savings Bank holds £185,000,000 of deposits, and the only security against panic is the credit of the country. This may be good enough in times of peace, but it would fail during a war.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market has not improved *pari passu* with other markets. If we are to get any trouble at all it will be in Paris. The French bankers are haggling with Greece over her million loan and they are discussing a 20 million loan with Turkey. For this loan they expect concessions over the whole Turkish Empire; but Turkey is so hard up that she will have to consent. The Russian loan should be out within the next few weeks. Servia finds that she needs more money, and she will probably once again ask the French for a loan. There appears to be no end to the borrowings of the Near East, but we hear very little of Bulgaria and her needs. Then there is the Uruguay loan, which is to be offered in Brussels and London, and should be readily subscribed. The Cuban loan, which has been secured by Morgans, Kuhn Loeb, and the two leading banks in New York, will probably be kept away from London. The Foreign market will be busy for months with its new issues, but I cannot see how they will affect the money position, as such loans do not destroy credit. On the contrary, they create it, and most of them, so far from making the banks tighter, will release a large amount now locked up in unnegotiable securities.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market hangs fire. Everybody has got labour on the brain, and the strikes certainly do not help people. Also, the whole energy of the investing public is directed to finding out some cheap gilt-edged stock. It is not the fashion at the moment to consider Home Railways a gilt-edged security. However, their time will come, and those who buy to-day will make money before the year is out. I am not suggesting a speculation. On the contrary, I think that Dover "A," Little Chats, and all the deferred stocks of the English railways are fully valued. Underground Electrics do not hold their own. But we must remember that they have had a very big rise, and a year ago, when they were being boomed with great enthusiasm, they were only quoted at 95.

YANKEES.—The American market is quite lively. The principal dealings have been done in Steels. From information I get from New York, I cannot help thinking that the rise has been overdone, and it is mainly due to a "bear" squeeze. Certainly, the Iron and Steel trade in the United States is definitely bad. The St. Louis and San Francisco is all the talk on Wall Street, and the Inter-State Commerce Commission has published a very bitter attack upon the financial operations of the railway, and, incidentally, they blame the house of Speyers for having offered the last issue of the bond in Paris. They say that this house should have informed themselves of the financial position of the road. I do not think that we have heard the end of this business. There is some talk of the Government proceeding with a suit against New York Central with the idea of separating that road from the other Vanderbilt lines. It seem to me that this is carrying persecution to an extreme, as the Michigan and Lake Shore roads are actually part of New York Central, and do not in the least interfere with anybody.

RUBBER.—Rubber, probably out of sympathy with the rest of the market, has hardened up a little. Only two small reports have made their appearance during the week, the Val d'Or and the Escot. The latter, under the Presidency of Mr. Malcolm Cumming, has always been looked upon as a sound little concern, but the report is very unsatisfactory and the chance of a dividend next year remote.

OIL.—In the Oil market there has been some buying of International Russian in the hope that the bore hole now down 2,000 feet will strike a rich horizon. Maikop Premiers hold their own, but candidly, the Oil market, is

rather dull. It is said that there is further good news in from Egypt, but the market has not responded. Shells keep hard. We are promised a prospectus for the Pacific Petroleum which will probably be out before this is in print.

MINES.—Kaffirs have moved up all along the line, and although the public is buying with great caution, the dealers think that we may get a considerable rise. But everything depends upon the magnates. They killed the last little boom by too rapidly unloading their shares. We must remember that practically all the shares are now held by the big houses, and that they are determined to get out of the Rand as quickly as possible. It is uncertain whether the big men will be able to exercise sufficient self-restraint. Russians are all fairly hard, and it is now said that Russo-Asiatics have acquired options on further good properties. Wheater Cornwallis-West are said to have a Kirkland Lake mine ready for flotation, and Mr. Latilla is also preparing another proposition. The Jos report is reasonably good, but not much information is afforded us. Two more Cobalt reports are out, but they add little to our knowledge. On the whole, the Mining market looks like going better.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The event of the week in the Miscellaneous market has been the Maypole Dairy report. The House did not like the reduction in profits and sold the deferred shares. It is clear that you cannot have your cake and eat it too, and the deferred shareholders, having had their bonus distribution, must now look for very much reduced profits in the future. Indeed, it is doubtful whether they will get more than 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. dividend on the new shares. However, the balance sheet is very strong, and the company one of the soundest in Great Britain. Cuban Ports remain weak in spite of puffs telling us that the common stock will be paid off at 70. The Cuban Government has no information on the subject, and insiders are evidently unloading. The Egyptian market is showing signs of movement, and the South American Meat Fusion has put life into this section. Breweries keep hard and Watney, Combe announcement of an interim dividend of 2 per cent. was liked. Maple's dividend remains unchanged, but the profits are slightly lower. The quotation of the shares did not alter. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

PAINTERS OF ANIMALS, ANIMAL PAINTERS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It seems, from a footnote in THE ACADEMY of January 17, that we now have a Society of Animal Painters, and that they are holding their first exhibition—good!

But from the point of view of art—and nothing else whatsoever matters—is this a cause for congratulation; rather, is it not a retrogressive step? We all admit that the dear painters of cats and dogs, cattle and horses, are painstaking, worthy people; and to be painstaking we know, is to possess a prime British virtue. But in art—and nothing else whatsoever matters—to take pains is either a very great virtue or a very great vice. With the Royal Academy and all it stands for in British art it is a very great vice. The prime vice, the besetting sin of the Royal Academy is that it sets the mechanical, the *obviously* painstaking part of Art before art itself. They grasp at the substance and miss the spirit. And in this new society, it

seems to me, we are to have this policy still further enshrined.

To paint animals is to glory overmuch in technique, in difficulties to be overcome. All artists know that it requires long training, patient study, infinite self-discipline, and a thousand other virtues, all worthy of regard, successfully to set on canvas, say, a troop of horses galloping towards the spectator. Yet what have we when all is said and done? We have the thews, the bones, the flesh and the muscles of a picture, but the soul—Art—is lacking. There is nothing represented but what everyone can see—even the untutored ploughboy. Therefore I say, admitting, as all artists will admit, the horrible difficulties, the hours of seemingly futile effort, the tears of vexation that have gone to achieve such a work—is it worth while? Is it right that any noble soul (and all painters who are not noble ought to be doing something else honester, and more suited to their soul station) should so waste its powers for an end so comparatively ignoble? Your mechanical operators of the camera, cinematograph, or other mechanical device can do this better and with less wasted energy. Yes, I hear superior sighs—"poor fellow, he misunderstands the whole meaning, the traditions and the teaching of art." And, too, I know that sufficient argument from antiquity, with its so dead ideals, can be brought forward utterly to bury me and a city full of "me's." Yet I maintain that with the huge advances in the mere representation of objects by purely mechanical processes, artists before many decades are past, will be as ashamed as any poet of his work if, beyond it being mechanically right, clever in design, and of perfect technique—and, of course, all these are absolutely *necessary*—it is nothing more, if it does not speak from a soul to a soul. Who but a pedant would read poetry for its mere technical perfections, be they ever so great? Similarly, with pictorial art: a picture which does not "speak" to me, does not interest me in the least. Indeed a gallery of animal painting would be more boring than a museum.

If art is advancing, art is no longer mere representation of objects, no longer even art for art's sake, but as has been said before art for soul's sake. Thus, *en passant*, it seems to me Futurism, Cubism, concerning themselves with pseudo-scientific problems, are utter rubbish and will dismally fail. Indeed, all "movements" giving themselves a name, and being *self-conscious*, come to naught. To me all painters of animals and those who hold kinship with them, that is, all those *over-concerned* with the mechanical side of art, are real *animal* painters. With them, as with so many artists, it is not as was said of old, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," but "the flesh is strong: the spirit is weak."

It is quite true that the whole spirit of official art in England, with the great Academy at its head, is on the side of these muscular artists. A year or two ago, for instance, the Chantrey Trustees bought for the nation a faultless, beautifully exact reproduction on canvas of a middle class suburban interior. Thereby did they who are set on high to direct the taste of the people, declare to the great public of England, transposing, in their worldly wisdom the words of much greater *spiritual* wisdom: "Man liveth by bread alone."

Of course one cannot expect anything better. The whole teaching of art in England is wrong at the very core. I will illustrate what I mean: At a town not far from where I write, about nine hundred pupils (I have forgotten the exact figure, but it is of no consequence even if you have it) have passed through the municipal art school within the last ten or fifteen years. Out of these not more than one has done anything to speak of in the real art world. Think of that, British tax-payers! Had not this money, utterly

wasted in teaching the mechanism of art, better be devoted to the building of Dreadnoughts or to offering better inducements to muscular men, totally unfitted for the practice of art, to don a uniform and carry arms in defence of their country? Why, if our city fathers must lay their heavy, but patronising, hand upon the head of meek, god-like art, do they not fetch to their respective boroughs men versed in the ultimate meaning of art, who feel its innermost pulse and speak with its spirit, instead of setting up municipal schools to teach its dry mechanism to pupils who comprehend not art's true significance?

The whole basis of art is expression—self-expression. A man enters art in order that he may so express his soul that another soul may understand and receive with gladness and great joy, *his* message. Imagine a child kept from birth in a darkened room, fed, but having no communication with human beings or human things. Then, say, at ten years of age, some benevolent individual engages a more or less expensive professor to teach it language, to teach it to speak, to express itself when it has nothing to express! Would it not be wiser, first to let that child comprehend the appearance and meaning of things before it is taught to babble?

Therefore, before the so-called art pupil is allowed to enter any municipal or other art school, let him understand clearly whether within him he has anything worthy of expression, know if he has any real desire so to express himself. Nay, before he attempts to express himself in sacred art (as one speaks of sacred poesy) let him study Nature, great literature and poetry, learn the Bible and his Shakespeare: then mayhap he will know whether he has a soul all desirous to express great and noble things, or merely an itch to gain that praise which is given (and rightly so) to all painstaking effort, all work truly undertaken and with self-sacrifice nobly accomplished. But—and this is the difference—an artist should be above that praise: this is for the artisan, not for the artist. If, however, he approaches art in the right spirit, and would be a true artist, he will somehow find means to attain proficiency in technique and in mechanical skill—neither bolts nor bars, wild horses or false teachers, will keep him from it. He, have no fear, will soon learn the science of perspective and find out, if necessary, how to treat a telegraph pole artistically!

Meanwhile, I often wonder what becomes of the dear, painstaking, but quite uninspired young ladies who attend municipal art schools, and receive nice, gratifying certificates and even scholarships from their South Kensington heaven. They—the S.K. gods know it—are turned out by the hundred gross—what *does* become of them? Perhaps they might tell us something at the W.S.P.U.!

I write not arrogantly, but with all meekness. Yours faithfully,
C. R. M.
Lincoln.

THE GREATEST BAR TO HUMAN PROGRESS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The warlike expenditure of Europe amounts to £500,000,000 per year, and is rapidly increasing. About 5,000,000 people serve permanently in the European armies and navies, and as these might earn £500,000,000 in civil life, armaments practically cost Europe £1,000,000,000 per year in time of peace. The British Empire spends £100,000,000 annually on army and navy. About 500,000 white British men are kept permanently under arms, and as these might earn £50,000,000, in civil life, preparations for war cost us £150,000,000 per year. The nations of Europe and civilisation itself threaten to break down under the intolerable military burden.

What is the cause of the mad armament race? The real

cause, in my opinion, lies in the unfortunate political organisation of Europe. The European Great Powers are divided into two groups: the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. They distrust one another. As both groups are approximately equally strong, each group tries to get the advantage over the other by increasing its armaments.

What is the remedy for this state of affairs? As the reduction of armaments by mutual agreement has proved hitherto impracticable, and would in any case only be a temporary remedy, the ruinous armament race can be stopped only if we abolish the division amongst the Powers, if we unite the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente into a Sextuple Alliance. The writer has closely studied the political problems which at present divide the nations. He has discussed the matter with the leading European rulers, statesmen, and politicians, and has come to the conclusion that it is possible to unite the European Powers in an Alliance or a Federation. France and Russia were once our enemies, and we have been at war with both. Our present agreement and friendship with them shows that apparently irreconcilable differences may be overcome by friendly discussion and adjustment, *provided there be goodwill on both sides*. Therefore, the greatest need is the enlightenment of the people. Only popular pressure can bring about the unification of Europe. This will lead to a gradual reduction of armaments and a great increase of prosperity, for the economic waste of £1,000,000,000 per year will then enormously decrease.

In the hope of promoting the unity of Europe I have founded the European Unity League. Its name explains its object. I will gladly explain to all who write to me to the temporary offices, 39, St. James' Street, Piccadilly, London, my aims and proposals at greater length than I can in this letter. I invite your readers to become members of the European Unity League, and to aid me in my propaganda. Membership of the League involves no financial or other liability whatever. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MAX WAECHTER.

London, January 23, 1914.

SCOTT AND LYTTON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Salmon is evidently not acquainted either with that very scarce book, "Letters of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, to his Wife," or my own little work entitled "Bulwer Lytton: An Exposure of the Errors of his Biographers," for both show that Lytton's earliest estimate of Scott was very unfavourable. The dedication to him of "Eugene Aram" shows Lytton in a different frame of mind. It is dated December 22, 1831, and the novel was published in the same month, although dated 1832.

In Mr. Salmon's article "1886" is evidently a mistake for "1866," as is also "lock" for "rock." Lytton's death occurred in 1873.

16, Amwell Street, E.C.

W. A. FROST.

TRAFFIC IN ADVOWSONS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The recent publication of a Parliamentary Return giving particulars of registered transactions in Advowsons between the years 1904 and 1912 has aroused considerable interest amongst the laity who, for some time past, have endeavoured to draw attention to the grave scandals connected with the sales of advowsons, some of which are in reality, by evasions of the purpose of the law, sales of incumbencies and the cure of souls.

In this connection the "Benefices Act, 1898," Amendment Committee has been collecting data showing the wanton injury inflicted upon parishes by the induction of unfit incumbents, and we should be obliged if any of your readers will communicate any particulars of cases of this character which may be known to them. It is hoped that remedial legislation may be secured by the consent of all political parties in order to put an end to a traffic which every honest and religious man should regard as scandalous.

Letters should be addressed to Mr. Edward Atkin, 5, Pump Court, Temple, E.C. We are, yours faithfully,

HUGH CECIL,
A. D. PHILLIPS.

London, January 12, 1914.

A TRANSLATOR OF THE ILIAD AND THE ÆNEID.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The Catalogs of the British Museum and the Bodleian Library mention "The First Six Books of Homer's Iliad, with an interpagated translation, line for line, and numerous notes. "By the author of the first six books of Virgil's Æneid on the same plan. London: Printed for Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street. 1841." This book of 271 pages was produced by "J. Walford, Printer, Whitchurch, Salop." Is it known who was "the author" of these translations?

P.S.—Two misprints which occur in my letter on p. 831 of THE ACADEMY for December 27, 1913, must be rectified by reading "is isarrak," and "its comarca." I remain yours,

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

The Lost Road. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

The Flying Inn. By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Gillespie. By J. Macdougall Hay. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

The Three Trees. By Guy Rawlence. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Why She Left Him. By Florence Warden. (John Long. 6s.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Our Navy. By Archibald Hurd. With a Preface by the Earl of Selborne, K.G. (Fred. Warne and Co. 1s. net.)

Paul Verlaine. By Wilfrid Thorley. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

The Meaning of Christianity. By Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

The Women's Industrial News; Mind; Bookseller; Cambridge University Reporter; Colonial Life; Windsor Magazine; Wm. Dawson and Sons' List of Annual Subscriptions; C. and E. Layton's Handy Newspaper List; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Bookfellow; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; Cambridge Magazine; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest; Wednesday Review; Collegian.

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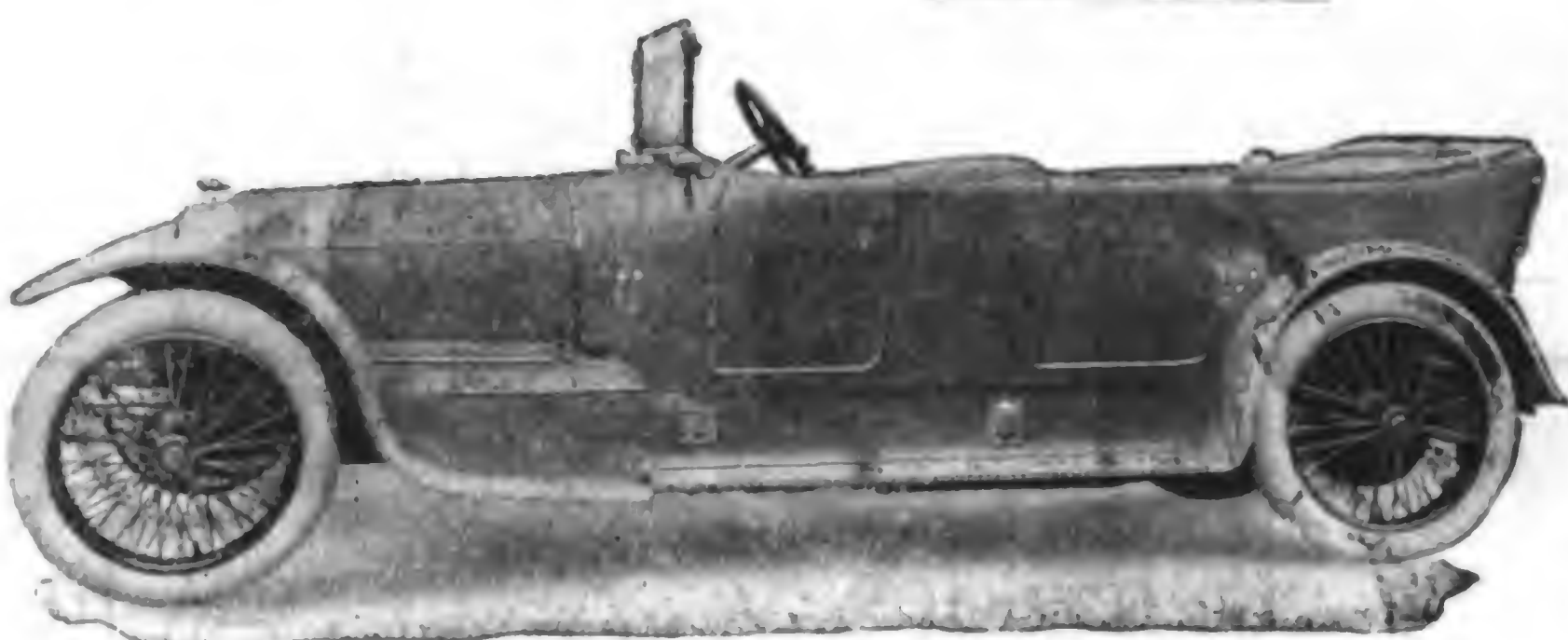
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Notes of the Week

WE notice with great satisfaction the statement made in the Budget Committee of the Reichstag by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Herr von Jagow said that the relations with Great Britain could be described as very good, and that the *rapprochement* was making progress. So far as words go, we welcome this utterance, but there should not be the slightest deviation from the line of defensive policy which the deeds of the German Government have rendered indispensable. Sir Vezev Strong is the leading and most distinguished advocate of World Friendship. We are deeply impressed with the sentiments which he has expressed. The ideal is perfect, and would be capable of realisation if Germany would co-operate with those of the Powers which desire to preserve peace. We think that this prospect, greatly to be desired, is nearly in view. Having regard to the ruinous results of warfare at the present day, reasonable and sensible statesmen must put the question to themselves whether, even in the contingency of a successful issue, war is worth while. As we do not belong to the peace-at-any-price party, we shall continue to support necessary expenditure in the region of armaments, and we shall do so in the interests of the preservation of peace. We might quote the well-worn adage on the subject—an adage of which everyone, except cocoa-millionaires and Swiss alkaline manufacturers, is able to realise the essential truth.

It is obvious from Sir Edward Grey's speech at Manchester that Mr. Lloyd George's fireworks have failed, and that the Cabinet have decided to uphold Mr.

Churchill and the Sea Lords in the demands which they are making in the interest of our naval supremacy. The view which we honestly hold is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has always favoured the expenditure which his colleague at the Admiralty has demanded, and that he only made an empiric display of opposition against the First Lord. He was so sure in his last year's Budget that a surplus would be realised as the result of his proposals—which we think will not be the case—that he is naturally disinclined to meet the House of Commons with a tale of largely increased national expenditure. The bias attaching to his office, and his own desire—and legitimate desire if exercised at the right moment—to provide funds for the betterment of social conditions, tend, in quite an honourable way, to render him averse to increased outlay on armaments. He will have to propose new taxation, and we are genuinely afraid that the poorer classes must of necessity bear their share of the burden. Such a position is, we admit, wholly lamentable, but it is the result of rushing blindly into social changes which are really of no value except for the purpose of the showman, but which must, after the manner of the boomerang, hurt those who are deluded into the belief that the changes would ameliorate their condition.

We have many times said that THE ACADEMY is open for the expression of all opinions, and to-day we give a proof of that position in the article entitled "Does Home Rule Mean Rome Rule?" We need scarcely say that we are not responsible either for the statements or their expression. For the benefit of our readers we feel it just to say that the writer is a well-known Irish author in close touch with Irish affairs. The subject is admittedly very controversial, and we invite correspondence on the subject, especially from Irish authorities and readers. We have arranged with the writer to continue in two further articles; but there will be a lapse of some weeks between each in order to give him an opportunity of dealing with any views which may appear in THE ACADEMY in the interval. The subject is of capital importance, and, if those who are not habitual readers of THE ACADEMY take part in the discussion with those whom the journal usually reaches, the range of interest promises to be wide.

The first number of a new weekly paper published at Madras by the Theosophical Society, and edited by Mrs. Annie Besant, has reached us. It is entitled *The Commonweal*, is termed in a sub-title "A Journal of National Reform," and bears the ambitious motto, "For God, Crown, and Country." Its chief characteristics seem to be a plentiful use of the ready-made phrase—several things are "pregnant with significance" or with "great issues"—and a "Book-Shelf" page that is in need of severe supervision as regards its use of English and its critical power. We wish it well, while hoping that the second number will show a little more originality.

A Winter Hymn

WHERE'ER the snow's mosaic falls
Round driven sea-birds' muted calls,
While vast ice-laden water crawls—
There God broods.

In every little flower of white,
Which struggles up to kiss the light,
And breathe a prayer 'gainst winter's night,
There God sings.

In every child whom frosty days
Suffused with vigorous life's flushed praise,
In eyes a-dance with sunny rays . . .
There God smiles.

J. H. STABLES.

Children

CHILDREN go tripping over the meads
In a land of Romance,
Greener than Ireland, wilder than Scotland,
More smiling than France.

Light as the air-borne clouds that float
Over the hills,
Children go racing with joy in their eyes
By leaping rills.

Woodlands echo the songs they sing
Eagerly listening:
Woodlands all bathed in diamond dew
Trembling and glistening.

Hills and valleys a-dreaming lie
Morning-tinted:
Each moss-girt pool is a silver coin
In heaven minted.

Oh for the heart of a child, to find
A land of Romance,
Greener than Ireland, wilder than Scotland,
Fairer than France!

R. B. INCE.

Lapses of Memory

AS one grows older, one realises more vividly the complex structure of the human organism. Perhaps in no other respect is the remarkable want of equilibrium more clearly seen than in the vagaries of memory. The young man who attempts to address a dining assembly of about twelve persons is usually absolutely overwhelmed, and can only stammer forth a few words, whereas if he were speaking to one man, next to him, he might be quite eloquent, so far as a man without experience can be eloquent. No rule is universal, and it is not unusual to find examples of precocity in either sex. We think, however, that what we have said is true of young persons of the normal standard.

In the course of my experience I have heard some of the most expert speakers fall into the pit. The

most remarkable instance which I can call to mind was at a house dinner of the Eighty Club, when the Orator of Empire rose to make a speech. The audience were on the tip-toe of expectation, and the fare which was provided for them was extremely unsatisfying. Lord Rosebery, of whose convalescence we delight to hear, resumed his seat in a chilling atmosphere, which must have been quite unusual for him. Another speaker of no particular importance intervened, and then, to the surprise of everyone, Lord Rosebery again stood up, and apologised to the assembly for having delivered only half of the speech which he had intended. He then proceeded to discourse brilliantly, and sat down amidst enthusiasm.

A front-bench member of the House of Commons, whose name has escaped me for the moment, came down with a sheaf of notes in his hand, and in the course of a speech which promised well failed to find the note which he required to finish his discourse and to elicit the plaudits due to an impromptu peroration. Needless to say, he collapsed in confusion. The same fate on one occasion overtook Mr. Winston Churchill, who suddenly stopped while speaking in the House and frankly confessed that he did not know what he intended to say. The House of Commons, always sympathetic in circumstances such as these, perhaps because the members know a similar fate may overtake them at any moment, cheered Mr. Churchill sympathetically.

It is not only in the realm of politics that these extraordinary lapses take place; I have heard them again and again in literary and artistic assemblies, and it has been rumoured, I do not know with what truth, that a very eminent actor-manager is habitually unable to remember, or, in a latter-day language which I do not like, to "memorise," his lines. No doubt a well-known writer would, in his favourite phrase, assert—"and the most extraordinary thing is that it is true!" That gentleman is, we regret to say, at the present moment languishing in the glades of Brixton; that, however, is by the way.

To come to a more personal matter: although I am no practised speaker, I was guilty myself of a lapse of memory at a public dinner recently held. I was called upon to respond for the Press, and was going along quite nicely until the climax of my speech arrived, when I said: "The Press is not—" and entirely forgot the encomium which I had intended to bestow upon the Fourth Estate; I therefore repeated "The Press is not—" and stuck again; when a friend opposite most kindly suggested to me "modest." I said, "Thank you—I could not think of the word at the moment"; and after that had no difficulty in concluding the speech more or less to the satisfaction of the audience. Of course an apology is due for introducing a personal reminiscence; but the question is, why do these lapses of memory occur in the case of speakers who have mastered diffidence, and who usually may be said to be fluent? It is a curious psychological problem, and we should much like, and invite, opinions upon it.

CECIL COWPER.

Does Home Rule Mean Rome Rule?

FOR myself I may say that to ask whether Ireland should or should not attend to her own governance is much as if our neighbours over the way should ask if we should be permitted to kiss our own wives. The wonder is that the question should ever seriously be put forward. The wonder would be, the question having been put forward, if the result were not a considerable amount of angry resentment and ill-feeling. Yet, not only is the question raised (with the serious self-importance habitual to the Englishman, that always touches the Irishman's sense of the ridiculous), but it is discussed; and that discussion proceeds on the basis of a most puzzling tissue of misinformation. There is no better argument in favour of Irish self-government than the peculiar way in which all our conditions are misapprehended, our problems mistaken, and our ways of thinking misunderstood. The result is not merely a misconception; it is actually a complete inversion—so complete that it is exceedingly difficult for anyone familiar with the make-up of Irish life to recognise the result. It is as though English journalists, the public, and publicists had invented some entirely new island over which to be puzzled. And the basis of misconception is as complete in our friends as in our foes.

An instance may be chosen. It is very gravely suggested that the inevitable result of Home Rule in Ireland would be that the priests would have and would hold a complete ascendancy in that island. The Englishman is a slave to phrases; and the catch-words, "Home Rule is Rome Rule," has hypnotised him into the belief that no rhyme could be so perfect as that if there were not something in it. One wonders a little what would be the result in England if France were to discuss the advisability of conquering England lest she came too much under the power of the tub-thumper in the tin cathedral—but that is by the way. The more immediate matter is whether there is any kind of foundation in this fear of priestly ascendancy. Is there any ground for fearing that Catholic persecution would succeed upon the introduction of Home Rule? Will the Catholic priesthood, that is to say, achieve and utilise a power that they have not now?

Before entering into that question it will be well to say one thing; and that is, that there has never been Catholic persecution in Ireland; whereas to Protestant persecution there has been no limit. I write as a Protestant, and as one who has some knowledge of Ireland to-day; and I say that this is not only true of historical Ireland, but as fully true of Ireland to-day. That, however, is another matter; and I come to the immediate question. I have put the above questions fairly, as they are put in English newspapers, whether in assertion or denial; and there is no supposition in any of the questions that is not the opposite of the simple facts of the case as they are to be experienced in Ireland to-day.

Let me set out these suppositions; and then, against them, set out the actual position. Firstly, it is sup-

posed that the present Government from Westminster through Dublin Castle limits the power of the priest. The simple fact is that English rule is through the priest; and that, in order to make that rule more effectual, it puts the priest in absolute power over some of the most vital parts of the national life, making his will so arbitrary in essential matters that the Catholic laity, together with an increasing number of Protestants, long for Home Rule just because they may thereby be enabled to put a limit to that power. Secondly, it is supposed that the Catholic priesthood desires Home Rule. The simple fact is that the Catholic priesthood, as a priesthood, is opposed to Home Rule. I say, as a priesthood, deliberately. There are a large number of priests who are strong Nationalists at heart. This is a matter of individual conviction; and I know of cases where such priests have had their advancement debarred, and even their immediate position injured, because of such conviction. I do not mean to say that the organisation publicly avows its anti-national conviction; but that such a conviction prevails is a fact that any worker in Irish national or parochial affairs will confirm. None will confirm it more readily than the Catholic laity. Thirdly, it is said that the result of a Parliament in Dublin will be to enforce the civil discretion of the priest. The simple fact is that the priesthood fears a Parliament in Dublin just because it will without doubt mean the departure of civil power. In all this let me be clearly understood. I do not allude to any matters of faith. The Irish people are, for the major part, Catholic by conviction. They are so now; and they will be so after Home Rule. Indeed, as a well-known Irish Catholic put it to me, the faith will be easier after Home Rule because there will not then be the covert hostility between the lay and cleric points of view.

It will no doubt come as a surprise to many Englishmen that Downing Street should control Ireland through Rome; and should enforce the priesthood for the better control; though that fact is no strange experience to Irishmen. Such Englishmen have possibly never considered the periodical journeys between Rome and England indulged in by a certain well-known English peer: a peer as notorious for his dislike of Ireland as he is for his influence at the English Court and the Vatican. Moreover, there are certain Irish priests who are trained for what is known in clerical circles as "the English Mission"; and who, after their stay in England, return to Ireland on what is often spoken of sardonically as "the continuation of the English Mission." Such priests are always opposed to the revival of the Irish language; and are anti-Nationalist almost to a man. They are not openly so; they are so in secret opposition; and that is what makes their attitude so significant. It needs no very susceptible imagination to perceive the tendencies at work behind these simple appearances; and their impact on the world of affairs needs to be felt before their force can be known.

However, it will be said that these are, after all, only tendencies; and therefore, whatever their total effect on those in touch with them, that they are of little worth in convincing others. Yet hard, uncomfortable facts are not lacking. In the curious ignorance prevailing in England with regard to Irish matters it is assumed (even in circles, such as editorial offices; where the uninitiated would expect to find exact and careful knowledge) that the Irish economy is the same as the English, seeing that its governance is English. For example, it is supposed that the Irish educational system is similar to that of the English. I have known it surprise, and even shock, a good many to learn that in Ireland the parish priest is the supreme authority with regard to all the schools in his parish. It is he who has the appointment of all teachers; and he can refuse schools to any, whatever their qualifications, if they fail to satisfy his conception of orthodoxy. He can, subject to slight restrictions that are never enforced, dismiss them; and it is understood that they shall subscribe largely to his annual receipts, however small their salary. It is to him that all dilapidation grants are made; and there is no supervision whatsoever to see that such grants are spent for their appointed purpose. He is, in fact, absolute arbiter for his parish, representing Dublin Castle in that capacity, with his hand on the very beginnings of the people's life.

Through the school he rules the life (even if he had not the other powers that come into his hand); and neither Catholic nor Protestant can escape him, however they try. But the point is that this power of his has been made over to him by English rule; and it has been used towards the specific end of crushing out the national desires of the people. It is the present state of affairs, not the problematical state of affairs under Home Rule, that makes the priest absolute, that gives him an unrivalled opportunity for persecution; and the result in recent history would make a long, painful, and puzzled tale. Some of its chief heads may be given. The language question is a symbol of the rest.

In that remarkable revival (that has attracted some of the most noteworthy scholars in the world, and has enlisted Irishmen irrespective of their creed, religious or political) how came it about that Irish priests fought fiercely, and bitterly, against the introduction of the Irish language into Irish schools as an auxiliary subject, even though that language was the habitual speech in many districts? How came it about, moreover, that the English point of view was always inculcated in the schools, in pursuance of Archbishop Whately's declared policy of using them to this end? The picture of a Catholic priesthood carrying out a Protestant archbishop's policy is an ironical comment on the combination against which Irishmen are rising. And who is it that has protested against this arbitrary governorship of schools? The Catholic laity, that is Nationalist without exception. And, finally, when some years ago they voiced their protest (in which not a few individual priests joined), and sought to have this arbitrary governorship of schools revised in favour of local committees on which the priest should *ipso facto* be repre-

sented, in order that thereby the national point of view should have a better opportunity of expression, who was it that intervened in reply? A Catholic cardinal, by banning the paper in which the proposal was made.

Thus it is seen that it is the present regime that gives the priest the power that so many profess to dread—and so many actually do dread—under Home Rule. What would be the likely state of affairs under Home Rule can best be judged by seeing the recent drift of national opinion. But that belongs to a subsequent paper.
EOCHAIDH.

The Self-Sacrifices of Travel

ARE the places that one visits ever as enchanting as the places one "passes through" without stopping at? I think almost every traveller would admit that they are not.

The train, perhaps, slows down because of some defect on the line, the sun shines with a gentle radiance, and, emerging from a cutting, the world seems suddenly transfigured. Just below the railway track runs a swift river, leaping down its boulder-strewn course; and a thin suspension bridge bears a road to a tiny, red-roofed city nestling under a hill. The train gathers speed, but not before one has caught a glimpse of crumbling walls and gateways, of the square tower of an ancient church. The air is indescribably fresh; the trees of an unheard-of green. The train is now racing on again, a little station flashes by: one cranes one's neck to catch its name—Vic-le-Comte! It is gone now; in a second it has disappeared for all one's life, but how the memory of it remains! Engraved in one's brain is a vignette of the small city one has seen only for thirty seconds and will never see again—unforgettable, unattainable. As time passes, Vic-le-Comte—or is it Le Breuil or Thiers or Aigueperse?—acquires added virtues; its radiance grows. That vision, it was as though the heavens opened, disclosing the desired and unattainable city. If one is wise one makes no plans to revisit it, for such illusions are better unshattered.

There is an element of conscious self-sacrifice, however, which enters into the travels of all wanderers with scant leisure, which is different from these glimpses of the unattainable, but always lends the little tour a taste of bitterness. You are going, perhaps, to spend a fortnight in the South of France. You have hardly time to go to the places you have set your heart on seeing. Shall you stop at Dijon for two days *en route*, or shall you go straight through? On the way, passing up the valley of the Yonne, up the slopes of the Monts Dore, you pass places like Nuits and Tonnerre, which recall all the good Burgundy you have ever tasted in your life. Their aspect smiles at you. The Yonne slips down temptingly under its shading trees, the opulent country, with its vine-clad slopes, its red-roofed houses, calls to you to stay there for a summer—a single week would be ridiculous. You decide to

give up what you are doing, your absurd "occupation" of being busy about nothing, and to go there next May, having reduced your possessions to the smallest possible extent. You will have a suit-case with half a dozen indispensable books in it, besides your clothes; some money (not too much), and that will be all you will have in the world. You will then stay in the comfortable inn—and become the friend of the family. You would be so inoffensive and mad and desirous of being amiable that, even if they thought you rather absurd, they would not be unkind. The *Patronne* would find a corner for you in her capacious heart; she would remember the things you liked to eat. And you would never, never leave Tonnerre. By the time you have reached this decision you have also reached Dijon. Everybody rushes to the *buffet* where the wines are famous. You rush too; but probably you are not French enough to drink *Chambertin* in a hurry. To drink a bad wine in Dijon, however, is more difficult than not! There is a crowd at the *buffet*; you have only just time; you hurry back to the train. But what about stopping here for a day or two before going farther? The crowds of people getting back to their compartments block up the gangway, the *contrôleur* is yelling, "en voiture"; you decide too late, make an ineffective dash at your luggage on the rack, become entangled with corpulent people who want to enter your compartment; give it up. After all, you can spend a couple of days in Dijon on the way home. But on the way home you are already three days late; you have also no money, not even enough to be prodigal at the *buffet*. You lean out of your window and purchase little, sweet, yellow grapes, and pass on sorrowing, the flavour of the little grapes inducing in the mind the contemplation of all you have missed. And now, you want so frightfully to go to Dijon!

The places one has had to pass by on the other side—alas! the world, while man's imagination exists to colour it, will never show us anything like them!

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

John Napier's "Logarithmorum Canonis Mirifici Descriptio" was published in 1614; and it is proposed to celebrate the tercentenary of this great event in the history of mathematics by a Congress, to be held in Edinburgh on Friday, July 24, 1914, and following days. The celebration is being held under the auspices of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on whose invitation a general committee has been formed representing the Royal Society of London, the Royal Astronomical Society, the Town Council of Edinburgh, the Faculty of Actuaries, the Royal Philosophical Society of Glasgow, the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, the University College of Dundee, and many other bodies and institutions of educational importance. All who are interested are invited to communicate with the general secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 22, George Street, Edinburgh, and to announce their intention of being present.

REVIEWS

Verse—Humour and Satire

Sa Muse s'Amuse. By WILFRID BLAIR. (Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

Magenta Minutes. By SANDYS WASON. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)

Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland. By SUSAN A. MITCHELL. (Maunsell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Book-keeping in Verse. By W. H. ARCH. (Effingham Wilson. 1s. net.)

Rubáiyát of a Minor Statesman. By G. W. SPARROW. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 1s.)

Dislikes: Some Modern Satires. By CHARLES MASEFIELD. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

SEVERAL large and impressive volumes have been written by inquisitive and persevering psychologists in order to explain why we laugh, but most of us are more grateful to the man who shows us how to laugh. Whether he achieves this in prose or verse, by the art of the stage or in solitude, he leaves us warm-hearted and more in tune. If he is an unconscious humorist there will be a little disappointment in our laughter; but if he deliberately sets out to amuse us and succeeds, it will be unalloyed.

Mr. Blair's book, thus tested, is admirable. We shall regard it as twin-brother to "Dum-Dum's" little collection, "A Fool's Paradise"—and that, Mr. Blair will know, is extremely complimentary. He has the true *Punch* vein—a step above the level, shall we say, of the *Westminster* problem page?—the knack of the clever, unexpected rhyme which is part of the fun; and his blank verse on the theme of cricket is thoroughly entertaining. The story of "Bacchus and the Rabbits"—of an eleven that took the field after a tremendous lunch—is the best:

Mighty deeds were done,
And men told wondrous tales of glaring suns
That danced within their vision as they sought
To catch the ball (and yet they caught it oft),
While in the deep field's dim and distant bounds
They toiled amid strange foothills or were plunged
'Mid desperate clogging sands, and evermore
Pursued wild balls (imaginary most),
And collared them, and hurled towards the place
Where far-off multitudinous wickets stood.

The section entitled "Potted Parnassus" is good; it might give a hint upon how to spend a reprehensible but side-splitting evening when we find the following lines "made up" from Tennyson:

'Tis better to have loved and lost
A bitter barmaid waning fast,
Whose eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Than never to have loved at all
A daughter of the gods divinely tall
With a stony British stare.

Such things, we feel, ought not to be printed. "A Tennis Romance" and the epigrammatic stanzas on politics are capital, and there are many other good things, all raising the imp of laughter.

The sub-title of "Magenta Minutes" is "Nonsense Verses," and that best describes the book. But, alas! there is no magic in them—none of the fascination of the classic absurdities which prick us into irresistible chuckles by elevating the art of nonsense to genius. The best things in the book are not suited by the title; one is the story of "Binns" and a perambulator with "a brace of placid twins," the other is "Matthew Mark Boz"; both these are humorous verse and really funny. The interspersed "limericks" do not justify their composition.

In a defiant and fairly witty preface Miss Mitchell reviews her own book, which, we understand, is a new edition with added poems. "Certain Persons in Ireland" ought to be very interested in these pungent, satirical pages, but many persons in England will set them aside. The general appeal is hardly possible, as a few of the titles will serve to explain: "George Moore comes to Ireland"; "The Irish Council Bill, 1907"; "George Moore becomes the Priest of Aphrodite"; "Nursery Rhymes for Co-operative Babes"; and so on. The rhymes, however, are good, and occasionally the author hits the mark in quite a deadly fashion.

"Book-keeping in Verse" is rather a formidable little brochure. There are 150 stanzas in this style:

Again on line 2 you will trace
Liabilities all in their place;
There too you'll exhibit
Your gains without limit,
And then you'll fill in the next space.

We realise, of course, that this is a serious contribution to commercial education rather than humorous verse, but the result of reading it has been to ourselves fearful mental bewilderment. To the mathematical mind it may present fewer difficulties; but we would rather "keep" twenty books than have to commit this one to memory. There is not much more complimentary to say about Mr. Sparrow's parody of Omar. It is amusing for a moment; but it is very easy to write, and only genius could now be permitted to add another imitation, political or sentimental, to the tempting Oriental's numerous flock. Here is one quatrain which must serve as an example:

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Th' election-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and your salary's on the wing.

Mr. Charles Masefield is on the wrong track in some of his "Dislikes"; he is too uncontrolled in his bitterness. Take the lengthy "Song for English Gentlemen," for one instance, with ten verses on this model:

We don't care much for moral worth,
Nor yet for powers of mind;
Respectability's all we ask—
If the purse be snugly lined;
Our standard's cash,
And who cuts a dash
He must be a gentleman.

In public all our virtues shine
As bright as the morning star,
But a woman compelled to go out by night
She finds what we really are;
Ah, well, one can't
Be a maiden aunt,
Though a chivalrous gentleman.

No reader needs to be told that this is libellous and wrong-headed. At the same time, the little book contains some very smart things. When the author restrains himself, or allows his keen sense of humour full play, he does excellent work; the ode to "The most widely read Poet of the day" (Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox), interspersed cleverly with quotations, is really a piece of sharp and salutary criticism. And here is a neat comment on the restricted outlook:

I asked you "What do you think of Smith?
Has he a brain and has he a heart?
Is he a fellow of marrow and pith,
And what are his notions of Nature and Art?"

You stroked your hair, and you sleeked your clothes,
And you shuddered again as you made reply:
"I took no heed of such things as those;
He came to dine in a made-up tie."

Other first-class items are a remonstrance in blank verse on the receipt of a letter of condolence couched in conventional religious tones, and "A Musical Comedy Alphabet"; both of these are brilliant. We congratulate Mr. Charles Masefield on this volume; he should write more on the same lines, reserving his bitterest derision for offences that deserve it.

Shakespeariana

Shakespeare: The Man and His Work. By MORTON LUCE. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE once met a man who had never written a book about Shakespeare. The reasons he gave for this omission were utterly unconvincing, but the pathos of his situation, which he himself felt as acutely as anybody, commanded our respect, so we shall draw a veil over the incident.

Mr. Morton Luce has given us some excellent essays on Shakespeare. There is a good deal that is new and a good deal that is old in his theories. He echoes the cry, "Back to the text," with heartiest conviction, and manages to act upon it efficiently himself. We use the word "echoes" advisedly; nobody nowadays sets out to write commentaries on Shakespeare without pre-

missing, explicitly or implicitly, that the "text's the thing." Personally, we do not see the possibility of any other starting-point. Who would listen to theories notoriously built on other theories?

One of the essays is devoted, more or less exclusively, to the famous "Dark Lady." We have always found this personage singularly elusive, and it neither increases nor decreases our sum of happiness to learn from Mr. Luce that she was (as like as not) a wrinkled and unsightly old hag.

We are considerably more interested in the question of Shakespeare's morals and religion. Why it should be so we are uncertain. Mr. Luce appears to agree, as we certainly do, with Browning's dictum about Shakespeare unlocking his heart. But Mr. Luce shows such utterly sound sense on the subject of Shakespeare's philosophy of life that we recommend some of his essays even to those who have forsworn Shakespearean criticism for ever. Shakespeare said one thing one moment and the other the other. "Which did he mean?" asks Mr. Luce, latest adherent to the *queue* of questioners. "That which he says oftenest—that which the highest judgment of humanity has most repeatedly sanctioned"—is substantially his answer. "Nobody can be a Christian all the time," says a character in Mr. Shaw's last presentable play; but Shakespeare is a Christian the greater part of the time—that is, he is essentially a Christian; he *mostly* believes in morals and he *mostly* believes in free-will—therefore he essentially believes in them both. "When our friend," says Mr. Luce, "whom we know to be right-minded and stout-hearted, says, 'I feel as though I should like to put an end to myself,' we do not take him seriously; we are sure that an hour or two later we shall be hearing his 'Thank God for a good dinner,' which comes from his prevailing habit of mind." We would suggest that both elements are necessary; the man who could only make the second ejaculation would be only a degree less objectionable than the man who could only make the first. But Mr. Luce will probably agree.

Our latest Shakespearean critic gets plenty of fun out of his predecessors—their "hybrid ethics" and their glaring self-contradictions. We do not know how they could help themselves; the best minds, like the best races, are a mixture of many elements, and it is impossible to define Shakespeare. But we not only laugh, but agree, when Mr. Luce, at the close of a page or two of impaled inconsistencies, concludes: "The impression we seem to receive from these contradictions is that Bacchus was a teetotaller."

On the vexed question of the intrusion of morality into art Mr. Luce is by turns suggestive and bewildering. If we were to attempt to comment on his comments on former commentators who have tackled the subject we should merely be the latter. We will content ourselves with expressing our gratitude for the observation that, if certain premises were carried to their logical conclusion, Lady Macbeth would have to yield the palm of heroic greatness to "a pious and loving washer-woman."

North African History

Histoire Ancienne de l'Afrique du Nord. Tome I. By STÉPHANE GSELL. (Hachette and Co. 10 fr.)

IT is not given to everyone to be at the same time agnostic and entertaining. The latter is perhaps a poor word to apply to the first of six volumes destined to form a serious and definitive history of North Africa, but we must leave it for want of a better. If we have no views at all as to the true function and definition of history, we have, at least, very decided opinions as to the kind of history we want to read. M. Gsell makes us read him—that is to say, he is entertaining; and he is agnostic, as agnostic as can be, for he is not in the least afraid of saying, "I don't know"; in fact, he appears to be very considerably afraid of saying, "I do know," even when the train of induction seems to be impeccably laid. M. Gsell's "Nescio" is a triumphant refrain, recurring, on an average, once in every five pages of his learned five hundred. It takes all shapes, "from Máh to Máhi," but its essence is unchanging. "Nous pouvons le supposer, mais, à vrai dire, nous n'en savons rien"—is a typical conclusion; "c'est déjà beaucoup de pouvoir constater ces liens" between the North African and other populations—we must not attempt to build any sort of theory on these connections.

The present volume is divided into three books, of interest varying with the interests of the reader. The first deals with the physical geography of North Africa. It consists of five chapters, of which the first two, discussing respectively the national divisions of the country and its relations to Mediterranean civilisation and history, give rise to some interesting general considerations. M. Gsell, by an illuminating comparison with France, shows how North Africa suffers from its lack of cohesion and consistency. Its violent transitions make of it a country impossible to understand as a whole. In the history of civilisation, North Africa—Egypt being, of course, excluded from the discussion—is nothing but the parasite of the rest of the Mediterranean. Two of the remaining chapters deal with agricultural conditions and with the flora and fauna of the region. The latter chapter is full of interest, though some of it has overflowed into a neighbouring chapter on the climate of North Africa. It is curious to note that the buffalo was probably indigenous, likewise the elephant, whose disappearance is due to war, gladiatorial shows and the ivory trade, while the camel is a late-introduced exotic. We should like to dwell on that fabulous beast, the catoblepon, whose gaze was deadly, though, luckily, he kept it for the most part directed to the ground; that his breath was almost equally fell a slight knowledge of the camel tempts us to believe; the mention of this latter detail gives a certain probability to the existence of the animal.

The chapter on the climate of North Africa is an admirable example of M. Gsell's methods. The records

of animal and vegetable life are minutely examined from every point of view, as well as historians of repute and disrepute. At one moment we seem to have caught the eminent author drawing a final conclusion—that the climate *has* changed; that, at any rate, from two to three thousand years ago, there was more moisture—with its consequences. But we read on for a dozen pages, and this is what we find: “Tels sont les arguments invoqués en faveur de l’hypothèse d’un changement de climat. On voit qu’ils méritent l’examen, mais qu’ils n’entraînent pas la conviction. En tout cas, ils ne prouvent pas que ce changement ait été profond.”

The second book deals with the primitive ethnology of the country, and carries us through the palæolithic, neolithic, and other obscure periods of humanity. It abounds in rejected conclusions. A most interesting question, propounded and examined, but not solved, arises out of the sporadic but pretty general existence of “blonds” among the semi-indigenous races of North Africa. In the matter of the Arab horse, M. Gsell hints at a disagreement with Professor Ridgeway, but it is only in a note, and he does not join issue.

The third book reaches historical ground. It deals with the Phœnician Empire and the foundation and rise of Carthage. M. Gsell distinguishes two clearly-defined periods of trade and colonisation—the Phœnician and the Carthaginian. The Phœnician seems to have been the dumper of the ancient world, and the story of his economic struggle with the Greek,

The young light-hearted master of the waves, has a curiously modern ring. M. Gsell thinks that much confusion has been due to a failure to understand that “Sidonian” was a generic term for the inhabitants of the Phœnician cities of the Levant. With pleasant perverseness, after all his sacrifices to the inexorable gods of historical criticism, he is disposed to leave us Dido as a living and historical figure. The famous voyage of Hanno is examined stage by stage, and the explorer is allowed, with almost startling generosity, to reach the neighbourhood of the Equator.

M. Gsell does not know who were the first inhabitants of North Africa—he does not know where they came from—he does not know what climatic conditions they lived under—he knows nothing about their language and little about their customs—he is vague about the Carthaginians—but behind this scaffolding of universal ignorance he has reared a palace of sound and desirable knowledge, and it is henceforth possible for us all to know a great deal, or, at any rate, all there is to know, about the mysterious origins of a mysterious country.

Among the early February books to be published by Mr. Murray is “Ten Minute Stories,” a collection of the best tales and sketches which Mr. Algernon Blackwood has written recently. Creepiness and quaintness, comedy and tragedy, are among the notes of this varied book.

A Fellowship in Poetry

Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country. By PROFESSOR W. KNIGHT. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)

LITERARY geography is one of the most fascinating of studies, especially when it can be carried out in practical fashion by means of pilgrimages to the places studied. To read a poem in the midst of the surroundings which inspired its writing must add something to one's understanding, even if it does not help one to recapture “that first fine careless rapture.” The true literary pilgrim will need to be a poet himself, though but a mute, inglorious one, if he is to extract full profit from his pleasant travels. When one so well equipped as Professor Knight sets out on such a journey we expect the results to be more than usually profitable. Nor are we disappointed; for this book, though somewhat of a compilation, has both relevance and completeness. Readers of this journal will be interested to learn that one chapter originally appeared as an article in *THE ACADEMY*.

We have so long and so loosely used the term “the Lake poets” in speaking of Coleridge and Wordsworth that it is well for us to be made to realise that much of the earlier and most formative work of both was actually done in North Somerset. And but for the ludicrous and Gilbertian suspicions of their neighbours, who attributed to them the wildest revolutionary intentions, very much more might have been inspired by that district. Those who have not visited it will be enabled to realise something of its quaint beauty from the excellent illustrations of Mr. E. H. New, which are in his best well-known, daintily-clear manner.

All the available information concerning the period of the two poets' association, from 1795 to 1798, has been gathered into this volume, which will form a necessary addition to literary history. Here is recorded the beginning of that wonderful friendship between William and Dorothy Wordsworth, which has, says Professor Knight, “no parallel in the recorded literary history of the world. Where else is there the record of a tie so intense, so disinterested, so mutually helpful—unbroken by a single domestic incident or accident—so full of restful solace and inspiring stimulus, with an indebtedness the one to the other, that was scarcely a conscious possession, but a permanently abiding treasure? Their contemporaries—Charles and Mary Lamb, with Henrietta and Ernest Renan—are the only ones that approach them; but they follow at a very easily measurable distance.” The portion of Dorothy Wordsworth's journals reproduced in the volume helps us to understand how she was able to add her knowledge and observation of Nature to her brother's, so that both became available for his poetic work. The great events of her world were the budding of the first snowdrops, or some new aspect of the “horned moon.” Practically the whole of the journal at this time consists of a loving observation of Nature; and, strange to say, there is only one direct allusion to books.

One is glad that the memory of so worthy a man as Thomas Poole is not allowed to fade altogether. It was through his munificence and kindly offices that both poets were able to enjoy their association, while his library proved a most valuable aid to them. The whole story of the cottage at Nether Stowey is told here, including its purchase for the nation. Here, too, is an account of the genesis of "The Ancient Mariner," which, though recorded elsewhere, is conveniently added for the sake of completeness. Reminiscences by Hazlitt and others of these years are also given; and there are lists of the poems written in Somersetshire by both poets. A word of praise must be added for the style of the volume.

New Lamps for Old

Problems of Empire, The Faith of a Federalist. By
VISCOUNT HYTHE, D.C.L. (Longmans, Green
and Co. 5s. net.)

THE word "Federation" bids fair to become as blessed as the word "Mesopotamia." In these pages Lord Hythe has brought together speeches and essays, dating mostly from over ten years ago, bearing on the subject of Federation of the British Empire. It is evident that the point of view must have changed in some particulars since the earliest of these deliveries in 1892. Constitution-making is the easiest thing in the world—on paper, as the Abbé Sieyès showed at the time of the French Revolution. It is only when theories are reduced to practice that difficulties arise, and, the more complex the life of the community, the greater the difficulties when organic changes are made. The topics dealt with by Lord Hythe have become familiar to all newspaper readers since the problem of Irish Home Rule became acute, but it is right that they should be restated and insisted on, for it is only by constant iteration that the great mass of the public can be brought to think for itself, instead of taking its opinions ready made.

According to Lord Hythe, Federation of the Empire must be preceded by the creation of a federal system for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, though he fails to adduce any cogent reason for this view. Nor is it possible to agree with him that the two processes are identical. Federation of the Empire is a centripetal movement making for closer union and greater strength. A Federal system for the United Kingdom is centrifugal in its action, and makes for weakness

and disunion. It was the union between England and Scotland in 1707 that enabled Great Britain to become a world-power, not the bringing together of the two kingdoms under one Crown a hundred years earlier. The first necessity of a Federal system is the financial independence of each unit in so far as its internal affairs are concerned; without financial independence there can be no political equality. But Wales and Ireland can never pay their own ways in internal matters and bear their proportionate share in the expense of Imperial affairs. Any arrangement that contemplates the permanent financing of Ireland and Wales by England and Scotland, together with the grant of an equal voice in the affairs of the United Kingdom, is doomed to failure.

It is true enough to say, as Lord Grey does, that our Parliamentary system has broken down; but no system, however perfect, will be a success without goodwill on the part of those who have to work it. How long would cricket continue to be a popular game if players claimed the right to alter the rules whenever they found the game going against them? The most urgent necessity at the present moment is to restore the Constitution with proper checks and balances; to put a stop to the corruption that has made so deep an inroad into public life of late years; to curb the extravagances of the party system which threaten to endanger our national existence; and for a resumption by the House of Commons of its proper functions as an assembly for the control of expenditure and for legislation. Lord Grey and Lord Hythe both rightly insist that no sound scheme for the Federalism of the United Kingdom can be evolved except by co-operation of all parties, a fact that the people of Great Britain and Ireland are likely to have brought home to them before long. The success of the framers of the United States constitution was entirely due to the fact that they were a gathering of men where "none were for a party and all were for the State," and to their recognition of the necessity of a system of checks and balances in a democratic as well as in a monarchical government.

"Don't go to Australia" is the advice given to his fellow public school-men by Mr. C. E. Jacomb, in a volume called "God's Own Country," which is about to appear through Mr. Max Goschen. Mr. Jacomb was educated at Harrow, and has been engaged in fruit-growing at Mildura, Victoria, for the past six years. He writes, therefore, with exceptional knowledge of his subject.

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The Haunted Palace

The Greatest House at Chelsea. By RANDALL DAVIES.
Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE story of the house in which Sir Thomas More lived so happily and wisely with his many relations is a little like Edgar Allan Poe's poem—made material.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Thus, allowing a little for hyperbole, the house seemed in the brave days when all its sixteenth century inhabitants were one sane, disciplined, and happy community. Its end was blank and tragic. Round about Sir Thomas' home

. . . . the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

The human interest that clings to the ruins or site of a vast building, once the home of generations of clever, important, lively, vicious, and seductive personages is a legitimate subject for the making of a book. But for this purpose a sympathetic and active imagination is as necessary as cautious historical research and abundant labour. In "our old house at Chelsea," as Mr. Randall Davies patronisingly calls the famous building which Sir Thomas More caused to be set up in the days of his greatness about 1520, and which that remarkable personage, Sir Hans Sloane, had demolished in 1740, lived many gay and important personages. Their histories are sketched, in little, by the author, who has, doubtless, worked hard with the intention of giving us of his garnered knowledge, and yet his result is not very engrossing.

The subject is hardly at fault, but it is possible that in dealing with some fourteen personages who have owned or lived in the house Mr. Davies has attempted to force too wide an area of interest into the limits of less than two hundred and fifty pages. His research is highly praiseworthy, but his subject has obliged him to pass so rapidly from one set of circumstances to another that we lose something of that sense of homogeneity which is essential to a work of art. This is not a serious drawback to the pleasure of reading "The Greatest House at Chelsea." But the desire of the author to quote at length the many unpublished letters which have been placed at his command occasionally suggests that the book is still in the stage of elaborate notes rather than the accomplished result of one who, fully informed on his subject, has set out to make it doubly interesting to his readers by passing his knowledge through the processes of his own mind. In reading his work we cannot but feel that Mr. Randall Davies might

return again and again to the crowd of characters and points of history which he has so carefully studied, and give us many lighter and more engaging works upon an historic place and a long period with which he is evidently familiar. His volume is unusually well illustrated, particularly with reproductions of the well-known Holbein portraits of the More family. But the many owners who followed the famous founders of the "Greatest House" are well represented, and the plans and drawings of the building itself are of great interest. When one considers the large number of families who lived in this long since vanished mansion it will be realised that Mr. Davies has undertaken a very heavy work in writing its history, but that he is fully equal to the more material side of his adventure is proved again and again in many of his fascinating chapters.

A Religion and an Empire

Histoire des Arabes. By CL. HUART. Tome II.
With a Map. (Paul Geuthner, Paris.)

WE had occasion some time back to notice the first volume of Professor Huart's "Histoire des Arabes." The second volume, which completes the work, is considerably bigger than its predecessor. The whole forms a solid and valuable, if rather difficult, contribution to history. The difficulty is, no doubt, inherent in the subject, but it cannot be said that M. Huart has made our path smooth and easy. He is (again "no doubt") right in preferring as accurate as possible a transcription of Arab names to current European usage, but the result is depressing for the unlearned in Orientalism. Saladin, for instance, might easily be missed altogether by the rapid reader, so effective a disguise is his true clothing. It may be added that there is very little about Saladin at all, and less about Averroes, to mention only two of the great men we had expected to meet in these pages. The regiment of the obscure, or, we might almost say, of the irrelevant, so few of them have exercised any influence on the course of history, is, by compensation, immense. The style is difficult and the co-ordination of the different parts of the narrative defective.

The magnitude of M. Huart's task may best be realised by supposing a history of Christianity, or of Christianity mildly circumscribed in some particular way, say a history of European and Asiatic Christianity, written on the same lines. It would be a history of the world, with certain parts of the world left out; the omission would not decrease the labour, and it would add enormously to the danger of obscurity. Then, if we suppose, on the top of that, that every ruler in the Christian countries discussed is to have his share of mention, we have a glimpse of the terrors M. Huart has had to wrestle with.

The history of the Arabs is crowded with incident, but, except for some brilliant patches, it is not interesting. It has a sameness that European history can never

emulate. Set aside the great moments of the Abbaside dynasty at Bagdad, or of the Abd-er-Rahmans at Cordova, and there is very little left but a succession of dynasties, and a succession of rulers within dynasties. From most of the Moslem world the idea of progress has been too rigidly excluded to allow much room for what we call history. The history of the Arabs has only a relative interest; when it comes into contact with European history it is interesting, sometimes passionately interesting. Islam, by its negation of the European ideal, has defined that ideal. Without Islam, quite apart from the influence of the Crusades and Arab services to the cause of learning, there might be no Europe.

Dwelling together in unity has never been a European virtue; nor has it been a Moslem virtue. The history of the Arab political system and of the Mohammedan religion is a record of differentiation. Moslem Revivalists and Moslem Protestantism are endemic. Struck by this consideration, a Mohammedan theologian has taught a doctrine that may be parodied into "With Whom (Allah) is perpetual variableness."

M. Huart's work is not to be recommended to the casual reader, but it will be a valuable recruit to the library. The whole subject is contained in it, and the index is very thorough. The single map appended is rather inadequate, and might have been supplemented.

Journalistic Science

Harmsworth Popular Science. Edited by ARTHUR MEE. 7 vols. (Educational Book Co. £3 2s. 6d.)

THIS work deals with the twelve sufficiently important subjects of "the Universe," "the Earth," "Life," "Plant Life," "Animal Life," "Man," "Health," "Power," "Industry," "Commerce," "Society," and "Eugenics." It does so, however, not by exhausting one subject before going on to the next in the ordinary way, but, so to speak, serially, every one of the first six volumes being divided into twelve compartments, each dealing with its particular subject. The effect of this is that if the reader wishes to know what the authors have to say about Life—which seems in their opinion to be something differentiated from Plant Life or Animal Life—he must run through the whole six volumes before he is seized of their lucubrations upon it. The reason for this stratification, which extends even to the Index, is not difficult to guess, but it cannot be said that it makes the task of the reader, or *a fortiori*, of the reviewer, an easy one.

We have said authors, because it is not immediately apparent by whom the articles are written. The title page contains a list of eleven names besides that of the editor, who are there described as "on the Contributing and Consulting Staff of Popular Science," and are, we gather, assisted by others. With the possible exception of a Radical Member of Parliament, who is supposed by his friends to be an authority on finance,

and a professor in a veterinary college, these gentlemen are all more distinguished in the world of journalism than in that of science, and can hardly expect their remarks to be received as coming *ex cathedra*. Moreover, they have not hampered themselves, as writers in encyclopædias and other forms of "potted" knowledge generally do, by constant references to authorities or by bibliographies which may help the student to pursue further the sciences to which it is supposed they wish to introduce him; and, it may be said without want of charity, that they seem more attracted by the picturesque side of their subjects than by any profound investigation of them. The result of this is pretty much what may be expected. Stridency rather than accuracy or patient explanation seems to be the result aimed at, and what some would call fine writing and others gush abounds. One writer—or perhaps it is a syndicate—of the contributing staff succeeds repeatedly in accumulating four adjectives on the back of one wretched little noun; and the keynote is perhaps struck when the miraculous intervention of Providence is scouted with the remark, "as if everything were not miraculous!" It reminds us of Charles Kingsley's "old cock grouse" who, when disturbed by a boy running through the heather, rushes out shrieking that the end of the world has come, and when the supposed danger has passed, struts back to his wife and children announcing that the end of the world will certainly come to-morrow.

The general effect of this point of view is rather unequal. The anatomy and the physiology in the book are for the most part extremely well done, and in many places amount to a clear and careful explanation of facts. Nor does there seem much fault to be found with the astronomy and the geology, in which the vastness of the subjects excuses a few purple passages. On the other hand, there are many other matters quite as important as these which are either treated from one side only or slurred over altogether. Thus all notice of the neurones or brain-cells with which we are supposed to think is omitted, and while the theory of spontaneous generation, which now possesses but one distinguished supporter, is treated at some length, we hear very little about the latest investigations into the cause and cure of cancer. Gravitation, again—surely one of the most important problems before us in view of the development of flying-machines—is dismissed, so far as we can see, with the remark that it "is suspected by the leaders of modern physics to be electrical in origin and nature"; and nothing whatever is said about the equally great problem of the differences between positive and negative electricity, the solution of which might really, and not only in the cock-grouse sense of the phrase, transform the face of the world.

This brings us to the question of the accuracy of the statements made—or to speak by the card—shouted at us in the work. The curse of all encyclopædic writing or attempts to compress knowledge into a nutshell is that, despite all the efforts of the lightning press, most scientific hypotheses are old-fashioned if not abandoned before they have filtered through to the popu-

larisers. Thus some time is wasted here over a description of the ether of space, in doubtless unconscious ignorance that the physicists likely to be best informed are beginning to think that it not only does not exist, but that there is no necessity for its postulation. So, too, we hear much about the unused natural forces at the disposal of mankind in the shape of waterfalls, without any notice that the direct use and storage of solar heat may, in the opinion of many, do away before long with the necessity of resorting to them. These are two instances where the information of the writers appears to be in their own phrase hardly up to date. There are others where it is better described as inaccurate. The statement that consumption "kills one in eight of all mankind" is grossly exaggerated, especially in view of the diminution of the virulence in the type of the disease now beginning to be noticed. Electricity, again, is certainly not, as is said here, "a form of energy," although it may be a form of matter. The electrical articles in the work, indeed, seem to us to be more carelessly done than some of the others, and in one place resolve themselves into an interview with the director of a sufficiently advertised laboratory. Why the author of them, for instance, should always speak of a Crookes tube or tube having a high vacuum as a "cathode tube," we have no idea. On Eugenics, again, there are many words, but no facts. This is, perhaps, not the writers' fault, since the time that has elapsed since the birth of this so-called science has not been long enough for their collection. We shrewdly suspect that, but for Sir Francis Galton's legacy catching the eye of the popular Press, it would hardly have been included in the volumes before us.

These strictures do not mean that the work is useless. We have kept to the last our appreciation of its main excellence, which no sins against taste or scholarship can much diminish. This is the number and scope of the illustrations which abound on every page, and which appeal directly to that great and rapidly increasing class which are desirous of acquiring knowledge rather by gazing at pictures than by reading books. We have, first of all, diagrams showing such matters as the growth of cells in animals and plants, the wrinkling of the earth's crust, and strange forms of life, which can be understood at a glance either with or without explanation. Then there are larger pictures of industries like those of oilfields and mines which save pages of description, and really bring their respective scenes vividly before us. Lastly, we get plates, sometimes in colours, reproducing such incidents as the discovery of the stethoscope by Laennec; others, including the well-known works of Abbey, more strictly historical, and yet others, allegories of the Protection of Life by Science and so on, by pens and brushes as yet unknown to fame. These, like the articles, are of very unequal value, many being of intrinsic worth, while others appear to be merely clap-trap. Yet all are well adapted to their purpose of catching the attention of those with no real attraction to their subjects, and who are too busy, too indolent,

or too unaccustomed to study to find out the story they tell from more recondite sources. This work, indeed, bears the same relation to a serious book of science that a "cinema palace" does to a theatre where either the works of great tragedians or problem-plays are performed. Anyone who reads it, and who is thereby attracted to any branch of study of which he or she had before no conception, will, it is to be hoped, be led thereby to turn first to some of the encyclopædias which give more detailed information, and from those to the original works of which some sort of catalogue is attempted in the bibliography to be found at the end of the work. The volumes before us are, in short, a shoeing-horn to knowledge, rather than knowledge itself; and if, as we imagine, this was the conscious aim of their projectors, their purpose is admirably carried out.

F. L.

Mr. Heinemann will publish this week a translation by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos of Louis Couperus' brilliant novel, "Small Souls," describing aristocratic life at The Hague. The book appears at an opportune time, as a committee has lately been formed in Holland to arrange for the official celebration of the distinguished novelist's fiftieth birthday. "Small Souls" will be issued simultaneously in New York by Messrs. Dodd, Mead.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins will open his Spring Publishing Season with "Seaborne of the Bonnet Shop," a novel by R. K. Weekes. On February 12 he will publish "The Heart of the Moor," by Beatrice Chase, to which he has prefixed an introductory note telling how a publisher and four trusty "readers" were deceived as to the truth by a woman living in Devon.

An important Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, and Colour Books by William Blake is opened at the galleries of the Whitworth Institute, Manchester, on Friday this week, at 8 p.m., by A. G. B. Russell, Esq., of London. This is the first occasion of showing a representative collection of the works of the poet-painter in the North of England.

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Shorter Reviews

Amazing New York. By MARY M. BROWN. (Andrew Melrose. 1s. net.)

THE impressions of a stay in New York are very pleasantly set down in this little volume by a lady who was observant, fairly critical, and eager to see all that she could in the time at her disposal. The most interesting and most valuable chapters are those devoted to "The New York Woman" and the home-life, with a description of the working of the "Children's Court," where juvenile offenders against the law are treated kindly and judiciously. It is surprising to read of the crimes committed by small boys—one little chap was accused of forging his father's name; another of "holding up" a little girl in the street and robbing her; another of stealing a watch; a fourth of "being found on private premises with burglarious intent." Mrs. Brown is full of admiration for the humanity and good sense displayed by those who have to deal with these difficult matters. Her book may not carry much weight, in the face of so many authoritative writings by those who have had more opportunities and wider experience, but it is well worth reading, in spite of the fact that it originally appeared in the form of articles for the daily Press.

The New Punto Tagliato Embroidery Supplement. Illustrated. By L. and R. TEBBS. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who are in possession of the previous book dealing with this fascinating and beautiful embroidery will be certain to purchase the present volume. It is, of course, assumed that the details of the many systems have been mastered from perusal of "The New Punto Tagliato Embroidery"; therefore no space is wasted with unnecessary elementary descriptions in the Supplement, the whole of the pages being taken up with new patterns and designs, all of which are profusely illustrated. One great beauty of the work is that a person is not confined to one kind of material upon which she has to work, or limited with regard to the silk or cotton she must use. Cambric, linen, silk, cloth, velvet, or sacking can all be utilised, while, mingled with the many shades of floss, the gold and silver threads give the articles the lovely Oriental colouring. Some of the most beautiful specimens are the "Virginia Creeper Portière" and a "Cover for Sideboard or Oak Chest." In these two examples the stitches are worked with silk the same colour as the background, with very effective results. There are also many illustrations of stitches for insertions, circles, and other spaces, appliqué trimmings and various fillings. The book does its compilers, Misses Louisa and Rosa Tebbs, great credit, and should result in extensive sales.

Régner: Poèmes. By LEON DEUBEL. With a preface by Louis Pergaud and a portrait of the author. (*Mercur de France.* 3 fr. 50.)

WE are diffident of expressing a valuable opinion on the work of Léon Deubel. The frontier-line between genius and pretension has never been very clearly defined, and foreign arbitration is in this sphere singularly valueless. Moreover the poets who die young rather complicate matters by the "argumentum ad hominem." We have always felt, in this connection, that Chatterton is rather a symbol than a reality; is there any Chatterton that is worth reading? Léon Deubel died last year by his own hand, at an early age. Some of his poems arrest attention at once. They are not revolutionary; their form is almost classical. They are full, of course, of lust and death and the sad lot of the poet. Deubel has himself indicated in his letters to M. Pergaud the two poems that most expect admiration—"Le Tombeau du Poète" and "Souvenir"—both sonnets. The former ends on what seems—we speak as a fool—an undoubtedly fine line.

Il reprit le chemin blasphémé du soleil !

As to the other sonnet, it is Ronsard revised, but "on verra qu'il faut être aussi véritablement poète que je le suis pour avoir trouvé des variations absolument différentes." Is this pride justified? It is another form of the original question.

We are ashamed to say it, but we are always a little shy of the enthusiasms of the *Mercur de France*. Mercury is what they put on the backs of mirrors, and the *Mercur* and its contributors live in an atmosphere of self and mutual admiration. Well, perhaps the world suffers most from the opposite fault.

The New Schoolmaster. By "Fourth Form." (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

ALTHOUGH "Fourth Form" states that the really important matter in education is in "the power of thought and understanding, and mental equipment acquired for after-life," it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that his outlook is "Fourth Form" still. The schoolmaster appears on every page. This is natural enough, and we should not quarrel with the position if we could determine anything definite of value in his suggestions for reform. He says that a better organisation is needed—that is, "a common authority with a mind of its own and the means of carrying it into effect." This is not supplied by the Head Masters' Conference, which merely expresses pious opinions and suffers from dead inertia. Inspection is therefore put forward as a general panacea, but we hope it will be a long day before the great public schools lose their individuality in co-ordinate organisation ruled by Government inspection. "Fourth Form" would like to see the Head Masters' Conference so reformed that all "resolutions should be

mutually binding," while the Board of Education might have "a power of veto on their decisions." A like reform should be effected for the private preparatory schools, supplemented, too, by regular and universal inspection. Then the outlook of public schoolmasters should be enlarged, and, particularly, definite professional training should be established, instead of the present system of taking untrained men because they have a high Honour degree. But it is quite possible for the trained professional teacher to have a narrow outlook, and to work in a narrow groove of professionalism. Of this there is already plenty of evidence. At the same time, the idea of student-teachers is good, but very difficult to carry out in practice. We have not much faith in the psychological teacher, so largely exploited in modern works on education. There is too great a tendency nowadays for analytical self-consciousness to take the place of sound common sense. Of this over-consciousness, not unmingled with some sentimentality, there is not a little in this book. When all is said and done, there is but a small residuum of effective practical reform suggested, though the author's *animus* against compulsory Greek and Latin is evident enough. Nor can we consider proven the charge against the Public Schools of "constant and systematic failure" in their preparation of boys for the business of life. "The New Schoolmaster's" ideas of education apparently do not include religion.

Stories of India, Moral, Mystical, Spiritual and Romantic. By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

THESE thirty-one short stories are specimens of the literature in which Hindoos delight. The authoress obtained them from one of the most authoritative teachers of Hindoo wisdom, a gooroo. In many of them there is the vein of religion which dominates the thoughts of Oriental peoples. They are not exactly what we regard as fairy-tales, but they constantly turn on exhibitions of supernatural agency. Chiefly, they tell of Maharajas and Rajas, their doings, lapses, and repentances; of the doctrine of Karma, of Yogis, hermits and ascetics, refugees to the Himalayas; of birds and animals, and simple incidents of Eastern domestic life; of Princesses and other women.

A tribute is paid to feminine beauty and virtue, to the influence and fortitude of women, while their failings are not ignored. In some respects the stories would appeal to children, but there are ideas and allusions above young minds, such as to Krishna and Kali, and pagan beliefs of peoples to whom "miracles are as natural as the air they breathe, and wisdom and poetry is the speech of their daily living," to whom "the doings of the gods are incomprehensible and beyond understanding, and the gods are never far from those who love much and whom they love well." Two points will probably strike the reader. First, the radical aversion of the Hindoo reciter to the Mahomedans, as

evidenced in the story of Meera Bai, and in the last of the book; and, second, the racial animosity to "the white Siren," a young Englishwoman who seduced a young Raja from his attachment to his devoted wife, to the ruin of the house. It may be hoped that this was a solitary, if not an imaginary, instance. The regard for Hinduism, on the part of the gooroo, is natural; otherwise, the stories will be appreciated for their novelty and freshness, and for the insight they afford into the Indian mind.

Waves of Sand and Snow, and the Eddies Which Make Them. By VAUGHAN CORNISH. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. net.)

MOST people with any qualities of observation have noticed the regular ranks of "waves" or ripple-marks left in the sand when the tide has ebbed from a wide estuary, or even on a quiet beach. They are fascinating—all Nature's patterns are—and many of us have wondered how they are formed, whether they are permanent, and why they should be so regular. To answer these questions has been Mr. Cornish's principal pursuit for several years; in the endeavour he has travelled half over the world, measuring and watching the movements of sand-waves in Egypt, observing the behaviour of snow-drifts and snow-ripples from end to end of Canada, studying the seismic waves of the great earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1907, and the "gravitation-waves" in volcanic rock on the route of the Panama Canal, making notes on the ways of sand at Bournemouth, and visiting the estuaries of our rivers, always well equipped with keen eyes and a fine camera. The result of all this application is before us in a remarkable book, as interesting as the same author's volume on "Waves of the Sea"—and that is high praise. Some of these phenomena are created by wind-force, others by water; perhaps the most curious pages are those which deal with the variation of height and movement, as the wind rises or falls, in the sand-waves near Cairo.

Mr. Cornish treats of several other matters in this book—the strange "snow-mushrooms" of the Selkirk Mountains, British Columbia, for instance; he is always careful to write lucidly and to avoid technicalities which might bother the reader who has not specialised on the same themes; and his illustrations—88 photographs, 30 diagrams, and two maps—are excellent. The book is a splendid stimulant to the reasoning powers, and whoever reads it will have learned a fresh language—a language which will give him a key to one more of those wonders which hitherto he had passed by either with indifference or with ignorant admiration.

A Memorial Exhibition of the work of the late Sir Alfred East, R.A., P.R.B.A., R.E., will be held early in February at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

Fiction

Temperaments

Jacob Elthorne. By DARRELL FIGGIS. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)

THESE are signs of the times in the prevalence of the lengthy novel of autobiography, wherein the hero, or villain—we are not always sure which he is—takes us confidentially through memories of his childhood, button-holes us for a relation of his youthful escapades, reveals to us his sin-speckled middle age, and from the peak of maturity dismisses us with suspicions that we have not really read every word. Sometimes, indeed, he takes one whole book for childhood and threatens us with several others later on. In the present instance one volume suffices; Jacob Elthorne tells his story, for the most part lucidly and carefully, and the result is that we read more than three hundred pages of this closely printed novel with unqualified pleasure.

The school-days of young Elthorne, the fights, the various masters, the grim, unsympathetic head, form a lively introduction; but it is when the raw lad enters the city office of his extraordinary uncle that his development begins to grip the reader. Ramsay, who was to remain his friend through life, gives him a copy of "Sartor Resartus," and that starts his mind on its persistent quest. His marriage is at first happy. Desirous of better things, yet not discontented, he and his Rhoda live in small rooms, he busy at his writing—for he has felt the call of his ideals and answers it—she helping him in many ways, and typing his ambitious semi-philosophical books. The books bring in little, and presently the discovery is made that Rhoda has the knack of writing "popular" stories. This is the pivot of the action. Between them, under an assumed name, they turn out these remunerative novels, he polishing her work and refusing to touch her money. When she can stand alone, he is at liberty to resume his own quiet, introspective books; but her notions are not his; he detests her "sloppy" fiction; taunts, reprimands, reconciliations, and a final quarrel follow. She leaves him, and he returns to Ireland, the land of his birth, to live alone, happy in the friendship of the lowly folk who love him, contented to forget the past.

So far, so good. To this point we read, fascinated; the whole conception is real and convincing. From this, however, for the concluding hundred pages, we follow Elthorne's doings with disappointment. We shall not detail the remainder of the story; suffice it to say that the hero's experiences seem to have changed him into an irritating, turgid person whose "spiritual development" leads him into a rather unpleasant love affair. It is an abrupt descent from the fine level of the previous part of the book. The author possibly meant it to be so; if his hero thus ran away with him, we have nothing more to say.

There are passages of much beauty in this novel; there are brief, keen sentences packed with thought and insight. Sometimes Elthorne is annoying, as when he tells his wife about his fifth book: "it's I, because it's better than I am, more than I am; the substance of what it wishes to deliver will concern man, in my faith, through all the progress of his eternal destiny." He must have been a difficult person to live with. Ramsay is made to say, as Elthorne appears unexpectedly at his rooms one day, "Unexpected pleasures generally contribute in fruition what they lose through lack of anticipation"—which we refuse to accept, for Ramsay, being a thoroughly nice fellow, would have been far more likely to say, "Hello, old chap—how jolly to see you!" However, these are not very important matters; the main thing is that Mr. Figgis has written a good novel, with more thought than action—as is now the fashion—and has made the greater portion of it a clear, convincing study of a difficult type of idealist.

The Flying Inn. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

IN these latter days the novel—once defined as "a smooth tale, generally of love"—has been put to some strange uses. Many readers gladly accept it as an agreeable substitute for the pulpit. Mr. Chesterton finds it convenient, if not as a pulpit, at least as a rostrum. "The Flying Inn" is the very reverse of a "smooth" tale; and the element of love would appear to have been added as an after-thought. But it is an attack—brilliant, sustained, and relentless—on everything that its author most dislikes. Vegetarianism, teetotalism, Parliamentarianism, the higher criticism, model villages for model workmen, that fantastic fondness for the lower animals which is generally known as "humanitarianism"—all these things, and the things that are like unto them, come in for their due share of castigation. Waving aloft his standard—in this case it is a public-house sign—Mr. Chesterton appears as the prophet of a new crusade. To a wicked and perverse generation, a generation fed upon fads and nourished upon nonsense, he proclaims the new and startling gospel of Common Sense.

The plot of the book—if one may legitimately use the word "plot" in connection with a story whose charm lies largely in its very discursiveness—is characteristic. A member of the governing classes—one Lord Ivywood—has brought home from the East a belief in Mohammedanism. This belief he succeeds in imposing upon the English people with the assistance of Misysra Ammon, a diverting Turkish lecturer. One of the results of the new régime is that the sale of alcoholic liquors is prohibited, except in such public-houses as have a sign-board attached. And the Government have waged a relentless war on sign-boards. There is, in fact, only one left—the sign of the "Old Ship" at the little village of Pebbleswick-on-Sea. Then appears

upon the scene that herculean figure, Captain Patrick Dalroy. In Dalroy, England is fated to meet her new St. George. Accompanied by Humphrey Pump (the landlord of the "Old Ship"), a huge cask of rum, an enormous cheese, and the dog named Quoodle, Dalroy tours England in a motor-car, planting the sign-board of the "Ship" before various houses, and dispensing rum to grateful crowds. The story ends with the final overthrow of Mohammedanism and the return of England to a creed of sanity.

By far the best things in the book are the lyrics with which it is freely interspersed. And perhaps the best of these is the "Song of the English Drunkard." Here is the first stanza:

Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road.

A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire,

And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the squire;
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head.

A song like that simply clamours for music. It has the swing and the spirit of genuine folk-verse. But, indeed, the whole book abounds in good things that will be welcomed by all who have come to recognise in Mr. Chesterton an invigorating force in English literature.

The Making of an Englishman. By W. L. GEORGE.
(Constable and Co. 6s.)

IN the closely printed pages—nearly 400—of this novel there is comparatively no description of scenery, no flights into metaphor. Mr. George has required all the space to depict the Englishman as seen through French spectacles, and he has done it well, although in some cases the native-born Britisher may complain that the author has drawn his conclusions from exceptional rather than typical cases. The story is autobiographical; Lucien Cadorese, a hot-blooded, energetic Frenchman from Bordeaux, comes as foreign correspondent to an English shipping firm in London, and from the day of his entry into the business he has one object in view—to become an Englishman. His—may we call it?—evolution is a long but by no means dreary affair. The way he stumbles against custom, tradition, methods of business, and even love-making forms for the reader a series of amusing disasters. And Lucien, with his perseverance, is so ready to acknowledge his failures, so eager to seek advice and try again that it is not possible to feel anything but sympathy for him. At the same time it must be acknowledged that it is in his description of the Englishmen that the author's best work is to be found. Two examples only of English girls are given with any detail, and one of them, the loud, forward, callous, and horribly ungrammatical daughter of the "genteel" people with whom Lucien

boards is not at all characteristic of her class. Edith, the gentle, refined, and docile child of the prosperous City merchant, is well drawn; but where is the maiden of courage and resource, of energy and spirit, not only capable of giving the peace of Eden, but also of waging the maddest war when necessary?

The Waters of Lethe. By DOROTHEA GERARD.
(Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THIS story of the brothers Viktor and Max is that which Ouida told of the brothers Cecil in "Under Two Flags"; it is a story of a weak younger brother that has been told half a hundred or more times since Ouida's novel, and in a great many cases the telling has been better done than it is here. Since this author has so often shown herself capable of giving us work of more than common interest, we feel entitled to an outspoken grumble at such a book as this from her pen, for it is gloomy to a point; it strains our credulity by going beyond inevitability, and it is marked by fictional tricks which destroy its reality. The strong elder brother who suffers in silence, even unto imprisonment, is a far too familiar type; his kind went out with Merriman, who knew how to portray him without making him a puppet. The weak younger brother, again, is not effective; we feel that he has been made to order and turned out before completion, for he fails to convince by reason of his slightness—as a character he needed far more lining-in to make him distinct and real.

There is relief at the end of this gloomy story, after the death-bed scene in which the younger brother lies in the limelight, but, on the whole, it is a tragedy of a machine-made type, and neither tragedy nor comedy will stand the drawback of visible mechanism. Having read far better and more attractive works by the same author, we protest against this lapse into unnecessary gloom, and more earnestly do we protest against such a mechanical plot. And, protesting, we look for better things to come from Mme. de Longgarde's pen.

Dottorressa Maria Montessori (author of "The Montessori Method") has consented—in response to many requests from Italy, England, America, France, Germany—to give an International Training Course for Teachers in her Method of Education as applied to young children. The complete course will take four months. There will be thirty lectures on Theory, thirty hours of practice work and fifty hours of observation in "Children's Houses." The lectures will be given in Italian, but will afterwards be read in English and French. At the end of the course an examination will be held, and diplomas given to those who are deemed capable. This training course will be under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen Mother of Italy.

Among the Eskimos

ON the roof of the world is the Eskimo country. Few are its flowers; of trees there are none; illimitable are its summer *muskegs* and its eight-month winter snows. Yet the Eskimo is as jovial a soul as any that ever came from Southern lands where life is a joy. He is a humorist, although he feeds on blubber and rotten fish; a sportsman, although he knows not soap and water; and a good fellow, although the shiftless Cree despises him and calls him, in insult, "husky."

Scattered over a wide area of the North, living in tribes distinguishable to the traveller by slight linguistic differences and local habits and customs, the Eskimos from Greenland to the west coast of Hudson Bay are one and the same people. They have the same physical characteristics, live in much the same way, and think much the same thoughts on hunting and life and their visitors the white men. Even the fierce Nechilliks and Iglulik of the far, far North, with whom the various trading companies deal, as a rule, through other tribes acting as middle-men, have the same taboos, *Angekoks*, or witch-doctors, and quaint legends.

Stunt, squat men, seldom averaging over five feet and a half, they are muscular and strongly built, but slow of limb and mind. With their curious slanted eyes and inflated nostrils, they are a people of dirt and laughter. The heavy black hair is worn by the males over the shoulders to protect their large ears. Across their thick lips comes the flash of perfect but discoloured teeth. Such is the Eskimo gentleman—the real lord of the North. As for the Eskimo belles, they, too, have their virtues. Beauty is a question of taste, and probably the Eskimo would not exchange his flat-faced, strong and sturdy mate, with dark brown eyes and natural bust, for the fairest chorus girl. Very often, too, when these girls have European blood in them, their looks are far from uncomely.

But to arrive at a real understanding of the Eskimos you must spend a year at least among them; only thus can you arrive at a complete picture of their strange life, wherein trains and banks and offices and telephones have no part. Like all primitive races, they are a nomadic people living under the bright stars. So you may see an Eskimo's health, wealth and content; so, too, you may face starvation and hardship with him; and, again, you may watch the wages of the civilisation that leave him robbed of furs, pillaged of livelihood, and branded with disease.

The Eskimo lives by the chase, for he neither ploughs nor farms. By means of the chase come his food and raiment and the fuel that is to warm him through the long Northern winter. His winter mansion is the *igloo*, or snow-house; his summer home a *tupik*, or tent of seal and deer-skins. When the days of the North begin to lengthen in January come the Eskimo's hard times. For two months or more life is a burden, intolerable and bitter, yet fiercely clutched at for all its uncertainty. The ice is storm-seized, and the seals on which the Eskimo depends keep out in the open water. It is

in this season the Southern Eskimo strikes his annual trail for the trading post, where he will barter a winter's pelts for ammunition, tobacco and white men's baubles. First, provisions for the way must be found, and at no other time are they so hard to secure. So it comes to pass that, with a little deer-meat reserved over from the autumn, and with a scant stock of seal, the company sets forth. The long, narrow *komatiks* are lashed, the dogs harnessed to them, and the trail goes on in stages. Generally, two or three families make them together. An old woman leads the way. Then come the dogs and the sleds, while scouting on each side wander the men in search of seal-holes on the ice. The short day wanes, and a small snow-house has to be built from a convenient hummock. A veteran tests the snow of the neighbourhood with his knife. The drift must be a single storm's work, for then the snow is more compact. An oblong hole about five feet long, two or three feet wide, two feet deep is next cut; blocks are then taken from its clean face. Each block is six inches thick, a foot and a half deep and about two and a half long. One man wedges the blocks and another builds them round in a circle the size of the intended house. The first layer completed, the blocks are cut downward diagonally so that the next layer will take a spiral form and continue to cave up until the dome is closed by a keyblock. Women mortice the chinks with soft snow. The door is cut, and inside, opposite, is piled the snow-bed; outside, a wind-shield of blocks protects the door from a drift. It is now the women's task to make the place home within, while the husky braves feed their dogs.

On the bed-pile go mats of closely-woven willow branches, then deer-skins and deer-skin sleeping-bags. The soapstone lamp is lighted and placed on a snow shelf between the door and bed. In it a wick of dry, pulverised moss is fed with deer-fat or seal-blubber; the kettle is slung over it. The sleds outside are denuded and the dogs bedded. The most valuable sleds are ivory-shod; otherwise, they have whalebone runners. During the cold months these are sheeted with muck and frozen, to lessen friction, and for this the ice coating is renewed daily. The Eskimos now set their traps and go in for the night. So the trail goes on day after day, night after night, until in two months or so they come to the lonely traders of the North. Furs are given in and counters on a graded scale received—a white fox counting as one skin and some silver foxes as much as forty. The Eskimos then hand over the counters their tokens for the white man's plug tobacco, his killing powder and shot, and his needles and fish-hooks, and whatever the trader can attract them with.

For a while they hang round the post, always trading in their best clothes. But at the first sign of mild weather they migrate North again, now in large bands, on the cracking ice, where seals are in plenty near fissures. Eskimo life now is a sweet thing. It is the time of plenty; the famine is over; and the seals, basking in herds on the sun-bathed ice, would fain think the same, until the stalking Eskimo ends their dream

with the bark of a bullet. It is a merry time and lasts till May. But now the days, cold and cloudy and of drifting snow, are done. Sometimes a river is beginning by June to look black, as though the water was rising through the ice and honey-combing it. By this time those who are bound inland for the summer have gone. With the melting days, *igloo* life is unbearable; roofs leak and have to be daily patched. The filth begins to smell offensively and germinate. It is the period of trial before the summer. The seal slaughter is a race carried on by the men with the disappearing ice.

Meanwhile, the women are repairing tents, bags, and kyaks with the skins. Skins are being rotted for winter boots; wardrobes are being fitted out and renewed. Above all, the kyak, or narrow Eskimo boat with sharply pointed ends, must be made good for summer use. In the main, this boat is always the same, though there are tribal peculiarities about its bow or stern or width. It is a skin boat with an oval well in it. The frame is made of thin strips of wood, forming the gun-wales and keelson, kept in place by light ribs about a foot apart. The mechanical skill with which it is fitted can be judged from the fact that there is not a single nail in it, wooden pegs and sinew lashings holding it taut. When the frame is finished all the women at the camp join in sewing on the sealskin cover, for the task must be done at a sitting, before the skins dry. The seams are made with a double lap and are quite water-tight. Drying, the skin shrinks, and is as tight as a drum over the frame.

The month of June is as happy a season for Eskimos as it is for brides with us. For once, in the North it is fine. Ducks and geese have flown to Northern latitudes. The Eskimo paddles away in his kyak as happy as the ducks, to harpoon the schools of white porpoise that attempt to steal up the larger rivers. The Arctic salmon teem in the shallows; sea-birds lay their eggs in myriads. Seals are found in open water, walrus drift round on ice-chunks, and deer come down to the coast.

By the end of August the Eskimos have left the coast, going inland with their seal-skins full of seal or porpoise oil. Their goal is the barren grounds where the caribou collect in September for mating, before they go South. Here the Eskimo stays till the first snow falls and the dog-sleds can haul out the meat and skins. But, as the snow is soft, it often takes till well past Christmas before the coast is again reached and the new trip to the trader's post is taken, beginning a new Eskimo year.

Ottawa.

BERNARD MUDDIMAN.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish very shortly a book by Mr. Clive Bell, entitled "Art," a work which deals with the visual art of all ages, but has special reference to Post-Impressionism and the newer art movements of the day, and includes what may prove to be a novel theory of æsthetics. Miss Mabel Ince's new novel, "The Commonplace and Clementine," will be published immediately by the same firm.

Music

THE production of "Parsifal" at Covent Garden should serve to set at rest two questions which have arisen in connection with Wagner's last opera, and the answer to them ought not to be interesting to professedly musical people only. What will be the attitude of the Perfect Wagnerians, those for whom Wagner was a being more than mortal, one whose gravely expressed wish deserved to be regarded almost as a divine command, what will be their action now that Wagner's behest has been set at nought, the sacred privilege of Bayreuth invaded, the unique opera given in an ordinary theatre, in a worldly city such as London? Twenty, nay ten years ago, we should have had from the stricter sect of the Wagnerian devotees a protest of the most impassioned kind. Thus to violate the dying testament of the Master would be as the violation of a grave. It was unthinkable that "Parsifal" should ever be laid hold of by common hands. Would not the right feeling of European nations at any rate protect them from the commission of such a crime? As for America, it was unhappily too probable that some attempt would be made there to infringe the rights of Bayreuth, and perhaps one could not be certain about France, a country where they neither fear God nor regard man. But in Germany, in England, surely "Parsifal" would be safe from the spoiler? One thing, however, might be counted upon. No loyal pilgrim to the shrine of Bayreuth would ever perjure himself by going to see "Parsifal" in an unauthorised theatre. There would be a general movement of indignation among the true Wagnerians; they would boycott all sacrilegious performances of the prohibited opera, and financial loss and disaster would certainly fall upon the wicked managers who had dared to transgress the musician's command.

Such language has been repeated over and over again in our hearing by ardent spirits on their return from the annual journey to Bayreuth. But, of late, since the production of "Parsifal" all over Germany, in France, in Italy and in England became inevitable, their denouncing voices have been silent. We know, indeed, of several persons, formerly of the most fanatic temper, who have been so backsliding as to take seats for the Covent Garden performances, and we suspect that our friends are not in a minority. We will, however, wait and see.

The more interesting of the two problems now in course of solution is this: Will "Parsifal," when divested of the magic veil of sanctity which enwrapped it at Bayreuth, make the same effect upon the minds of the impressionable which it used to among the hills of Bavaria? Will devout Wagnerians who hear it now for the first time come out into Bow Street with swelling hearts and moistened eyes? Will musicians find the opera as marvellous as they thought it before, now that they have experience of it in a new environment? That the power and beauty of a great deal of it can be lost

we do not believe. But we are prepared for admissions even by perfect Wagnerians that there is some measure of alloy in the gold of their idol. We hope that whatever people may say of "Parsifal" will be said with sobriety and consideration. If we are not to hear the ecstatic praise to which the majority of Bayreuth pilgrims have accustomed us, at any rate let us be spared any unkind or uncourteous criticism from those modernists who have grown up to years of musical discretion since the days when no one was safe from the infection of "Wagner fever." Fault may be found with everything, even with "Parsifal"; but it is a monument, a memorial of such greatness as the world does not too often see; a work that could have been conceived by none but a master of gigantic mind and force. By all means let it be approached with candour, but not with any desire to deface it.

It was with unfeigned sorrow that we read the announcement that Mr. Henschel, after his next recital, will give no more concerts in London. There have been times when we have not enjoyed his singing, when we have had to disagree with his interpretations. But his influence has always been for good, and he is a great artist. Though his voice is not now in its prime, and is not completely under his control, his singing is still so much better than that of most of his younger rivals (if, indeed, he has any) that he might go on delighting us for many years to come. And though the voice shows the signs of wear, the playing is as incomparable as ever. When Mr. Henschel plays the accompaniments to such songs as Schubert's "Ganymede," "Der Leiermann," "Fischerweise," and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," as he did the other day, we declare that we would eagerly go again to hear him even though he did not sing the part for the voice. Will not his innumerable friends combine to use a gentle but firm coercion, and get him to withdraw his notice about "Last Recitals"? It would be too hard upon the public to prevent their profiting by an exhibition of art which no one but Mr. Henschel can give in such full measure. If M. Geloso and his brilliant colleagues were to say they would play no more quartets in London, it would be a very grievous but not an irreparable loss, for there are several quartet parties ready to play to us, though, none, perhaps, which in certain respects can equal them. But we know of no man who can sing and accompany himself like Mr. Henschel.

The Geloso Quartet was lucky to have such a pianist as M. Cesare Geloso to play with them in Franck's Quintet. He seemed to play by intuition rather than by study, just as his colleagues did, and the result was the most perfect performance of the Quintet we have ever heard. It must be fifteen years or more ago since Mr. René Ortman introduced this most beautiful composition to an English audience in the smaller Queen's Hall. He was Franck's apostle and pioneer; yet in spite of his efforts to make the great Frenchman known (though born a Belgian, he was naturalised in France) how slowly has recognition come! Perhaps the weight

of Franck's genius will be the more permanently felt by us because of this. Sudden reputation is not always to be desired for a composer. But Franck is not neglected now. Two days after M. Geloso had given the Quintet, it was played again in Bechstein Hall by the "British Chamber Music Players," Messrs. Albert Sammons, Eugene Goossens, Thos. Peatfield, Cedric and Herbert Sharpe. These gentlemen played it very finely; still they gave the impression that they had to learn it, while whatever the Geloso Quartet plays sounds as if it was being played by instinct. Mr. Herbert Sharpe has qualities of touch and style to equip him for such music as the twelve Preludes—the first series—of Debussy, but his imagination does not equal that of some of Debussy's interpreters, and he is something too serious for music of this kind.

At Queen's Hall, last Saturday, Sir Henry Wood produced "The Song of the Earth," a Symphony for Tenor Solo, Contralto Solo, and Orchestra, by Gustav Mahler, the famous chef-d'orchestre who died prematurely a year or two ago. To him we personally owe a debt of gratitude for the most perfect performance of several operas which we have ever had the privilege of listening to. This was at Vienna. As a composer we cannot think he was so eminent as he was when directing an opera. The third, fourth and fifth of the movements of which "The Song of the Earth" consists are very pleasant to hear; and the rest, though not enlivening, are no doubt the work of a master of orchestral writing. But the level of inspiration is not very high. Even in the charming third movement, which was encored, the themes are not of that distinguished kind which come to the born composer. Miss Doris Woodall and Mr. Ger vase Elwes sang the solos like the artists that they are, but Mr. Elwes was not quite sufficiently audible in the long first movement. Mme. Elly Ney played Brahms' first Pianoforte Concerto very well indeed, and Mr. Hamilton Harty's "Comedy Overture" concluded what was certainly an interesting concert.

In the Learned World

ONE of the standing puzzles of physics is gravitation, the most important force in the world, in the study of which we are hardly further forward than we were in the days of Newton. That all bodies attract one another in proportion to their mass is taken as an axiom, since it is the only way that has yet occurred to us of accounting for the revolution of the planets round the sun, or for the fact that a bullet fired from a rifle does not travel on for ever in a straight line. It was also experimentally proved by Cavendish, who showed that a large leaden ball exercised a visible attraction upon a small copper one placed near it. Yet the nature of this force is entirely hidden from us, and about the only guess that offers any real explanation regarding it is that of Le Sage of Geneva, who suggested in 1818 that everything was exposed to a constant bombardment or rain of particles, from which its mass shielded it on one side. Professor

Einstein has lately examined the question of gravitation with respect to what is called the principle of relativity, which asserts that, owing to the movement of the earth through space, all our measures of length and the like must be relative, and not absolute. At the late Congress of Natural Sciences at Vienna, Professor Einstein drew attention to this and to the experiments of Eötvös, which go to show that in an isolated system the inertia and the weight are the same, and that the product of the attractive force of the earth and of the centrifugal force set up by its rotation is the same, whatever be the substance employed. The chief practical result of his calculations showed that the mass of a point was increased, and not diminished, by the presence of other masses in its neighbourhood, and that inertia, which he defines as reaction against accelerations, cannot be estimated absolutely, but only by differences of acceleration.

Not entirely unconnected with this are the ideas put forward by M. Fournier d'Albe in a recent number of "Scientia." According to him, the ether, which Lord Salisbury said only furnished a nominative to the verb to undulate, does not really exist, and the atmosphere, as we pass upward from the earth, gets gradually more rarefied until, in the inter-planetary spaces, there is—a void. Yet this "void," to use a convenient bull, is traversed by electrons or tiny particles of negative electricity which are constantly being thrown off by the sun, and which eventually reach our earth. This is not very far from the bombardment theory of Le Sage above mentioned, and derives some colour from the experiments lately made in mines and other places, which seem to indicate the existence of a constant radiation of electrons coming from some hitherto undetected source. At any rate, such speculations are not entirely barren, since they give us a glimpse of a conquest of Nature greater than any yet seriously attempted. We all know what use Mr. H. G. Wells made of the possibility of doing away with gravitation in his "First Men in the Moon"; but it is to be hoped that, if M. Fournier d'Albe's conception of the universe as a huge vacuum tube in which all matter is like particles of gas be well founded, no one will attempt to destroy the vacuum without due consideration.

In more sublunary matters, researches into the evolution of animal forms and the causes which lead to their variation have of late made some advances. M. de Vilmorin has lately described to the Académie des Sciences experiments made by him in the crossing of dogs with marked peculiarities, such as the Schipperkes, or tailless dogs, at one time fashionable. He finds that tailless varieties are never pure-bred, but are what are called, in the new nomenclature, heterozygotes, or the result of the union of parents bearing dissimilar characteristics. Long-tailed dogs, on the other hand, have what he calls fixed recessive characteristics—that is to say, those which, in crosses between individuals each of which bear one of the same Mendelian pair, entirely disappear in the first hybrid generation. From seventeen crossings between long-tailed male dogs with short-tailed or tailless mates, a hundred puppies have

resulted, of which fifty-two have had long tails and the rest either very short tails or none at all. This seems to be in strict accord with the so-called Law of Mendel. Four crossings between tailless dogs have, however, given thirteen puppies, of which five only had long tails.

A curious discovery is announced by Mlle. Drzewina, a Roumanian lady domiciled in Paris, who has done much to make biological facts intelligible to the general public. M. Paul Marchal has discovered, according to her, a race of insects who are abolishing the difference between the sexes, or, rather, are realising the dreams of the more fanatical feminists, by doing away with the males. Among the *Chermes pini*, a race of aphides which frequent pine forests, M. Marchal has lately observed a great predominance of females, having counted, he says, between June and July, several hundreds of thousands of females and not a single male. The curious thing is that this variety has abandoned in France the sexual reproduction which it practises farther East, and has returned to parthenogenesis, or the production of descendants by the female without male assistance. To this it may be said that this may either be a local accident preceding the total extinction of the race, and probably due to unfavourable local conditions, or an error of observation arising from a periodical slaughter of the males by the unsexed females, such as takes place among the bees. This last seems not impossible, since it is said that the wings which generally distinguish the adult females are markedly absent in those specimens of *Chermes pini* which M. Marchal has been observing. Possibly the winged females have all emigrated and are producing elsewhere properly sexed descendants, while the imperfectly developed females have remained behind after having slaughtered or expelled the males. It does not seem in that case as if the outlook were hopeful for the continuance of these Amazons or suffragettes.

At the first meeting this year of the Académie above referred to, the new president, M. Appell, drew attention in a formal allocution to the constant and audible conversations that went on during the reading of papers, not only between the Academicians present, but between members of the august body and those of the outside public. He proposed that there should be blazoned on the wall, in letters of gold, the words, "Listen one to the other," which looks as if they did not always manage things better in France. F. L.

"Blush Rose," a soldier's romance in the days of Louis XIV, is the title of a novel by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, the well-known translator of Zola's works, who writes under the pen-name of "Le Petit Homme Rouge" of the Tuileries. The story, which is based on the French of Amédée Achard, has been compared to "The Three Musketeers," and gained for its author in the French the Cross of the Legion of Honour. It is now ready, published by Holden and Hardingham.

The Theatre

"The Music-Cure" at the Little Theatre

IF this be nonsense, as the author says, we hope Mr. Bernard Shaw will utter it again and again. "The Music-Cure" is gay and quite irresponsible and wildly amusing on the surface, but it possesses lower depths of sociological observation, and is instinct with the lively wit which Mr. Shaw sometimes hides from us so perversely.

The opening is perhaps a little laboured. When Lord Reginald Fitzambey, an Under-Secretary, who has bought some famous shares and is being bullied by his chief and others, tells his doctor he shall go out of his mind, it is rather too bad of Dawkins to retort with the ancient statement "that most of us would not have far to go." There are other examples of this forced and antique humour until it is made known to us that the duchess, Reggie's mamma, is sending a famous pianist, Strega Thundridge, to the hotel to play the worried Under-Secretary back to health. When that beautiful lady comes upon us, Reggie is under the influence of a strong narcotic, and some have thought that his charming scene with Strega is a dream. We hope not. For the Lord Reggie of the play to have lived through such an experience would have been quite possible; quaint and laughter-provoking as it is, there is truth in it—would men observingly distil it out.

Miss Madge McIntosh, who has played so many important parts, never appeared to greater advantage than in the curious character of Strega. As she takes off her hat and bows to the crowd who wait outside the hotel, in the hope of hearing her play, we note that her hair seems to be a lovely green and silver. This is symbolic, we presume, of her many qualities. Just what they are and just how she and Reggie find that they can make each other happy you will surely wish to see for yourself. To tell the little story would be to interrupt the pleasure of the audience, but we may hint that the skilful introduction of both classical music and the sort of composition that is furthestest away from it is an important part of the "cure," and that all who like the work of Mr. Shaw, in his gayest mood, will be delighted with this, the latest of his long series of stage plays.

"The Queen's Champion" at the Aldwych Theatre

THIS play is constructed on the most popular lines. It is one of those delightful, conventional, regal romances of a Slavonic State such as we were made familiar with some years ago. But Mr. Graham Hill and Mr. Hubert Ericksen, the authors, are not content to give us only the old grandiloquent speeches, the old

noble sentiments, the old bravery and narrow escapes, the well-worn chivalrous outbursts of the hero and the modest grandeur of the Queen, but they add to all this the humour and common sense of a brave Canadian gentleman—most fortunately a millionaire. This character appears as Andrew Dalton, and bursts upon the country of Dalitza when it is seething with discontent, starving, and doubtful in its mind as to whether its not too agreeable crown shall be given to its rightful Queen Natalie or her wicked cousin, the young Prince Vaska. You will imagine what a number of plots and counter-plots arise out of the situation, for Dalton is really Prince Andreas, another cousin of the Queen, the son of a splendid father who married for love, was banished from Dalitza, and made a huge fortune—a trifle of which eventually pays the army and saves the people in what was once his native land. Given the delicate and beautiful Queen, the romantic Canadian Prince, who intended to claim the throne, but, seeing and knowing Natalie, is ready to be her champion and nothing more; accept the sadly wicked Prince Vaska, with his evil friends, Baron Holstein and Alena, the lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and you have ready to hand the material for one of those exciting, picturesque, highly coloured, romantic dramas in four acts which should long fill the Aldwych Theatre and echo for many a day throughout the English-speaking world.

Mr. James Carew does much to make the ever-ready hero new and true. He speaks his most romantic lines as though he felt them; he presents a character instead of an example of type, and he forces belief upon his audience even in the most difficult and doubtful situation. Having brought heaps of money to his country, and found that he loved Natalie better than the crown itself, he nobly sets aside his birth and exclaims, "I have no right in Dalitza except the right to live or die for Dalitza's Queen!" After a hundred ingeniously arranged adventures, in which Dalton's comic servant, Hawkins, plays a merry part, and in which the hero proves himself a champion in deed and word, we discover that he is to live for the Queen. For Prince Vaska's extreme wickedness is no good against the combination of virtue, dollars, and love and courage.

Many of the characters are a trifle conventional, but none the less welcome to the audience on that account. Mr. Carew, however, hold high the banner of romance, and Miss Una Venning plays the Queen with quite unusual charm and delicacy. Among all the well-presented parts in the drama, and there are about twenty-five, Mr. Lawrence Leyton, as the bad Baron Holstein, is extremely neat and effective and convincing. In many scenes he gives a touch of reality to the circumstances which does not always appear to be supplied by the authors.

For those who enjoy these boldly-drawn, romantic stories of kingdoms, love, and passionate encounters, "The Queen's Champion" is the ideal play, for, according to its convention, it never has a dull moment and it is strongly acted throughout the cast. Mr. Jack

Haddon is an old-fashioned villain of a Prince such as Dalitza would surely produce, and Miss Joy Chatwyn is as handsome and cunning and naughty a plotter as you can ever hope to meet in the world of melodrama. The piece is well mounted and runs its course without the slightest halt or time for analysis or anything bothering of that kind.

Mr. H. B. Irving at the Palace Theatre

THOSE playgoers who find the performances at the theatres too long and those who consider the usual music-halls too full of smoke and noise will always discover a delightful entertainment at the Palace.

Just now Mr. H. B. Irving is making his first appearance upon the same variety stage as several other actor-managers have done. This week he has chosen "The Van Dyck," adapted from the French by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, the rapid one-act play in which Sir Herbert Tree was so overwhelmingly effective some time ago at His Majesty's. Mr. Irving's method is different, but highly amusing and powerful as the extraordinary thief, Arthur Blair Woldingham, while his self-satisfied and mean victim, John Peters, is excellently represented by Mr. Tom Reynolds. The grace and distinction with which Mr. Irving endows every character he plays is not lacking in his Woldingham, but he is lighter, gayer, more in the mood of a kind of tragic farce, than is usual. The play appeared exactly to suit the Palace audience, who greatly cheered the actors. After "The Van Dyck" of Mr. Lennox we appear to leap backward in point of time, and welcomed Miss Vesta Tilley, in new characters, looking the same and singing in the same way as we remember her twenty years ago. Her song, "The Army of To-day's All Right," recalls and repeats victories of far-off times. Miss Tilley is just as popular, if not more so, than of old, but her method undoubtedly "dates," and her songs are not quite good enough for so gifted and lively a lady.

Another charming part of the programme is that given to the beautiful dances of the beautiful Mlle. Regine Flory. For our part, we should never grow tired of "Le Cygne" of Saint Saëns as she dances it, nor weary of her superb Egyptian poses. There are ever so many other interesting people at the Palace just now, but those we have mentioned would be enough to fill an even larger and less comfortable and beautiful house.

The Little Theatre

MR. KENELM FOSS is making the fullest and wisest use of his comfortable and agreeably decorated little play-house in the Adelphi. At first its patrons showed signs of being rather esoteric and attenuated, but recently, since the seating has been rearranged and the prices made to suit with those of other theatres, the "Little"

has become a great favourite with all those interested in the art of the stage.

Apart from the evening programme, in which Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" and Mr. Shaw's "Music-Cure" are sure of success there are frequent interesting experiments of an afternoon. One of the most original of these has been a new production of a familiar Shakespearean play, hauntingly familiar, yet so curiously new in its latest form.

MR. POEL'S NEW STAGE VERSION OF "HAMLET."

We have been bored and entranced by various Hamlets in our time, but we were immensely entertained by Mr. William Poel's cleverly arranged version. To some extent it appeared as though we were looking on at a play which was at once vaguely remembered and more than half forgotten.

In this new version, it is the conscience of the King and, in the earlier acts, the importance of Polonius, which are mainly brought to our notice. Many passages from the tragedy which are usually left out are herein played, many delicate points of view which other producers have overlooked, or thought well to do without, are now fully set forth before the audience.

Mr. Poel arranges his stage or platform with steps leading to the auditorium and doors right and left through which all the characters of the play have their exits and their entrances. If you are near the front you are on intimate terms with them, a feeling which is increased by their frequently addressing you more or less directly.

As a whole we consider Mr. Poel's experiment of great interest and value to the stage. It is true that he gives us a Queen who is old and uninteresting, a Hamlet who is without much dignity, an Ophelia far nearer to life than the usual tragic heroine of the play, but in revenge he presents us with a thousand new views and turns of phrase, and an *ensemble* which carries our imagination immediately to the period of the original production. He tells us, in effect, that the "stage business" in this version is not supposed to be that in use in Shakespeare's time, but rather as it is presumed Londoners, in the year 1600, would have interpreted the dramatist's intention from the dialogue, as they heard it spoken from the platform of the Globe Playhouse. Such subtlety is now used in the presentation of "Hamlet" that we feel we should see it several times before venturing to point to matters that appear to us an excess of refinement. In the meantime, we can praise the whole effect and congratulate Mr. Esme Percy and Miss Kirsleen Graeme and their company on a remarkable production of a classic drama. As Claudius Mr. Desmond Brannigan was interesting and convincing throughout his scenes, as his Queen, Miss Edith Evans, had the difficult task of creating a new personage. If Mr. Poel is right in his view that Gertrude was elderly and unsympathetic, Miss Evans was successful. Mr. Esme Percy as Hamlet began well, but the difficulties of his pretended madness over-tried his skill. The true

effect was lost in what appeared to be mere folly. The new Ophelia was homely and engaging. Miss Judith Wogan not only has charm, but uses her intellect with convincing results. Two ladies played Rozencrantz and Guildenstern with some skill, and Mr. Poel gave us the best and cleverest Polonius we have ever chanced to meet. We trust we may soon see the new version of "Hamlet" again.

The vogue of the one-act play is approaching the height of its fame. It is a delightful form of stage-work, and, now that the variety theatres produce such pieces, there is no reason why it should not prove well worthy, from the worldly point of view, of the attention of the most gifted of our dramatists.

ONE GOOD TURN

On Tuesday, Mr. Foss gave us three pieces which will add immensely to the repute of the short play. That by Mr. Martin Swayne and Mr. Eille Norwood is called a nightmare, but it is more of the nature of one of those vigorous Grand Guignol plays that are quickly growing into deserved popularity.

Mr. Eille Norwood as George Sanderson represents a young man who, having come into a fortune, enjoys a wild night and falls among thieves. These have ready for him an elaborate plot by which he is made to believe that he can be arrested as a murderer. The scene is a bedroom in which Sanderson awakes to find one man seemingly murdered, and a lady in bed, who quickly telephones for what appears to be a sham policeman. Sanderson eventually ransoms himself from the gang without knowing how completely he has been swindled and made a fool of. The little play is brisk in action and clever in surprises, and admirably acted by Mr. Norwood as well as by Mr. James Berry, the pseudo-constable, and Miss Barbara Everest as the charming lady who so effectively assists the gang. "One Good Turn" would prove very welcome at those halls where an exciting and cleverly played short drama is enjoyed.

"THE LADIES' COMEDY,"

by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, transports us to Venice in the year 1700. His play is an arrangement of complications, in which a lady appears as a man and a man as a maid. The intrigue is simple, delicate, candid. The comedy is like a beautiful fan by Conder, a slight, amusing, colourful piece of artificiality in three panels, as it were.

The widow, Donna Camilla, perfectly played in the earliest eighteenth century manner by Miss Gwen John, is beloved by a shrewd boy of Venice, who, notwithstanding his many mannish qualities, manages to take service with the Donna as her maid. But soon a gallant and his servant hurry from Mantua. One is supposed to be a cousin of the Donna, the Count Galeotti-Galeotto, but is really a lady, Isotta. The other is the real Galeotto. The development of the plot is like a seventeenth century Venetian masquerade, gay, inconsequent, decorative, intriguing. As the

masculine maid, Mr. Armstrong, who is so excellent in Mr. Shaw's "Music-Cure," acts a very onerous part with the greatest finesse and courage. He is admirable, but all the parts in Mr. Hewlett's comedy are well played, and the result is a most pleasing, lively trifle, full of neat phrases and happy situations.

After two such admirable productions, Mr. Foss surprised with the intense power of his own play, in one short act,

RAHAB

The characters are the Woman, Miss Ruth Mackay; her Maid, Miss Ada Marius; a Visitor, Mr. Baliol Holloway. The story is bold and simple. Miss Mackay's picture of a woman of the oldest profession is true without being cruel or in any way overdone. Her harsh religious maid is made a stern thing of beauty by the manner in which Miss Marius plays it. The Visitor, a Salvationist whose son has killed himself because of the woman, comes to the flat to avenge the death of his boy. The woman tricks him again and again, and, having won her life and promised to reform, she makes love to the strong man who came to murder and believed he had saved a brand from the burning. In his last passion of disgust he crushes the life out of the woman, who prays him to hold her even more strongly in her last agony.

There is observation and skill and character and tragic beauty in this episode, all of which qualities were displayed by the three accomplished actors engaged with almost startling effect. Three such short plays as these, so admirably acted, should make a welcome regular programme. EGAN MEW.

Notes and News

Messrs. George Allen and Co., Ltd., publish this week a book on the Land Question, entitled "Lloyd George and the Land," by G. E. Raine, the author of "The Real Lloyd George." The book, besides containing a trenchant criticism of Mr. Lloyd George's Land Campaign, unfolds alternative proposals which have the support of a number of influential Unionist M.P.'s.

Mr. John Lane will publish this week "With the Russians in Mongolia," by H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough and Captain R. B. Otter-Barry, with an introduction by Sir Claude Macdonald, G.C.M.G., and fifty illustrations, at 16s. net. This volume supplies the public need of a really authoritative work, and describes in attractive style the latest developments in the drama recently enacted in this corner of the world.

The Liberal *Berliner Börsen Courier* and the non-party *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* for January 22, publish a report to the effect that they have it on good authority that the clauses of the British-German Treaty will be made public in Berlin and in London simultaneously at the commencement of March. They principally refer to the settlement of economic questions in Anatolia and Africa.

The annual general meeting of the Peasant Arts Fellowship will be held on Wednesday, February 11, at 3.30 p.m. Lord Henry Bentinck is to take the chair. He will be supported by Mr. L. March Phillipps, Mr. R. Sandeman, Mr. Godfrey Blount, Dr. Greville MacDonald, and others, who will speak specially in reference to the work already done by the Fellowship, as well as of the aims and opportunities before it.

The Baroness Albert d'Anethan, a sister of Sir Rider Haggard and of Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, has written a novel of Japanese life, "The Twin-Soul of O'Take San," which tells of two Englishwomen and a delightful Japanese girl. The Baroness has lived for fifteen years in Japan in diplomatic circles, and has therefore an intimate knowledge of things and people Japanese. The book is to be published by Stanley Paul and Co.

The present series of lectures at the Victoria and Albert Museum has reference to various sections of the Metalwork Collections. The first, on Ironwork, was given on Thursday last, by Mr. J. Starkie Gardner. It will be followed by lectures on "English Leadwork" by Mr. Lawrence Weaver, F.S.A., on February 12; on "Silversmithing" by Mr. Herbert Maryon, on the 19th; on "English Silversmiths' work of the Mediæval and Tudor periods," by Mr. W. W. Watts, on the 26th; and on "Jewellery" by Mr. R. B. Rathbone, on Thursday, March 5.

Messrs Crosby, Lockwood and Son announce the forthcoming publication of a new study of "The Wars of the Roses," by Mr. R. B. Mowat, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The period covers a national crisis of the highest significance and leads up to the established Tudor Monarchy and the Reformation. The author's aim is to trace the causes of the crisis and its results, and to decide upon their relative importance with a discriminating view to the wider issues of modern history. The book contains several genealogical tables and a map printed in colours. The author's name appears on the Lists of Examiners of the Universities of London and Edinburgh.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE PROBLEM OF EMPIRE

THE drastic action of General Botha in deporting ten Labour agitators from South Africa brings into prominence a problem of Imperial importance. Let us hasten to add that it is not our intention in this column to discuss in a partisan spirit the rights or wrongs of the particular case at issue. Even were we inclined to take sides as to the relations between Capital and Labour in the Union, we would prefer to postpone decision until fuller information is available. The existence of the Imperial problem to which we have alluded has not necessarily been created by the strong action of the South African Government. That, however, in consequence, it has become urgent

is certainly manifest. It may be that General Botha, faced with a situation that threatened civil war, was justified in resorting to unusual measures. As to the legal aspect of his policy, it would seem that he is prepared to rely upon the principle that in the presence of supreme danger the State can do no wrong. In other words, while the individual is responsible to the law, the State in turn, responsible to the community of individuals, may take any course that is deemed necessary for public safety.

Much has been made of the fact that martial law had been declared, but we are yet to learn that under martial law the subject may be deprived the right of trial. Assuming that the conditions prevailing approximated those to be found in a country at war, we are still unable to find precedent for General Botha's remarkable act. Even in war the process, formal though swift, of a drumhead court-martial decides the guilt or otherwise of the worst malefactor. But, as already implied, we are not inclined to discuss at length what might be termed the local political aspect of the unfortunate incident. The Imperial problem that once again has been brought to the front is far more serious than any issue between Capital and Labour on the Rand. A critical examination of General Botha's motives within narrow limits can scarcely help us to come to a decision as to whether or not he was justified. For we must remember that, grave as are the obligations of General Botha as Premier of South Africa, they are light compared with the responsibility of his Imperial duty. Whatever view may be taken of his conduct, we must not forget that it received the endorsement of the representative of the Crown on the spot, Lord Gladstone. To this circumstance we attach more importance than to another, urged in many quarters, and that is the right of South Africa, as a self-governing Dominion, to pursue any course which she may consider best in her own interests. In principle this last argument appears to be unassailable; but in certain contingencies too literal an interpretation of principle may be fraught with the utmost danger. One of these contingencies may conceivably arise out of a case where the local convenience of a self-governing Dominion enters violently into conflict with the traditions and aspirations inseparable from the British conception of liberty, which have in a large measure tended to make the British Empire the glorious structure that it is to-day. Bearing this possibility in mind, we are bound to admit that the outlook for Imperial unity is an unpromising one.

As things are, the foundations of the Empire are set in shifting sands, and to steady them will require all the ballast of sane statesmanship the Empire can command. We, in England, are at present in no state of mental calm, such as is necessary for a true realisation of the significance of this South African incident. We have our own sordid domestic troubles. Party feeling runs high; Labour and Capital are at each other's throats; social reform has become somewhat soiled with class warfare; and through all these manifestations

of unrest there stands out the striking fact that by means of the franchise the working man is sweeping his way towards power. Thus General Botha's action finds England herself divided into camps. On the one hand he is assailed as an autocrat unworthy of the protection of a freedom-loving race; while on the other hand he is hailed as a strong man who alone is capable of quelling the insidious unrest of the age. Nevertheless, underlying these exhibitions of the partisan spirit we find that serious men of all shades of opinion are in agreement to a certain extent. That is to say, few are to be found who are really satisfied with General Botha's drastic methods, and all alike are nervous as to whether, indeed, the traditional principle of British liberty has not been outraged. On the other side we find frank detestation of anarchy, the fear that Labour might rise to power by employing the method of the dynamitard.

It is evident, then, that sanity has not left us. But it is equally clear that the time has arrived when we must distinguish between the healthy rivalry of the party spirit and the poisonous prejudice of partisanship. In other words, the men of temperate thought have become more than ever indispensable, not only for the management of our domestic affairs, but also for the safeguarding of the very existence of the Empire. To-day it is not enough that we merely think Imperially; we must act Imperially. Students of the British Empire have frequently drawn attention to the incontrovertible truism that our Imperial rule rests upon its elasticity, and have found in this elasticity what they have termed the real strength of our Imperial sway. To be frank with ourselves, we have governed along the lines of least resistance, and the noble proportions of the Empire as it exists to-day form a wonderful monument to the wisdom, in this respect, of British statesmanship. But who, viewing impartially the Imperial problems that confront us now, can deny that there is urgent need for a reconsideration of policy? In later years the whole aspect of our Imperial dominion has been changed, and no longer is self-complacent indulgence in keeping with that swift progress which found its inception in elasticity of rule. So long as problems menacing to the integrity of the Empire as a whole have not arisen, non-interference with the youthful vigour of our Colonies, though a negative, represented an exceedingly valuable asset of statesmanship. In those days there was no danger that the traditional principles that made for the greatness of our race and rule would be undermined. But now, non-interference, carried to extreme lengths, creates the impression that we are merely ignoring ugly and inconvenient problems—in other words, that we are shirking the obligations of rule. For we must not forget that our Colonies have become adult members of the Imperial family.

As far as South Africa is concerned, we have introduced into this family circle an alien people knowing not as yet the principles and traditions which we hold dear to our hearts. Elsewhere the problem that has arisen in South Africa could hardly be repeated. For

in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand the British strain, with British ideals, predominates. Nevertheless, viewed apart altogether from the incident which has suggested this article, we see on all sides Imperial problems of acute gravity shaping themselves. There is the question of Asiatic immigration that does not concern the domestic interests of Great Britain, but that, without exception, troubles all our Dominions beyond the Seas. Then, arising out of this question, with which unfortunately we have but little sympathy, there is the natural desire of the Colonies to possess their own navies. We have left unpatrolled the seas that wash their shores, and is it to be wondered at that they should become alarmed for the safety of their homes? Thus, by a too rigid adherence to the policy of convenient elasticity, like a neglectful parent we have ignored the problems of our growing family and are faced with the shadow of Imperial disintegration. South Africa has taken advantage of this elasticity to pursue her own course. As for the future only constructive Imperial statesmanship can find the remedy. Without excessive centralisation surely some system of practical co-operation in the promotion of British ideals might be devised.

MOTORING

TOURING members of the Automobile Association and Motor Union will be interested to know that arrangements have now been completed for the establishment of headquarters on the Riviera. The Nice Automobile Club, whose building on the Promenade des Anglais has, ever since the inauguration of motoring, been the centre of the sport for the South of France, has agreed to act as the Association's branch. All members of the A.A. can thus obtain triptyques, routes, touring information, reception, and return shipment of their cars, and other advantages of membership, as if they were directly in touch with the head office (Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London). They will also, during their stay in the South of France, be eligible for temporary membership of the Nice Automobile Club at a specially reduced subscription of one guinea for each season, such temporary membership comprising the full privileges of the Club, which has a commodious garage attached to the clubhouse. The acting secretary, who is always available to callers, speaks English fluently, and, in addition to this advantage, one of the senior officials of the A.A. Touring Department will be in constant attendance at the new branch for the remainder of this season. This development marks a further extension of the Association's sphere of activities in France. As members are aware, A.A. offices and a permanent staff have been established for some time at 39, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, Paris.

A new International Customs Pass, embodying an important departure from the existing "triptyque"

system, will, according to the *Autocar*, shortly come into operation, largely as a result of the efforts of the touring department of the Royal Automobile Club. Hitherto, before a tour could be taken abroad, the owner of the car had to deposit with the organisation to which he belonged the full amount of the duty relating to the car in each country in which he intended to travel. Under the new scheme, however, only the highest Customs charge prevailing will have to be deposited. The scheme was produced in the autumn of last year, and was to have been in force on January 1 of this year, but, owing to certain countries having failed to notify their Customs authorities, its general adoption has been postponed.

Every motorist or ordinary traveller who has either completed or is contemplating a tour in the Alpine regions should make a point of securing a copy of the "Alpine Souvenir" recently issued by Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., of New Burlington Street, London, W. It is a beautifully got-up and profusely illustrated booklet of some thirty pages, and is a most interesting and graphically written description of the now historical "Storming of the Alps" by the 30/35 h.p. six-cylinder Noiseless Napier, written by two well-known journalists who participated in the test—Mr. T. W. Murphy, assistant editor of the *Motor News*, and Mr. A. J. M. Gray, whose name is familiar to every reader of the motoring press. It is needless to say that the reading matter is excellently done, but special mention should be made of the reproductions in sepia of about fifty of the snap-shots taken en route. These are really charming illustrations of some of the most beautiful spots in the Alps and the Dolomites, and they cannot fail to interest alike those who have already revelled in the glories of Alpine scenery and those who live in hopes of doing so. The "Souvenir," it is refreshing to note, does not mention the price of a car, nor contain the "smell" of an advertisement, but nevertheless it cannot fail to impress the reader, and especially the experienced motorist, with a realisation of the fine qualities of the car which so brilliantly carried out the difficult task imposed upon it. In fact, although entirely free from the "puffing" usually associated with such productions, the booklet will, unless we are mistaken, prove an advertisement of the most effective and convincing character. Messrs. Napier will be pleased to post a copy free to any motorist or tourist on application.

The makers of the Atlas tyre pump, the labour-saving device which has been so widely used by owners of large cars for the rapid inflation of their tyres, have just placed upon the market a really efficient and convenient engine-driven tyre pump suitable for small cars, including Fords. It is called the "Baby" Atlas, and it does for light cars all that the standard Atlas pump has been doing successfully for larger cars for several years. It will inflate a tyre in a few seconds with pure, cold air, and thus saves the time and temper expended in the old system of hand-pump inflation. Including a pressure gauge, the price of the "Baby"

inflator is 50s., and we understand that the Atlas people are quite willing to send the device to any light-car owner on "approval or return" terms. Their address is 14, Woodstock Street, London, W.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

WE have had quite a little boom in the City during the past week. All gilt-edged securities have been eagerly bought by the country investor. Trade is dull, and large numbers of people, finding that the Bank Rate had been reduced to 3 per cent., instantly ordered their brokers to buy Trustee stocks on which the yield was from 4 per cent. to 4½ per cent. The market was completely bare and some of the rises have been surprising. Consols and Port of London, Waterworks, and similar securities have risen more in the account than they have ever done in the history of the City. I do not think that the rise has come to an end. All gilt-edged securities will probably go to a 3½ per cent. basis; they may rise even higher.

Dozens of new issues have been offered, and all gilt-edged offers have been snapped up almost before the lists were opened. For example, West Australia Fours at 98½ and South Australian Fours at par were quickly taken, and the New Zealand ten year debentures with attractive conversion rights went splendidly. Another very successful offer was made by Schroeder and Company on behalf of the State of San Paulo. £4,200,000 5 per Cent. Two Year Treasury notes secured on a tax on coffee, also on coffee itself, were offered at 97. The security was good and the notes were taken in a few hours. The Republic of Uruguay offered £1,000,000 5 per cent. bonds at 91. The credit of this country is good and the bonds were readily taken. Montana Power gold bonds do not appear particularly attractive and the British Reserve Trust Company seems a very poor affair. The City of Medicine Hat asked for a small loan which it obtained. Elder Dempster and Company offered £250,000 6 per cent. preference shares, the interest on which is covered five times over. It is a good Shipping security. The Anglo-Argentine Tramways offer of £1,500,000 5 per cent. debentures at 95 may be disregarded as this company does not depreciate properly and my South American correspondent considers it a somewhat risky speculation. The British North Borneo Company desires to borrow £500,000 4½ per cent. debentures offered at 88. Santa Rosa Milling Company under the auspices of Messrs. Balfour, Williamson and Company, offered £200,000 6 per cent. debentures. The board is sound and the money would be readily found by the group. The Oklahoma-Pacific Railroad offered two million dollars 5 per cent, thirty-year gold bonds at 85 and also give a bonus of 20 per cent. in common stock. The road connects two important cities and feeds a rich agricultural district.

MONEY.—Very few people expected that the Bank Rate would drop so suddenly to 3 per cent. The fall created a veritable sensation. Some people talk about a break up

of the Money Trust, but there is no Money Trust; the plain truth was that the Bank found its funds increasing too rapidly and had no choice but to drop the Rate. No doubt the joint stock banks did not see eye to eye with the Bank of England. The Bank of France followed suit and it is clear that we are in for a long period of cheap money. It is not probable, however, that any further reduction will be made, at any rate, until after the close of the Government financial year, and only then if business continues to fall away. Cheap money may stimulate trade, but the public is hardly inclined to lend money abroad; the whole tendency is the other way; therefore, I see little chance of any improvement in business.

FOREIGNERS.—Although the tone in Paris has improved, that is the best that I can say. The French are getting ready for their new loans and the Russian issue has all been arranged. When all these new issues are out of the way French bankers will be in funds again, and we may see some revival in the foreign bourses, but at the moment they wear a drab-coloured garment. Tintos have improved, partly on the news that the strike has been settled and partly because the Copper position is better, the visible stock of copper in Europe being considerably less than it was a month ago. The news from Mexico continues bad.

HOME RAILS.—At last the public are aroused to the fact that the Home railway market offers sounder investments than any other section of the House, and there has been a big rise in all Home railway securities. Great Central B's have risen four points during the account. Great Easterns had a spectacular jump on the dividend declaration; they made up at 49½ and are now 55. Great Western are five points higher on the account. London and North Western are also five points higher, and Midland Deferred have risen four points, whilst North Eastern consols are five and a half points better than they were at the end of January. Even Dover A and Little Chats have jumped, whilst Lancashire and Yorkshire, whose distribution pleased the House, have been marked up from 89 to 94. Those who followed my advice and bought Home railway stocks a few weeks ago had very handsome profits in a few days. I see no reason why holders should hang on. There is certain to be a small reaction after so quick a rise, but we may be quite sure that all the leading heavy lines will stand on a 4 per cent. basis within the next month. To-day they can be bought *cum* dividend to pay 5 per cent., and are therefore still under-valued.

YANKEES.—The American market hangs fire. It is clear that the new crowd who have obtained control of the Rock Island propose to make an assessment. The Wabash scheme is also being prepared. There are many things that may prevent a rise in the American market. Trade is not good, and although the important railways will be able to finance without any difficulty, it is doubtful whether the small roads will succeed in getting the money for their needs without having to pay an exorbitant price. However, cheap money will do away with the necessity for borrowing on short-dated notes. These notes have been the curse of the American market for the past three years.

RUBBER.—Even the Rubber market has had its friends during the past few days. Perhaps it is hardly the thing to call a "bear" a friend. Certainly most of the rise has been due to the buying back of nervous "bears." The public has not been anxious to add to its stock of Rubber shares. However, raw rubber has risen to 2s. 5½d., and with cheap money, may be held at that price for some months. The Ratanui report is fairly satisfactory. All-in costs are down to 1s. 6d., or a drop of 5d. on the year. The crop was 139,377 lbs., which sold at 2s. 9½d. Consequently the profit was £10,212, and a dividend of 17½ per

The Subscription List opened on Wednesday, 4th February, 1914, and will close on or before Friday, February 6th, 1914, for Town, and Saturday, February 7th, for Country.

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	£87 6 9

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The Bonds are repayable at par on January 1st, 1944, but the Railroad Company reserves the right to redeem the Bonds at 105 in whole or in part upon any half yearly date for payment of interest after January 1st, 1919. In the event of partial redemption, the Bonds to be redeemed are to be ascertained by drawings.

Interest is payable in gold on the 1st January and the 1st July, free of all taxes, present and future, in the State of Oklahoma (U.S.A.) and the United States of America. A full half-year's interest is payable on July 1st, 1914.

Interest Coupons will be payable in London at the Offices of the Metropolitan Bank (of England and Wales), Limited, 60, Gracechurch Street, E.C., and in the United States by the Trustees for the Bondholders, The First Mortgage, Guarantee and Trust Company, of Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

The payment of the interest on the Bonds will be guaranteed for the first three years, the Trust Deed stating that the first six coupons attached to the Bonds shall have endorsed thereon the following provision:

"To guarantee the payment of this coupon at maturity the face value hereof has been deposited in cash with the Trustees prior to the certification of the Bond to which it is attached.

"Coupons for a full half-year's interest, payable on July 1st, 1914, and subsequent coupons up to and including 1st January, 1934, will be attached to the Bonds. On or after July 1st, 1934, a new sheet of 20 coupons can be obtained from the Trustees or their agents in Europe on presentation of the "Talon." (This talon is attached to the first Coupon sheet.)

Every allottee under this Prospectus will be entitled to receive a bonus in fully-paid non-assessable Common Stock of the Company at the rate of 20 per cent. upon the nominal amount of Bonds allotted.

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E. H. COOKE, President of State National Bank of Oklahoma, Oklahoma City, Okla.
R. A. BROWN, Attorney at Supreme Court of State of Missouri, also for St. Joseph and Grand Island Railroad Co., St. Joseph Light, Heat and Power Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

S. L. BROCK, Director of the Farmers' National Bank of Oklahoma City, and Merchant, Oklahoma City, Okla.

F. C. COLCORD, Director of State National Bank of Oklahoma City, Okla.

I. H. KEMPNER, President of Texas Bank and Trust Company, and Railroad Director, Galveston, Tex.

C. D. SIMPSON, Railroad Constructor, New York, N.Y.

H. H. HOOVER, Land Owner, Hobart, Okla.

G. M. HOHL, Railroad Manager, Hobart, Okla.

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cent. was declared. The current year should give 200,000 lbs., and perhaps a profit of £7,500 might be earned.

OIL.—The Oil market remains lifeless. The Black Sea report was very disappointing; the production dropped by nearly one-half, and no dividend could be declared on either class of share. The Board very wisely wrote off a large sum for depreciation, and carried forward the balance. But the position of the company is not satisfactory, and the shares are friendless. Royal Dutch and Shell has been bought. The rig in Venezuelan Oil Concessions appears to be weakening.

MINES.—In the Kaffir market the improved tone did not last, Paris having decided to sell. Geduld have bettered on an official statement that the ore reserves have improved, and Modder Deep and Modder B have hardened. One or two rises have occurred in the Rhodesian market, and Mr. Latilla still keeps going with his Kirkland proposition. Russians have been a little off colour, and Nigerians are distinctly spotty. Evidently the public is not inclined to gamble in any Mining security, although we are assured that the Plymouth Consolidated was over-subscribed, and that both the Kirkland issues went well. I state this with all the reserve possible. Great Cobars have actually jumped to 21s. 6d., mainly on a "bear" squeeze. The "bears" in Mount Elliotts have also been pinched.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market, all Egyptians have been much better; indeed, quite a big rise has occurred in some of the shares. The news from Egypt is good, and as all the securities are under-valued, the little boom may be continued for a week or two. The Home and Colonial report showed largely increased profits, and the dividend of 20 per cent. is readily maintained. It will be remembered that last year the shareholders authorised the Board to sell the gilt-edged securities, and a loss of over £33,000 was made. The Directors must now be sorry that they were so precipitate; had they kept the gilt-edged stock they would probably have made a profit instead of a loss. The Bovril figures are not quite so good, but the income from the subsidiaries has largely increased, therefore the dividend on the deferred is only reduced to 2 per cent. Bovril is energetically managed, and the debentures and preference shares are a very reasonable security.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"IMPERIAL FEDERATION."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Allen, is to be congratulated upon having made a sufficiently lucid exposition of his "Fair Trade" thesis—at last. Still, it appears to me that he did so at some sacrifice; since he carefully eluded all explanation of prior difficulties regarding producers and consumers. I am willing to let that pass, because of his clear and succinct statement of the "Fair Trade" side of the question. But, of course, there was nothing new in his final elucidation; and just as much, of course, we cannot at all agree. What I cannot understand is Mr. Allen's singular persistence in advocacy of an utterly impossible policy. For it is perfectly certain (as even *he* has admitted) that there is no hope whatever of a protective tariff in direct behalf of English agricultural interests. Why, then, oppose a policy which would at all events indirectly advance such interests? For I still contend that an Imperial Zollverein would benefit the British (i.e., the English and Scotch) farmers: if not directly, or at once, then indirectly and increasingly. Why, when necessity

impels, should it be deemed inconsistent and injurious to advocate Free Trade throughout the Empire? Granted that the British electorate never will tax breadstuffs and meats at the risk of increased cost, what is the use of opposing at least alleviating measures? And so I take the strong ground that, since there is nothing grown or produced in the whole world which cannot be produced and grown within the British Empire in rich abundance, in the common interests both of Motherland and of the free Commonwealths, a Federation should be evolved on such a basis as to assure substantial advantages to all around, and thereby to unite in interests and sentiment the entire Empire. As it is, to-day, nothing save fine sentiment holds it together. How long can such a condition last?

Only so long as the free British Commonwealths are continually recruited by new British emigrants, for it cannot be supposed for a moment that the second and third generations of British extraction will have much sympathy to spare for aught but their own native land, unless its and their own direct interests are in common with those of the Motherland and the Empire as a whole. Surely, then, it is of the first importance that British statesmen should grasp the situation, and resolutely inaugurate an entirely new imperial policy. Yet it would seem as though no statesman were broad enough, or bold enough, to attempt anything of the kind. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has had the courage and discernment to champion the movement, it is true; but as he has retired from public life, there is not at present a single statesman in Parliament, of avowed convictions, to take his place. I fear that Mr. Allen will scarcely appreciate such "imperialism," which he will be likely to translate only as "idealism." I am sorry that he should be so impervious to "ideas," for life must be very dull and monotonous to one who is intolerant of idealism. Yet I could not but feel amused in my turn by Mr. Allen's sudden change of base and attempt to enlarge upon Canadian possibilities. I wonder if your correspondent has ever visited Canada. If not, he should do so. In Canada, the good qualities of manly Englishmen are as cordially appreciated as the faults and follies of mere English snobs are resented. But if Mr. Allen really does imagine that Canada is at all likely to enact the part he so gravely foreshadowed, he must be grievously ignorant of Canada and of her history. In the first place, her population is more than half French; her progress has been up to this time slow, although sure; and it is not probable that for several decades to come there will be any radical changes in either population or policy, save subject to the promptings of Imperial Federation. For Canada has in truth already evinced more interest in Imperial affairs proper than England itself. Indeed, Canada produced perhaps the greatest British statesman of his time, the late Sir John Macdonald, who, while the British House of Commons and British "statesmen" were engaged in the most paltry politics, or in playing to the galleries for their support and mere factional success, laid the foundations of Canadian prosperity, and caused to be constructed, in the face of the gravest obstacles, "a great Imperial Highway," as he himself proudly proclaimed it, viz., the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Though Canada has undoubtedly a great future before her, I can assure your correspondent that public opinion there is extremely sensitive and averse to all American political influences. But the idea of Canada ever "dominating" American politics is highly amusing, seeing that while, at most, Canada's population is less than seven millions (and, at that, less than half of purely British extraction), that of the United States is already one hundred millions. Yet Mr. Allen seems to regard his prognostications quite sincerely! But however we may differ in our

views and sentiments, I have still a high regard for Mr. Allen's individuality, which is plainly sturdy. My compliments to him, then.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EDWIN RIDLEY.

Buffalo, January, 1914.

A SPANISH PROFESSOR'S TRIBUTE TO ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Few criticisms of any national institutions are more instructive than those of a really well-informed foreigner, and few men are better qualified to speak about the peculiarities of a language than those who have been actively engaged in teaching it. José Casadesus, who, as professor of English at the Commercial School in Barcelona, possesses both the detached view of the foreigner and the inside knowledge of the expert, has recently contributed an introduction on the Phonetics and Grammar of English to an important new dictionary which is in course of publication in his town. After a few historical remarks he continues:—

"In our days the English language is of paramount importance. One might almost say of it what Cicero said, in his time, of Latin, 'It is of no particular merit to know it, but it is a great disgrace to be ignorant of it.' Its geographic extension—United Kingdom, Canada, United States, India, Australia, Africa -- comprises some 400,000,000 souls, while those who study it in all quarters of the globe are difficult to reckon from their very numbers. For commerce and marine no language is superior, whilst in industry and arts, as in science and literature, few languages can be placed on a par with it.

"Its intrinsic qualities give it fresh lustre and fresh glory. The vocabulary—including technical terms of arts and sciences—reaches the enormous total of 400,000 words; the structure is simple and logical; and the idioms, the monosyllables, and the contractions make it extremely flexible and expressive.

"But along with all these sterling qualities it has one most serious defect, for the writing is not phonetic; indeed, one might almost claim that it is hieroglyphic. Though one may know a word by ear, there is no method or rule for knowing how to write it; and, though one may know how to write it, there is no rule for knowing how to pronounce it. Hence the difficulty, not of the pronunciation, as some aver, but of the orthology or art of reading, and of the orthography or art of writing; arts which we may verily declare to be non-existent at present in the English language, and which never can exist so long as the present system endures. The result is that in English dictionaries each word has to be given in two ways; once as it is written, once as it is pronounced; . . . and the art of reading and writing the language is a torment for all children and foreigners who have to learn it, and continues a torment even for those who know it, since they have perpetually to consult the dictionary on matters of no importance."

"On matters of no importance." The sting of his remarks lies in the tail. The idea of consulting a dictionary, except for the purpose of ascertaining the meaning of a word, seems positively grotesque to a Spaniard; but we poor English are so habituated to the drudgery that we need a foreigner to point out its absurdity, and to remind us of the undeniable fact that no Englishman can tell with certainty how to pronounce any word which he has seen written, but not heard spoken, nor how to spell any word which he has heard spoken, but has not seen written. And yet we call ourselves a practical nation!—Yours faithfully,

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JOTTINGS FOR THE WORD-BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The following words and quotations are wanting in some of our Dictionaries :

BARQUADIER; a landing-stage for boats in Jamaica, a shortened form of French débarcadère, occurs in *The Times* of January 27, 1814 and 1914, p. 11.

"A Gentleman Instructed in the Conduct of a Virtuous and Happy Life. Written for the Instruction of a Young Nobleman. The Second Edition. London: 1704," is attributed on p. 1005 of the second volume of Halkett and Lang to William Darrell, the Jesuit. But a contemporary hand wrote on the title-page of the copy belonging to the University of St. Andrews "By Dr. Baker." One notes therein these words :

BUMPKIN, p. 26.; "a Hawking-Bag hung on the left side, and a Bumpkin guarded the right." The word came from the Netherlands; the Oxford Dictionary calls it "a vessel for carrying water."

DOG BOY, p. 25.; methought they had serv'd an Apprenticeship under Grooms or Dog-boys." The Oxford Dictionary quotes no specimens between the years 1859 and 1612.

FAST OUT, p. 104.; "and my Husband fasts out my Bravery in the *King's-Bench* or the *Marshalsea*." It means to "atone for," by abstinence.

INTERPAGE. The Oxford Dictionary gives no example of this word before the year 1858. Yet on p. 160 of THE ACADEMY of January 29, 1914, we read: "The First Six Books of Homer's *Iliad*, with an interpagated translation, line for line, and numerous notes. By the author of "the first six books of Virgil's *Æneid*" on the same plan. London: 1841." as the title of an anonymous book.

PREMURE, p. 79 (misprinted 83); "Take care, you may slip into a Premure before you are aware." It means *præmunire*.

TURCISM, p. 71.; "So that in those Mens Theology *Turcism*, with a 1000 *per ann.* is more credible, than Christianity with 500." It means the superstition of the Muhammedan Turks. EDWARD S. DODGSON.

CHESTERTON'S "MAGIC."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the interesting article on "Magic" in your paper of the week before last (only just come to my notice) the writer regrets that the only phenomenon supposed to be brought about by supernatural agency—in other words, the only "miracle"—in the play is the work of evil powers. Now, even *were* the miracle in question the only one, I, at least, should have more faith in G. K. C. as a teacher than to suppose it possible that he could mean to imply thereby that the Powers of Darkness alone are ready and able to help mortals in urgent need. I should have taken it that, given the fact of supernatural aid in answer to prayer being at our disposal at all, he would mean it to go without saying that the less, or bad, presupposed the greater, or good.

But the Satanic miracle is *not* the only one in "Magic." Perhaps the other is the easier to forget, or even to overlook at the time, in that it is non-material: one of the kind that Faith believes we "have always with us"—worked in the invisible world of thought. The Conjuror, driven desperate by the mortifying taunts and the scoffing challenge thrown at him, in the presence of the girl he worships, by the conceited young bully, her brother from America, has invoked the Powers of Darkness, who have

enabled him to stop the mouth and fever the brain of his persecutor by the production of phenomena that the latter can *not* explain—a supposed trick which he is powerless to expose—with the result that the baffled youth falls dangerously ill. At the passionate entreaty of the sister, the man, in penitent humility, calls on Divine Power, "if it so be that he may be found not unworthy to save the life of a boy." And thus the second miracle—the beneficent one—takes place; there darts into the suppliant's mind a *natural* means—a trick—by which the illusion of the storm and the green lamp could have been produced, and the telling of which to the raving boy (who would never have believed the supernatural—the true explanation) will remove his fever.

G. K. C. surely meant his little drama not only to be an antidote to the Gargantuan dose of realism administered to us of late years by the majority of plays and novels, but to have a still more uplifting effect—nothing less than the strengthening within us of Christian faith. It would be a pity if, by remembering only the Faust-like proceeding of the Conjuror, we defeated such an aim.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

Hampstead, N.W.

C. A. F.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a letter from Mr. J. Holbrooke, which appeared in your columns on December 27. Referring to some remarks made by me on December 20, about pianoforte composition in the present day, he asks me if I know any English works for the piano. My answer is that I know a considerable number. That some of these may be "fit for our serious players" I have no wish to deny. But the point which I appear to have conveyed imperfectly was that the composers of genius now alive, with two or three exceptions, do not write much for the piano; and that many young musicians of ability put their best work into their writing for orchestra. In making this judgment I may, of course, be wrong. But I have for some years taken a special interest in hearing the work of the younger British composers, and my opinion as to the relative value of their compositions for piano and for orchestra is honestly given. Yours faithfully,

London, W. Jan. 30. THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Nature and First Principle of Taxation.* By Robert Jones, B.Sc. With a Preface by Sidney Webb, LL.B. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)
A Recantation: A Supplement to a Book entitled "Shakespeare Self-Revealed." By "J. M." (Sherratt and Hughes. 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- The Bibelot; Cornhill Magazine; Fortnightly Review; Cambridge University Reporter; Church Quarterly Review; Nineteenth Century; The Bodleian; Stage Year Book, 1914; Bookseller; M. A. B.; Revue Critique; La Revue; Revue Bleue; Mercure de France; Bird Notes and News; The Animals' Friend; Publishers' Circular; Nordisk Tidskrift; Harper's Magazine; The Candid Quarterly Review; La Société Nouvelle; Literary Digest; University Correspondent; Sporting Gossip; Empire Review.*

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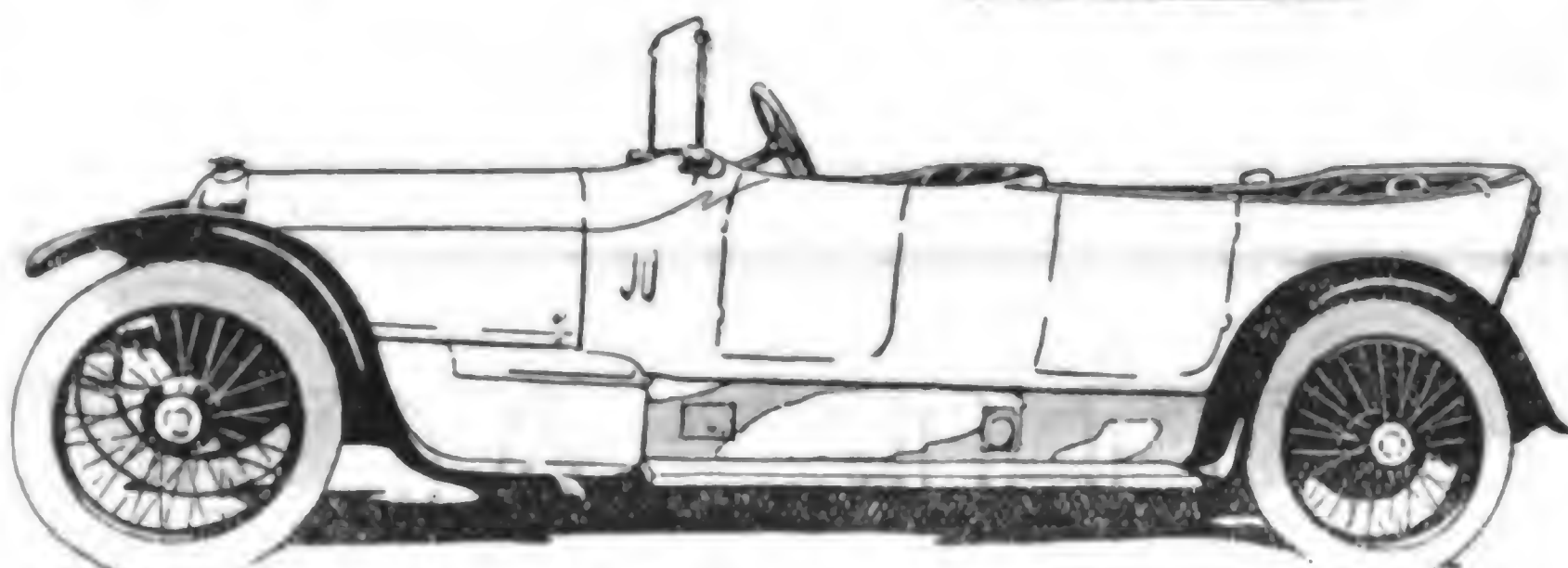
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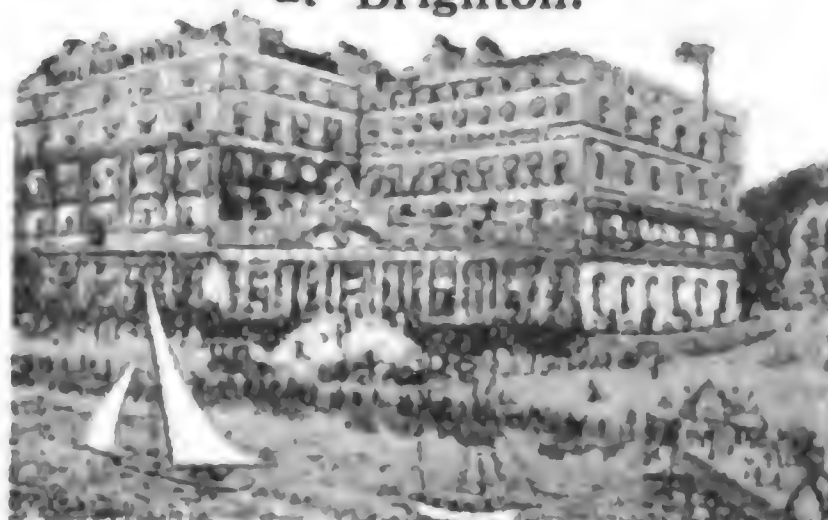
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THOMAS HUDSON, Town Clerk.

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Notes of the Week

IT is difficult to reconcile our impressions of the Frenchwoman with a vehement desire to obtain the vote—to obtain it, in fact, by violent means if peaceable methods will not suffice. In other words, it is not easy to imagine the vivacious ladies of France as "militants." Yet there comes news this week from the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, of the formation of a "Ligue Nationale pour le Vote des Femmes," determined and energetic, members of which pour vituperative scorn on the more moderate "Union Française pour le Suffrage des Femmes," which refuses to resort to extreme measures. Truly English history repeats itself—in other lands! The new League, we understand, is going to "march forward and show what women can do." Our sympathies are with France in this fresh trouble; but probably the Frenchman will regard petty outbreaks of window-smashing and incendiarism as an occasion for epigram and brilliant conversation. At any rate, such an association is a profitless venture at the present time, for the introduction of ill-temper and ridiculous, spiteful acts on the borderland of crime and insanity defeats its own ends. These enterprising ladies should have paid more attention to the pathetic failure of their English sympathisers before casting aside common sense and self-respect.

Mr. H. Wickham Steed, who has been absent from this country for more than twenty-one years, has come back full of reproaches. Addressing the Royal Insti-

tution, he complained of the average British diplomat abroad, and announces that nothing impresses him more than the "ignorance, insularity, and sleepy carelessness of the British nation." Disregarding the other two terms for the moment, we may note that in the mysterious evolution of meaning which words undergo, "insular," a harmless enough adjective, has come to signify "narrow" or "prejudiced." If we admit that as a people we are hard to move, even a little obstinate, we are not at all sure that this is a disadvantage; that same obstinacy has proved a very useful attribute in past years, and to misconstrue it into narrowness or prejudice seems to infer a certain amount of obliquity of vision on the part of the critic. We are not necessarily "ignorant" or "sleepy" because we do not grow excited and voluble at the slightest provocation. It is interesting to compare with Mr. Steed's assertions the recent statements of Mr. Taft, the former President of the United States, at Toronto. After prolonged study of our colonial system and our methods of government, he said, he was forced to the conclusion that "but for English enterprise, courage, and sense of responsibility in governing other races human civilisation would have been greatly retarded."

The efforts of the correspondents of provincial newspapers to express themselves gracefully are often very amusing. We noted, a week or two ago, a letter in a West-country daily which concluded thus: "Please permit me to point out that the splendid facilities which have been afforded by the Press in giving publicity to the subject-matter of this and similar communications during the last seven months have been a considerable contribution to, and of the greatest value in, what will very shortly have been a general reduction all round to a minimum of the needless and avoidable dangers indicated." The writer of this remarkable effusion signs himself very aptly, "Rambler," and in a previous portion of the letter alludes to his "pleasant peripatetic peregrinations." The whole gist of his communication could easily be compressed into one-third of the space; but then, of course, the author would miss the plaudits of his friends upon his magnificent command of language.

Some enthusiastic and sleepless person has been advocating in the columns of a well-known scientific paper the painting of buildings with a phosphorescent material. By the simple process of repainting London, for example, we might have "an automatic equalisation of the light-energy of the sun," since each wall would "return the stored sunlight during the night." There is no limit to the soaring schemes of the faddist, but to do away with darkness really seems carrying things off with a high hand. We would doom such a man to live for a week in his ghostly city that shines at midnight with stolen beams; we warrant he would soon be found beneath the earth, in the darkest corner of the deepest tube, craving only the boon of loneliness and sleep.

Unforgotten

A SILENT, desolate and unsearchable sea,
Linking I know not what far isles of grey,
Lies now, beloved, between myself and thee.

Its marge is crested by no slanting sail
Bringing thee home again the silver way;
No pharos reddens on its girdle pale.

And canst thou never come to me again,
Never again towards the harbour steer,
Scarring the brown sands with thine anchor-chain?

Yet it were not all bitter, not all sad,
To con once more the chronicle old and dear
Of unforgotten seasons blossom-glad.

If I might dream that on some other strand,
Though other lips were folded against thine,
Some other Spring blessed thee with its green wand!

Art thou beyond the morning's exquisite arc
That turns the waters of the east to wine?
Can the sun shine, and thou be in dark?

If it be so, and I must bow to this
Annihilation of all dreams divine,
I know that thou art dead, and what death is.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Lifeless Accuracy

THERE is something both admirable and pathetic in the unflagging perseverance of people who write—as distinct, we may say, from people whose writings are published and paid for. Apart from stories, ordinary articles, and verse, ten or twelve contributions are received every week, at the office of almost any paper, which may be covered by the generic title of "essay." They come frequently from the same persons; they are often excellent in phrasing and grammar; but they are lifeless and depressing.

It is impossible to help picturing the conscientious author, sometimes, sitting at his desk or table, having written, let us say, the word "Winter"—a favourite subject just now, and so topical—in large, clear characters at the top of his clean sheet. Many interesting remarks throng through his brain. He points out that Winter is the period of the year when Nature rests and the earth sleeps; that it has its beauties as well as Summer; that it contains Christmas, which he will certainly term "the festive season." This will carry him on for five hundred words or so; after which he may comment cheerily on the charms of skating, the "ring of the blade on the firm ice," or on the delights of a walk on a frosty morning and the fireside at the

end of it—and two of his paragraphs will begin with the fatal "Then there is. . . ." Inevitably he will conclude by showing how Spring, with her snowdrops and daffodils, is near at hand; how the earth "wakes at last from its long slumber"; how the fleecy clouds sail across the blue sky; and how happy we all ought to be. Thus he accomplishes his thousand words with immense self-satisfaction; it is all perfectly correct, quite harmless, and absolutely useless, and would have been just as correct, harmless, and useless had he chosen a different theme.

Such unprofitable contributions, betraying their character in the first three or four sentences, are returned as a matter of course, save by the very few papers—gentle, uninspiring, soporific sheets!—which print them and send six free copies as payment. For these the author is grateful; he feels that evidently his work is appreciated, even if not at its true value; and from this moment nothing can stay his industry, nothing can subdue his elation. "By the way, I had a little thing in last week's number of *The Primrose*," he says casually; "care to see it? They seem rather to like my stuff; I just send them something now and then. Not much of it, of course; but then there isn't a great demand for that sort of writing. . . . You can take that copy if you like; they always send me two or three when my stuff appears. Awfully glad you like it; yes, of course, it takes a lot of thinking out. I'll let you know when the next is in."

It is not fair, perhaps, to poke fun at the inexperienced writer who thus has to stand on tip-toe to reach the lowest rung of the ladder; certainly it is not right to sneer at him. He is, in his small way, an artist, striving seriously enough for self-expression, feeling the pull of something big and fine outside his mediocre, humdrum existence, something which as yet he can but dimly apprehend. Possibly he will remain for years on these unpromising levels, writing pretty little articles in his spare time, using familiar phrases, quoting hackneyed scraps of poetry, retaining his good opinion of himself; this often happens. There may come a moment, however, when his eyes are opened to magical horizons, when the knowledge that words may be music, that sentences may be harmonies, and that hitherto he has been as a novice fumbling at the manuals of a mighty organ, comes to him; and then he may move quickly. He will become aware that all he has done is the mere unguided, aimless picking out of an old tune with one finger, while there are keyboards and ranks of stops and melodious thunders freely at his disposal when he shall have spent patient, eager days in the learning of them; he will realise that within the instrument so wonderfully revealed lie fugues and fantasias and symphonies unheard, that it may rest with him, even him, to create them and send them ringing forth. Then, if he succeed, our laughter will have been proved premature; and if he does but manage to bring some simple, pleasing music from that complex array, there will be honour in his failure, and dignity in his despair.

W. L. R.

The University of London

SMALL, unconsidered revolutions are everywhere about us. Probably neither the public nor the press has entirely appreciated the significance of certain commotions which have recently agitated that generally serene body, the University of London. The University has been told, by all the authority of a Royal Commission, that it cannot properly be said to exist, and that, if it is said to exist, then it is utterly unsuitable, ineffective for its purpose, and proper for amendment out of recognition.

London University, as it is known by its intimates—the world at large knows it not at all—is the hybrid offspring of a vicious compromise. For years commissioners have sat upon and considered it. For years they have made recommendations in respect of it. And for years there have been at work forces which have nullified all their conclusions and all their advice. The University came into existence eighty years ago as a body competent to examine and confer degrees upon two Colleges in London, King's and University; at first its scope was limited to this function, and as a consequence its graduates were all school-trained men. But because the popular desire for culture outdistanced the facilities available for its acquisition, the University found itself in the middle of the nineteenth century a purely examining body, conferring degrees on students, whose only qualification was their ability to answer questions set at examination. London University degrees, while they stood for high study and dexterity in the examination room, implied naught of that important something which is the essence of University education: that training in life and manners and modes of thought which, as well as academic attainment, it is the business of a University to supply, and of its degree to signify.

In the late 'eighties a reaction against this mutilated conception of the University ideal set in, and it has continued and developed with growing vehemence ever since. The need in London for a teaching University was emphasised with accumulating insistence. It found expression in the report of the Selborne Commission which examined the matter in 1888. It was prominent in the findings of the Gresham Commission's report of 1894. It was reiterated with urgency in the recommendations of Lord Haldane's Commission of 1913. There is little doubt that the scheme of the Gresham Commission would have been given the force of legislative enactment in 1895 but for one important fact. That fact was the existence of a large and important body of graduates, whose degrees rested on the results of study and examinations alone. In deference to the prejudices of this body, out of regard for the interests that had grown up alongside and by reason of it, and not least because this external side (as it came to be called) satisfied a real and reasonable want, the legislature compromised on the scheme of the Commission, and brought into being the University with which London is now provided.

The government of the University is entrusted to-day to the hands of two opposed, irreconcilable, and mutually neutralising forces, the Council for External Students, which represents the interests of the external students and graduates, and the Academic Council, whose business is to endeavour to develop the training or collegiate side of University life. These Councils are dominated by incompatible ideals. Neither of them is able effectively to impress its wishes on the Senate: each is strong enough to thwart the other; and there is a deadlock between them. The external side is numerically the stronger. The internal side is of rapidly increasing importance, and contains the whole promise of the future. And so the matter rests at present, awaiting further parliamentary consideration.

One factor alone calls for further comment. All suddenly a new spirit is manifest in the London University undergraduate. The students have come to corporate life and sense. For the first time in history they have met to discuss University business. The Jehangier Hall at the University Buildings was barely sufficient to accommodate a huge gathering of them last November; and when, at the close of this meeting, it was realised that a heated discussion on the proposals of the Royal Commission had by no means exhausted itself, the authorities found it necessary to allow the adjourned meeting to take place in the Great Hall of the University. At the conclusion of the debate nearly 1,500 students were present, and the occasion was marked by really powerful and able speeches. A resolution endorsing the recommendations of the Haldane Commission was carried by a large majority.

This is not all. For years a Council, representative of the students of the University, has carried on an inglorious and unconsidered existence. Under the guidance of an able chairman and an energetic secretary, it has recently emerged into an active importance, of which the meeting already referred to is the earliest manifestation. Within the last few weeks the first number of its new organ, *The Undergraduate*, has appeared, and to this venture we tender our hearty congratulations. The corporate life of the London University student is at last an accomplished fact. We trust that life to increase and expand. We believe that for London University there is reserved a dignified and splendid destiny, proportionate to the dignity and splendour of London itself, and comparable with the dignity and splendour of any University in the world.

G. T. L.

The tale of a full and adventurous career is told in "The Life of Admiral Sir Harry Rawson," Governor of New South Wales. He first saw active service at thirteen years of age in the China War of 1858-60, and as an admiral commanded the Benin Expedition of 1897. The book includes a chapter on his brother, Commander Wyatt Rawson, who led the historic night march over the desert to Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Edward Arnold is the publisher.

Music and Cant

MUSIC is supposed to be a universal passion. The "savage breast," we are told, is not impregnable to its assaults; the man of culture is mostly impelled to offer it some kind of lip-service. The most facile and insensible of poets, Dryden, ascribes to it most of the miracles in earth and heaven. Nearly everyone likes to be thought to possess at least a minimum of that faculty which has been held to constitute, with the higher mathematics, the most eloquent "intimation of immortality" that we have. The man who says that he does not understand or care for music—of some kind—is either a superman or a super-decadent. He exists; the A.D.C. in "General John Regan" was drawn from life, though it would tax our ingenuity to know into which of our just-invented categories to put him; Jowett undoubtedly said to a famous musician, "I don't like music, but I'm glad I've heard you play." A Socialist musician of our acquaintance once went so far as to declare that, in the perfect state, music would be no longer wanted:

No further show or need for that old coat.

But the prophet was evidently searing his own soul with his paradox. He was a musician after all.

Where the obligation exists, or is supposed to exist, to think or talk about certain subjects, there the weed called cant is sure to thrive. This weed has many varieties. Religion, patriotism, love, are each the soil not of one, but of many cants; to every universal passion a score of imitative insincerities; and how should music, sharing this universality, escape the common curse?

One of the worst varieties of cant, because the most incurable, is the cant of having no cant. The French anti-clerical, at his worst, affords a good example of this kind of insincerity. We all have our cant, but we all have the antidote in our sack; it is called humility; this man has thrown it away. The musical representatives of this type are the people who, loving to perform or to hear good music, are afraid of being thought too cultured. To preserve the fair garment of their reputation from any fancied stain of intellectuality they will impose on themselves every kind of torture. They deny themselves access to the more serious concert-halls, where they know they would find delight; or, if they enter, it is in Arimathæan fashion or fortified by some sound social pretext. To their domestic circle they preach the methods of Grand-Guignol; rag-times jostle requiems, and the greatest music is only excused and shyly admitted either for its familiarity or for certain qualities which it appears to share with the smallest. Their tastes and their scruples render possible "Parsifal" in a music-hall and Beethoven's Symphonies in a Copenhagen restaurant.

Next to these in the hierarchy of insincerity we should place their mortal enemies, the intense and never-bending intellectuals. Their attitude is often intelligible and respectable; their fault lies in the persistent denial

of their own probable human weakness—the temptation to "desipere in loco." We say "probable," because we believe this temptation to be, with the exceptions that the idea of universality always carries, an inseparable accident of human nature. The cant of intellectuality—the pursuit of intellectual things purely with a view to the self-righteous glow and the feeling of superiority that such things may give—is one of the deadliest vices. But between intellectuality and intellectuality, the two poles of the intelligence, though the distance is great, the distinction is more than hard; we are in danger of confounding sinner and saint.

The attitude of literary men towards music has varied with the centuries and with the countries of the world, but the retort wrung from Gluck by the provocations of the Encyclopædists contains the elements of a general truth: "il y a apparence que ces messieurs sont plus heureux lorsqu'ils écrivent sur d'autres matières." The true *homme de lettres* takes all knowledge for his province; and quite rightly!—he is our interpreter—how otherwise are we to know anything? But he is irritated and baffled by the discovery that there is one thing that seems to hide itself from the wise and prudent and to reveal itself to babes. He resents the exclusiveness of music. Autocrat or oligarch perhaps in everything else, he is a leveller in this. He will banish all the music that he does not understand, and recognise only that which appeals to a large number of untrained or insensible ears, including his own. We cannot understand this tyranny; it is that which Gluck's opponents wanted to exercise, and we have heard it advocated in our own circle of friends. The literary man finds that music escapes him; let him remember the higher mathematics; here is another exclusiveness, and one that he cannot hope to break down.

Allusions to music are to be found in every poet. It is extraordinary how vague these allusions mostly are. The best are contained in very short, non-committal phrases:

The setting sun and music at the close.

The glory of the sun of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory.

It is the brevity of veneration; it is the "Altar to the Unknown God." Dryden's is the vulgar expansiveness of familiarity. We can think of only two English poets who have shown that they understood music—Milton and Robert Browning. One of the greatest world-poets, Goethe, has expressed, though not in poetry, a curious miscomprehension of the federal laws that govern the republic of the Arts. His tolerance of Schubert's "Erlkönig" and his contempt for other musical versions of his poems are alike instructive.

Of those who have written in prose about music, Shorthouse and Pater have shown knowledge and perception. The professional critics may be divided into those who know the limits of their province and those

who do not. The latter have a habit of assuming that what they choose to read into a piece of music must be patent to the world; the choicest blossoms of the weed called cant are of their watering. The distinguished critic of a London daily paper, with a Nonconformist nuance, once expressed his disgust at seeing "clergymen of the Established Church" keep their places, without blush or protest, through the lascivious strains of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune."

Musicians writing on their own art are generally intolerable. If we started our acquaintance with Wagner by reading Wagner's prose and Wagner's theories, we should probably never face the "Ring" and "Tristan." The Futurists are now giving us a burlesque version of Wagner's procedure.

For the more ordinary kind of cant there are three tests: Can the claimant to musical taste whistle, hum or strum a recognisable version of a song or piece he is supposed to admire?—can he recognise at the third bar a piece he has more than once heard performed?—and—does he spend more time listening to music than he does talking about it?

R. F. SMALLEY.

The Companionable Feminine

And swore he long'd at college, only longed,
All else was well, for she-society.

IN the majority of books on fishing, that agreeable injunction *cherchez la femme* is an unremunerative one. The late W. Earl Hodgson was one of the very few angling writers since Walton to admit the feminine element to his pages, and Mr. Sheringham has endeared to us one Amaryllis, who, though she cannot tell a chub from a salmon, has curling eyelashes as killing in their way as any trout fly.

Why this depressing lack of "she-society" in our sport? Possibly because the few women who fish take so workmanlike a view of it as to be socially neither desirous nor desirable when on the water. They are out to fish, not to flirt, and would rather have for company a weather-beaten gillie in fustian than the smartest dandy in the Guards. Hunting appears to be the only field sport in which the sexes meet on the same footing, for the woman with a fancy for standing behind a man when he is shooting grouse or pheasants thinks more of her own cap than of his birds. In the hunting field, on the other hand, Diana is no less keen than Nimrod. I am not forgetting that there have been Masters of Hounds with ungallant but emphatic views on the subject, but even they would probably concede that the vast majority of these fair followers of the chase are out to gallop and not to philander. There may be moments of soft relenting outside the covert or while riding home, but, with hounds in full cry, the very last thought in their minds is to make themselves either attractive or companionable, and if they accept the lead of a pilot, it is certainly not for the pleasure of his society.

Their sisters on river, lake, or sea are hardly the Companionable Feminine of our empty dreams. They are sufficient unto themselves, keener even than their brothers, and possessed by a spirit of independence that is clearly fatal to companionship. They don unsightly brogues and waders and throw a fly as well as their lords, if not indeed better. They are anything and everything you please; but they are, emphatically, not companions.

Speaking generally, I do not doubt but the fisherman is best alone. Yet there is joy in the right company. In that he who sings the praises of his paragon in petticoats must need seem a shocking egoist, it needs a little courage to catalogue the virtues of the ideal woman to take a-fishing. To begin with, she should like him a great deal and his fishing a very little. This means that she will rejoice at his success and condole with his failure. At lunch time, she becomes the ministering angel, and on the homeward way she will lend a ready ear to the tedious story of his day's sport. The comradeship that breathes from her face is better than music, unless you are more of a poet than a fisherman.

All this, no doubt, argues her companion a selfish fellow, yet woman was ever happier in giving than in receiving, and so long as she has much liking for his company, and little for his sport, her part need not be a hard one. As to the right man for her to go a-fishing with, I dare not, failing her point of view, particularise too closely. He should be considerate for her comfort. If she is nervous of the cows that graze in the water meadows, he should not jeer, but should contrive to take her wide of them. He should show appreciation of the meal that she has been at pains to prepare, and he should, above all, put his rod away in good time, that she may not have a breathless scramble for the train. Above all, however, even though it should involve carrying her dryshod across the stream (not a necessarily uncongenial service), he should not ask her to wet her feet, for there are women who hate wet feet more even than sin. If she helps him with the landing net, he should bring each fish close to the bank, so that she runs no risk of losing her balance.

Quien peces quiere, mojarse tiene,

says the Spanish proverb, or, in other words, you cannot catch fish without getting wet. Let the man, if he so please, stand in water up to his neck, but he has no right whatever to inflict the same penalty on his fair companion.

Although the ideal companion is not herself fond of fishing, it is not always impossible to find pleasure in the company of an enthusiast. Anthony was not the only man to fish with Cleopatra, even on the Nile; but the serious business of fishing suffered woefully on such occasions, for there was need of playing gillie, rowing the boat, baiting the hook, bestowing fulsome praise on insignificant achievement, or even, when a cast broke, or a hold gave, stemming the tide of silent grief *Δάκρυ' ἀδάκρυα* with such comfort as we could muster. No; it

was not worth calling fishing, yet we would not lightly forgo the memory of those days in Arcady.

Yet I make bold to say that no man who takes his sport seriously should go fishing with the girl he is in love with. It is spoiling two good things. There is a time for courting and another for fishing, but you cannot do both at once, and the amorous angler should put his rod and fly-book clean out of his thoughts until he has either lost his lady or won her. Once they have parted, or once they are wed, let him fish again with all his old enthusiasm. What I hold to be impossible is for a man to keep one eye on his float and the other on her face, or to cast with any approach to accuracy over a feeding trout when he is wondering all the time, not whether the fish is going to take his fly, but whether the girl is going to let him kiss her. I remember seeing a man at a music-hall play the violin while he was balancing an umbrella on the rim of his hat, but such a feat was child's play compared with the bewildering business of fishing and making love at the same moment.

No; it must be one thing, or the other.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watched the little circles die;
They passed into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye:
The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck. . . .

All of which is delightful, and I am the last man to depreciate such attractions. But they should be anathema to the fisherman while he is on the water.

It has been said that much of the regard must be on the lady's side, and for this reason I fancy that the most companionable feminine for the keen fisherman is a younger sister who is devoted to him. Happy the man who can count on the company of such a fancy-free maiden, anxious to please him, without any thought of his pleasing her! She is untiring and careless of appearances. She will net his fish, carry his creel, or unravel his tangled line. She is quick to help and to sympathise, and her prompt cry of "Well done!" or "Hard luck!" as occasion may require, is very heartening. Few men are so lucky, but many years ago, when I was not so wicked or so foolish as I am to-day, I knew of a case. As I remember them, they were inseparable. She cared for no one but her big brother, then home from Sandhurst, and we other lads made our sheep's eyes from the safe distance of the other bank in vain. Then I lost sight of them for many years. When I met him again, a little east of Suez, he had lost his taste for fishing, and she, having meanwhile married a brother officer of his, lay buried in the cemetery of an Indian hill station.

Mr. Durrant Swan, who, in addition to being lessee of the Ambassadors Theatre, has, in his time, been interested in various successful musical comedy tours, announces that preparations for the opening performance of "The Joy-Ride Lady"—due in about three weeks at the New Theatre—are very well advanced.

REVIEWS

Various Verse

- The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems.* By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. (John Lane. 5s. net.)
Cromwell, and Other Poems. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (David Nutt. 5s. net.)
Lyrical Poems. By THOMAS MACDONAGH. (Dublin: The Irish Review. 6s. net.)
Echoes. By A. L. H. ANDERSON. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
A Sea Anthology. Selected and Illustrated by ALFRED RAWLINGS. (Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d. net.)
Colombine, a Fantasy; and Other Verses. By REGINALD ARKELL; with some Drawings by FREDERICK CARTER. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. net.)
Nature's Interviews, and Other Poems. By MURIEL E. GEORGE. (Eastbourne: Alex. Clayton. 1s. 6d. net.)

WHAT shall we say of Mr. Le Gallienne? Sweet singer as ever, full of his pretty conceits, he yet fails to take his place among the poets who move us. "Ah, bosom made of April flowers!" he exclaims; and in "Flos Ævorum" sings:

All time hath travelled to this rose;
To the strange making of this face
Came agonies of fires and snows.

A hundred lines could be quoted on the same model; "Alma Venus" gives us the same sort of thing:

O land made out of distance and desire!
With ports of mystic pearl and crests of fire.

There are a few stronger poems in this book; the picture of the "East-bound flyer for New York, Soft as a magic-lantern slide," speeding through the orchard where—

The apples and the moonlight fell
Together on the railroad track—

this is one memorable little lyric; but the verses which treat of love and death awaken no overwhelming response; they are too much in the sweet-melancholy vein. Page after page inclines us to say, "How pretty—how charming!" but not one passage can bring the sigh, the thrill, the tear. The poem to Emerson we can only regret:

Seeds of the silver flower of Emerson:
One, on the winds to Scotland brought, did sink
In Carlyle's heart; and one was lately blown
To Belgium, and flowered in—Maeterlinck.

Solemnity is the note of Mr. Drinkwater's poems. He is the serious artist, bent on fine, right expression; down far below the surface-pretty of things he seeks a meaning and finds thoughts that glow, if they do not often burn. There is no trace of hurry, no sign of carelessness in the whole of this delightful

little book, nor is there any futile attempt to deal in showy words, the jewels of language that become paste in the hands of the incompetent. At the same time, the resonant, excellent verse is here in plenty—such lines as these, for instance:

One with the reverend presence who had been
Steward of kingly charges unbetrayed.

The gods are just; eternity
May gird me for its lordlier clime;
But here, where time encircles me,
I am a lord of time.

The title-poem, "Cromwell," is a series of pictures under separate headings—"The Call," "The Coming," "Edgehill," "Marston Moor," and so on; some of these are in rhymed couplets, others in blank verse. They leave us very slightly stirred, though the conception is good and the whole effect impressive; the "interludes" are a feature of the poem which pleases us much. One lyric in this section appears to be directly modelled on the curious measure used by Tennyson in "The Daisy." If we give one stanza of Tennyson and one from this "Entry into London" we shall see:

At Florence, too, what golden hours
In those long galleries were ours;
What drives about the fresh Casciné,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

Along the streets of London town
Full twenty thousand men go down
In fighting gear and with faces beaten
To little of laughter in battle's frown.

Many memorable poems Mr. Drinkwater gives us, and we should like to confirm our assertion by several quotations. "The Inviolable Hour" is a grave, musical lyric, strong with subdued passion; "In Lady Street" deals with a theme which might easily have betrayed him into the snare of lilting prettiness; and "Dominion," of which we give the last two verses, is a little cheery song to be read many times:

But gladder than them all was I,
Who, being man, might gather up
The joy of all beneath the sky,
And add their treasure to my cup.

And travel every shining way,
And laugh with God in God's delight,
Create a world for every day,
And store a dream for every night.

Mr. Thomas MacDonagh announces himself with a little flourish of trumpets on his first page; he "tells the things" that he has seen and "shows the man" that he has been:—

As simply as a poet can
Who knows himself poet and man,
Who knows that unto him are shown
Rare visions of a Life unknown,
Who knows that unto him are taught
Rare words of wisdom all unsought. . .

Mr. MacDonagh is quite sure that he is a poet; we are not so sure. Pages of rhyme and pretty thoughts and smooth words do not constitute poetry. Let us cull a few lines from the long effort called "O Star of Death":—

Wisdom's voice is the voice
Of a child who sings to a star
With a cry of, Hail and rejoice!
And farewell to the things that are,
And hail to eternal peace,
And rejoice that the day is done,
For the night brings but release
And threatens no waking sun. . . .

There is no reason why this sort of thing should ever stop; there is no finality, no restraint, no inspiration; it is dull metal, and does not ring clearly. And how could a poet begin a poem thus:—

I once spent an evening in a village
Where the people were all taken up with tillage. . . .

On the credit side of the account we must place a really powerful thing entitled "A Dream of Hell," which has quite a mesmeric effect, and a couple of translations from the Irish. Self-criticism is the greatest need of this writer, who can, we feel sure, do good work, but who at present is far too fluent and copious.

Modestly Miss Anderson—it seems that the author must be a lady—puts forth her little book of "Echoes." The lyrics are decidedly pretty, and run trippingly; the author knows the value of varied rhythm, and manages her verses well. We like the "Gipsy Song" and the song of "An Exile" better than most of the other rhymes; the contrast in the latter piece is skilfully given:—

The hot, sweet day is over,
The flashing stars are white,
White are the orange blossoms—
The fireflies alight
Sparkle beneath the olives
In the purple velvet night.
O, the hateful, scented darkness,
I long and long in vain!—
I sicken for the moorland
And the soft small rain.

Too many of the stanzas are written on hackneyed themes; "Spring," "Dead Leaves," "The Song of the Birds," "A Dull Day"—not many poets can make these subjects interesting, unless something beyond mere description with an occasional moral is achieved.

Most of us could compile a "Sea Anthology" to please ourselves, but we should probably not be so comprehensive in research as Mr. Rawlings, who has ranged from Sophocles and Cædmon, Dante and Hakluyt, to modern times. We are surprised not to find certain of Mr. John Masefield's delightful salt-water songs and lyrics included; but we are glad to see two of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's exquisite sonnets. Such a volume might be extended until the writer dropped from fatigue, but in this case a wise and pleasing selection has been made, and the book, with its reproduced seascapes by the author, is one to be treasured.

To "Colombine," with its charming "Other Verses," we devoted a whole column of this paper in April, 1912; we need only say that there seems no reason to alter the high praise which we then gave it. We do wish very strongly, however—and have wished many times—that publishers would intimate on new issues that the book has appeared before. There is absolutely no indication that this volume is two years old, although we are again informed that "Colombine" was produced at the Clavier Hall in December, 1911.

The English spring appeals to Mrs. George very strongly, and her sense of it finds expression in many of the poems in "Nature's Interviews." Some of them are excellent; we prefer those which seem to have been written in India—they have a wistfulness which adds a reason for their writing:—

That tree, whose old leaves dropped but yester-morn,
Will stand new clothed to-morrow, shaking out
Her shimmering veils of beauty, sudden-born
• Of Spring's sweet magic; here no glorious rout
Of buttercups and daisies gem the sod,
Only the jungle grass looks up to God.

The series of twelve poems to the months has a pleasant variation of melody and of rhythm, and the whole book, if not of any high poetic value, gives an impression of sincerity and clear thought. We wish that the same could be said of all who strive to cast their ideas into the form of verse.

Richard Cœur de Lion

Der Mittelenglische Versroman über Richard Löwenherz. Kritische Ausgabe nach allen Handschriften mit Einleitung, Anmerkungen und deutscher Übersetzung. KARL BRUNNER, Dr. Phil. (Braumüller, Wien und Leipzig. 15 marks.)

DR. BRUNNER has done well in re-editing the Middle-English ballad of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The poem had not been edited since 1810, and then very imperfectly. The seven existing manuscripts have been industriously compared, and questions of versification, time, place and history carefully examined. It is unfortunate that the French ballad that inspired the original version of the English one has been lost, but enough material exists for a sound evaluation of the origins of the poem. The German prose translation appended by Dr. Brunner is of great service, though the text of the poem itself should be by no means difficult, even for those unskilled in Middle-English. The oldest manuscript appears to date from the end of the fourteenth century, the author was almost certainly an ecclesiastic, and he may or may not have lived in Lincolnshire.

The historical groundwork of the poem is for the most part sound and accurate, though much of the famous story of the hero's imprisonment in Austria gets embodied in an earlier and apocryphal episode. The repeated battles are rather irksome, as in most early

poetry. The issue is never in doubt, the slaughter is always incredible, and the place-names are so carelessly sown about the poem that the reader must cultivate rigorous estrangement both from the atlas and any previous knowledge he may have.

But by skipping the majority of the battles and composing an ideal topography for the story, the reader of this ballad may attain to much enjoyment. Does he "fear God and hate the French"?—he will learn that

"Ffrensche men arn arwe and ffeynte,"

that

"Ffyghte they cunne with wurdes lowde,"

but

"Whene they comen to ye mystere"

(of real fighting),

"Anon they gynne to turne here hele."

The writer is a very intense patriot, and Philip Augustus and the Duke of Austria come in for some rough treatment. As against the Saracens Heaven speaks with no uncertain voice—

"There they herden an aungele off heuene

That seyde: 'Seynyours, tuez, tuese,

Spares hem nought, behedith these!'"

Whereat

"They were behedyd hastelyke,

And caste into a ffoul dyke."

The narrative abounds in graphic touches, which mix oddly with the conventional repetitions. Here is the hero in a passion:

"In anger Rycharde toke a lofe,

The croste in his hondes all torafe."

Humour is abundant; the device of capturing a town by throwing bee-hives over the wall is lovingly described. But the gem of the poem is the description of Richard's illness and its successful treatment: when the King lay deathly sick, and

"Afftyr pork he was alongyd,"

a knight said to the steward,

"Take a Sarezyn yonge and ffat;

In haste that the theff be slayn,

Openyd, and hys hyde off flayn,

And soden fful hastyly."

The dish was served:

"Beffore Kyng Rychard karf a knyghte,

He eete ffastere than he karue myghte."

Much revived, the King calls for the head, and is considerably diverted when he sees it.

The poem is a spirited and by no means inartistic composition. Where the fighting was, and why—it certainly was not to test

"Whether is off more power,

Jhesu, or ells Jubyter"—

is not always plain, but, bating the bare catalogue of knocks, it was good and pleasant fighting. The edition is a good contribution to Middle English literature.

His Majesty the German Emperor has been pleased to accept a copy of "A Day with the Corps-Students in Germany," by Sir Lees Knowles, Bart., C.V.D., recently published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Taxation and Pleasure

The Nature and First Principle of Taxation. By ROBERT JONES. With a preface by SIDNEY WEBB, LL.B. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN R. L. Stevenson's delightful rambling story of "The Wrecker" Loudon Dodd, the sensitive young sculptor, was horrified to find an interview on himself and his art in the *St. Jo Sunday Herald*, by the irrepressible Jim Pinkerton, "wedged in between an account of a prize-fight and a skittish article on chiropody." "Think," he exclaims, "of chiropody treated with a leer!" Although comparatively short, this is a scientific book on a difficult and complicated subject; but to lighten it and to lure the ordinary reader on, there is a jaunty preface by Mr. Sidney Webb.

Mr. Webb is the high priest of modern Radical progressive (in more senses than one) taxation; to use an inaccurate but useful simile, he has more capacity to the square inch in his little finger than many greater politicians have in their whole bodies. He is far more dangerous because he is an accurate thinker—practical and logical—who knows what he wants and how to achieve his ends. He first educated the Fabians; then when the Progressive Party had captured the L.C.C. under the specious cry of "No politics," he proceeded to exploit its vast resources in order to propagate his theories, and a splendid time he had until the Municipal Reform Party, thanks to Captain Jessel, drove them from power. It is not unfair to say that much of the taxation of the present Government is more his work and the result of his teaching than is generally supposed. We remember his saying that he had no objection to people being taxed 20s. in the £, and defending that proposition.

Mr. Jones, who is one of his disciples in that forcing house of Socialistic theories, the London School of Economics, has written an able and plausible book from his point of view, to which Mr. Webb has put his *imprimatur* in the shape of the jaunty preface aforesaid. To treat such a horrid subject as taxation jocularly is almost as bad as treating chiropody with a leer.

If "bold bad Chancellors" have to pick our pockets, how, asks Mr. Webb, can it best be done? Along this line Mr. Jones conducts us skilfully enough to a practical ideal of a steeply graduated income tax which shall discreetly stop short of being "Procrustean." He shows how it might be bad to abolish some taxes even if a thousand millionaires agreed to pay all the rates

and taxes in the country. There might be drawbacks, he points out, for instance, to untaxed gin, dogs and guns. Moreover, why, because the nation had collectively become richer, should it bestow largess on an arbitrarily selected minority of individual property-owners by letting them off tithe and land tax? It is time, he says, that someone made a stand for the positive advantages of taxation. In sober truth, he declares there are in the United Kingdom of to-day not a few taxes that we could not afford to lose, even if we did not need the revenue. In fact, he asserts that the nation is a sleeping partner in every firm, and spends the money far more wisely than we can spend it ourselves!

The economists told us, years ago, that of the then aggregate of private incomes at least £500,000,000 a year is spent in ways that we can in no sense justify—in riotous living that impairs our health, in foolish extravagances that actually lessen our aggregate enjoyments, in a consumption of so-called luxuries that so far from increasing our capacity, makes us at once less wealthy, less healthy, and less wise.

It is only fair to admit he is good enough to say that Government expenditure is inefficient and wasteful, but it is far more wisely done, he alleges, than the average private expenditure. This, of course, is nothing but pure Socialism, naked and unashamed, and shows the hopeless want of knowledge of human nature which can suppose that as a first step to doing away with all profits, people will toil so that its Government may spend all their earnings in the way a number of bureaucrats think will be to the general and even individual advantage.

The nature of a tax is very clearly defined in Chapter I, and there is much for reflection in the painstaking definitions. For instance, all the revenue of the British Government or the L.C.C. does not represent taxation, although at first glance it may be thought to do so. Income tax is a pure tax, but the profits from municipal tramways contain no element of taxation. (Some tax-payers, we may here say in parenthesis, feel that municipal trading very often inflicts a good deal of unnecessary taxation, and as we believe that there will not be a tramway in London twenty years hence, a great deal of waste.)

Rates are defined as a payment for something offered in return—such as water—but another subdivision shows exceptions, such as the wealthy bachelor who pays an education rate for which individually he gets nothing. The essential elements of a tax appear to be (a) That it

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is compulsory; (b) That it is not the purchase price of something bought. The compulsion makes the tax.

If we consider how Passive Resisters are forced to contribute to Church Schools [note that our author puts this first], Quakers to the Navy, Anarchists to the Police, Churchmen to "Godless Schools," Republicans to the Monarchy, and Unionists to the salaries of Irish Nationalist Members, we find that taxes are constantly demanded and paid for, not for "nothing in return," but what is worse, for something that the payers conceive to be more mischievous than if the money had been cast into the sea.

He inquires if there is a tax element present in the Post Office, for instance. It has been said that letters could be carried in the area of London for a halfpenny, and would at that price yield a large return to a private company; if so, are Londoners taxed fifty per cent. on their penny postage? No, because you cannot isolate London—the scheme has to include the carriage of a letter from a small inland village in Scotland to a small postal area in central India, which is necessarily done at a loss. The net profit of the Post Office would, however, appear to be a tax. We have given these interesting examples to show Mr. Jones's line of argument.

The second chapter is a clear and able history of the development of ideas on taxation from the earliest times. The main principles are Equity, Economy, Certainty, Productivity, Uniformity and Generality. There is an excellent chapter on definitions, a note on family budgets and taxes, and a carefully prepared Bibliographia and Index.

The book, apart from its political hints here and there, is an excellent handbook for the statesman, the political economist, and the student. It sets out clearly much of which we are hazily aware; a dry subject is illuminated with some quaint wit, and after reading it the tax-payer will pay his rates and taxes more readily, or, at least, more resignedly, than he did before. Our thanks are therefore due to its painstaking author.

W. B.

A Corner of West Africa

Among the Primitive Bakongo. By JOHN H. WEEKS. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

MR. WEEKS spent some thirty years with the Bakongo—mainly in and about San Salvador—and gives us what in many respects is a striking book on the habits, customs, religious beliefs, and characteristics of the tribes of the Lower Congo. He worked as a missionary in that particular corner of Portuguese West Africa, but this is not a record of missionary experience. It is a serious study of "native life in all its complex stages from before birth to after death"—as Mr. Weeks rather quaintly but expressively puts it—"the native's work, fights, hunts, dances, games, stories, and loves; the diseases to which he is subject, the spirits he must cajole, and the struggles he encounters through life." His long sojourn among the Bakongo, the close-

ness of his relations with the King of Kongo, as he is called, and the nature of his work necessarily brought him opportunities which the mere Continent-trotter would never get. If the volume is lacking in any respect, it is in regard to the associations and influence of Portugal. The Portuguese were here centuries since; relics and remainders of their past are frequently forthcoming; San Salvador is well within the Portuguese border line on the maps; the very name is Portuguese.

Yet we are told a letter appeared in the Belgian paper *Le Mouvement Géographique*, in 1884, in which the King of Kongo acknowledged the King of Portugal as his liege lord. It bore the King of Kongo's mark, and was witnessed by all the white men in San Salvador at the time, except Mr. Weeks. The King was astonished and angry when he heard of it. "My brother, the King of Portugal," he said, "sent me this chair as a present, and a short time after the head padre brought me a letter to sign, saying it was a letter of thanks to the King of Portugal for this chair, and that is the only letter I ever signed my mark to or ordered to be sent." "Poor old man!" comments Mr. Weeks, "in saying 'Thank you' for a chair he had signed away the independence of his country, for the Portuguese used that letter as one of the arguments upon which they founded their claim to the ancient kingdom of Kongo." Mr. Weeks wonders how many treaties with African kings have been gained by a similar ruse. As he speaks early in his book of San Salvador as in Portuguese Congo, we are a little puzzled to know whether this document did not merely proclaim what everyone else regarded as a fact, with probably the exception of the King of Kongo himself.

The Bakongo are among the most primitive, though far from the most savage, of the peoples of Equatorial Africa. Folklorists and anthropologists will find much that is interesting in Mr. Weeks' descriptions of them, their institutions, their polygamy, their laws, their rites, their sayings, and their fetishes—local variants on the lives of other tribes and peoples in Africa. One chapter dealing with language, idioms and proverbs, is peculiarly good, and shows, as Mr. Weeks says, that these uncultured, backward folk of the Congo possess a certain keenness of intellect, a power of observation, and a felicity of expression which augurs well for their progress in civilisation. Primitive as they are, many signs are forthcoming that they are moving towards a higher and humaner plane—to wit, their attitude towards the secret societies which in the past have been an inestimable power for evil. These secret societies in the beginning probably aimed at checking the tyranny of chiefs through a sort of brotherhood. They survived to become the terror of the people themselves. We might not have to go far at home to find an analogy!

One rather curious feature of this corner of West Africa seems to be the almost total absence of big game. Mr. Weeks in his travels round and about saw only one antelope and the footmarks of an occasional elephant. It is a great event, and the hunter himself becomes a local hero, when a leopard is killed. The

chief hunting enjoyed by the Bakongo is from September to November. In September the long rank grass which covers the country is fired. Antelopes, wild pigs, buffaloes, palm rats, snakes, and other creatures who hide within the depths of the growth seek to escape from the flames, and whilst the men go for the larger game, women, girls, and boys scamper over the charred vegetation in search of rat holes, the rat being a much prized delicacy. It must be a fine spectacle, it is certainly often a practice full of danger to local habitations, this firing of the grass. "At night it is a grand sight to see the hills in the distance outlined in living flames; and when the thick grasses are burning, they generate such an amount of steam in their stalks that causes them to explode with loud, gun-like reports, and the force of the explosions sends the burning grass hurrying through the night air like blazing rockets." These children of Nature, with their absurd and barbarous fetishes and charms, are not altogether lacking on the practical side. And there is at least one thing among them that they have not to learn from us in more civilised lands. They have discovered the efficacy of the strike, even in the royal residence. When the King's attitude to his wives became unreasonable, they held aloof, refused to cook for him or minister to his comforts in any way, and the King's ultimate surrender was assured. We are not told whether he ever returned the compliment by subjecting his wives to the Lock Out!

A French *Décadent*

Paul Verlaine. By WILFRID THORLEY. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

IF you do not know Paul Verlaine, it is because a sufficient number of books have not been written about him. Of all the modern French *décadents*, he is certainly even now the most discussed. He was a familiar figure in Bohemian Paris; he was not unknown in London. And yet the element of mystery which surrounded this man with the domelike forehead during his lifetime has never been entirely dissipated. It might indeed be said of him, as of the man out of whom seven devils were cast, that his name was legion. He combined the aspirations of a saint with the performances of a satyr. He could pour out his soul in passionate pleadings to an offended God. He could—and did—write verses the obscenity of which must have brought a blush even into the faces of the trolls and sluts who inspired them.

Mr. Thorley's little book certainly helps us to a clearer understanding of the man. It is a sane and just appreciation. Verlaine's unquestionable genius is fully recognised, and no attempt is made to palliate his faults—if so mild a word as faults can properly be used to describe the vices of a man whose life, at the best, was a moral wreck. Above all, Mr. Thorley is too sincere a writer to urge the hackneyed and hypocritical plea that a genius is exempt from those obliga-

tions of morality which are incumbent upon a mere ordinary member of society. He seeks not to defend Verlaine, but to explain him.

And Verlaine wants a good deal of explaining. His life teems with inconsistencies. He came very near to being a murderer, but there was that about him which, in happier times and in happier circumstances, might have produced a martyr. We see him the reckless debauchee of the Paris gutters. We see him, too, the blameless instructor of an English county family. He was sent to prison for the assassination of a man who shadowed him throughout his earlier life as his evil genius; and it was in prison that he wrote such lines as these:—

Mon Dieu m'a dit : Mon fils, il faut m'aimer. Tu vois
Mon flanc percé, mon cœur qui rayonne et qui saigne,
Et mes pieds offensés que Madeleine baigne
De larmes, et mes bras douloureux sous le poids

De tes péchés, et mes mains ! . . .

Such a fervour of devotion would not have seemed strange in the writer of the "Imitatio Christi." But it would be more than strange to imagine Thomas à Kempis as having written the "Chansons des Ingénues," to name one of the more reputable of Verlaine's lighter poems.

That he was capable of deep emotion is undeniable. The man, at his worst, was the victim of a remorse that must have been terrible. That he was capable of any *abiding* emotion, however, may well be disputed. Conversion came to him in jail. "His life thereafter," writes Mr. Thorley, "was a continued see-saw between whole-hearted wantonness and the rigours of repentance, and he seems to have found each of an equal savour."

The conflicting emotions and experiences which made up his life are mirrored in his verse. And, after all, it is with this that the critic is mainly concerned. In Paul Verlaine there flamed the soul of a poet. It is no business of ours to pass judgment upon his crimes, which will be brought before the bar of a higher tribunal. The mournful music of the "Chanson d'Automne" will make glad and sad the hearts of men long after the memory of those crimes has faded like that dead leaf of which the poet sings. Coppée—poet and Catholic—knew Verlaine as well as any man. And this is what Coppée said about him: "Let us salute respectfully the grave of a true poet, let us bow down before the coffin of a child."

Mr. de Morgan's long-promised novel, "When Ghost Meets Ghost," is ready this week, published—as have been all Mr. de Morgan's other works—by Mr. William Heinemann. The book in many ways, we understand, reminds the reader of "Joseph Vance," while humour, for which the author has so rightly won a reputation, is a pronounced feature of the novel. A particularly delightful character is a retired prize-fighter who lives off the Tottenham Court Road.

Shorter Reviews

Considérations sur l'Art Dramatique à propos de la Comédie de Bernard Shaw. By AUGUSTIN et HENRIETTE HAMON. (Eugène Figuière and Co., Paris. 1 fr.)

WE have already had occasion to notice M. Hamon's enthusiasm for Mr. Bernard Shaw, as developed in "Le Molière du XXe siècle." The author has spared us the trouble of referring back to that work by inserting an exhaustive little *précis* of it in the present essay. We believe we hinted at "rivers in Macedon," when we discussed M. Hamon before; the phrase is still difficult to avoid. And it is impossible to forget that M. Hamon's appreciation of Mr. Shaw's humour was painfully acquired—"fit, non nascitur."

M. and Mme. Hamon have a cold-blooded way with them in analysing humour. The novice of the dissecting room may be forgiven if he experiences qualms in watching the process. This or that phenomenon of humour—"on l'a constaté chez Molière, Ben Jonson, Holberg" . . . "on peut le constater chez Ben Jonson, Molière, Holberg." Humour under the knife, humour docketed and dessicated, is difficult to recognise as humour. And yet the work has to be done, we suppose, from time to time, and, if the best anatomist is a good, callous dissector, M. and Mme. Hamon are certainly well qualified. "Callous" is perhaps an odd word to apply to them; we use it because it suits our metaphor. In other respects our critics are sensitive, not to say sentimental. They end with a fine lyrical outburst on the familiar theme that Wagner was once hissed, and we may be sorry some day if we hiss somebody else.

The essay is quite short, and full of suggestive things, suggested mainly to the authors by a fine passage of Bergson that is quoted, with characteristic sincerity, at length.

Roswitha. By OTTO ERNST. Parts I and II. Second Edition. (A. C. Caton. 2s. net each.)

It is quite possible to write about children and childish matters in a way that is simple and at the same time exceedingly dull and uninteresting; but in these short sketches of Roswitha—the first when she is three and the second when she is four years old—and her father there are no dreary passages, no boring details. All is as bright as the little maiden herself, a charming mite who turns her father from the study of "Critique of Pure Reason" to play with her tireless self for a whole day. Both books are quite short, but they leave one with the impression that the little that has been said was well worth recording, and thanks are also due to the translator for the good rendering into English.

History of the Nations. Part I. (Hutchinson and Co. 7d. net.)

By starting the above series another attempt is made to bring some knowledge of ancient races and the development of modern ones within reach of the general public. The compilers promise that the work shall not exceed fifty fortnightly parts, therefore it cannot be expected that very great detail concerning each can be given; but if, as was suggested last week in the review of "Harmsworth Popular Science," this and succeeding numbers stimulate a reader's thirst for greater knowledge and cause him to pursue further for wider information, a good result will have been achieved. Egypt is the country dealt with in the first number, after a lengthy and illustrated introduction has prefaced the work. No pains have been spared in making the illustrations as good and varied as possible in both the introduction and the actual text. Some have been specially painted for the History; others are reproductions; but all are good and greatly add to the value of the publication. We await with pleasure the forthcoming numbers.

The Old Wood-Carver. By SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., and SIEGFRIED HERKOMER. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

THIS tale of fourteenth century life is now written by Mr. Saxon Mills. We presume his work is, in effect, to report the happenings on the cinematograph film which Sir Hubert von Herkomer and Mr. Siegfried have invented, and in which the well-known artist enacted the leading character. We have been so often bored by being obliged to watch the productions of the cinema theatres that we own we approached this present volume with what the Chinese call a strong feeling of "no enthusiasm." But Sir Hubert is himself a brilliant artist and craftsman, versatile and widely experienced, and he and his assistants have been enabled to effect an appreciable improvement in this, to us, incomplete and generally uninteresting form of dramatic expression.

It is well known that the Herkomers come of a race of wood-carvers, and that the present head of the house in England is a devoted labourer in that craft. Thus he may be supposed to be able to throw himself heart and soul into his representation of a fourteenth century type he both knows and admires. He appears in most of the illustrations to this book as a venerable and dignified master who bears such trials as come his way with nobility and high courage.

The story of "The Old Wood-Carver" is as old and far more simple than the art itself. He has great victories and happiness in his work and home, but his beautiful daughter leaves his house with a gifted apprentice and is married to him, although the father had made totally different plans for her. We see his

suffering and regret and rage. We see, also, the life of the young couple, who are eventually restored to the love of the old wood-carver by means of their child. The plot of a cinema film must, we presume, be clear and on well-worn lines; if that be so, the present undertaking fulfils its purpose admirably.

The photographs which form the long sequence of the film were all taken near Bushey, where Sir Hubert has his home, and his direction and personality can be felt throughout the undertaking. No doubt the craft—or is it art?—of the cinematograph is now in its youngest salad days, but in the hands of such an accomplished family as that of the Herkomers it should soon blossom into a flower of beauty and develop into a refreshing entertainment.

The Land and the People. (John Murray. 1s. net.)

THIS small volume of ninety pages consists of a reprint of the special articles on the land problem which appeared in the *Times* last year. It would be difficult to put too high an estimate on the value of the book to those who, not having extensive first-hand knowledge at command, are nevertheless anxious to form a sound practical judgment on the most important political questions of what one may, perhaps, describe as the panto-post future. The volume is in the nature of a text-book and a summary, and is chiefly designed to lay before the reader the main facts present to the mind of a well-informed person considering the exigencies and possibilities of reform of the English land system. "The root of the whole matter," says the author of the book, "is that agriculture is, and has long been, a sick industry, and the problem is how to cure it, as an industry, not by treating parts of it, and still less by setting one part against another, but by infusing life into it as a whole." The statistical details given in the volume are well selected and very useful; and the writer offers several timely warnings against impulsive and partisan treatment of the nation's agricultural difficulties, and enforces his warnings by temperate and strongly supported argument. His most important conclusion in relation to legislation now in prospect is expressed in the following passage on "Owners or Tenants?":

A violent and unnecessary controversy has arisen on the respective merits of the two systems. . . . One suits some men and some conditions best, the other suits others. But so far as keeping the population on the land is concerned, there is no question that for the most energetic and enterprising men the prospect of ownership is the most powerful of attractions and its realisation the strongest tie. . . .

There are other men of different temperament or differently situated who do not wish to be owners and prefer to be tenants. . . .

. . . No class should be left out of view; but perhaps the most promising line now opening out for the regeneration of village life is that of colonisation by groups of cultivators in co-operation; and experience goes to show that owners, who have to depend on themselves, are more ready to co-operate than tenants.

Fiction

The Three Trees. By GUY RAWLENCE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

PHILIP GIFFORD, in addition to inheriting a reasonable competence, found on reaching maturity that he was also the possessor of a family curse, one that had operated with great success for a matter of three hundred years or so. The acquisition of the knowledge made him a fatalist—though not sufficiently to prevent him from marrying—and when the curse became due to act he sat down to await its falling. The book is the life history of this selfish, illogical mortal up to the age of thirty; its first part is taken up with his childish days at Salisbury, where he lived with two maiden aunts and made the acquaintance of Antonia, a little Italian girl whom he subsequently met again and married. A third of the way through the story Philip, now arrived at maturity, learns of the family curse—a healthy, full-blooded curse it is, too—and thenceforth he flings up his occupation and goes wandering, to meet again with Antonia, grown to womanhood in the interval of fifteen years. From the moment of their meeting on the Appian Way we know the end of their story, and the author very wisely refrains from holding us in suspense, marrying them without hesitation. Then come the best chapters, in which Antonia, ignorant of the nature of her husband's obsession, sets to work to fight it, while he, poor coward, waits for the fulfilment of the curse. The author makes us rather contemptuous of his hero before the last page is turned, but it is, for all that, an interesting story, racily and well told. The fact that two characters sustain it for nearly half the length of the book proves that Mr. Rawlence is capable of—what is to be desired—a longer work than this, if he will introduce two or three more characters to his stage as relief for the principals.

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The Horoscope. By JOHN LAW. (Thacker, London and Calcutta.)

THE scene of this novel is entirely laid in Ceylon. Ceylon stories, with which it might be compared, are few, if any exist. There is plenty of local colouring: the writer shows a knowledge of at least some portion of the colony's history, of its chief products, of the manner of life, and, above all, of the dominant Buddhism and its practical operation. So far we might have been describing a Gazetteer. But the book is a story full of human developments. A Sinhalese gentleman, descended from the deposed Kandyan dynasty, proprietor of an encumbered estate, loses his wife, is left with two little boys, and devotes himself to their welfare. The story turns on the evolution of the horoscope of the elder son: a superstitious regard attaches to horoscopes in Eastern countries. This elder boy is, contrary to an English planter's advice, sent to a Christian College, and eventually, after his father's death, becomes a Christian. The younger becomes a Buddhist monk. Their mutual devotion is touching. Their characters and careers are well drawn. The life of the elder is hardly a success: the moral is that he would have done better by adhering to Sinhalese ways. His Sinhalese wife is amusing in her ambitions. The younger brother is the stronger character. His trust in his faith is unshaken: his attachment to his stricken brother is most pathetic. The interest is well sustained to the end. The Buddhism is prominent, but not overdone. How many understand what Nirvâna means? It is "taught that Desire leads men to be born again and again, and that by killing Desire a man can escape from re-births and enter Nirvâna," the deathless state.

The Cockney at Home. By EDWIN PUGH. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

IN his preface Mr. Pugh tells us that he has written the sketches and stories in this book with the idea of making his readers laugh. We have read them all, some one day and some another, in order that our judgment of them might be fair and not formed hastily because we were bored by one class of story and therefore wrote them all down as foolish. But in spite of all this precaution it must be said that there is very little in the whole book that is strikingly funny, or any story that presents the Cockney in as interesting an aspect as it is possible to place him. For instance, "The Quack" and "The Cheap Jack," two types well known in London—or, for that matter, in the provinces also—could have been better drawn, and might have been presented in a much more mirth-provoking manner. From the two sketches, "Humble Pie" and "The White Serge Dress," it would appear that Mr. Pugh is happier when dealing with characters of a class a little removed from the very poor and illiterate slum-dwellers. In the first of these is developed a capital little plot concerning a young man, Bertie,

and his exploits along a Monkey Parade; and in the second the pride of poor Milly of the white serge dress has its proverbial fall, very sympathetically related by the author. "The Penny Walker," otherwise the man who learned his way about London by tossing a penny at each cross-road, "Heads—to the right! Tails—to the left!" will possibly find some imitators, but it is to be hoped that for the sake of the "Chair" no one will endeavour to run a debating society on the lines indicated by Mr. Pugh in "The Debating Society."

Katya. By FRANZ DE JESSEN. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

BY reason of his position among Continental writers on Russian subjects, and especially on southern Russia, M. de Jessen deserves attention for this, his first book to receive English translation. The work of the translator is, it may be remarked, of a high order throughout; the life and spirit of the story have been preserved, and the English is as vivid as it is faithful to the original.

Katya's story is laid principally in southern Russia; she is of the Ukraine, and in a few sentences Niki, her husband, describes her. "You are clever—yes, clever as few women are, and you can do great things, as long as they are dramatic and splendid. But your heart is little—little and poor, Katya."

It seems otherwise as we read, but in the end the ruthless description is amply justified. For Niki is shot, and Petya Orloff is executed—the best men pass out from Katya's life, and at the end, finding no alternative, she marries Shipagin, though we know all the time she despises him. It is as fine a study of a woman as modern fiction can show; not a normal woman, perhaps, since she is of the type in which the head dominates the heart, but a woman at once admirable and despicable, one who compels and repels. And, after all, is there in all creation such a thing as a normal woman—is not each, rather, a law unto herself and a type by herself?

So much for the personal element of the story, which is but a part. The author is among the foremost students of Russia and its problems, and here he gives us glimpses at the character of a nation as well as of its individual men and women. In the grim chapters which tell of the struggle between established order and revolutionary forces there is clear, keen insight into Russia of to-day, its sacrifices and enthusiasm, its iron suppressions, and the multitudinous aims of its reformers, would-be and in being. Petya Orloff, on the ship that bore his father's name, is but a sorry hero, yet he wins all our sympathies; Pravdin, of and for the people against the powers that be, strikes the true note of Russian upheaval—fanatic, extremist, dreamer, he has the merit of sincerity and little more. These chapters, in which he and Petya are as gods moving men, make in themselves a story of great dramatic power.

The book is complex as Russian character, and it breathes the life and spirit of the Russian people. It

is a merciless analysis of a woman and some men, a masterly study of men and women, and it is so far instinct with the problems and essentials of the nation that it deserves a place among text-books on southern Russia and the countries with which its frontiers march.

The Lost Road. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THE stories in this book are of the kind to make the reviewer enthusiastic. To take the first, it is compounded of quite ordinary material, tells a part of the life of its rather ordinary hero, and ends in a perfectly conventional fashion; but the manner of the telling is so fresh and engaging that the reading gave us real pleasure—and it is rarely that one ventures to say as much as that of any of the multitude of books read in a publishing season. There is no reason for selecting the first story in the book for such a criticism, for most of the others are equally good, and some of them are better; the miracle of Las Palmas, for instance, grips from its first page. In "The Lost Road" there is a little gem of a poem which we trust, for its own sake, was written by the author of the story, for it is verse of the kind which one cuts out and keeps.

Of the illustrations, one is an adequate representation of the text (that facing page 222), but the rest are, apparently, designed to give us an idea of the skill of the artist. In such a thoroughly entertaining book as this, however, it is folly to cavil at such a small point—we have enjoyed the work, and trust others may read it with similar result.

Lieut.-Col. C. J. Bruce, of the 6th Gurkha Rifles, has already recorded some of his travels in his work, "Twenty Years in the Himalaya." His new book, which Mr. Edward Arnold has in the press, describes his exploration of the mountains of Kulu and Lahoul, a country due north of Simla, hitherto neglected by the climbing fraternity. In addition to mountaineering, the folk-lore and history of the districts receive considerable attention.

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Music

"Parsifal" at Covent Garden

CONVERSATION as an art is said to be so nearly lost that only a very few persons, Lord Rosebery and one or two others, know where to find and enjoy it. But if Conversation exists no longer among the general circles of society, there is, at any rate, plenty of Discussion. Discussion is to Conversation what Lawn Tennis is to Tennis. It is within everyone's reach, and the game, as a rule, is soon over. Subjects seem never to be wanting, and we turn from the last to the next with perfect contentment. Providence acts for us as did that host in the "New Republic" who propounded a certain number of subjects for conversation at his dinner-party and caused a bell to be rung when each one had had its turn. Last week two subjects struggled with each other for the first place at every table, luncheon, tea, dinner, or supper; they were "Parsifal" at Covent Garden and the murder of the little boy on the North London Railway. The latter interest, to be sure, engaged the majority of tongues, and it may be that "Parsifal" was only permitted because it was felt that developments might be expected in the murder case and that it would keep for a future time. So "Parsifal" was discussed until the coming of Mr. Barker's "Midsummer Night's Dream" caused it to be forgotten, and the problem of gold or not-gold fairies superseded that of the delinquencies or otherwise of Covent Garden. But as we are not invited to contribute our views on murder or fairies in this column, we must drag "Parsifal" out of its seclusion, and, threadbare topic as some may consider it to be, set down the few comments which the performance at Covent Garden have suggested to us.

First, as to the question of environment. Has the spirit of glamour stayed behind, declaring that she will never leave the hills of Bavaria, that she can only breathe and inspire others in an air remote from that of cities? Did the journey through London's noise and dirt so indispose us that we were unable to enter with the right proportion of awe and excitement into the so cunningly presented drama of sex and spirituality? For ourselves, "Parsifal" was every whit as impressive here as at Bayreuth; the astuteness of Wagner the manager in confining "Parsifal" to Bayreuth for so many years was abundantly rewarded, no doubt. But the work was great enough, being so original and so large in its conception, to have done without the *réclame* which the circumstances of its performances gave it. We are not at all sure, either, whether "Parsifal" is not more impressive in London, where it can be seen stripped of the nonsense and make-believe which were so tiresome to many plain folk, than at Bayreuth. If there was something of the pilgrimage about the visit to that little town, there was also a good deal of the picnic and the holiday jaunt. The country was pleasant, and on a fine summer's afternoon there was not always lacking a subdued feeling

of self-sacrifice before the altar of Art, when one had to prefer the theatre to a ramble among the fields. Here one goes to see "Parsifal" direct from the ordinary routine of London life, and, to our thinking, it is wholesomer that this should be. Bow Street is forgotten as soon as the Prelude begins, just as the fields used to be; but one has the consciousness that, when all is over, we shall still be our usual selves, willing to say to each other what we really think, instead of the half-intoxicated people we used to be at Bayreuth, unable to discuss the opera except in hushed tones and the broken accents of stupefied admiration.

As to the performance which the untiring labours of the Covent Garden management have given us, we are bold enough to say that we found it very good indeed. We have been told that the performances given a few years ago in New York were the best ever witnessed, but we are not bound to believe it. One who confessed to having been present at nearly forty Bayreuth performances said, safely enough, "I have heard better performances there, but also much worse." The novelty of the costumes here has disturbed the pious feelings of some who maintain that Bayreuth can do no wrong, but we found nothing in that respect to quarrel with, and the Knights, who are, after all, the most important people from the scenic point of view, were quite satisfying in look and in dignity of bearing.

Indeed, the scenes in the church were made as profoundly impressive as they ought to be. The moving scenery failed; but, as that was never to us a very satisfactory business at Bayreuth, we were not upset by the failure. The country scenes disturbed us more, especially so the spring landscape in the third act, which was even painfully garish and left nothing to the imagination. We were in the country of Mr. Vicat Cole rather than in that of Titian or Turner, and could not believe in Mr. Harker's blossoming thorns and emerald downs and azure rivulets. We should have preferred Mr. Granville Barker to arrange the scene as he has done for Oberon in Fairyland. The Garden of Klingsor, too, was terribly overblown, and not unlike the nightmare gardens that have troubled our sleep after a tour among modern "herbaceous borders." Klingsor's Garden should be horribly desirable, subtly sinister, poisonously alluring, full of suggestion. Too many flowers spoil the pleasure of a garden when they are packed together, and Klingsor's gardener, we are sure, cultivated Baudelaire's "fleurs pervers" to perfection, else he would have been sent away without a character. Except for some monstrous tubes (allied to Bignonia?), we discerned nothing that Messrs. Ware or Cutbush or Kelway would not like to grow if they could, and expose in fatiguing ranks at a "mammoth" flower show. We have yet to see the perfect magic garden. Mr. Harker's reminded us of what the Swiss Family Robinson might have come across and described in their travels. Kundry is really the most sympathetic character in the opera. A lovely woman who never seems to get what she wants, how should she be otherwise than sympathetic to a masculine heart? We are sorry for her; she never bores us as Parsifal and Gurnemanz

too often do. She deserves a garden of delight, even if it is really a garden from which the prudent would shrink from entering.

But how could any lady who called herself such like to live among those merely huge yellow and turnip-coloured blossoms? We liked Mme. Von der Osten; her voice is one of the most beautiful now to be heard, and her singing of Kundry's music was very fine. Had she had a garden of the right sort to help her, we think Parsifal would have been an even greater fool than he was, if he had not allowed her wiles to seduce him. As an actress she has not the compelling power of a Ternina or a Von Mildenburg, but her voice alone ought to carry any ordinary man off his feet. Parsifal himself, played by Garrick endowed with a voice of melody like Mario's, or played by Jean de Reszke in his prime, might have attracted one's love, or, at any rate, one's absorbed interest; but as played by an artist of the "meritorious" class among German singers, he is too likely to be rather tiresome. Amfortas has the better chance, and Herr Paul Bender, who appeared at the opening performance, was admirably in the picture. So, too, was the Gurnemanz, an old and valued friend at Covent Garden, Herr Knupfer. But not even if an archangel came to sing that part could Gurnemanz enchain our sympathies for long, especially in the first act. He is a blameless being, except that he is often dull, and does not know when to stop. We think of Wordsworth and how wisely Matthew Arnold edited him. When shall we have a musical Arnold who will present us with a sifted Gurnemanz whom we shall be able to admire thoroughly?

But if there are frailties on the stage in "Parsifal" which our candour requires us to recognise, it is true that Wagner has given us a veil so beautiful to soften their imperfections, that we can, without distress, put up with them. In none of Wagner's operas is the orchestra more distinctly the saving health than in "Parsifal." We may have to admit that the score shows itself to be the work of an older man than that of "Tristan," that the surface is thinner, that some of it reminds us of what had been said before and more magisterially. But, also, in none of the operas is the work of the orchestra more precisely the right interpreter of the doings on the stage; in none is Wagner's Mozart-like gift of writing in the special style needed more evident. What the singers sing does not so much matter, when the orchestra does its duty; and the body of players under Herr Bodansky is, we venture to say, superb, better than the type of orchestra at Bayreuth. Herr Bodansky does not share our impatience with Gurnemanz; he lets him have his say and linger over it as much as he likes. Perhaps he is too slow and deliberate. But he directs the tone of his players quite excellently, and we would not wish to have the beauties of the score brought out more clearly or more tactfully. Richter was weightier, no doubt, but he did not make the mingling of sounds more lucid.

Covent Garden, then, is to be congratulated and given a hearty vote of thanks. It is pleasant to know that appreciation of its work is general and ungrudging.

The Old Guard and New Views

IF he valued anything or believed in anything that is thought or written to-day, Mr. Grundy might be disgusted to know that, after reading his pamphlet, an admirer—in their day—of some twenty of the playwright's works, considered his latest diatribe an utterly unfair piece of rhetorical nonsense.

Possibly such a one may take a totally wrong view of the matter. This little book may be an example of the pamphleteer's fun. But really Mr. Grundy appears to be greatly out of temper. The ostensible causes are to be found in the kind of plays in which we are interested to-day and in Mr. John Palmer's volume, "The Future of the Theatre," in which we were not greatly interested.

All that so clever and successful a dramatist may have to say on the subject of the theatre deserves the fullest consideration, but unfortunately his style is not impressive, nor his bitterly didactical and bullying method conducive to agreeable or sane argument.

Being very cross with the author of "The Future of the Theatre" for mentioning several authors several times, he begins his present essay thus: "'Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!' Well, Mr. John Palmer has written one, and the theatre ought to be very much obliged to him. For, like the majority of its contemporary critics, Mr. Palmer is its enemy." This is the first stage of a rhetorical outburst against many authors of our time who have done much to rid the stage of theatricality—not of the necessary artificiality and the art of the theatre, as Mr. Grundy appears to suppose. This outburst develops, as he goes forward, into a whirling tempest of vexatious words and stark abuse. His attacks become more and more gross until he expends his venom and ill-considered irascibility and—contradicts himself. Thus he parts with Mr. Palmer: "Our dreams are not identical, but they converge; and in his heart he feels, as I in mine, that for the drama, as for all things else, we are sufficient: Naught shall make us rue

If England to herself do rest but true."

This trite and somewhat doubtful quotation forms the feeble and contradictory end to a tirade against the dramatists of to-day that is as unworthy as it is unnecessary and untrue. With an egotism and prejudice which are surprising in a man of such varied gifts, Mr. Grundy praises the people of his day and damns those who follow him. He accounts it a virtue to himself and his friends that they were interested in the theatre before us. We, too, regret the matter, but Nature is like that. She insists on one generation following the other to the quiet grave. She also makes us hold views developed, doubtless, from those our fathers held. The intellectual communion between the generations which Mr. Wells seems to think a possibility of the future was not yet in the beginning of the twentieth century. Why should Mr. Grundy not

recognise this obvious fact? Why not accept the simple truisms of evolution and grant once and for all that young brains and old brains do not mate—save in cases of exceptional wisdom? He will not, however, accept such an idea. There are very many unjust and inconsistent statements in Mr. Grundy's forty pages. For example, the following wretched parable is printed in the forefront of his book:—

A Man of the Theatre, with half-a-crown in his pocket, once met a Man of Letters, with naught therein.

Said the Man of the Theatre, "The public will never have your new plays." "So be it," chortled the Man of Letters, "but we'll stop it having your old ones!"

Presently, they parted, and went their several ways; the Man of the Theatre, with naught in his pocket; the Man of Letters, with half-a-crown therein.

This implies an unworthy insult. A marked inconsistency is to be found in his heavy abuse of those foreign dramatists whose works have been enjoyed in London, authors who have immensely influenced our playwrights, even those who are admired by Mr. Grundy. This seems to us to come with a peculiarly ill grace from a man who has enjoyed such successes as "A Pair of Spectacles," founded on works that were not of native growth. There are inconsistencies in abundance, too, in his fable of "A Little City and a Few Men within It"—namely, the stageland of Mr. Grundy's youth. He says that "there is an ancient ordinance that none shall trade in that city who was not born there, or has not served a long and arduous apprenticeship which few survive." We do not believe in that disreputable ancient ordinance. It is seemingly intended to bar such welcome workers as Sir James Barrie or Mr. Henry James—was it upheld when Bulwer Lytton wrote for the stage or Browning's plays were produced? The fable of these noble dwellers in the city of the stage, eaten out of house and home by the ravening wolves of letters, is absurd. The playgoer is an independent person; he goes to see many things, and goes oftenest to the things he likes. He does not care whether the writer of the play he admires was brought up in the atmosphere of the stage or on the lawns of paradise. For any playwright, old or new, to pretend that a few men in a small city are to govern the supplies of the stage, that there is a certain caste or breed of people for this purpose, is to refuse freedom to humanity and stultify the rights of man. All interested in the art of the stage and the soul of man should read Mr. Grundy's book, for, unless they do so, they can have but a slight idea of his limited outlook. The clumsiness and unfairness of his statements astound, hurt, and repel us. He claims for his school of art every virtue of brain and heart; every mean vice he attributes to the workers of to-day, who toil in the field in which he laboured.

Mr. Grundy is not very old, neither are the men he names, frequently and bitterly, very young. We have lived a little in both periods, and we cannot pretend that the devotion to the things that greeted and en-

The Play of the Future. By SYDNEY GRUNDY, a Playwright of the Past. (Samuel French. 6d.)

livened our youth destroys our joy in the later or latest developments of the stage. Nor do we find that the old guard of the theatre is not still greatly honoured. Mr. Grundy writes as though we had befouled the gods of the past. We do not think that those who are, or were recently, his contemporaries would join in his lamentations. He gives the names of personages whom he considers have built up the glory of the English stage, which our generation is supposed to have dragged in the dust and made horrid. We take a few of these, and will show that although, according to Mr. Grundy, they made the playgoer of his period, they are none the less in the van of progress at the present time.

Only the other day we had the pleasure of seeing Miss Ellen Terry playing on the apron stage of the Savoy Theatre, perfectly adjusted to her environment, delightfully at home amid surroundings very different from those in vogue in the young days of herself and Mr. Grundy.

A few nights ago we heard the applause which greeted the revival of Mr. Haddon Chambers' "The Tyranny of Tears."

Do Sir Herbert and Lady Tree complain of the modern spirit? We think, rather, that they have inspired much of the movement Mr. Grundy regrets.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has recently been immensely welcome for the extremely modern play he wrote for Miss Tempest.

Gilbert's last play, we think, was "The Hooligan," written for a very modern actor, and instinct with the bold spirit of our day.

All these names are in Mr. Grundy's list of the great ones who "built, four square, with beams of cedar and with planks of fir, and overlaid with gold the house of stone," we hypocrites are quaintly said to be yelping to devour.

The fact is the world of art is wide and free. Freedom is an essential quality, whether in the drama or any other form of art. In this pamphlet Mr. Grundy shows a narrowness of view, an egotism, and a conviction that he and the people of his period have chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from them, which would be disconcerting were it not that he so frequently knocks his arguments to pieces by misstatements and curious admissions.

After a page devoted to vituperative phrases about an imaginary race of undesirable young men who are supposed to govern the stage and the press, and incidentally, we presume, shut out Mr. Grundy, he decides to let such people hang in their own garters, and states in the well-worn line that he "had rather be a kitten and cry, Mew." This is not, of course, a compliment to that agreeable family of the friends of man, the cat. Often and often as we have seen the line quoted, we have not observed it before with a comma after the word cry and a capital letter for the last word. But then, perhaps, Mr. Grundy is being funny in his gracious Victorian way, and we have taken his spleenish outburst a trifle seriously.

EGAN MEW.

The Magazines

MR. T. GIBSON BOWLES is a man of courage. None knows better than he the risks, in these days, of starting a new periodical enterprise. He faces them confident that he has something to give which others provide in inadequate measure. He is also a man of public spirit, and that to some extent determines his courage. Does the public like the *Candid Critic*? We think it does. We shall better be able to judge when we know the reception it gives to Mr. Gibson Bowles' new *Candid Quarterly*. *Candid* papers so called have generally been failures, because they have been more "candid" than sincere, more outspoken than honest, concerned to be sensational, not truthful. Mr. Gibson Bowles will not make that mistake. His aim is "to deal with public affairs faithfully and frankly, and to treat them with candour having sole regard to the public welfare." Can this end be attained without lapse into party bias? In our humble opinion so much that is not for the public welfare is supported by one party that candour will induce a preponderance of opinion in favour of the other side, and it will be said that "Candid" is a synonym for Unionist. Quality and spirit will account for something, and Mr. Gibson Bowles is warmly to be congratulated on such articles as "The Kingship," "The New Corruption," "The Salaried Parliament," and "The National Insurance Act." They should all give a sober public "furiously to think." The *Candid's* reflections and argument on these four subjects, hackneyed as the subjects themselves are, would alone make the new quarterly notable: they show that there are fresh points of view to be taken and that fresh material is to be found. That great element in the public which is never strongly or consistently partisan, which claims to support one side or the other according as it detects merit in its policy and programme, will find in the pages of the *Candid* all it wants to assist decision on certain vital issues. Truth is writ large across this initial number. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*—and with it Mr. Gibson Bowles and his quarterly.

In the February number of the *English Review*, Mr. George Moore continues his article on "Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory." It is fitting that Mr. Moore should write on Synge, for he is himself a playboy, though that is not a thing for which one expects recognition in England. It would be ridiculous, for instance, to expect an attempt at accuracy from him. But the point is, that whereas Yeats will alter facts in order to heighten the "artistic" relation of his story, Mr. Moore will alter them in order to submit it to the cross-fire of his raillery. In the result Mr. Moore is, in spite of all, a salutary influence. It is good to read, for instance, what he has to say upon Yeats' introductions to Lady Gregory's books, even though we may not happen to agree with it. "An English Notebook of Voltaire" occupies the first place, chiefly because it has recently been found in St. Petersburg. It is strange to

discover the Voltaire idiom coming through his faulty use of a foreign tongue. That idiom, by the way, is compounded largely of salacity and irreverence; and in English these things wear neither lightness nor grace. Moreover, the cynic is, as cynics too often are, of a most credulous nature. The story of Cromwell and Milton will not pass muster. Mr. Scott-James in "The Real Decadent," examines the spirit of compromise in England to-day: and Mr. H. G. Wells continues his serial, "The World Set Free."

What we at once turned to in the *Fortnightly* was "Wordsworth at Rydal Mount," by John Eglinton. Confined by the relation of facts and the sequence of events he has not much opportunity for that taut excellence of style that we have come to associate with his name. The interest, that is to say, is with the subject rather than with the telling of it; but it is an article to be read. Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd writes on "Feodor Dostoevsky," and is well qualified to do so. It seems very desirable that writers on Russian subjects should come to some agreement on the transliteration of Russian names. Not that there is any fundamental difference; but the readers of the collected edition now being published will find the distinctions of spelling a little irritating. For a short account of Dostoevsky's life and doings Mr. Lloyd's article would be hard to beat. Mr. E. A. Baughan writes on "A Practical Repertory Theatre." There is not much that is new for him to say; and we may add he does not say it. But it is a good *resumé* of the possibilities.

In the *Nineteenth Century* there is a striking article entitled "The Parting of the Ways," by Mr. A. P. Nicholson, in which he gives his reason for relinquishing his connection with the Tory Press for the other side. He sees what he wishes to see, but writes carefully none the less. A most interesting sidelight on the journalism of the war-scare over the Armada is thrown by Mr. Wood in "The True History of the Fabrication of the 'Armada Mercuries.'" Quotation is necessarily a great part of its interest; and Mr. Wood quotes fully. Our chief complaint is that it is not so exhaustive as it might have been; but we shall keep it by us nevertheless. The present number is rather bare of literary matters.

In the *British Review* Mr. Clement Antrobus Harris writes on "The Music of the Novelists." Much might profitably have been said in criticism of the subject; but Mr. Harris relies chiefly on a mere *resumé* of the novelists and books that either deal with or mention music—surely rather a scanty basis for an article. The two best contributions in the number, however, are "The Unimportance of Politics," by Professor T. M. Kettle, and "The Unworldliness of Journalists," by G. K. Chesterton. Politics and journalism are subjects nearly allied; and both Professor Kettle and Mr. Chesterton are men who swear no excessive fealty to either matter. The consequence is that both articles make refreshing reading. Mr. Chesterton, especially, can be trusted to be entertaining while he is pungent; though in the present instance he curiously misses saying in clear terms what he has engaged himself to say. In the

Cornhill the series of Browning's unpublished poems is continued. We doubt if a real service is being done to Browning by these publications. If a poet decides to omit certain things from his published works, it seems to us that his wish should be respected. In the present "Sonnet addressed to the Memory of his Parents" there is no great merit, and we cannot help feeling that Robert Browning would have been better pleased had it been kept to the obscurity to which he had destined it. The best article is "Rory of the Glen," by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. Character studies like these, and studies of such characters, are always worth preserving; and a just enthusiasm is brought to the telling.

In the *Quarterly Review* Mr. R. H. Murray writes upon "The Evolution of the Ulsterman." History is not only just in the facts it states, but not less in the perspectives it employs; and by this standard Mr. Murray writes most unjustly. One need not object to his eulogy of the successful commercialism of the Ulsterman to feel acutely that his account of the state of affairs prior to the planting of Ulster is historically unsound and untrustworthy—not only in what he says, but mainly in what he implies. And when he says that "the forests resounded with the ceaseless axe . . . and new tenements and streets grew up under the magic power of industry," we wonder, having had a sight of the ghastly squalor of those same tenements and streets, whether the writer be in an ironical vein or not. Professor Case writes upon "The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher" with learning and an excellent memory of the dramatic history of the time. Two essays of great literary interest are on "The Contemporary German Drama," by Mr. Garnet Smith, and "Modern Mysticism: Some Prophets and Poets," by Mr. Leslie Johnstone. They stand out in marked contrast to one another. Mr. Johnstone seems to understand as little of the drift of modern mystical thinking as Mr. Garnet Smith is able to take an over-sight of the tendency of German drama. Indeed, Mr. Smith's article is most useful and complete. Mr. Desmond McCarthy writes upon Samuel Butler, "The Author of 'Erewhon.'"

The Dominion of Canada, an illustrated monthly review, which made its appearance in December last and met with a cordial reception from Canadians in this country, has this month introduced important alterations and improvements. It has changed its cover, substituting an artistic for a stereotyped design. The magazine has not only enlarged its size and introduced new features, but has also reduced its price from 6d. to 3d. The new editor is Mr. J. V. Morton, late editor-in-chief of the *Birmingham Gazette*, and allied papers. The journal has a two-fold policy—to promote the consolidation of the Empire and to present to the British public the opportunities offered by Canada for sound investment of capital, for increasing trade, for building up new homes under brighter conditions and prospects than those prevailing in this country, and for travel and sport.

The winter number of *Bird Notes and News* prints

some striking opinions received from Continental countries with regard to Mr. Hobhouse's Plumage Bill; and a coloured picture of "Some Victims of the Plume-Trade" further helps to bring this question to the fore. It also contains title and index to Vol 5, reports on the Public School Essays Competition and the Bird and Tree Competitions, and interesting notes on the new Bird Protection Bill in Italy and the protection of swallows in France.

The Theatre

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Savoy Theatre

HERE was no lack of collaboration at the Savoy. Mr. Cecil Sharp took in hand the music and the dances that play so inevitable a part in the Dream; Mr. Norman Wilkinson devised the decoration of the play—and, though decoration may seem an incidental matter, yet as it happened that was an essential part; Mr. Granville Barker undertook the general production. And it may be worth mentioning that one William Shakespeare was the author. Not that the presentation was not faithful to the inspiration of the author. Better in this than in any of his productions, Mr. Barker has felt, and realised, that the function of the producer is not to articulate himself apart from the author, but to let the author be perfectly articulate through him. The natural desire for a personal triumph obscures this; but in the present instance the play is of the sort that invites incidental business for its better interpretation. For this reason, in its fundamental idea, it departed less from the customary staging—such as the last production that London was given, at His Majesty's, some years ago, extensively mentioned in these columns at the time. Apart from the extended proscenium, or fore-stage—which, to be sure, is a distinction fundamental enough—and the substitution of nightmare-devils for fairies, the distinction was not challenging; and it was in the direction of wisdom.

It was an excellent idea, for instance, to call in the aid of Mr. Cecil Sharp for the dances. The result was, not that we had any more dances than usual—in point of fact, we actually had fewer—but that each of the dances, while perfectly adapted to the purpose of the play, had an authentic ring. This was no merely antiquarian matter. For ourselves, it matters little whether the dance be old or young so long as it is a convincing expression of a mood of pure joy. But there are two things we must remember: the first is that the present commercial age is not one that is given to the outbreaking of pure joy; the second is that Shakespeare, when he wrote the play, wrote it in the idiom of certain folk-dances that then prevailed. The joint result is the dances that Mr. Sharp has devised rang authentically, in both senses of the word. It was noticeable that he

did not slavishly reproduce the old dances, or the old music for them. Sometimes he made a most delicate mosaic out of them, that were again subject to Mr. Barker's happy groupings; with the result that they shook free from a mere antiquarianism. And in one case we are sure that the audience thought a dance was an invention, quaint and hearty, of the moment. The dance of three of the yokels, after their play before Theseus and Hippolyta, was a gem of appropriate humour. But it was also an actual old folk-dance.

The "decoration" by Mr. Norman Wilkinson has the great virtue of being less "decorative" than in the other Shakespearean productions by Mr. Granville Barker. That is to say, it is less a matter of external ornament, and more central to the purpose of the play, and that is all to the good. There was only one thing that, from our point of view, offended: and that was the second "drop," on which a cottage and its environments were painted in flat decoration. It created no illusion, on the one hand, and distracted, on the other. A simple curtain—with free-hand drawing, as with the first "drop"—would have satisfied the dialogue entirely, without distracting the eye. The forest scene, however, was a beautiful conception. It had the very great merit of being perfectly simple, while at the same time arrestingly beautiful—not a usual combination on the stage. There was the suggestion of a forest clearly conveyed to the mind without the intrusion of mock tree-trunks: and the conical bank that occupied the centre of the rear-stage was an excellent and purposeful idea that helped the illusion of the tree-drapery. Mr. Wilkinson has never done better than this; and, as against it, it was possible to see the occasion of the bronzed and bewiskered imps that served as fairies, without agreeing to them. Mr. Barker utilised them well in the very happy groupings he devised for them, and so their oddity was lost in a sense of proportion; but nevertheless they reminded one irresistibly of diminutive and fantastic examples of Harry Richmond's father playing the statue of Prince Albrecht. There was nothing aerial or essential about them. The nursery variety of the "fairy" bears no relation, of course, to the authentic presences of the earth; but they are at least less an artist's mere invention than these bronze-green imps from an outrageous nightmare. Their chief use was that they helped Mr. Barker to get some very beautiful effects in grouping.

The acting throughout was admirable. It is time that Mr. Baliol Holloway overcame the twisting to and fro of his body while speaking verse; but his elocution was good, and he made a fine Theseus, with Miss Evelyn Hope as a worthy partner in Hippolyta. Miss Laura Cowie as Hermia was exquisite. To see her action while speaking the lines—

How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto your eyes,

or, again, "Lower! hark again," was to know enjoyment undefiled. Miss Lillah McCarthy as Helena had a graceless task by comparison, and she did not seem to

rescue its difficulty sufficiently by dignity. Mr. Denis Neilson-Terry and Miss Christine Silver took the parts of Oberon and Titania. We did not envy Miss Silver in a "coat-of-mail" that did not spare her face, but she spoke her lines well; and Mr. Neilson-Terry found a part that suited him in Oberon. His slightly affected pronunciation and intonation became a "fairy" attribute instead of being lack of robustness in a mortal part.

Yet, apart from Miss Cowie, the chief of the praise must be reserved for the yokels with their play. They were yokels, not the traditional stage-clowns; and thus their humour was human and refreshing instead of being merely tedious. Bottom, the one man among them who can mobilise his thoughts quickly, and so take the leadership of his fellows, was played by Mr. Nigel Playfair; and in spite of some hesitation and uncertainty in opening he played it with convincing heartiness. Mr. Arthur Whitby was admirable as Peter Quince throughout. The only feature that quite departed from the spirit of the original was the counterfeited wall with which Snout was encased. It detracted from the humour, was cumbersome, and altogether without excuse. It marred the humanity of the yokels: an excellent example of which was given in the speaking of the words: "All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the Moon; I, the Man in the Moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog," by Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Starveling. The pathos of it, simple and querulous, was one of the memorable things of an excellent production.

D. F.

"Broadway Jones" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

THIS is one more specimen of the class of play which has long been thoroughly successful in America, and having been seen there by an actor-manager is now, doubtless at vast expense, spread before us for our delight.

We regret to say that Mr. George M. Cohan's four-act piece does not contain an idea, a word of dialogue, or a single character which is either amusing or interesting to the accustomed playgoer. It is called a new farcical play. What is there new in the statement that a stupid young man, Broadway Jones, has spent a fortune, has become engaged to an elderly lady on account of her money, has succeeded to the family chewing-gum factory, and become enamoured of the pretty young lady who runs the business? What is there farcical in the long drawn situations in regard to a temperance drink having a little whisky in it or the lugubrious statements of a heavy-looking boy, in short and would-be comic trousers, that he may some day be a great man? In one scene Jones' friend, Wallace, is elaborately sent to a barber's shop. When he returns he presents us with the splendid piece of information that the hairdresser once

shaved the Mayor. "What did he do to the horse?" is the brilliant reply by Jones. Certainly the audience near us did not laugh much at that, but they did at strong expressions about hell, the devil, and by God. We scanned quite closely the persons who were amused by such phrases, but their faces were not unusual, their manners sane, their conduct told us nothing of their hidden source of joy.

Perhaps we have reiterated too often our desire to welcome American plays and then proved ourselves faint in praise when we have been allowed to see them. Unfortunately, we are fully justified; both in our desire to see the successes of the States reproduced in London and in our blank disappointment when they appear. That such an arrangement of nonsense as "Broadway Jones" should be presented to the public seems to us to be a bitter insult, but, for the sake of those interested in the fortunes of this chewing-gum romance, we trust that we may be proved in the wrong, and that the courage which enables the management to put such a play on the stage will be rewarded as it deserves. The acting is perfectly adjusted to the quality of the play. Mr. Seymour Hicks revels in the impossible person of Jones. He rushes, dashes and rattles. He uses his hands and arms in the most curious ways; he never spares himself or us for a moment. He listens to the balderdash the other characters speak as though it were a matter of life and death; he is alert, lynx-eyed, and tremendously interested in nothing.

The whole performance is emptiness and vanity. Had Miss Ellaline Terriss anything to do or anything to say that was worthy of consideration she would, we feel sure, be most engaging. As it is, her beauty and charm, the sweet note in her voice, all pass for nothing, for the author has given her no chance of showing her vital qualities. She is not human, although—apart from the play—we are quite prepared to consider her divine. Then there is Mr. William Lugg as the Vice-President of the Consolidated Chewing-Gum Co. He has a good deal to say about the squalid matter of which he is vice-president. It appears to interest him, and we are glad about that, for no one else, we fear, will value his speeches. As for the rest of the cast, many of its members are accomplished people who represent empty and inhuman stage types. They all work heroically in the useless task of trying to make "Broadway Jones" an intelligent and possible piece of work.

"The Tyranny of Tears" at the Comedy Theatre

THE revival of plays of ten or fifteen years ago is not usually a very lively business. Time is not kind to our comedies; nine hundred and ninety-nine die out of a collection of a thousand. But Mr. Haddon Chambers has given us something vital—and easily refreshed by a few clever touches of the author—in his play of the manners of the married. Each character lives its little

hour before our eyes; we have no difficulty about believing them to be real, the author sees to it that the whole affair runs smoothly and that we are not excited, but interested, not wildly hilarious, but comfortably amused; not greatly informed or preached at, but gently instructed how to avoid our follies, how to show more consideration for others, how to live our tiny day without irritating the nerves of those who are about us and those we love.

It is so long since we saw Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore play the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Parbury that we are not inclined to compare them with Mr. Loraine and Miss Ethel Irving. We know they are totally different people, the Parburys of to-day, and that they are equally in the picture and equally vivid. And we know that the woman who rules her husband by some form of peevishness, tears, and the whole arcanum of the unwise and unamiable, will always be with us.

But Mr. Chambers sets before us the comedy of such things with so light a touch, such a gay, neat, engaging manner, that the result is entertainment and delight. Miss Ethel Irving handles the difficult character of Mrs. Parbury, who bullies her husband with pseudo kindness, with infinite skill. She does not make the wife an agreeable person, but she makes her beautiful, and in a way attractive and real. The sincerity of the change of heart at the end of the play, although sudden, is cleverly treated by the actress, so that we believe in it—at the moment when the curtain comes down. What we feel in the homeward taxi, Mr. Chambers may say has nothing to do with the play or the actress. Although Mrs. Parbury holds our attention closely, she is not alone in that characteristic. Every part in the play is a good part. As Parbury, Mr. Loraine is at his very best. He has, we are thankful to say, laid aside the Wyndham *timbre* in his voice and released himself from the restlessness which he acquired, we fancy, in America. We have never seen him so convincingly and truly the man he played. You remember the delightful secretary, Hyacinth Woodward, who kissed her employer's photograph, in a maternal mood, and was discovered by Mrs. Parbury in the act—she is made more agreeable than ever by the accomplished and reticent acting of the beautiful Miss Evelyn D'Alroy. Mr. Fred Kerr, too, is at his very best as the soft-hearted cynic, George Gunning; while Mr. Alfred Bishop contents himself, and us, by being Colonel Armitage, the worried father of Mrs. Parbury, and not obviously acting the character.

On the whole we can imagine no more perfect cast for an amusing, light, and yet distinguished comedy than that chosen for "The Tyranny of Tears." If you have seen the play many times before you will enjoy it again. If you do not know this, perhaps, the cleverest of Mr. Haddon Chambers' comedies, you may well hasten to Panton Street to enjoy his wit, his philosophy, his pretty sentiment—and above all the admirable acting.

The Drama Society at the Rehearsal Theatre

WE have not had the opportunity of knowing much of the work of this society hitherto, but now we gather that it is the nursery of ardent spirits. Here are made visible the hints of things to come; talent is seen in its most immature forms, hopes half realised, ideals not quite understood. The first one-act play given is

"POUDRE D'AMOUR,"

by Mr. Aldon Roen. It is a piece difficult to act, but it has potentialities. Margot, a beautiful girl of the town, who loves and is loved by an honest man, is a stage-character with possibilities. Miss Eve Balfour, who plays the part, has charm and tenderness and a sense of the theatre, but a much more careful production than that given last Sunday is required to enable the author to get his ideas across the footlights. Margot is tempted to marry Arthur, a straightforward young artist. But the nobility of her character obliges her to send him away, and she falls back into her old and hopeless life. That is all, but under better conditions it would be enough.

Naturally, one makes every allowance for a first performance that is arranged on a tiny stage for only one evening; still, the actors of the Drama Society would do themselves more justice if they took the trouble to remember their words and rehearsed the action and stage business more thoroughly.

"DAMAGES,"

by Mr. A. von Herder, suffers as does Mr. Roen's little play. There is a cynical boldness and directness in the idea of an Indian army doctor, poor, and tired of his wife, who accepts all her lover is prepared to give as "damages," and is prepared to let the affair go at that. Here, again, the acting did not convince, but showed plentiful signs of intention rather than of accomplishment.

"BARN Y BRODYR."

Plays in a language only partly understood always have an attraction for us, and certainly Mr. T. R. Evans' "The Voice of the Brethren" gives one's imagination full scope. It is a Carnarvon play in Welsh which tells of a local strike and the change of mind of a hitherto devout Chapel worker to agnosticism. This man, Dai Williams, hurts his mother and loses his lover by his social and non-religious attitude; the play ends by the girl of his heart praying for his return to the fold. The excellent production was assisted by Mr. J. O. Francis, the author of "Change," which we praised some time ago, and the whole presentation was far more careful than the plays that went before it.

During an interval Miss Edyth Olive recited several poems by Richard Middleton with admirable vocal effect. But this accomplished lady had to do her work with the light so arranged that it fell in floods of colour near her feet and left her face masked by grotesque shadows, thus robbing her of some of her power over a highly sympathetic audience.

Mr. Walker Whiteside at the Queen's Theatre

THERE is more art in Mr. Israel Zangwill's American-Russian-Jewish play, "The Melting Pot," than we at first supposed. For this often tiresome drama now provides an American actor whom we have not hitherto been privileged to see with an opportunity of displaying his undoubted gifts. Although the thesis of the play itself, which postulates that "America is God's crucible" in which all the nations of the earth and all the religions shall be sublimated and made beautiful, does not interest or convince us, there is certainly a chance to show idealism and passion and terror on the part of the young Hebraic violinist, David Quixano. Without undervaluing the excellent stage work of Mr. Harold Chapin, who played Quixano when we last wrote of Mr. Zangwill's play, it must be freely owned that he made the part absurd. Mr. Walker Whiteside, on the contrary, has moments, even minutes, when he makes us believe in the affairs of the play and in the curious personality of Quixano. As we have not seen Mr. Whiteside act any other character, we cannot judge how generally accomplished he may be, and we therefore accept his present performance as typical work, and we can compliment him and ourselves on the fact that he is often an extraordinary artist. In seeing the drama as it was presented by the Play-Actors at the Court Theatre and in reading it in book form* we were not convinced of the strange mystery, perhaps madness, which lies within David's character. But Mr. Whiteside shows all that, and charm and grace and distinction as well.

He makes the play a possibility. There are few other changes in the cast. Miss Bensusan still gives her remarkable sketch of an old Jewish woman deeply immersed in the convention of her people, weary with suffering, yet still believing in her family and the glories of a Zion she sees clearly enough beyond the mists of common life. That admirable actor, Mr. Edward Sass, now plays the difficult part of Baron Revendal, and sometimes almost persuades us to believe in him. Miss Phyllis Relph is still the Russian-American Christian girl, Vera Revendal, who loves and is loved by David. Miss Gillian Scaife still plays Vera's stepmother, the Baroness Revendal, with grace and character, and Mr. Alderson gives the conventional musician, Herr Pappelmeister, with the same thoroughness and force as heretofore.

But it is the new David that will interest all lovers of the ever-varying art of acting. Mr. Walker Whiteside is original and exotic and, fortunately, quite outside and beyond the average American actor who graces our stage in semi-sentimental plays. Mr. Whiteside possesses a quaint but distinguished style; his shy, sly way of taking a call would alone place him among the masters of stage finesse and enable him to teach our own comedians the wisdom of the serpent and the tenderness of the dove.

EGAN MEW.

* *The Melting Pot*. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. A Drama in Four Acts. (William Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute

THE supreme art of the portrait painter is, of course, to penetrate the characteristic self of his subject, which he will express as he understands it. No doubt, such a characterisation will not always be perfectly just, for the man of generous temperament will recognise and lay stress upon what is best in the mind and person of his sitter; another, cynically sensitive to the "thousand peering littlenesses," will seize and express these with a pitiless skill not far removed from cruelty. In this exhibition we note with pleasure the prevalence of the kindlier and more sympathetic spirit.

The first five pictures are the work of Mr. Alan Beeton, striking and sincere achievements. The portrait of "Letitia Dale" shows a worn face full of character and goodness. Nos. 2 and 4—apparently portraits of the same individual—give a powerful suggestion of a political fanatic, with drawn face and sunken eyes, full of that fire and conviction which may just as well lead a nation to ruin as to anything else, for want of steady reasoning power behind. The seated figure of a girl in purple, with dark furs, against a dim, receding background, is very striking in its sincerity: we like, too, "La petite blonde aux yeux mauves," which depends for its effect on the very clever scheme of colouring, rather than the face half-covered by the hand on which it leans. Mr. Louis Ginnett exhibits a "Head of a Girl," unobtrusively and harmoniously coloured, and full of grace and charm.

But beyond doubt the most successful artist in the exhibition is Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly, whose small study of a girl's head, which he calls "Reyes," is exceedingly beautiful, in the subtlety of its *technique*, the quiet richness of its colouring, and the simple pathos of its subject—the work, in short, of a genuine artist who may achieve great things. Hard by is another picture by the same artist in totally different style, "Alma de mi Alma," though the appeal is not so poignant, nor does it express the same tenderness of feeling. A Spanish girl in a costume of dazzling white stands finely posed against a dark background, with one hand on her hip and a pink fan open in the other. The flesh tints are beautifully painted, and the radiance of self-conscious and even arrogant loveliness is wonderfully expressed. Another striking portrait from the same hand is "A Man of Letters," a noble literary face well caught. We are not greatly enamoured of Mr. Oswald Birley's contributions; by far the best is the clever but distinctly unpleasing portrait of Mr. Ellis Griffith, in which the artist is at no pains to soften the cynical temperament of his sitter. Far more pleasing is the picture of Colonel Spottiswoode, in which the characteristics of a kindly English gentleman are well caught. Considerable cleverness in harmonisation of colour marks the portrait of a lady in a blue dress seated at a piano in a large room, in which some daring contrasts are cleverly managed. There is

some Raeburnesque handling in Mr. Waldo Murray's portrait of "Brownell Cornwallis, Esq.," though both he and others who have essayed to follow in the footsteps of this master in respect of broad brush-work are apt in so doing to endow their sitters with exceedingly ill-fitting clothes. Mr. Martine Ronaldson produces something of a *tour-de-force* in his picture, "The Attorney's Daughter," in which a pleasant-looking girl is seated at a luncheon-table, with her back to a window, through which a strong light pours into the room. The shadowed face against the window, modified by the reflected light from the white tablecloth, is very skilfully expressed. But whether an equally charming effect could not have been reached by less complicated methods is to us uncertain.

Mr. R. G. Eves contributes an excellent portrait of Mr. H. B. Irving, straightforward and honest, in which the art is so cleverly concealed that many will think that it is not there; but the picture is, in fact, one of the best in the exhibition, and owes nothing to eccentricity or trickery. Two delightful pictures by Mr. Sholto Douglas are his "Portrait Group" of two girls *en plein air*, in which the prevailing white is handled with considerable skill, and the figures are posed naturally and gracefully; and the charming half-length of Miss Cerasoli, a very happily conceived and broadly painted work in singularly clear and beautiful colour. Mr. W. B. E. Ranken exhibits in another room a number of bold and clever studies for the large picture which he calls "Lifeguards," a stiff and unpleasing work, and a most disappointing outcome of the studies referred to. Mr. George Bell's "Nancy" deserves mention as a live piece of work; and another of Mr. Kelly's Spanish subjects, "La Gananciosa," strikes one again by its purity and brilliance of colour and the easy grace of the model. Mr. Glyn Philpot sends a successful but rather self-conscious head of "The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres," in which the really fine qualities of the sitter are rather obscured by the too obviously literary get-up. A rather daring picture is that of "Mme. Karsavina as Thamar," a riot of flaming colour and vigorous pose, in which the tragedy is obvious, though, perhaps, slightly overdone.

In the second gallery one is struck at once by Mr. Binney Gibbs' picture of "A Young Violinist," a young girl in a blue dress, with earnest face, standing, with her violin, against a dark background—a work of real art, which steadily improves upon acquaintance. Mr. R. E. F. Maitland's portrait of Mrs. Price is a wonderfully clever study, practically in black and white—a portrait with considerable humour. But certainly among the first two or three pictures in the exhibition is Mr. William Ablett's astonishingly clever portrait of "Mlle. G. C.," a large-scale study of a girl of thirteen or so, sitting with hands crossed on a white Empire chair in a blue dress against a light green background. The head is slightly turned towards the beholder, and the whole thing, in spite of its flat decorative treatment, is marvellously natural, and full of subtle understanding of dawning womanhood. Mr. Ablett contributes another fine "Portrait Sketch" of a

lady in summer draperies on a verandah bathed in brilliant sunshine, in which the prismatic blend of clear colours is superbly handled. There is no little appreciation of character in Mr. Colyn Thomson's small studies, "Miss Dorothy Baines" and "The Black Toque"; the former is perhaps the more subtle. A delightfully natural and unaffected study of boyhood is Mr. F. C. Mulock's "Jack Boord," though the interest of the great dog rather overshadows that of the boy himself. Mr. Mark Milbanke's portrait of Sir William Ramsay is almost pre-Raphaelite in its wealth of minuteness of detail; but the central figure stands out broadly, nevertheless; the pose is excellent, and the face full of nobility and force. We like, also, his delightful full-length seated portrait of "Mlle. Nicole d'Alsace," which, though slightly inclined to hardness, is expressive of a very distinct personality. Much the same praise may be awarded to Mr. Hayward's portrait of his wife, which is marked by an originality which compels attention. Mr. Ivan Lindhé contributes some strangely brilliant portraits, somewhat hard in handling, but full of life and character—those of Mrs. Lester Reid and M. Paul Cambon are both of them remarkable and compelling works.

As usual, the third room is given up to drawings and paintings, mostly of the nature of studies, some of them for pictures exhibited in the other rooms. The best work is shown by Mr. G. W. Lambert, whose studies are full of character and even of humour. Mr. F. W. Carter's two sketch portraits, "Yvonne" and "Suzanne," are hard to forget, and Mr. Waldo Murray's "Miss Graham" is a perfectly delightful sketch portrait. The illustrated catalogue is a little tantalising, inasmuch as few of the best works in the exhibition are selected for illustration.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

"IN a matter in which the hopes and the fears of so many of my subjects are keenly concerned, and which, unless handled now with foresight, judgment, and in the spirit of mutual concession, threatens grave future difficulties, it is my most earnest wish that the good-will and co-operation of men of all parties and creeds may heal dissension and lay the foundations of a lasting settlement." Thus spoke the King, and it was the keynote of Tuesday's debate. The sun was shining brightly at 2 p.m. when the Life Guards swung round Westminster Hall, followed by the procession of carriages and the King and Queen in the old-fashioned crystal coach. It was difficult to imagine that this was the opening of a session bound to be fraught with so much to the Empire and all the Empire means. Members and their wives and children stood on the pavement and chatted easily with their neighbours, regardless of their politics.

I saw the King and Queen alight, and then I made

my way into the House of Lords. Here the scene seemed especially bright and magnificent. The peeresses had never seemed fairer or more beautifully dressed, set off as they were by the brilliant uniforms of the men. The splendid Cullinan diamond glittered in the corsage of the Queen, whilst a long wave of light ran down the fair foreheads of the peeresses as the electric gleams flashed on the diamonds in their coronets.

The Proposer and Secunder of the Address in the Commons made sensible speeches, with a note of conciliation here and there.

Walter Long then rose to move an amendment to the Address, to the effect that the Government ought to appeal to the country before passing the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Long made several good points, but he is essentially one who speaks better when he has no notes. This time he had too many notes, and too often referred to them. He quoted the magnificent simile which Bright made use of during the Crimean War, "when the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death could almost be heard in our midst." He said it was only due to the magnificent leadership of Sir Edward Carson that the Angel of Death had not already appeared in Ulster. He it was who had kept the peace owing to the confidence the men of the North had in his leadership. There was a silly laugh from the Government back bench at this which was hushed at once by an angry snarl from the Unionists. The former had evidently received instructions not to be provocative. Ramsay MacDonald had risen on a point of order to complain that the action of the Opposition was unprecedented; for over thirty years the House had always had at least one day's general debate on the Address before amendments were moved. Was it in order to move an amendment at once? The Speaker ruled that it was, and Long curtly said that "the situation was unprecedented." He got in one or two heavy punishing blows which made Asquith wince and McKenna nod his head doubtfully like a Chinese mandarin. "You talk of safeguards and supremacy, yet you dare not interfere in South Africa," was one.

After speaking for forty minutes, Long sat down, and Asquith rose amid loud cheers from his own side at 5.35.

He spoke lightly and flippantly at first. The belief that Home Rule would not follow the Parliament Act if they were successful at the 1910 Election was a myth. I do not think, he said, that "in the whole history of anthropology there has ever been a case in which a myth was so quickly crystallised into a creed." This was very elaborate, and the House looked puzzled. He quoted Lord Lansdowne, but it only served to prove that statesman's foresight. "I think you are trifling with the subject," said Carson sourly.

He then changed his note. He admitted the gravity of the situation, and asked for time to consider the whole matter. He frankly admitted that initiative lay with the Government, but said the finances of the country must be carried on, and practically intimated

that before March he would lay further proposals before the House.

It was a capital speech from his point of view. It took the wind clean out of the sails of the younger members of the Opposition who were bent upon a row. They had made up their minds to make business impossible if a reasonable spirit was not shown; but Asquith with his quick eye for the situation followed the earnest words of the King's Speech and was all sweet reasonableness.

Clavell Salter, a sound lawyer and capital speech-maker, was put up to reply whilst Bonar Law considered the position.

The House emptied into the Lobby and also considered the position. Some men thought Asquith's speech was a climb-down; others wondered what Redmond would have to say about it; whilst the majority agreed that the speech was a masterly piece of dexterity. He had removed the cap from the bombshell. He had snatched the torch from the hands of the Opposition backbenchers, and time would be given to the House to quiet down. After all, in face of the terrible danger of civil war, no one could complain of a delay to enable the Government "to consider itself."

At dinner the House practically emptied, but those who stayed were rewarded by hearing a fine speech from Austen Chamberlain.

He hit the nail on the head when he said: "Why was not this done before? The Prime Minister had put off the evil day, and even now, on the brink of the precipice, he pleaded for further delay. I cannot believe that he has not made up his mind, or [with a glance at Redmond] is he waiting for someone else?"

The younger Tories cheered. The debate had not quite turned out as they had expected, but the Prime Minister seemed at last to be alive to and admit the seriousness of the situation.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

NAVAL ARMAMENTS—THE DAWN OF REASON

ALL doubts as to whether the Government would surrender to the agitation within the Liberal Party in favour of armament reduction were set at rest by the lucid and statesmanlike pronouncement of Sir Edward Grey, the chosen spokesman on this occasion for the Cabinet. The Foreign Minister, in that simple though forcible language of which he is the master, set forth a policy of which England may well be proud. We are not afraid of war. We are, as ever, jealous of our national honour, and prepared at the instant to rebuke insolence and repel aggression. But, at the same time, we approach this question of armaments with a sane and open mind. In the first place, as a commercial nation we realise the utter imbecility of the ship and gun competition now being waged

throughout the world. In the second place, situated as we are in the vanguard of civilisation, we deplore the wicked and sinister intent that lies behind such competition and its grim emblems. Nor is our policy restricted to pious aspiration. We are ready, whenever the world will go with us, to attempt to devise practical schemes with which to give expression to our hope.

Cynics with the purview of a pedlar may continue to declare their adhesion to the doctrine that the strength of a nation rests in the abundance and quality of its powder. For a long time they had the experience of the past to guide and support them. Recent history, however, has shown that the heavy burden of armaments is grinding the very spirit out of the nations, and that, so soon as these armaments are employed in the deadly and destructive work for which they are raised, the victorious suffer in no less degree than the defeated. When statesmen of the calibre of Sir Edward Grey publicly subscribe to the theories advanced by Norman Angell, men with less pretensions to seriousness may well drop their ridicule and begin to have faith in force other than that emanating from cordite. Unfortunately we have too long been governed by general fallacies such as appeal to the very lowest attributes in human nature. For example, living soldiers, and many others who are anything but soldiers, still subscribe to the idea that war occasionally is necessary for the vitality of a race. This theory, though entirely disproved by competent authorities who have made special investigations on the subject, is frequently to be heard in places where the atmosphere is convivial, as, for instance, after dinner, in the smoke-room and occasionally at afternoon tea in the suburban drawing-room. Clever individuals fond of paradox derive endless satisfaction out of the fanciful belief that for perpetuation there is nothing quite so stimulating as extermination. Happily for the sake of universal progress, civilisation and prosperity are not in the keeping of tattlers of this description.

We discern as one of the most remarkable tendencies of our times a growing and healthy movement in the direction of real international goodwill. It is inevitable, where the ideal is grand, that progress should be slow. That such progress is perceptible, however, is a matter for rejoicing. Likewise it is inevitable that with a movement of the kind indicated there should be associated extremists and cranks, all well-meaning enough, but so enthusiastic to reach the ultimate goal as to oppose with eccentric gesture the steady march of the men of sane effort. It is true, as we have just said, that progress can be only very slow. For the revolution which it is sought to encompass must involve fundamental changes in the fixed ideas held by a large section of humanity to-day. The remedy for the evil will be found in widespread education extending from the highest to the lowest throughout the earth. Statesmen themselves stand in need of enlightenment, and on that account we welcome strong though pacific pronouncements like that of Sir Edward Grey. Many wars have been brought about solely

because of the vanity of men occupying illustrious positions in the State, and for this reason it is well that Kings and their Ministers constantly reiterate the policy of peace with honour, thus teaching their circle to condemn ambitious ventures and to applaud only that statecraft which is inspired by a generous love of humanity. Instructed from above, the squalid bickerings of political parties must in turn be silenced. And finally we look forward to the day when the masses, too, will be taught the proper proportions of patriotism.

In a former article in *THE ACADEMY* we alluded at length to the contemporary manifestations inclining towards international comprehension. Here we went so far as to assert that there are practical evidences in sight of true progress in the direction of the peace ideal. It is to-day well understood that any writer employing this last theme refers particularly to the relations existing between England and Germany. Sir Edward Grey, though speaking in the reserved language of diplomacy, clearly intended that his words should be thoroughly understood by the Wilhelmstrasse. Reading through the lines of the response from Berlin, and taking into consideration other equally significant circumstances, we are fully convinced that the moment has arrived when some definite arrangement on the question of armaments may be arrived at between the two great Powers whose furious rivalry has for many years past thrown the shadow of war over Europe. Let us be emphatic on one point. Before an arrangement between Governments can be arrived at, political parties in Great Britain must sink their differences on the subject of armaments. Germany at last appears to have made up her mind. Responsible statesmen, speaking on her behalf, have declared a willingness to be content with a sixty per cent. margin of British naval superiority. The obstacle to be overcome lies in the difficulty to convince them that such margin can be rigid—that is to say, incapable of expansion, by reason of Colonial additions and the sudden acquisition of ships building in England for Foreign Powers. Nevertheless, there is surely here disclosed room for round-table negotiation, and with the exercise of consideration on both sides we see no reason why an arrangement, binding to both sides, should not be drawn up. But to revert to the original standpoint—is it not apparent to all impartial minds that, so long as political parties are unable to agree as to what degree of naval strength is required for the safety of Great Britain, Germany cannot be expected to repose implicit trust upon the mere verbal assurances of a Government temporarily in office?

Mr. Alan Glen, who has studied singing and dancing with Miss Marie Brema, and who recently took part in the "Joan of Arc" performances at Covent Garden during the Raymond Roze season, has been specially summoned to Brussels, where, at the end of this week, he fills an engagement as solo dancer. Mr. Glen takes with him the Cecil Sharpe morris-dancers, who will make their first appearance across the Channel.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVERY day makes it the more apparent that the Baby Boom has become very tired. Brokers tell me that they get no more orders to buy shares, and even the investment brokers who supply banks, insurance companies and Trusts admit that the appetite of their clients has been satisfied. This is very sad. We all hoped that 1914 would be a glorious boom year in which the City would make a fortune. There seems little likelihood that our hopes will be fulfilled. The future, so far as I can foresee it, would appear favourable for holders of gilt-edged stocks, but unhappy for every other class of share. For example, the whole of Central and South America has entered upon a reaction. In Brazil the South is determined no longer to finance the North. Already a separation of the two areas is openly discussed. The North is Royalist, the South Republican; the North almost bankrupt, the South short of money, but quite capable of holding its own. Brazil is in a bad way. In the Argentine the boom has come to an end. Nothing can stop this great country, but a reaction was inevitable, and it has come. We must count upon declining traffics and dull trade. We shall be lucky if we escape more serious trouble. Paraguay and Colombia would appear less affected. They may continue to make progress. But Peru is in a troubled condition, and the revolution which deposed Billinghurst may be but the beginning of further *émeutes*. In Chili the good days have passed, and the peso is still depreciated. Chili has missed her chance. Rich as she is, business-like as her people are, the depreciated coinage must weigh heavily upon the commerce of the land. Uruguay would appear in happier mood. Here we get better news, and the loan just floated will give the country its required impetus. But on the whole the South of America seems to have a clouded future to face.

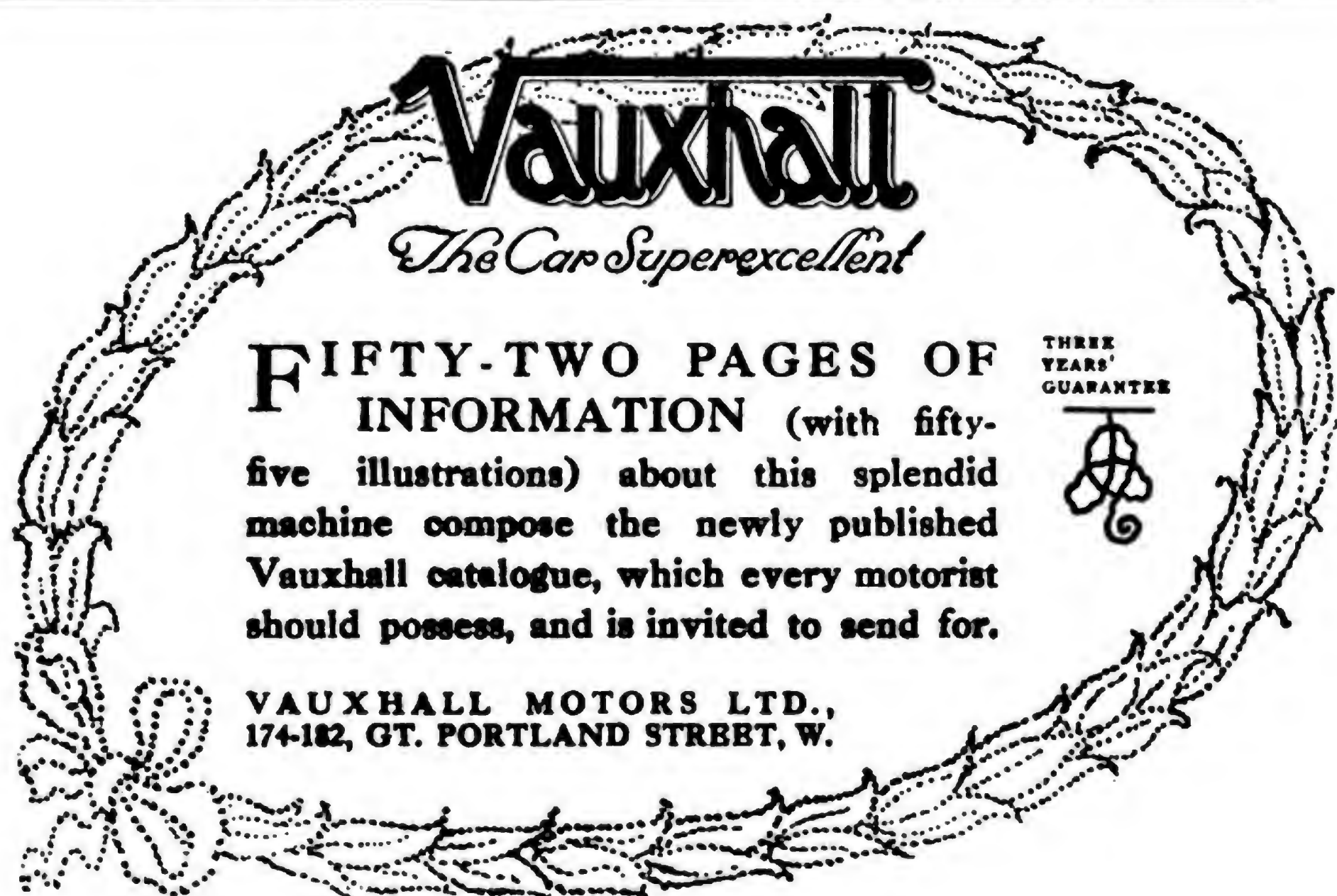
Every day brings forth half a dozen new issues. The Belgian Loan was greedily sought for and now commands a high premium. The Canada Steamship Debentures are

well received, but can only be considered as a risk. The Regal Fire may succeed, but those who apply should understand that the venture is speculative. The Allsopp Prior Lien Debenture appears fairly well received, but unless the brewery can improve its management, I should not care to hold the security. The Pekin Syndicate took advantage of the low Bank Rate to sell its Chinese Railway Bonds, and they went well. They were cheap. I do not care for the Canadian Northern Debentures, in spite of the fact that Lazards backed the issue. The Trinidad Fours are Trustee, and good. Maisonneuve Fives were taken well. The Selfridge Preference are a good industrial. The business is admirably managed. But I could not advise anyone to invest in Hudson's Consolidated Prefs. The promotion schemes of this concern are not to my taste. Chenderiang Tin is in honest hands, and may succeed. The Guardian Realty of Canada may be left to those closely in touch with the local conditions.

The MONEY MARKET seems to me harder. But there was ample money for the Stock Exchange settlement; indeed, brokers declare that they have seldom been offered so much or at such low rates. Nevertheless, as I say, I suspect that we may get harder rates. I do not look for any rise in the Bank Rate, but I cannot believe in the reduction to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. which is talked of in some quarters. Gold is gradually dribbling away, and India, Paris, and Berlin may continue to absorb small lots. But if trade remains dull we need fear no rise. The feature of the week has been the Russian demand. It is one I do not understand, for there are few nations so well supplied with gold. However, Russia wants gold, and she gets it.

FOREIGNERS are not happy. There is a growing feeling that Brazil may default, and this uneasiness, joined to further trouble in Paris, where stock is on sale all the time, affects London. The Peru market is held up, but I think Peru Prefs. may be safely sold. Tintos are firm on the American figures, which, taken by themselves, are promising, but taken in conjunction with the European statistics are simply impossible to understand. In my opinion they are faked. Russians are kept steady, but Paris selling is a factor against any big rise. Hungarians are still too cheap. I also think cheap money must put up German Threes, and Italians are undervalued.

HOME RAILS are spotty. The Caledonian dividend was a bad shock. Not even the most cynical of us suspected



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so bad a result. The House took the Ayrshire distribution well. I confess that I expected better news. Evidently the Scottish lines have had heavy expenses throughout the year. The North Stafford dividend was excellent. We must now wait for the Heavies. The Great Central managed to pay 2 per cent. on the 1894 Prefs. I expected a full dividend here, but many looked for something on the Preferred ordinary. This was being sanguine to madness. The results to date are on the whole disappointing. Presumably the companies are not making the best show possible. They will never get another year like 1913, and they should have paid record dividends. But the average hardly shows any improvement upon 1911.

YANKEES are quite disorganised. The decision to reconstruct Rock Island can have surprised no one. It has long been inevitable. But those behind the scenes have ample funds, and they will by means of a twenty dollar assessment place the road in a sound position. Also they will probably wipe out the present complicated system of holding companies. Then we shall know where we are in Rocks. To-day we don't. New York Centrals remain weak. The road is not doing well, and the persecution—I can call it nothing else—still threatens. The peculiar thing in the Yankee market is the continued strength of Steels—due possibly to the “bear” position. The Trust is not doing well—everyone knows it, and everyone has sold short. Denvers will possibly follow Rocks, reconstruct, and assess; no one should hold either.

RUBBER keeps very hard. The financial position in Brazil is so bad that no one dare hold any stock, and the price of fine hard-cured Para dwindles. Here the exact opposite applies. Cheap money allows the “bull” brigade to buy Plantation and hold it up. This puts up the price of the shares, and gives the Trusts a chance of unloading. The Culloden Trust paid a small dividend, but calmly ignores the huge depreciation of its securities—a curious method. Surely an asset (which is the only asset) that has fallen £90,000, and is not worth the price at which it stands in the balance sheet, must be written down before any dividend can be paid.

OIL shares are hardly mentioned. In St. Petersburg the oil market is dull. Paris sympathises and London does not like the position in Mexico. We are all wondering when the Premier Oil will call another meeting of its shareholders. Burmahs have been steady, and Shells hard, but no business of any moment has been done.

MINES.—In the mining market there has been some good buying of all the Barrier mines on the proposed amalgamation. Another rise is prophesied in Zincs, and the newspapers are flooded with favourable notices. The Associated Northern Blocks report was sad indeed when

one remembers that over 22s. was paid by many for the shares. Professor Liveing reports in a gloomy fashion, and holders are tumbling over one another in their eagerness to get out. I do not blame them. There is no business doing in Kaffirs, and less in Rhodesians. The rig in Kirkland holds its own, but only the arrant gambler is concerned. He will probably lose his money.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Even the Miscellaneous market shows signs of drooping; but all Electric Light shares keep hard. The St. James's and Pall Mall profits rose sufficiently to enable the dividend to be raised from 10 to 12 per cent., and the other announcements are also satisfactory. The Cairn Line and King Line figures are good, and Houlders, now that it is under the ægis of the Furness group, maintains its dividend. Nevertheless, I think all shipping shares should be sold. Cuban Ports have been marked up, and holders should take advantage of the rise to get out. It also seems wise to sell Mexican Trams and Brazil Tractions.

Before I close this article I should like to congratulate my old friend Walter R. Skinner upon the 28th issue of his “Mining Manual.” It contains nearly 1,250 pages of information, and is a unique volume, complete in detail, accurate and clearly compiled. It is cheap at 15s.

RAYMOND RADCLYPPE.

CORRESPONDENCE

LA LANGUE ÉTRUSQUE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A perusal of “La Langue Étrusque: Affinités Ougro-Finnoises, Précis Grammatical, Textes Traduits et Commentés, Dictionnaire Étymologique, par Jules Martha, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Paris” (Paris: Ernest Leroux, Éditeur. 1913.) convinces any one that the author has devoted much laudable patience and scholarly research to a very interesting and difficult problem. I am not prepared to criticise his conclusions; but I got the following note from him: “Paris, 28 janvier, 1914; 16 rue de Bagneux, VIe. Monsieur, Il est très possible qu'il y ait quelque relation entre la langue étrusque et les dialectes heuscariens. Vous seriez bien aimable de m'indiquer les principales ressemblances que vous avez relevées. Vous me parlez d'un ouvrage de Monseigneur Liverani. Je ne le connais pas. Il est probable qu'il n'a jamais été publié. Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus distingués.—Jules Martha.” This emboldens me to add my mite to the discussion which his book of 496 pages has raised among linguists, and to connect it with an other branch of philology which formerly won the hospitality of THE ACADEMY, in the days of Prince L. L. Buonaparte. I mean the origin of *Heuscara*, or Baskish, of which M. Martha makes no mention. His book would be the better, if it contained a list of *corrigenda*. The similarities which I pick from it are these:

A=a, the demonstrative pronoun=*that*, and also the definite article=*the*, in Baskish.

AN=ici; Baskish *han, an, there, in that place*; or *voici*, recalling B. *huná=see there*!

CANA=voici, B. *han, an huná*.

CES=apprivoisé; B. *hez*, as in St. James iii, 8, in the Baskish New Testament of Ioannes Leicarraga, published by the Trinitarian Bible Society, of 7, Bury Street, London, W.C., in 1908.

CESP=sept; B. *zazpi*, probably akin to Latin *septem*.

ETER=excellent; B. *eder, beautiful*, in all senses.

Ez=père; B. *aita*, (Gothic *atta*).

FELI=dire, parler; B. *elhe=parole, propos*.

THE Sunday Times

THE LEADING SUNDAY PAPER SINCE 1832.

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IM=femme, mère; B. ama=mother; ema=femelle. This ema may, however, be old French feme. (Whence did the Gaels get im=butter?)

MI=je, me; B. ni=I, me.

SEC, SECH=filie. In the *Vocabulaire de Mots Basques Bas-Navarraïs traduits en Langue Française* par M. Salaberry (Bayonne, 1856) you will read: "Sehi, s., domestique. Ce mot s'applique aux domestiques mâles et femelles sans distinction." One sees it in the Catechism of 1733, and in the Labourdin version of the Fables of Lafontaine by Goyhette, 1852; both printed in Bayonne.

SU=feu; in B. the very self-same word, generally connected with sure (pronounced sure), tree, wood, the primitive material for fires.

X IS=urine; B. chis, chish.

At Cortona, in 1891, I inspected the antiquities in the Museum, and noted the resemblance between the characters of the Etruscan Alphabet and those of the Iberian Inscriptions of Portugal and Spain, collected by my friend, Dr. Emil Huebner, of 4, Ahornstrasse, Berlin. I was advised to call upon an aged *Prete*, of Cortona, Monsignore Liverani, who showed me his two heavy manuscript volumes in which he claimed to have interpreted all the Etruscan inscriptions which were then known to exist in Italy. He hoped to obtain from Pope Leo XIII the means of publishing his work. I advised him to cause a transcription of it to be made and deposited in a safe place. Has this monument of patient study and devotion to linguistic science been lost? Just outside Cortona one sees the wonderful building known as the House of Pythagoras. It occurred to me that it might have been meant as a solution in stone of the problem of squaring the circle.

February 5, 1914.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

FREE TRADE OR FAIR TRADE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I thank Mr. Ridley for his kindly references to myself, and I am very glad to know that I have succeeded in making clear the Fair Trade position, though I am equally sorry that the practicability of Mr. Ridley's ideal of Imperial Federation appears to me to be as doubtful as ever.

Let me speak quite plainly. The maintenance of agricultural prosperity is *absolutely essential* to the existence and independence of a nation. No State which has depended entirely on commerce, however rich and powerful it may have grown, has ever lasted. In fact, its very wealth has been its downfall, and this because it necessarily leads to interior degeneration as much as to foreign aggression. We English are now almost entirely a commercial nation: we have grown fabulously rich by artificially protecting our foreign trade at the expense of our own country life: political power is in the hands of the manufacturers and their dependents, the industrial workers; and consequently there is little hope that the system of Commercial Protection known as "Free Trade," with its apparent corollary of "cheap food," will ever be altered.

What will be the result? Well, there is only one possible result. England will collapse, as every commercial State—Tyre, Venice, Holland—has collapsed, and will cease to figure as a first-class Power. Remember, there is even now nothing but the Fleet between us and political extinction. It is so by our own choice; and all our wealth will avail us nothing if one important naval action were to go against us: we could be starved into submission in a fortnight.

I put it to Mr. Ridley—Would it be wise of Canada to stake everything on the continued inviolability of the British Empire? She does not, I venture to think, as a

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matter of fact do so. And I am bound to say that I sympathise with her reluctance to provide ships for an Imperial Navy whose main function must necessarily be to guard the coasts of England rather than to strengthen the position of Canada herself. Is it not, then, wiser on Canada's part to have a second string to her bow, an alternative ideal to which to look forward? If the British Empire should dissolve, a North American Republic remains as an equal, perhaps as a greater, possibility; and I am sure that every thoughtful Canadian must inwardly feel this, however loyal to the Old Country he may declare himself to be.

Mr. Ridley is amused at my idea that, in the event of the amalgamation of Canada with the United States, the former would exercise a dominating influence. I was speaking racially, of course. Even in the States the Anglo-Saxon race is the ruling element in spite of the great admixture of nationalities which has been going on for the past hundred years. The inclusion of Canada would have the effect of strengthening this ruling element enormously, and of placing its continued predominance beyond all question, to the unquestionable benefit of the New World as a whole. I repeat what I said before, that Canada and the northern States would control the destiny of the Americas, should such a fusion as I have suggested take place.

But after all, what is the use of speculating? These big world-movements are for the most part entirely outside our control; and it is quite useless to fight against them, however exalted may be our motives. The wise course is to recognise them and to be prepared for eventualities. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London Institution.

IMMO S. ALLEN.

BEOWULF AND VIRGIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The commentators on that most interesting English poem, "Beowulf," do not seem to have noticed that "swigedon ealle:" in line 1699 of Dr. Sedgefields admirable edition, is a translation, and possibly an intentional reminiscence, of "Conticuere omnes," the first line of the second book of the *Æneid*.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Oxford Union Society, February 2, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Le Ciel: Lectures et Leçons pour Tous.* By J. H. Fabre. Illustrated. (Ch. Delagrave, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
- The Effect of Taxes on Food Stuffs: When and Why a Tax on Food Stuffs does not Increase the Cost to the Consumer.* By Bernard Dale. (Effingham Wilson. 2s. net.)
- Capitals of the Northlands: Tales of Ten Cities.* By Ian C. Hannah, M.A. Illustrated by Edith Brand Hannah. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s. net.)
- Chats on Old Coins.* By F. W. Burgess. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "God's Own Country." An Appreciation of Australia.* By C. E. Jacomb. (Max Goschen. 5s. net.)
- The Land Problem: Notes suggested by the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee.* (Wyman and Sons. 6d.)

The Dignity of Business: Thoughts and Theories on Business and Training for Business. By H. E. Morgan. (Ewart Seymour and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

L'Esprit Classique et la Préciosité au XVIIe Siècle. By J. E. Fideo-Justiniani. (Auguste Picard, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

In the Fall of the Leaf. By Stanhope Bayley. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education. By Thiselton Mark, D.Lit., B.Sc. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

The Melting Pot. A Drama in Four Acts by Israel Zangwill. (Wm. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Comic Kingdom: Napoleon, the Last Phase but Two. By Rudolph Pickthall. Illustrated. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Freedom of the Press in Egypt: An Appeal to the Friends of Liberty. By Kyriakos Mikhail. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1s. net.)

The Story of Beowulf. Translated from Anglo-Saxon into Modern English Prose by Ernest J. B. Kirtlan. With Frontispiece in Colour. (Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Romance of Names. By Ernest Weekley M.A. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

Abu'l Ala, the Syrian. By Henry Baerlein. (John Murray. 2s. net.)

Principles of Property. By John Boyd Kinnear. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1s. net.)

Among the Primitive Bakongo. By John H. Weeks. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

At the Back of the World: Wanderings over Many Lands and Seas. By George and Jennie Pugh. Illustrated. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

The Old Wood Carver. By Sir Hubert Von Herkomer, R.A., and Siegfried Herkomer. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

Stories from the Operas. By Gladys Davidson. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

The Schools and Social Reform. By S. J. G. Hoare, M.P. (John Murray. 6d. net.)

The Philosophy of Bergson. By the Hon. Bertrand Russell. (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. 1s. net.)

Our Task in India: Shall We Proselytise Hindus or Evangelise India? By Bernard Lucas. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

San Miniato. By E. J. Watson. (Partridge and Love, Bristol. 6s. net.)

Noblesse Oblige and National Service. (S. Williamson. 3d.)

The Conscience of a King, and Other Pieces. By Paul Hookham. (Cottrell Horser, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)

Surnames of the United Kingdom: A Concise Etymological Dictionary. By Henry Harrison. Vol. II, Part 8. (Eaton Press. 1s. net.)

Everybody's Guide to Book-keeping. By T. E. Copeland, F.S.A.A. (Brindley and Howe. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

English Review; Atlantic Monthly; Publishers' Circular; Educational Times; School World; Antiquary; Book-Prices Current; The Bibelot; The Author; Cambridge University Reporter; Journal of English Studies; London Matriculation Directory, Jan., 1914; The Homeland; Cambridge Magazine; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; Irish Review; Book Monthly; Book-seller.

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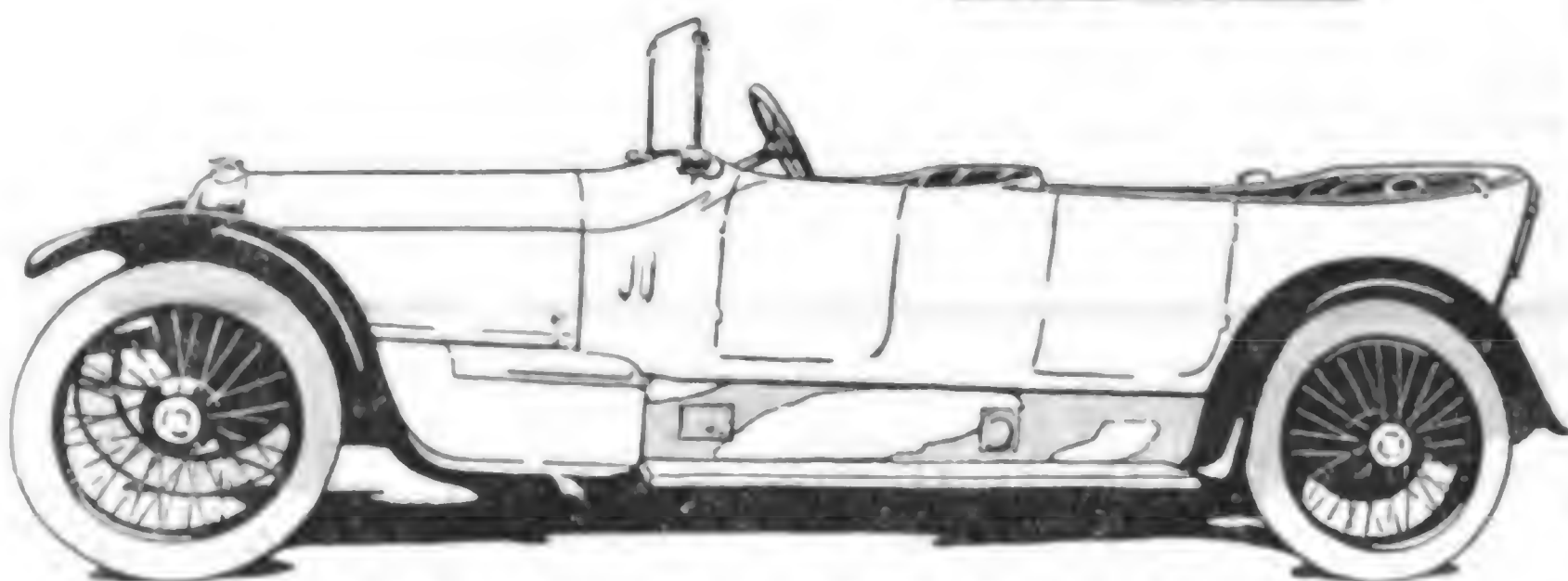
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BARGAINS IN BOOKS.—

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The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

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Notes of the Week

THE meeting of Parliament makes one think, and there is only one really serious topic to think about. That topic is the almost inextricable mess into which the Government have floundered in connection with the Irish question. We were all on perfectly safe ground until Mr. Gladstone, in the days of his decadence, chose to meddle with a national matter which only needed to be severely let alone. Autonomy, or Home Rule, or whatever you like to call it, is quite good and quite reasonable, where you have to deal with a homogeneous population. Directly you come into contact with a nation which in reality is no nation at all, but two uncongenial and incongruous peoples welded together for the sake of convenience, any person who is entitled to the appellation of a statesman would know at once that there must be some outside controlling influence to prevent the opposing elements from flying at each other's throats.

The harm, unfortunately, has now been done, and in these columns we have consistently maintained that one, and only one, solution is now possible; that solution, of course, is a separate assembly for Ulster, and it is by no means a hopeless one. The Ulster Parliament would be able to safeguard the interests of the Protestants scattered through the South and West of Ireland, because Ulster would be the solvent member of the association. In putting forward this proposition we are not suggesting anything with the intention

of making autonomy for Ireland unworkable. We believe that in the course of time the two assemblies would draw together. Each of them would be a participant in the future of their country; the rough edges would be smoothed down, and through the medium of joint sessions and joint conferences the divergences which are now acute would, we think, possibly disappear. The danger at the present moment appears to be that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond, to both of whom we would like to ascribe the best possible motives, have neither of them quite the courage to come out into the open and face the situation in the only way in which it can be dealt with.

If our travel, as Mr. Kipling suggested in his delightful address at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, is soon to become a matter of aeroplanes and swift air-traffic, our ideas on the subject of scenery will have to be thoroughly revised. We shall approach cities, not through their exhalations of smoke and vapours and grimy outskirts, but dive down upon them from the skies and have our first impressions of them as though we looked upon a detailed, large scale plan, while the countryside will simply be perceived as a plan of a different colour. For some reasons we are not in love with this aspect of the coming change. The charm of a winding lane consists in the flowers along the banks, in the fresh views revealed at each turn, in the loitering at gates and straying down by-paths—idle hours, in fact, which most people would be sorry to lose. "Progress" is an ambiguous term, and often seems to be accepted as meaning increased speed; if we succeed in taking an hour off the journey from London to Scotland, say some, it is a sign of "progress." When it is possible to fly that distance in half the time that an express train now requires, shall we have "progressed" to any remarkable extent? The truest advances lie in the human mind, not in the ease with which our bodies can be transported from place to place.

Too many pessimists spoil the world. That, at any rate, is the burden of Sir James Crichton-Browne in a recent interview. He has small sympathy with those who pull long faces and echo the groans of the ill-equipped worker who laments that a man is "too old at forty"; in fact, he points out that "a preponderance of the work involving calm and powerful reason is done by men from fifty-five to seventy years of age." He sets the goal of the centenarian as the normal duration of man's life. This is very comforting indeed; if only we can bear it in mind when we reach the period of three-score years and ten, instead of settling down to a mumbling and discontented "old age" we shall look forward to thirty years of really enjoyable and profitable employment. The average intelligent man has a hatred of being considered "on the shelf," and this feeling, we presume, is merely the protest of nature at being coddled and treated as though everything was finished and done with when "old age," after all, should be the real, rosy time of our lives.

Worship

FOR many ill-earned days
Sped joyously I raise
My song of fearful praise;

For Beauty, earth's own bride,
Whose breath is as a tide
Of holy mirth and pride,

Sweet wonder and strange pain
For all things maimed or slain
Whose life comes not again;

For trees with leaves a-sway,
Day-long, and day by day,
To catch what the winds say,

For birds that sing and sing
As though all life were spring
And death not anything:

I praise though none may hear
All beauty far or near
In earth or sea or air.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Futurism and the Music-Hall

PPOINTING the antithesis between the customs and characteristics of various nations is a harmless and entrancing game. Everyone knows a story or two about an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman, at the expense (morally and figuratively only) of the last-named. The game can also be played with schools—Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, for choice; or with religions—Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Nonconformist or Jewish. The number of types recommended is three.

The best Anglo-Franco-German comparison we have heard is that of Heine, with patriotism for the connecting link. The Teutono-Franco-Jewish poet said, in effect—we wish we had his very words beside us, but we have not—"The Frenchman loves his country as his mistress, the Englishman as his lawful wedded wife, and the German as his great-grandmother."

From Heine to ourselves is certainly a step, but we cannot refrain from putting on record a piece of antithetical wisdom we once served to a friend. Perhaps it was more antithetical than wise, but, at any rate, it brings us closer to the subject in hand. Our advice was—"Go to the Theatre in France, the Opera in Germany, and the Music-hall in England." Wise or not, the idea does not seem to be our monopoly. At any rate, Signor Marinetti has hold of it. He knows England is the home of the Music-hall. Else why does he address his pontifical communication on the subject to the *Daily Mail*? Or—to put the matter rather differently—why did he choose this subject for his first appeal on a large scale to the great heart of the British Public?

The latest Futurist manifesto bears the date September 29, and professes to have been "publié par le *Daily Mail*, 21 Novembre, 1913." That is not quite exact. We read Signor Marinetti's article, and we are in a position to state that the two documents differ both in form and in detail. The *Daily Mail* article was—an article; "Le Music-hall: Manifeste Futuriste" is a debauch, starting with a riot of classification, worthy of Austin's "Jurisprudence," and ending in an orgy of Futurist prose, "beyond the good and ill" of punctuation. And some of the words and expressions that figure in the manifesto, had they done duty in the article, would infallibly have enriched our daily press with a pink morning paper.

Why does Signor Marinetti exalt the Music-hall? For nineteen separate reasons (most of them the same), "separated" (some of them) "quite reasonably and precisely" into four. The Music-hall has no traditions; it symbolises the rapidity of modern life; it tears the veil from amorous sentimentality; it gives object-lessons in courage; and it flouts Art—"avec un grand A."

Now, a good many of these virtues do undoubtedly belong to the Music-hall, but one of them we can by no means allow. "Le Music-hall," says Signor Marinetti, "n'a heureusement pas de traditions." For the English music-hall—which is the type Signor Marinetti has in his mind, since he disdains "le genre des revues parisiennes aussi ennuyuses et stupides que la tragédie grecque"—nothing could be less true. Tradition is the essence of our variety stage; the mother-in-law, the lodger, and the umbrella are types that have a long life behind, and probably before, them. The innuendo even is perfectly conventional. The really solid Music-hall of to-day and the Music-hall of fifty years ago are as like in their essence as two circuses. The Music-hall performer who suddenly found himself in the hands of a Futurist stage-manager would probably be seized with an attack of sheer fright.

No, Signor Marinetti is too much of an idealist. If he had been the round of the London theatres, he would have seen revolution at work. If he had been to some of the typical Music-halls, he would have sat through a performance dating from the Great Exhibition of 1851. In a few of the twice-daily houses he might occasionally trace a more adventurous spirit, but even there the *ensemble* is frankly reactionary, in the Futurist sense. The client of the Music-hall is the product of a long and slow formative experience; a simple child of nature he is certainly not. Signor Marinetti would be better employed preaching to the new theatre. Some of its patrons are quite capable of understanding his jokes.

R. S.

A lecture on "British Wit and Humour of To-day" will be given by Mr. Walter Emanuel on Friday next, at 8 o'clock, at Stationers' Hall, Ludgate Hill. The chairman will be Mr. Arthur Waugh. Admission will be 6d., and the lecture is held in connection with the National Book Trade Provident Society.

In the Learned World

A COMMUNICATION to the Académie des Inscriptions made last month by M. Maurice Pezard well illustrates the undying nature of personal names in the East. The French excavators at Bender-Bouchir, in the province known in ancient times as Susiana and in ours as Khuzistan, have found an inscription of a king of Susa or Elam about 2000 years before Christ, called Humbanmana. This appears to be a variant of the name of Khumbaba or Humbaba—the *k* being merely a strongly aspirated *h*—the tyrant whose home was among the cedar-trees of Elam, and who was slain by Gilgamesh, the national hero of Babylonia, in whom Professor Sayce and others see the prototype of the Greek Heracles. In Greek times, however, we find this Khumbaba mixed up in a most extraordinary story in which one Nannaros, who, as was pointed out long ago, is plainly the Babylonian Moon-god Nannar, appears as his antagonist. Nor is this all. In Mahomedan times, when En-Nadim, in the book known as the "Fihrist," set to work to give an account of what he considered the cosmogony current among the Manichæans then clustered on the eastern borders of Turkestan, he found that they called Satan or Ahriman, the Chief of the Evil Creation, by the name of Hummâma. Thus we find a personal name persisting for nearly 3000 years in recognisable form, and always associated with an enemy or opponent of the good powers. An exactly similar instance of this tendency exists with regard to the queen of hell, while, on the other hand, the name of Iskander or Alexander the Great still lingers in Central Asia as that of the king of the believing genii. Whether the East is really as "unchanging" as was once thought may be doubted, but it certainly preserves tradition as the Desert does the material relics of culture.

In the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archæology, the Hon. Emmeline Plunket, who has devoted a lifetime to the investigation of the astronomical myths of the ancients, again tackles the story of the Descent of Ishtar, the Babylonian Aphrodite who was fabled to have descended into hell to reclaim her dead lover Thammuz or Adonis. She would connect this legend, with which that of Gilgamesh above mentioned is interlaced, with the bright star known as Spica virginis, which, according to her, must at one particular time in Babylonia have set with the Sun, to reappear with him a month later on the horizon at dawn. This is possible enough; and, although what is called the "Astral Theory" of Oriental mythology has been pushed much too far by certain German scholars, it is by no means improbable that the Babylonians, as a nation of astronomers, strove to explain the different months of their calendar by myths which were perhaps in existence before they began to record their observations. Miss Plunket declares that this is one of the proofs that the Zodiacal calendar of the Babylonians must have been formed at a date not later than 6000 B.C., as evidenced

by the fact that the month in which the reappearance of Spica was hailed with rejoicing after a month of mourning nearly coincided with the summer solstice. That this was in Babylonia also the month of harvest coincides, of course, with the elaborate theory of the Dying God worked out by Dr. Frazer in his "Golden Bough," and is supported by the fact that the Virgin of the constellation still bears on our celestial globes an ear of wheat in her hand.

In the same *Proceedings*, Professor Newberry shows, it would seem conclusively, that a much-damaged stela from Abydos, now in the Cairo Museum, is that of King Djer—or, as he prefers to spell it, Zer—of the First Egyptian Dynasty. This king, whose name Dr. Budge of the British Museum and others would read Khent, was one of the earliest kings whose relics were found by M. Amelineau at Omm'-el-Gaab, and the art of his reign, as shown by his inscriptions on stone vases and the like, is so different from that of the objects found in the other tombs there as to give some colour to the theory that he was of a different race from the rest of the so-called dynasty. Professor Newberry's reconstruction of the stela, which is broken in such a way that only the tip of the distinctive sign, which he assumes to be three pots or water-jars tied together, appears, is a piece of circumstantial evidence worthy of Sherlock Holmes.

Two new English journals devoted to Egyptology have appeared this month, thereby taking away the reproach that England, the Protector of Egypt, has hitherto refused to follow in this respect the example set by, among others, France, Germany, and Sweden. One of these is called the *Journal of Egyptian Archæology*, and is published by the Egypt Exploration Fund, which has done such good work in excavating and preserving some of the greatest monuments in Egypt, among them being, as every visitor to Luxor must remember, the magnificent temples of Deir el-Bahari. Its first number contains, among other things, an article by Captain Lyons, giving the new law with regard to antiquities in Egypt now in operation, which must materially interest all scarab-buying tourists—their name is legion—as well as more serious investigators. In stringency it leaves nothing to be desired, but whether it will have any other effect than raising the already high price of "antikas" remains to be seen. The other contents give the lectures delivered, under the auspices of the Fund, by Professor Naville, its senior excavator, to whom we are indebted for the clearing of Deir el-Bahari; Mr. Hogarth, curator of the Ashmolean Museum; Professor Sayce, who discourses on the Egyptian beads found at Stonehenge; and others. There is also a very careful summary of finds and publications relating to Christian Egypt—a subject too often neglected by archæologists—by Mr. Gaselee, and full reports of all the work done by the Fund during the past year. The whole tone of the journal is scholarly and impartial, and we wish it every success.

The other Egyptological periodical is called *Ancient*

Egypt, and is said in its prefatory note to be the "regular organ of the various branches of the Egyptian Research Students' Association." It is edited by Professor Flinders Petrie, and seems to be a good deal more of a "one man show" than the other. It contains, however, two papers by Egyptologists of note in the persons of Professor Newberry and Baron von Bissing. An article by the editor on Egyptian beliefs in a Future Life — it purports to be a reprint of the Drew lecture, a foundation unknown to us—is well illustrated and interesting, and will please those who like to combine Egyptology with mysticism. One would like to learn, however, what ground the lecturer can have for the date which he assigns to the Hermetic writings, which he tells us "are dated by the political allusions in them, and were composed from 500 to 200 B.C." Subject to anything he may have to say on the subject, one must doubt whether any of the fragments he quotes are anterior to the Christian era, while most of them seem clearly to belong to the age which saw the death of paganism.

F. L.

A Memory of Aden

ALTHOUGH Aden could not, perhaps, be written Eden, it has been called harder names than, to the casual eye, it deserves. One writer styles it a coal-hole; another, the Clapham Junction of shipping east of Suez. The Arabs go to the other extreme and hail it as the "haven of rest," a tribute paid, it must be confessed, less to any scenic attractions of the place than to the beneficent rule of a born race of administrators that has never adopted the *Oderint dum metuant* policy of some among its rivals in the sun. No; Aden is not even remotely suggestive of Paradise, yet only a blind man or a Bonze could fail to see beauty in those clear-cut hills lit by the setting sun, their silhouette so sharp against the violet sky over which the darkness stalks swiftly as to suggest stage scenery for the Brocken act of "Faust." In the searching light of day, it is not to be denied, the lack of verdure is forbidding, and it is clear that those scalped pinnacles, arid and inaccessible, provide neither sanatorium for the convalescent nor game for the sportsman.

Those who, stationed at this westernmost frontier of our Indian Empire, have opportunities of watching its development, recognise changes, some of them for the better, during the past decade; but to the not too discerning eye of one who last set foot on Steamer Point eighteen years ago—eighteen years of unfulfilled promise gone to the greedy locusts that devour so many reputations dreamed of, but never, alas, made—the place might, but for its motor-cars, be the same to-day as it was in Queen Victoria's reign. The long-tailed kites perch and whistle as of yore in the ship's rigging, and the great grey gulls still harry them in the air.

Amphibious Somalis, hopeful of baksheesh and heedless of sharks, still dive off the top deck, for there has long been an end to the unpopular interlude during which this hazardous practice was interdicted, the Governor having revoked the decree in view of the number of aged folk supported by the earnings of the diving boys.

To the passenger in transit, a little weary of life between decks, Aden is merely a brief but welcome interlude in the long voyage to India or the Cape, with a few idle hours ashore in which to buy cigarettes and, if he be foolish enough, ostrich tips packed in long tin cases. For these, unless worthless or stolen, he has to pay as much as he would if purchasing them from a reliable dealer in Bond Street, and, even so, he runs the risk of a heigh, presto! change of tins under his very eye, discovering too late that he has been the victim of a fraud so ingenious as in some measure to condone the vendor's villainy. Here, if anywhere, the buyer needs a hundred eyes, for these unsophisticated Arabs can give as good an exhibition of legerdemain as any cheap-Jack fleecing yokels at a country fair at home.

The drive to the Tanks, formerly available only in decrepit gharries painfully drawn by knock-kneed refugees from the crowning mercy of the knacker, may now be done on petrol, though the discriminating sight-seer will, with a couple of hours to spare, still give the preference to the antique shandrydan of other days rather than be whirled along at a pace prohibitive of due appreciation of the route. If the whole truth must be told, the tanks themselves, which have, among other alleged sources, been ascribed to the Public Works Department of the Queen of Sheba, are less worth the travelling to than the picturesque native quarter passed on the way, a seething hive of black humanity, infinitely attractive to the photographer. Those who have seen the tanks on former occasions will find more to attract them in the hospitality of the Union Club, where they are sure of a welcome and good cheer.

At length, out of that baffling *cul de sac* forges the sturdy old *Golgonda* on her way to the East Coast, and, as she dips majestically to the blue seas that meet her keel, Aden goes down over the sky-line. It is a spot that, like others better and worse, is many things to many men. To the bird of passage it is a pleasant perch on which to alight, a little space while yawning hatches are fed by creaking cranes. To Arabs and Somalis it is a glad refuge from the petty tyranny of native misrule, not without opportunities of imposing on the ingenuous tourist. To white men stationed there it is a waste of sand and rock on which they must work towards the official Nirvana of home and pension. Tired eyes strain ever towards Suez and the little grey home in the West. Weary exiles sympathise with those patriotic Athenians of old who vowed that the moon which shone over Athens was finer than the moon of Corinth.

F. G. AFLALO.

REVIEWS

A Frontier Medical Missionary

Pennell of the Afghan Frontier: The Life of Theodore Leighton Pennell, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. By ALICE M. PENNELL, M.B. With an Introduction by F.M. EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE brief introduction to this book has been appropriately written by Lord Roberts, who has personal knowledge of the scene and value of Dr. Pennell's labours; and the latter's father was the Field-Marshal's first cousin. The hope expressed by Lord Roberts that this volume will have a wide circulation may be cordially echoed. It is a record of great service, nobly and fearlessly rendered, to country, to humanity, to God. Dr. Pennell was cast by nature in a heroic mould, and in his Medical Mission at Bannu had ample scope for showing his sterling qualities and great ability. Bannu—as many may not know—is one of the districts of the North-Western Frontier Province of British India, situated between the River Indus and the Independent Tribes who separate British India from Afghanistan. "The Bannuchi is not a lovable or attractive type of Pathan. He has all his vices and few of his virtues." Here the Medical Mission had been established, to which Dr. Pennell was appointed by the Church Missionary Society. Besides the Hospital at Bannu, and the innumerable out-patients attending it, there was a Mission School for native children; there were, too, outlying dispensaries to be supervised, and fraud to be detected. He was often summoned to serious cases at great distances; he had regular preaching in the Bannu bazar, touring and preaching in the villages; all these multifarious duties kept him fully employed—every minute of his time was occupied. He was accessible to all-comers, and indefatigable; he took very little rest and hardly ever any holiday. Perhaps he would have been wiser to have spared himself a little, but it was in his nature to be always strenuously engaged: change of occupation was his relaxation; he was too busy to be ill, he said.

The Bannu district is subject to raids by the tribesmen who are experts at pillage and kidnapping; they live in an atmosphere of trivial quarrels, leading up to retaliation, border feuds, and bloodshed, while, as fanatical Mahomedans, they "count it righteousness and the way to heaven to kill an unbeliever." The dangers of the frontier, "bristling with tragedy," are notorious; this book recounts many instances of gallant officers suddenly attacked and struck down individually, while organised raids have to be punished, and kidnapped persons and stolen property have to be recovered by superior force or skill. In such a situation Dr. Pennell showed his fearlessness by never carrying a weapon of offence. Though he was constantly assaulted, and not unfrequently stoned, he maintained his belief in his policy, and could not be induced to change it. It was wonderful that, during his long residence at Bannu from 1893 to 1912, he escaped a

violent death. Though he gained, in his medical capacity, the confidence and love of his patients and all who knew him—and Indians are shrewd judges of character—he was exposed in his long and lonely journeys to collisions with strangers, robbers, and cut-throats; he lived unarmed in their villages, trusting to the protection of his hosts. His name and reputation travelled far; the blind, the halt, and the maimed were brought to him from remote places, though many of the cases were beyond all human skill. He was most famous for his operations for cataract, but his success was often marred by the folly of the patients and their attendants.

Apart from his professional prowess, which was guaranteed by the honours and distinctions he had gained as a medical student, the secrets of his success lay in his courage, in his sympathy for the natives, in the confidence he inspired by his personal sacrifice, his personal magnetism, his many acts of forgiveness, for he never condemned a transgressor. He was convinced that his adoption of native dress, which he varied in travelling to suit local fashions, gave him a speedy entry into the affections of the people. But he was careful to distinguish that he regarded Indian garb not as an end in itself but as only one missionary implement out of many to be used when necessity arose. His main difficulties in religious matters lay with the mullahs, the priests and preachers of Islam, and with the ingrained faiths of the population hostile to Christianity. By the former he was violently opposed, but one at least of his chief antagonists succumbed to his personal influence. His sense of humour was a great help. Once he baffled a native pleader by saying, of a mental picture, that "it is compared by a process of unconscious cerebration with previous mental pictures founded on experience." By his schoolboys he was adored: himself an athlete, he encouraged their games, football and cricket, bathed with them in pools and rivers, took them expeditions, conducted a football team through India, "in every way he could he set himself to train them to be good citizens and upright men."

A medical missionary, of his stamp and physique, may gain, as he did, enormous influence: his work was "an important political factor on the Bannu frontier"; so competent authority stated. Some natives, at the same time, said of him, "your medicine is good, but your religion is wicked." His converts generally remained faithful, and some rose to positions of trust; others yielded to family pressure and relapsed. He employed his pen by writing on the "Wild Frontier Tribes," and on his Travels in Northern India; for he travelled constantly, and preached and taught wherever he went. His death from septic poisoning, after operating on his colleague, cut short a noble and useful career. "The countryside was plunged in grief." His work and name will abide on the frontier when Viceroys and Politicals have long been forgotten. This book, a simple record, will do much to inform the British public of life—and death—on the Indian frontier, and shows what an enthusiast can do to win turbulent tribesmen to civilisation and to Christianity.

Sir Thomas Wiat: Stalk and Flower

The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat. Edited by A. K. FOXWELL, M.A. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s. net.)

THOMAS WIAT, knight, courtier, diplomatist, statesman, ambassador, loved making little verses to be accompanied by the lute. And now, lo and behold, his services as a great man of the world are forgotten, while his little songs, shining like bright gems in the crown of English poesy, give him immortality; which thing is a parable. For it shows the economy of Time: how like a flail Time winnows perishable from imperishable, and it also points the moral that our devouring lust for specialisation does not really accord with true harmony of life. Does Mr. Churchill play the lute, and has Mr. Lloyd George rondeaus to his credit? We have no hesitation in saying that they would be better statesmen if to the proud boast, "I am the servant of the Lord God of Hosts," they could add, "and I understand the lovely art of the Muses."

To-day, the politician who wrote poetry and was an accomplished musician would probably find that his talents cost him votes, being regarded by the vulgar as wasteful trifling, and the fact is one of those depressing signs which show how deeply Materialism has stamped its hoof. On the other hand, for at least a century it has remained equally true that the poet who was also a statesman or man of affairs has been looked upon as an incompetent Jack-of-all-trades. The result is that we have many feeble poets lifting up their insignificant mirrors to catch the fleeting glances of the Muses, while bigger men who might blossom into poetry, as they had the proud humility, are content to make money and collect old masters, or waste their substance in a riot of political self-seeking. They are all stalk. But if we think of the lives of Dante, of Spenser, of Milton, or Sir Thomas Wiat, we see how under noble and natural conditions of life a man's whole activity comes to flower in art, and we may be quite sure that the time is not far distant when the labours of men like Blake and Nietzsche, and all who insisted that without imagination man sinks towards the beasts, will bear fruit, and whole men will supplant a generation of mechanical specialisers.

Sir Thomas Wiat's poetry was the flower of his life. He translated Petrarch and borrowed freely from earlier writers, as every sincere artist borrows from his fore-runners, happily assured that originality is never a matter of mere superficial unlikeness. He was the originator of the sonnet form in English, and by his honest endeavours to wrestle with English prosody paved the way for the great Elizabethans. For all these things he is renowned in our text books and guides to English literature; but those who read for more than what is miscalled "culture" will look for the man in his verse, and they will not be disappointed. Wiat was an honest lover of life who quested for understanding and wrote with a zeal for truth. He had style because, in

Matthew Arnold's phrase, he had something to say and he said it. His lightest lyrics were no mere spinning of words, no amiable contortionist's exercise in interesting emotions; but he spoke with authority, like Sydney and Donne and Herbert, of the things which he knew.

Miss Foxwell has done well to insist upon these virtues rather than upon Wiat's historical importance. It is a healthy sign of the times. Her books are a magnificent example of the care and pains which have lately been expended upon our classic authors for the purpose of making complete and definite editions. No decent library can afford to be without the Clarendon books, and here is the edition of Wiat. No pains have been spared to make the work a triumph of sound editing. The commentary is very full, but Miss Foxwell is too anxious to hand herself over to her readers in her sincere enjoyment of her author. Thus on a couple of lines in the Satire beginning, "My mothers maydes," she writes:

"This combination of work allied with a great human sympathy is the great force which is drawing men and women nearer together to-day. The idea of work undertaken in love, meeting the problems and difficulties of life on an equal footing, with mutual help and mutual joy in life, is one of the ideals of the age, and must be partially realised, because of the purity and integrity of the purpose that it involves."

However true that may be, it is an expression of personal opinion. We do not go to an authoritative edition for general opinions, and Miss Foxwell gives us too many of them, while she falls into the error of over-praise in her too great anxiety to establish Wiat's high position. She also makes use of that most detestable of all terms, "the sex." But these are human and forgivable flaws in a piece of work which merits the gratitude of every real student of English literature.

Oriental Opinions

Epochs of Civilisation. By PRAMATHA NATH BOSE, B.Sc. (W. Newman and Co., Calcutta.)

MR. BOSE has undertaken an immense task. In the words of his own candid admission: "In fact, the immensity of the task I have undertaken makes me exclaim with the Indian poet, 'A dwarf deluded do I stretch out my arms for a fruit attainable only by a giant.'"

The Indian poet's estimate of the disproportion between the relative statures errs on the side of moderation. For the difference between the infinitely small and the infinitely great is infinity. A consideration of the title of Mr. Bose's book will demonstrate the accuracy of our proposition. The word civilisation is of so wide a connotation as to be meaningless to all save the Socialist orator; and in that process which is vaguely indicated by the term there are no epochs. The natural swing of the pendulum from the doctrine

of Nature doing nothing *per saltum* resulted in the equally erroneous doctrine that Nature does everything by epochs. It will be the glory of the twentieth century to have exposed the fallacy of this as of all generalisations. The nineteenth century saw the apotheosis of the "ologies." The twentieth century shall haply witness the restoration to favour of that knowledge, the only truly exact knowledge, which was dispossessed of her estate in favour of the upstart harlequin which has too long masqueraded in the guise of "Science." Mr. Bose complains that every science has been marching apace, except sociology. If misguided students of human affairs will insist upon forcing their pet study into the Procrustean bed of an "ology," they must not be surprised if its tender organism becomes irreparably stunted in the process.

We have read Mr. Bose's thesis with care and interest. If we have misunderstood his teaching, the fault is not in the reader but in the writer. If we read him aright, he would have us believe that there is a fundamental difference of temperament between the Oriental and the Occidental; that the passivity of the former is opposed to the activity of the latter; that material development is destructive of ethical and spiritual development. The spirit of Mr. Bose's writing is reactionary. In our opinion his faculty of generalisation has led him astray. When he attacks Huxley's exhortation to Europeans of the present age, as "grown men," to "play the man"—

Strong in will

To strive to seek to find and not to yield,

he fails to see that Huxley's gospel is true, whether or not there be an answer to the question which Mr. Bose asks: "To find what?" It is a true gospel, though a man should strive after the unattainable, should seek that which he may never find, should find that which should profit him nothing.

The keynote of such a gospel is contained in the words "not to yield." The ethical and spiritual development of which the author approves, not necessarily but in fact does connote a yielding, a turning away of the face from that which is ugly and painful. The development which he holds up to scorn as "material" does, however unsuccessfully, aim at a complete understanding and solution of the problems of existence. It refuses to take things for granted. It says: "If the purpose of Providence be a beneficent purpose, we will assist in its realisation; if it be not beneficent, then we will frustrate it." Far different is the mental attitude of the homunculus of Mr. Bose. "Why strive when ye shall not attain? Why seek when ye shall not find? Why find when it shall not profit you? Yield to the inevitable."

The author has a somewhat aggressive habit of reminding us that all discoveries of any value whatsoever were made some thousands of years ago by Hindu philosophers. He is not the first critic to preach that all is vanity. Nor is he the first preacher to forget that his prototype who said, "Vanity of vanities; all

is vanity," did not end there: "and further because the Preacher was wise he still taught the people knowledge." If all be vanity, our Western minds demand the reason why. And since the answer involves a complete comprehension of the "all," we are not at present in danger of that mental hebetude which comes of finality.

It would be an unprofitable task to criticise Mr. Bose's conclusions in detail. We totally disagree with him upon his general principle that the Occidental has "conquered the forces of Nature, only to be a slave of the forces which that conquest has created. His marvellous and manifold inventions, instead of lightening the struggle for existence, have tended rather to make it more acute, more prolonged, more widespread, and more debasing; instead of facilitating the liberation of the soul, have tended rather to tighten its fetters; instead of diminishing the sum of human misery, have tended rather to increase it."

So sweeping a condemnation of Western civilisation carries its own refutation upon the face of it. But it is useful as a typical expression of that peculiarly "Oriental" mode of thought which to us stands for decadence. That we disagree with Mr. Bose does not in any way preclude us from acknowledging that his work is of great value, if only because he draws attention to some of the many defects in European life and manners. His failure is due to the same causes as contributed to the disaster which befell Phæthon.

An Elizabethan Englishman

Gabriel Harvey's Marginalia. Collected and edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. (Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare Head Press.)

AT the present day, Gabriel Harvey is chiefly remembered for his literary friendship with Edmund Spenser, his literary conflict with Thomas Nashe, and his attempt to impose classical metres upon English poetry—an attempt which has caused him to be dubbed "pedant" from his own day to this. But recent research has shown that Harvey, far from being a mere pedant, was a man of wide interests and sympathies and of keen ambitions, and one whose friendship was valued by some of the most gifted men of his day.

The present volume contains, besides the *Marginalia*, which are its essential part, a study of the life and character of Harvey. For this, Professor Moore Smith tells us, the material "is so abundant that it would not be strange if Harvey stood out as the best known of all Elizabethan Englishmen"; and he has certainly been able to set forth a very complete and vivid account of Harvey's career, "with its bright morning, its noonday storms, and its long, dull evening." A tragical career it was in many ways. His brilliant promise never came to fulfilment. If he had the gift of attaching friends to himself, he seems to have possessed in no less degree the power of exciting

enmity, and in his efforts to better his position he found his way constantly blocked by those personally hostile to himself.

Of the *Marginalia* which Professor Moore Smith here publishes, the great bulk is now printed for the first time. Harvey's *Commonplace Book*, preserved in the British Museum, is included. The books whose margins he has enriched with notes bear witness to his wide reading in many languages besides his own, and to the great variety of subjects in which he was interested. Works on law, politics, history, and natural philosophy all came within his range. Poetry and the drama are less conspicuous. The only contemporary English poet whose work he annotates is George Gascoigne; but in a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer we have some valuable notes on the writers of his day. This last-named volume which, though known to have been in existence in the eighteenth century, was supposed to have perished in a fire, was brought to Professor Moore Smith's notice when his book was already in type, but fortunately not too late for him to include the *Marginalia* in an appendix, and to discuss the points raised therein in a preface. We are also given a photographic facsimile of the most famous passage in these notes—that containing the earliest known mention of the play of "Hamlet":

"The younger sort takes much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them, to please the wiser sort."

Professor Moore Smith discusses in his preface the bearing of this note on the usually accepted date (1602) of "Hamlet," his conclusion being that in all probability the drama is dated almost certainly two, and possibly four, years too late.

Literary students will be grateful to Professor Moore Smith for having made accessible to them in so readable a form these intimate notes and comments, which throw so much fresh light on Gabriel Harvey's complex and outstanding personality.

When the Assyrian Came Down

Excavations at Ain Shems (Beth-Shemesh). By DUNCAN MACKENZIE, Ph.D. Illustrated. (Palestine Exploration Fund Offices. Double Vol. 31s. 6d.)

THE new annual of the Palestine Exploration Fund, which is a double volume, is devoted entirely to the excavations during 1912 at Ain Shems, the Biblical Beth-Shemesh. The text, written by Dr. Duncan Mackenzie, extends to one hundred large quarto pages, and these are followed by sixty-one pages of splendidly reproduced plates, comprising photographs, plans and drawings, together with a few illustrations in the text. These features have combined to form a volume, which, apart from its value to the expert, must prove a pleasing addition to the libraries of all archæologists, both professional and amateur. Beth-Shemesh, which has lain desolate since its destruction by Sennacherib,

years before the beginning of the Christian era, was the site of three distinct cities, each of which was in turn destroyed by an alien invader. After the first two destructions the city was rebuilt, but so thoroughly had it been destroyed that, in both instances, the new city was erected upon the ruins of the old one. The first of these, destroyed about 1400 B.C., was that of the Canaanites. This was succeeded by that of the Philistines, which was in turn captured and destroyed by the Israelites, who in their turn succumbed to Sennacherib and the Assyrian host. The city was never again rebuilt, although the Arab village of Ain Shems now occupies the site.

The authorities of the Fund in the course of the excavations brought to light innumerable objects; after these have been thoroughly examined, they cannot fail to extend the field of knowledge of early Palestinian history and of Biblical science. The plates, forming a not inconsiderable portion of the present volume, contain reproductions of many of the smaller objects which are part of the harvest of the excavators, and as the periods to which many of these objects relate are identical with those of a good portion of the Old Testament narrative, one can easily understand how much light they throw on the Bible story and on the social customs of the ancient Hebrews. For instance, a large number of finds consisted of water pitchers, belonging to a period contemporary with that of the Patriarchs. Dr. Mackenzie is therefore not unjustified in suggesting that these pitchers are probably, if not identical with, very similar to that borne by Rachel when Jacob met her at the well. Then, again, many small figures of gods and goddesses came to light, and these Dr. Mackenzie suggests were household gods similar to and contemporary with those stolen by Rachel when she left her father's house. All these small discoveries must add appreciably to the sum of Philistine and Israelite lore. The most valuable of the discoveries recorded in this volume is, however, that of the great South Gate, considered by Dr. Mackenzie one of the finest monuments in Palestine. Another discovery of supreme interest is the great Canaanite High Place, including its pillars, which survived through all vicissitudes until its overthrow by Sennacherib, when the city was finally destroyed.

The Fund does well by means of these volumes to bring before all of us the invaluable work it is performing. It is to be hoped that the public for its part will recognise these researches by more adequately supporting the Fund.

Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson publish this week Miss Ethel Sidgwick's new novel, "A Lady of Leisure." For once in a way, Miss Sidgwick deals wholly with English characters, and the greater portion of the story takes place in London. The same firm issue the Welsh play, "Change," by J. O. Francis, recently performed in London by the Stage Society. This is the play that won Lord Howard de Walden's prize.

Popular Opposition to the Reformation

The Western Rebellion of 1549. By FRANCES ROSE-TROUP, F.R.Hist.S. (Smith, Elder and Co. 14s. net.)

IN no department of English history has such biased partiality been shown as in the chapter of the Reformation period. The reasons are sufficiently obvious. Until the new philosophical school of history arose under the leadership of men like Bishop Stubbs and Lord Acton, historians, in the interests of policy, expediency, or religious predilections, had no scruples about slurring over or omitting inconvenient facts in a manner which often amounted to a suppression of the truth. Stubbs once traversed the ritual judgments of the Privy Council as a "most barefaced falsification of history and of documents." If such an indictment were possible in the case of English judges, what might be expected of prejudiced historians, who, as Acton said, were exactly like jurors, who vote according to their personal likes and dislikes. In the Moral Sciences, Prejudice is Dishonesty. In much religious history moral science is of no account.

Bright dismissed in a few lines the Western Rebellion as mainly a result of social discontent at the rise in prices and enclosure of common-lands. Though we now know well enough that the Reformation was forced on the people from above by Tudor absolutism, former historians generally gave the impression that the country welcomed the suppression of the monasteries and joyfully accepted without protest the most violent changes in religious worship.

But the Calendars of State Papers reveal a very different story. These grim documents are as a well of truth, unfouled by the mire of controversy, and the talented author of this work has examined them to some purpose. Many other MSS. have been consulted, as for example, at Hatfield House, at Oxford, at the Diocesan Registry, Exeter, and particularly the Petyt MS. in the library of the Middle Temple. Miss Rose-Troup tells us of the disturbances which arose in Cornwall as early as 1536. In that land of many saints, with their local festivals, resentment began with the suppression of the village feast-days. Later, the abolition of customary church ceremonies, but, above all, the despoiling of churches of their beautiful

treasures, crosses, plate, banners, reliquaries, vestments, aroused the greatest indignation, particularly "when the commissioners had been reported as riding along the highways decked in vestments associated with the most sacred and solemn services. Gross insult was added to the injury of stealing things mostly bought with the people's own contributions."

The churches' furniture was regarded naturally as the property of the parish. This feeling is evidenced by the number of beautiful pre-Reformation screens still extant in Devon churches, which no pressure of the terrible arm of the law could induce the parishioners to destroy. In how cruel and summary a manner the law was enforced we learn from these pages. It is true that the people were, strictly speaking, rebels. But it is equally true, though hitherto often forgotten or designedly neglected, that in a large part of England the Reformation Settlement was carried by force of arms and ruthless executions, amounting sometimes to massacre. The Lincolnshire rising was followed by thirty executions. In the North we find that "seventy-four victims were suspended from the walls of Carlisle alone, while a list of those executed by Norfolk's lieutenants bears witness to a terrible vengeance." All this Froude ignores. Further, he exonerates Lord Russell for the horrible massacre of prisoners of war when the Royal forces were marching on Exeter. He hints that it was the work of mercenaries, but does not produce a grain of evidence. At Clyst Heath the insurgents fought with great valour and bravery, but were defeated with fearful carnage on both sides, to which the plough three centuries later bore witness in the vast number of bones disclosed. Later, the battle of Sampford Courtenay left five or six hundred dead on the field, while of the fugitives some seven hundred men were slain. The last stand was made at King's Weston, in Somerset, where there was "great slaughter." The suppression of the rising was followed by numerous executions in the West, "a trail of death and terror, a veritable shambles on an enormous scale." Those who wish to know by what a reign of terror in many parts of the country the sweeping changes of the Reformation were compelled, against the will of the people, will find in these pages some remarkable evidence drawn from MSS. and other contemporary sources by the zealous research of the talented author, who has written a most interesting account of the insurrections in Devonshire and Cornwall against religious innovations in the reign of Edward VI.

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Shorter Reviews

Edmund Burke und die Französische Revolution. By FRIEDRICH MEUSEL. (Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin. 5 mks.)

BURKE is a writer who will always be read. It has been granted to him to say almost all there is to say on one side of the greatest historical debate of modern times, and to say it before anyone else had begun to grasp the meaning of the phenomena under discussion. It is curious that two foreign works dealing with the "Reflections on the French Revolution" should have appeared almost at the same moment—M. d'Anglejan's French translation and Herr Meusel's critique. Herr Meusel's work, we gather from the preface, is only an instalment. It consists really in a series of suggestions, some of them most informing. The central fact about Burke—that he stood for historical against abstract politics—is well developed. Comparisons with Hume and Herder help to define his position. Herr Meusel ingeniously notes that, when Hume wants to describe a great man, he uses substantives, giving his subject a ready-made, doctrinaire appearance, while Burke prefers adjectives and verbs, "die Eigenschaften und Tätigkeiten schildern." Burke is elsewhere assigned to the growing company of the fathers of Romanticism. We note a reference to the "hübschen Artikel des ACADEMY, Bd. LIV, S64." In another note on the same page we find an example of a certain pedantic truculence that occasionally spoils our pleasure—"Hillebrand irrt, wenn er meint . . ." etc., and "Doch überschätzt ihn Held, wenn er . . ." und so weiter!

Ovid and the Renaissance in Spain. By RUDOLPH SCHEVILL. (University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A. \$2.50.)

THE University of California has done much good work of an unobtrusive kind in relation to the lesser phases of classical thought. In the present volume the author, as the result, no doubt, of a very extended series of researches, places before us the effects of the "Ovidian Tale" upon renaissance writings in Spain; he also traces the influence of the "Metamorphoses" upon Spanish mythological writers. The learned author shows in a very convincing manner the enormous influence wielded by the amatory writings of Ovid until as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, when "A more genuine psychology of our human relations and of the motives of our actions guided poets and novelists; love and its manifestations became, in a sense, more reasonable because they were truer to real life, and more original in so far as the art of writing broke with practically every inherited classical tradition. In the change Ovid and his prestige were bound to vanish for ever."

Sonnets from the Trophies of José-Maria de Hérédia. Rendered into English by E. R. TAYLOR. (The Author, San Francisco.)

FROM San Francisco comes the fifth edition of Mr. Taylor's very capable and painstaking version of Hérédia's famous sonnet-sequence. We can have nothing but praise for the zeal and industry which have gone to its making, but Mr. Taylor would be happier if he gave more heed to Dryden's counsel and dwelt less upon the actual words of his original, throwing them ruthlessly into the furnace of his own imagination and giving them back to us completely fused and recast. If we compare his "Church Window" or "Samurai" with Mr. Eugene Mason's superb renderings of the same sonnets, the advantages of freedom in vocabulary are at once seen to be overwhelming. It is true that Hérédia makes great play with words of remote suggestion such as *Togukawa*, *Cipango*, for which some equivalent must be found; but we do not see the advantage of reproducing *nacre*, *saker*, *châtelaines*, *poulaines*, all in a single sonnet as rhymes simply because they so appear in the original, even if, which is exceedingly doubtful, they can be considered as English words at all, for they cannot have the force of suggestion which they carry to a French ear. And what is a "nielloed pax" and a "ring's chaton"? Hérédia tells us, of course, but Mr. Taylor does not.

To have done with our cavilling, a large number of these sonnets are rendered perhaps as perfectly as is possible, and fully reproduce the sonority and exalted paganism of their originals. "Artemis," "The Ravishment of Andromeda," "The Rapier," "The Beautiful Viole," are beautifully turned, while "The Trebia" is completely triumphant. In "Nessus" and the "Centauress" Mr. Taylor has managed to give a noble air to musings so very pagan that they might very easily convey simply an aroma of foulness, were they less deftly handled. In short, the volume is one which no lover of Hérédia can afford to neglect, however much he may regret the translator's occasional lapses into strange jargon, and his equally foreign slighting of both definite and indefinite articles.

"Interpretations and Forecasts: A Study of Survivals and Tendencies in Contemporary Sociology," by Victor Branford, M.A., will be issued by Messrs. Duckworth this month. Its review of social and economic movements, and its attempt to give a sociological interpretation of them detached from partisan points of view and political interests, are in continuation of the author's work for the advancement of sociological science, as one of the founders of the Sociological Society and its first honorary secretary. The author has made arrangements with his publisher by which the profits of the English edition will be for the benefit of the Cities Committee of the Sociological Society.

Fiction

Limelight. By HORACE WYNDHAM. (John Richmond. 6s.)

MR. HORACE WYNDHAM is the well-known author of many successful novels dealing with the stage, the army, matrimony and many other interesting matters. His latest story of the theatrical world is a most entertaining one, and one which describes life in the haunts of mummers as many of us have known it. The characters that appear in his pages are those that anyone may meet there—the aspiring youth and girl, the broken-down actor, the jealous actress, and others of “the profession,” together with the variety-agent and the actor-manager who reserves for himself the best part and the best lines in every play he produces. A couple of years ago THE ACADEMY noticed a work, “The Position of Peggy Harper,” by Leonard Merrick, which treated of the same subject, and it is a curious coincidence that these two authors should have produced novels—irrespective of each other—which run very much on similar lines. The hero and heroine, young aspirants for histrionic honours, first meet at an agent’s office, which, after all, is only natural, but the hero in each story writes a melodrama and has trouble concerning the production of it. Such things no doubt have happened before, as recent law-suits can testify, and in the words of the Preacher, “there is no new thing under the sun.” There are other resemblances, but probably they are due to the class of people described and the world they move in. Mr. Wyndham appears to have got tired of his story before he reached the end of it, for it runs to but three hundred pages, and finishes rather abruptly; the impecunious hero quite unexpectedly coming into wealth, and he and the heroine quitting the limelight, which had not shone too kindly upon them. Perhaps Mr. Wyndham will tell us in a future volume the fate of Eliot Bingham’s comedy and melodrama which were on the point of being produced at the end of the story.

Blush-Rose. By E. A. VIZETELLY. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

IN issuing “Blush-Rose,” a book based on the French story of Amédée Achard, we are indebted to Mr. Vizetelly for one more romance of war, bloodshed, and stirring events. The original “Belle-Rose,” as M. Achard called his book, we have not read; but Mr. Vizetelly has given us a translation interesting and good in its many details. The troublous and adventurous times of Louis XIV form the period during which Jacques, the son of Guillaume Grinedal, a falconer, leaves his father’s house to seek fame and fortune on the wider field of battle. Courageous, fearless, and honest, the lad wins lasting friends, and, as must

happen to anyone with Jacques’ resolute nature, relentless enemies as well. Many encounters does he pass through, many skirmishes is he concerned with, many duels are fought, and, although on several occasions it seems possible that he will be outwitted or defeated by his enemies, yet does he not give his name to the book, and therefore must he not survive, victorious and triumphant? The passages describing these many exciting incidents are particularly well done, and place Mr. Vizetelly’s story on a much higher level than books of a similar—or as Mr. Vizetelly would say “somewhat similar” (the author makes the word quite irritating, the number of times he uses it)—character. The reader hurries on breathless to know what will happen to the daring fugitives; for it is more often than not as fugitives that “Blush-Rose” and his companions are dashing through France, having incurred the anger or malice of someone in high power.

Love as well as war enters into our hero’s affairs, the two ladies who give their affection into his keeping being women of good social standing and able to aid him in some of his hours of need. One is merely an incident in his career; the other his life-long friend and eventually his wife. Evidently the popular way of embracing at this period is to take the face of the loved one between the hands and then implant the seal of devotion—at least that is the way the demonstration is described many times in the story.

Thanks are due to Mr. Vizetelly for placing within reach of all English readers a good rendering of an interesting French romance, the dramatic rights of which, we understand, have already been applied for.

A Lady of Leisure. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

THERE is about this simple English story of people living in a country rectory, others in Harley Street, and two more belonging to a dressmaking establishment at Battersea, so much that is elusive, so much that is reticent, that the wonderful spell of the whole is not realised until the last page is reached. Miss Sidgwick’s style is excellent; a short phrase, one or two words of description, and the person is before us. The reader knows immediately Violet, the lady of leisure; Margery and Maud, the rector’s daughters; Violet’s mother; Alice, the clever young dressmaker; Dr. Ashwin, Violet’s father; and, in fact, all who in any way figure in the romance. The love between Violet and her father draws them very close to one another, and is all the more intensified by the unloyal behaviour of Mrs. Ashwin, a lovely, regal, and attractive woman. As Violet once said to her friend, “It is of no use talking to me about mother. Mother is divine. I saw father thinking so at the same time as I did. We are all perfect pigmies—grimacing pigmies—compared with her.”

Like some beautiful gentle flower slowly unfolding its petals and as quietly closing them after spreading its perfume around, so the story opens out, gradually releases its charm, and concludes, leaving the reader the happier for having been a witness of the delicate tracery of events and the characters who helped to form them.

Time's Hour Glass. By ALFRED E. CAREY. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

THE Kernel, the Old 'Un, and the "Co" went on a walking tour; they encountered Miranda and some others; the "Co," who tells the story, met with adventures of sorts in the course of the book, and the end, apart from John Saumarez's letter—which is as mere epilogue—is as we would have had it. To tell the plot, or a part thereof, were idle, for it is in the characters that we are interested, far more than in their doings.

The Old 'Un's yarns would delight the heart of a Puritan or a Boccaccio, so diverse are his humours; the Kernel is a man of many memories, of the clean, pungent kind that we feel in reading of them. Borrowians will come with pleasure to a book which, without sense of strain or unreality, renders the gipsy dialect correctly and in a way that gives a sight of the true gipsy spirit, and pictures gipsies of to-day with fidelity and insight. It is a book of fresh air and openness; we owe its author a grudge for a few dull pages among its total of nearly four hundred, but we bear witness to the fact that there is sufficient of good in the remainder to outweigh by far the fault of the few. It is an interesting yarn, bearing the marks of clear and wide observation on its author's part.

The Possessed. By FYODOR DOSTOIEFFSKY. From the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT. (William Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

OF all Russian novelists, Dostoevsky is perhaps the most characteristic of his country. Tolstoy was always—despite his fantastic repudiation of the fact—an aristocrat. Turgenieff was a cosmopolitan. Gorky represents that spirit of revolt which, at the present time, is common to all countries. But Dostoevsky was pre-eminently the novelist of the Russian people. Unlike his two great rivals, he was Russian alike in the width of his sympathies and in a certain stoical resignation which prevented him from throwing himself whole-heartedly into the movement for the emancipation of the Russian moujik. It was not that he had an insufficiency of imagination. It may easily have been that he saw too clearly. He himself had suffered for his liberal opinions. But he knew how hopelessly

futile was the political anarchy which "advanced" thinkers were trying to foist upon an unwilling populace.

"We did nothing but indulge in the most harmless, agreeable, typically Russian, light-hearted liberal chatter." So he writes in the introductory chapter to "The Possessed," and these words supply the keynote of this great and gloomy book. With infinite, with almost wearisome detail Dostoevsky traces the development of a Nihilist conspiracy in a Russian provincial town. One is impelled to a certain sympathy with the leading protagonist, Nikolay Stavroyin, who commences his career by tweaking the nose of a highly respectable official, and who concludes it by hanging himself; but, for the most part, the reader will find it difficult to avoid sharing the contempt which the novelist obviously feels for these fussy and futile busybodies. The book is written with undeniable power, and there are glimpses here and there of a humour which one seems to miss in such a story as "Crime and Punishment." The attack on Turgenieff—who appears in the second chapter as Karmazinov—is hard to justify, but easy to explain. Dostoevsky had suffered too severely to feel any real sympathy with a writer who launched his polished invective against a system under which thousands were groaning from the secure seclusion of Paris. A word of acknowledgment is due to the excellent translation of Mrs. Garnett, who has laid all English students of Russian fiction under a deep debt of obligation.

The second two of a course of three Cantor Lectures on "Artistic Lithography" will be delivered by Mr. Joseph Pennell at the Royal Society of Arts on Mondays, February 23 and March 2, at 8 p.m. In connection with these lectures a very interesting collection of lithographic prints (including an exhibition by members of the Senefelder Club) will be on free view at the Society's house, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., until Monday, March 2, open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.). At the last lecture a demonstration of transferring and printing lithographs will be given.

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Unbeaten Tracks

LA BREA.

MANY descriptions have been attempted of the famous Pitch Lake of La Brea. Kingsley's word-picture in "At Last" is too prolix and sententious. If Tom Hood could have spun one of his cobweb "songs" about this ghostly inferno, weaving Indian legend into the fabric of its magic shroud, such song would have conveyed a truer impression than statistics and catalogues of trees. Raleigh ran his little craft ashore there to caulk. According to his masterful creed, tactics signified the art of seizing the nearest weapon and beating your enemy therewith. His mind flew straight to its quarry. Not far away from La Brea a body of Spaniards held a little fort. They appear to have been forgotten by the home authorities and were staling in exile. Raleigh had determined on a dash for the mainland, tempted by the mirage of that El Dorado which ultimately lured him to his doom. It would "have savoured very much of the *asse*," he naïvely remarks, to leave enemies on his flank. So he promptly smoked out the hornets' nest and wiped the Spaniards out of existence.

Our party went ashore from the little coasting steamer in boats. A dark pall of mephitic vapour lay across the elevated plateau, black and treeless, before us. The asphalt deposit eternally slides seawards, glacier fashion. It bulges up in the bed of the sea, it bubbles and frets inwardly. Could Shakespeare have heard of this weird spot when he penned the famous dialogue between Hotspur and Glendower?

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions.

Skirting the active area (about 100 acres) of the great fermenting vat, there springs up a marvellous vegetation, due to the underground heat, the tropic sun and the heavy rainfall, produced by constantly changing atmospheric tension. Here is "stove heat" *in excelsis*. The succession of crops must be incessant, but under conditions leading to rankness, not perfection. The wild pineapple grows to an unusual size, but, in general, the fruits of the district are flavourless and poor in quality. We trudged a mile or so in steamy heat, like that of the Nepenthes House at Kew Gardens, and then reached a ragged village. The folk were all infected with the apathetic, listless air, so characteristic of the "poor Indian." They squatted in squalor and dirt on their patches of land. Tickle the surface of the ground and it will give you *mañoc* and other lightly-won vegetable foods.

A young Indian came toward us and offered to guide us round the Lake. The man was typical of his race—of the high-cheeked Mongol breed, with a shock of wiry horsehair, a muddy complexion, mouth and nose well cut—almost aristocratic. His most arresting feature was, however, his eyes. These were dark, melting, dreamy. They possessed that peculiar quality to be noted in the eyes of the deer, who watch all

comers with a glance appealing and shy. Our guide's English was good, but occasionally a phrase was used which sounded as if it had been copied out of a book. He spoke slowly, sadly, with excellent articulation. He had evidently received his training in the village school. There seemed no trace of humour in his composition. We tried him with a few jokes, but the business of life for him was apparently a preternaturally solemn affair.

He knew the lake in its every corner. On its fringe grows the roucou, from the seed-pods of which is extracted the dye familiar to us in the colour of Dutch cheeses. On the "inky cloak" of the area of so-called "pitch" vegetation comes to an end. We wandered over hummocks and ridges of sticky paste, fizzing with sulphuretted hydrogen. Jets of gas are perpetually squirting out of the surface. Apply a match to one of these and a tiny tongue of flame shoots up for a few seconds; stand still for a moment, you feel yourself sinking, and the impress of your boots will be left on the plastic surface. Handle the stuff and it does not soil your fingers. The Government geologists a few years ago estimated that this black cataract contains four and a half million tons of crude asphalt. The heat of the sun and the stench of the exhalations of gas soon grow oppressive. Runlets of water flow between the ridges of asphalt. We spent a couple of hours on this strange bogland and then told our Indian to guide us back to the village.

There is a legend of this place, a tale of retributive justice, which was recounted a few years back by an aged Indian to Joseph, the historian of Trinidad. It runs as follows: The Chayma tribe once inhabited here. Everything came ready-made to their hands—the fish in the waters, the fruits on the trees, the years in their seasons. Humming birds fluttered over every bush. But the Chaymas, in sheer wantonness, scoffed at the idea that the souls of their ancestors inhabited the jewel-bearers whizzing from flower to flower. They slaughtered the humming-birds wholesale. Then the wrath of the Good Spirit was kindled, and the community of bird-murderers disappeared, swallowed up in the black gulf of pitch, where lie their bones until this day.

We made a circuit back to the Indian village and offered our guide a few coins for his trouble. He was highly indignant at the suggestion. We proffered him the money repeatedly, but he would not listen to anything we had to say, and finally retreated to his cabin, from which he returned with some birds in a home-made wicker cage. Would the present writer accept them? The risks of the voyage impelled us to decline. We told him the birds would surely never reach England. So he retreated again, baffled, and came back with a few Indian trinkets, which we gladly accepted. Then he said: "Would you take me for your servant, sare? I would be very faithful." Visions rose of Pocahontas and the unfortunate exiles brought to Europe by Englishmen and Spaniards. So we told him it was impossible, that our sunless England would kill him off quickly. At this rebuff he was quite shocked. "Have

you no wife and children?" we asked. Oh! yes, he told us, in his quaint, gentle vein, he had a wife and five children, but he would leave them with the neighbours. There would be no difficulty on that score. We had not the heart to speak chaffingly; it was too pathetic; the man was apparently so deeply grieved and disappointed. Then we urged him again to take something from us for all his trouble. Eventually we handed him some little personal trifle, as it was useless to induce him to take money, and so we left him. He had awakened our interest, and we could not shake off the glamour and pathos of those sad, reproachful eyes. What must be the fate of his race? It is a hard saying that it is destined to be hustled out of existence. We have found these folk faithful as dogs, but capable of fierce acts of retribution when treated with European savagery. They have none of the light-heartedness and animal energy of the negro.

One of the great problems of Central and Southern America is the blending of aboriginal races. In the West Indies is a large contingent of East Indian coolies. Physically, these people have a thoroughbred appearance—they are sculptors' models. Their impassivity is amazing. Men squat on the ground and, save for the movement of their eyes, might be taken for clay images. Their ebullitions of fury are, however, volcanic, and wife-murder is common. A few Chinamen are to be noted. With the odd cynicism of their race, they seem to be for ever regarding life as a practical joke. But the Indian is a strain of humanity which must surely have sprung from an untainted source of supreme antiquity. Half the qualities of "civilised" races appear to be left out of his composition. It is for that reason that outrages, such as those of Putumayo, loom up in such revolting colours. A mild, harmless race, appealing for protection and pity, has there, as for the thousandth time, been treated with ruthless savagery. No punishment could expiate so vile an offence.

A. E. CAREY.

The Plague of Pictures

BY ALFRED BERLYN

OUR conventional moral censors are led hopelessly astray by that queer British sex-obsession which causes them to be eternally scenting degeneracy in the latest vagaries of the fashion-plate, the ballroom, and the variety theatre. As a matter of fact, the dominant vice of the present generation of English people has nothing whatever to do with the Seventh Commandment or the special affairs of Mrs. Grundy. It is, in plain words, the vice of intense and incorrigible mental laziness. Their demand is for freedom from intellectual exertion at all costs, and to induce them to take a sustained interest in anything that really matters becomes more and more difficult. Politicians bewail the public apathy in relation to questions of

the gravest national and imperial moment; theologians are baffled by the sheer inertia which evades the trouble of accepting or rejecting a creed with the vague postulate that one form of faith is probably, on the whole, as good as another; leaders of movements, and pioneers of new departures in art, in literature, and in the theatre, find only a select few with sufficient energy of mind either to support or controvert their views. To form definite opinions on any subject under the sun involves the exercise of thought; and to be spared the trouble of thinking has apparently become the supreme desire of the average twentieth century Briton.

Nothing, not even the breathless rush of modern life, can have done much more to encourage this mental atrophy than the rise and progress of the popular illustrated newspaper; not the paper that merely includes illustrations among its contents—they all do that nowadays—but the daily journal, professedly of current news, which is before all things a picture-paper. A few years ago, such a thing was unknown; to-day, papers of this kind circulate by hundreds of thousands, and by a vast number of readers are regarded not as adjuncts to, but as welcome substitutes for, the ordinary newspaper—which means that they have become, for very many people, the sole channels of daily information about public affairs and current events. To look at the pictures seems to involve almost as much mental effort as their patrons are willing to expend in gathering the news of the day; so the pictures are all-pervading, and the letterpress is reduced to a minimum. But even that is not the worst; for it invariably happens that, in the presentation of this illustrated news, the degree of prominence is regulated by the pictorial value or sensational effectiveness of its several items, rather than by their intrinsic importance. Thus, a bazaar or a boxing-match, the latest jewel robbery, or the last new thing in negroid dance-measures, is likely to receive far more attention than many an event affecting the welfare of an empire or the peace of a continent. Small wonder that those who depend entirely upon the picture-paper for their intelligence—in either meaning of the word—are apt to lose their sense of proportion, and with it the faculty of interesting themselves duly in the things that matter.

This prevailing laziness of mind, of which the latter-day craze for perpetually looking on at other people's games and sports is another of many symptoms, has also, no doubt, been pandered to by the snippety journals of "bits" and "cuts," so profusely provided for the modern multitude. But it has gained its crowning satisfaction in the now ubiquitous picture-palaces in which those who crave entertainment wholly divorced from mental effort find their earthly paradise. Even the crudest type of popular fiction demands from its readers a certain measure of concentration; the spectators of "the pictures," assisted by the terse running commentaries flashed at intervals upon the screen, are absolved from the trouble of exercising their minds at all. And so it comes about that these places are little gold-mines, and that they continue to multiply

at an amazing rate in every city and town in the kingdom.

A great deal of cant has been talked, in this connection, about the value of the cinematograph as an educational instrument. No one would be so stupid as to deny that its possibilities as a popular educator are, in theory, very considerable. But the most casual study of the programme of the average picture-theatre—apart from a few ambitious West End houses which draw their patronage from a more select and cultivated class—will suffice to show to what extent the appeal to intelligence enters into the scheme of those who exploit the film as a vehicle of public amusement. There may be an occasional pictorial version of some famous novel, or even—to the undisguised boredom of the majority of spectators—an attempt to illustrate some story from the ancient classics, by way of giving an air of comprehensiveness and a suggestion of “tone” to the programme. But the items which provide the bulk of the entertainment, and upon which its unlimited powers of attraction depend, are furnished in fairly equal proportions by sensational stories of crime, mawkishly sentimental domestic drama, Far Western “cowboy” romance, with revolver practice *ad libitum*, rough-and-tumble buffoonery, and illustrations of topical events—these last being, to all intents and purposes, the “picture-paper” over again in an animated and consequently far more seductive form. It would, of course, be absurd to find fault with the people who run these places on the score of the class of entertainment that they provide. As commercial dealers in amusement, it is their business to discover what their customers want and to supply it. But that the majority of their “shows” give much suggestion of their value as an educational medium, it would need a rare degree of moral hardihood to pretend.

There is no need to over-emphasise what has been said of late about the influence upon young and impressionable minds of the criminal and sensation-stories which these picture-theatres illustrate so freely, though the possibilities of harm from this source cannot wholly be ignored. But it is far from reassuring to learn that not only the public libraries but even the technical evening schools are being adversely affected, as regards attendance, by the lure of “the pictures.” If the disastrous inertness of mind that is betrayed by this readiness to grasp at shadows and lose the substance is not checked in time, the present picture-epidemic may prove, in the long run, a deadlier scourge to its victims than any of the plagues of ancient Egypt.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week “Napoleon at Bay,” by F. Loraine Petre, author of “Napoleon’s Last Campaign in Germany,” with maps and plans, at 10s. 6d. net. This volume, the fifth of the author’s studies of Napoleonic campaigns, shows Napoleon after the disastrous campaign in Germany, left to stand at bay in defence of a sovereignty reduced by the natural limits of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees.

Music

PEOPLE have been asking, “Who was Méhul, and what in the world do we want with an opera about Joseph, especially as it appears that Mme. Potiphar is never brought in at all?” It is easy to answer one question, by saying that there are two songs in the opera which every young lady used to learn in the days before Schumann’s songs became the “right thing”; that the Overture to “Joseph” not infrequently appeared in old-fashioned programmes, and that a few years ago the opera was revived in Paris, when it won a very fair *succès de curiosité*. But it is not so easy to say what the directors of Covent Garden think that the British public wants with “Joseph.” They must know by this time that we take little or no interest in Opera, and do not care a brass farthing to go and see a particular opera merely because it has a definite place in the history of Music Drama. In France and Italy and Germany the people delight in Opera, and welcome opportunities of making acquaintance with it in all its manifestations. They would not need to be told about Méhul’s masterpiece; they would not inquire if it were likely to please them; but they would go to find out for themselves. Had we such a public in London, the production of “Joseph” would require no explanation. It would have seemed perfectly natural, and a wise policy, to present something in strong relief to “Parsifal,” “Tristan,” etc. To a musical epicure there would have been something delightfully piquant in the delicately archaic flavour of Méhul after and before the rich seasonings of Wagner. But musical epicures are rare in London, and “Joseph” has been given to small and but languidly interested audiences. We have heard it once, and are quite ready to hear it again. It is not necessary to be excited every time one goes to the Opera, and the tranquil flow of Méhul’s music, which now carries your mind back to Gluck, now forward to Mendelssohn, which sometimes makes you think of Mozart and sometimes of Grétry, though it is not exciting, is never dull. Gracious melody is here in plenty, and there is a definite charm about the prim formality of the designs. The performance under Mr. Percy Pitt was very fair indeed, and Herr Paul Bender’s study of old Jacob deserved to be seen and admired by a much wider circle than it was.

But even “Tristan,” at any rate on the evening when we were there, had not brought together the overflowing audience which once it would have ensured. Yet was it in some respects the finest performance enjoyed by us since the days of Ternina and Van Dyck at his best. Mme. Van der Osten sings the music of Isolde superbly with that glorious voice of hers. Not even in the most trying moments of the second act did she stop singing and begin shouting, as is the custom of most Isoldes. Every note was round and sweet, and the *pianissimo* with which this splendid artist began the Death Song was startling in its excellence. Christine Nilsson could whisper like that, and hold the audience breathless. Mme. Van der Osten is not a

great actress in the sense that Nilsson and Ternina were, but she rose to an impressive height in that last scene, and we left the theatre ranking her with the greatest Isolde we have seen. Then, too, we had Mr. Coates directing the fine orchestra splendidly, though adopting, in certain passages, a slower *tempo* than that which we prefer: we had Herr Knüpfer to make King Mark hearable, Herr Platschke as a very fine-voiced Kurvenal, and a Tristan who was new to us, Herr Urlus. We preserve unforgettable memories of this artist as a singer of Bach in Holland and Germany, but had never heard him in Opera. His voice is small for Covent Garden and for the part of Tristan, but this fact interfered hardly at all with our enjoyment of his extremely refined and beautiful singing. It is a very rare experience to listen to a Tristan who sings in so musician-like a style. It might be urged that he was lyric rather than dramatic. But the surprise of hearing those oft-shouted passages vocalised properly was a delightful one, and we are impatient to hear Mme. Van der Osten and Herr Urlus together again.

There has been some good, and in one case some surprising, piano-playing. One has never listened to Mr. Leonard Borwick without knowing that a gentleman and a musician was at the instrument. But the delight he has given us has been as that of a scholar reading Conington's Virgil rather than as that of a lover hearing his mistress's voice after a separation. We had not suspected Mr. Borwick of being what we now know him to be, one of the two or three best players of Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," especially in "Le Gibet." His playing was astonishing in its combination of vividness and mystery. If one can imagine etchings by Whistler after Monticelli, there would be something of a parallel there. But when, the following week, Mr. Borwick undertook the "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" of Ravel, he was less successful, for, although he defined his phrases well enough to stamp them clearly on the hearer's mind, he did not bring out the rhythm of each piece so as to make clear the perfection of its form. It may be that Ravel's orchestration of these pieces has spoilt one's ear for them in their original form, but whether that be the case or not, they are not so "impressionistic" as Mr. Borwick made them appear. His arrangement of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" so that it sounded as if played on a fine harpsichord was deliciously clever, and the command of an equal tone which it enabled him to display was, we must say, phenomenal.

M. Lhevinne is a player to be enjoyed for his beautiful tone and his freedom from exaggerations and mannerisms, while M. Cortot, who played at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, though not by any means a Pugno, as has been rashly suggested, is distinctly among the finer pianists of to-day. In the last movement of Schumann's Concerto his playing of the passage work was admirable, and made amends for an undue sentimentalism and trickiness which had been disturbing elements in the first and second. Stravinsky's "Fireworks" proved to be

as brilliant as it was short, and in the representation of such noises, and we will also say such silences, as accompany a display of fireworks, it was gramophonic. Debussy's "Feux d'artifices" is just as clever, but the orchestra can whizz and explode better than a piano, and can convey the effect on the mind of white lights in a curiously illustrative way.

An enormous audience came to the Symphony Orchestra's concert to hear the last of Herr Steinbach's Brahms. A politician, who sat near us, objected that the eminent conductor's appearance reminded him forcibly of that of Mr. Lloyd George, and said that, had not Mr. Hubermann put him into a good temper by certain exquisite things which he did in the Violin Concerto, he would not have been able to sit through the 2nd Symphony. Such a sensitive being is an amateur musician! He should have voted warm thanks to the violinist, not only for some beautiful playing, but for the soothing effect which enabled him to hear Steinbach in the Symphony. Here were no irritating methods, at any rate, though in Beethoven's "Pastoral" the conductor had dealt with some of the themes in the dictatorial way which the Chancellor applies principally to dukes, and he had attempted more than once to be very firm with Mr. Hubermann.

The Theatre

"Follow the Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre

THERE is something of a new departure in this latest production under the management of Mr. George Edwardes. If to rename the entertainment that had come to be called musical comedy "revusical comedy" was not a very brilliant touch, to give six scenes instead of two was a reversion to type and certainly an improvement; to import new comedians and ladies to the Gaiety a stroke of that kind of genius which has been effected more than once before.

The action and songs of the first two scenes, the Bois, in Paris, and the Customs House, on the Belgian Frontier, were rather dull and indistinct. One noticed that the main differences between the thing that is called revusical and the revue as it is in London was the lack of an explanatory programme for the former, which would have helped one to know just what was happening and by whom the happening was caused. But by the time we arrived at the second act, and the fine scene of Buda-Pesth, the audience appeared to have entered into the spirit of the affair, and the old Gaiety atmosphere was established and every trifle of wit or attempted humour was snatched at with avidity and applauded with hearty determination.

There can be no doubt that "Follow the Girl," absolutely unconvincing and far-fetched as it is, will be an immense success. Mr. Paul Rubens has not

spared himself in the effort to make his music and lyrics amusing and attractive; the result is a riot of colour, sound, girls, comedians, and gaiety. Each night will see an improvement in the entertainment, for at present the producer, Mr. Malone, is a little too generous, and while some of the thirty-six characters in the cast have nothing to do, others are rather over-worked.

Miss Isobel Elsom is a lively, young and beautiful heroine, Doris, daughter of a rich American, Mr. Pitt, who is represented after a fashion with which we are all gladly familiar, by the engaging Mr. Lew Hearn. Although Miss Elsom's voice does not appear to be of the quality suited to a large theatre, she is so bright and pretty and high-spirited as Doris that she is very welcome. Returning from school, she has spoken to the gay hero on a railway platform, loses the train, and then returns and gets into trouble with her stepmother. After that she flies across Europe as the girl after whom all the other characters career in vain. There is something about her being confused with a racehorse of the same name, but you would rather we did not go into that, as the joke, if it is one, has been used up before and does not matter in the least.

The main point is that Doris has school friends in Paris, Belgium, Amsterdam, Buda Pesth—here, especially—at Berlin, and probably at the Carlton Hotel, London, where the last scene takes place, and where the girl who was so elaborately followed is reunited to her lover and her family amid the liveliest music and most brilliant scenery, amongst the most beautiful people in the sweetest dresses ever seen, even on the Gaiety Stage. Add to this the fun of Mr. Clifton Crawford, as Freddy Charlston, who caused all the trouble by the awful sin of speaking to Doris at a railway station; the delicious humour of Mr. Lew Hearn as an American husband who has married, secondly, his French cook, Mlle. Caumont—a perfect comedian—and add still further the delicate fun of Miss Mabel Sealby, the ripe, gay manner of Mr. Volpé, in a not obviously well-written character, and the general beauty and jollity of the chorus, the swing of the amusing dances, and, over all, the glamour of the popular, bright music—the best that Mr. Rubens has given us so far. Then you can reconstruct the latest Gaiety success, an entertainment which will delight people from the ends of the earth for many months to come.

“Thank Your Ladyship” at the Playhouse

THIS is an amusing essay in the graceful art of making a new and original comedy rather than an accomplished piece of work. But even the tentative qualities are highly interesting; the failures now and then to make good early promises do not disturb us very much; above all, Mr. Norreys Connell's attempt provides some curious artificial characters for Miss

Marie Tempest, Mr. O. B. Clarence, and Mr. Graham Browne.

The Earl of Havant is the broadest possible caricature of an example of our old nobility who is driven frantic by the mere mention of the name of Lloyd George—a gentleman who, as a source of humour, has already been exploited to the ultimate point of boredom. Nevertheless, he has to serve in the present comedy, and thus a sort of villain of the piece is called Lord George Lackland. Lord George's mother is spoken of as Lady Lackland, and it is one of the many quaint points about this bearer of a courtesy title that his family name appears to be the same as that of the family peerage. Of course, this is not impossible, but it is unusual. There are other curious points. He is a fortune-hunter who does not trouble himself to find out the will of the late husband of the widow he proposes to marry for her money. What is that department of Somerset House for? He is so completely stupid a cad that he is ready to make love to the widow's friend, Sophia, under her eyes at a moment's notice. Of course, these little things in the affairs of Lord George, which is supposed to sound like Lloyd George, would not matter if the whole amused. The worst of it is that his name constantly being mistaken by Lord Havant for that of the critic of dukes soon becomes a deadly dull piece of business.

But at the Playhouse Miss Marie Tempest is the great attraction, and she is by no means badly fitted as Lady Sophia Flete, the middle-aged, only child of the Earl of Havant, who has been loved many times for her fortune and, we should imagine, for her gaiety, and now loves a young footman, Sempill, who is made a very agreeable person with a neat way of saying “Thank your ladyship,” by Mr. Graham Browne. Some people have thought of Fielding and his Lady Booby in this connection, but nothing could be further from Mr. Connell's scheme of comedy. It is true such names as Lackland for a penniless Guardsman and Flete for a lady who is a little rapid have a certain eighteenth century smack about them, but to confound the genius of Fielding with the original, if rather vague, quality of Mr. Connell's work is to insult both. Lady Sophia loves Sempill, and Lackland, played by Mr. Ben Webster, tries to get rid of him, and Lord Havant is eventually delighted to give his consent to her marriage with a very agreeable servant because he thinks Sempill has knocked down Lloyd George. That is all, except that there are a thousand whimsical fancies interwoven in the development of the story, many of which are slightly irrelevant, but none the less freakish and stimulating even when they do not help the characterisation of the play. Finally, Miss Tempest looks as spirited and alive as ever; she extracts every ounce of humour out of Lady Sophia, and she dresses her, or rather Hayward and Lucile do, with exquisite effect. Mr. Clarence has an absurd and inhuman part, but he does wonders with it. The unfortunate widowed lady, who is jilted by Lord George because she loses so much of her income on re-marrying, is made the best of by Miss

Kate Sergeantson, and Mr. Webster has a struggle with the part of Lackland—but the actor does not win. Mr. Graham Browne plays with infinite tact the character of Sempill. His is a rather unreal piece of work, occasionally clever and amusing; we fear the same may be said of the comedy as a whole.

A FABLE BY MR. HAROLD CHAPIN.

It is refreshing to find this admirable producer and writer in some other character than that of actor. In his one-act play, "Dropping the Baby," which forms the prelude to "Thank Your Ladyship," Mr. Chapin is at his best. The two scenes are on the plains of Scythia on a pleasant evening and a sunny morning ten thousand years ago. Thus we are dealing with elemental things, but they are stated with a gay touch of modernity. In the family circle of Zee Ol, Mr. Horton Cooper, his daughter Nali, Miss Cavanagh, has a cup given to her, in which sand is mixed with the water. This is because the young man Cheeckoo, Mr. Norman Loring, has found a treasure, and, holding it tightly, can only use one hand to get water. Nali cannot bear the situation. She transgresses all tradition, lays down her baby for a time, works for herself and her family, and transforms life as it was lived on the plains of Scythia ten thousand years ago. Those who run to the Playhouse may read the fable as they will; anyhow, they will be interested, and see the short play acted with considerable skill and charm.

"Helen with the High Hand" at the Vaudeville Theatre

TO the devout student of Mr. Arnold Bennett's more engaging novels there is a particular pleasure in seeing them translated into stage plays. There will generally be something more than we could wish for, something we could wish away. But Mr. Richard Pryce has done his adaptation with so much skill and taste that one has nothing to do but praise the result.

You know the story, of course. Miss Nancy Price gives us an effective and all-conquering Helen, but it is a Helen of a sly hand rather than of a high one. The reduction of her rich, old, miserly great-step-uncle, James Ollerenshaw, played to perfection by Mr. Norman McKinnel, her lesser victories over his servant, over the lady who had thoughts of marrying him, and her great triumph over the man she loves, who is here called Andrew Wilbram—the family is famous in the Five Towns—these conquests are carried out with more subtlety than the title suggests. The fact of the matter is that the various actions of Helen Rathbone, which seem so natural and convincing in Mr. Bennett's book, are not so simple a matter when the forms of the drama have to be used. And thus Miss Nancy Price appears just a wee bit of a schemer and sly-boots, a perfectly honest Becky taken far from Vanity Fair and brought up to date at Bursley.

The comedy of the first scene is slow, but

one is shown something of the quality of Helen and a good deal of the character of Ollerenshaw. The battle of these two wits begins in leisurely fashion, but advances with admirable effect.

The second act develops the story very amusingly, and we know that however much Wilbram may engage himself to Helen's little friend, Lilian, and whatever quarrels the uncle and niece may indulge in, all will come right and Helen will have her way—which is, possibly the best way. Clash as the three principal personages of the play may, they really all want the same thing if their pride will permit them to find a way to adjust matters. Love does that for Helen and her Andrew; fear—of an all too gracious widow lady—does it for the great-step-uncle.

But as with many of Mr. Bennett's works, the plot is not the thing that matters; it is, rather, the dry, subtle humour, not exactly of the usual stage brand, but excellently fitted to the uses of the theatre by Mr. Pryce's adaptation. Of the acting, nothing but good can be said. As is usual under this management, all the minor parts are splendidly played. Such a character as Mrs. Butt, the servant Helen gets rid of and Ollerenshaw wished to go, although she only appears for a few minutes, is made life-like by Miss Agnes Hill. Of course, the character of the widow, Mrs. Prockter, is easily within the skill of Miss Rosina Filippi, who endows her impersonation with the personal quality of her exquisite art. Emanuel Prockter, everyone's victim, is well given by Mr. Henry Hargreaves; and Lilian Swetnam, who means to console him, is made a very lively and true personage by Miss Mièle Maund.

Mr. Norman Trevor, as the rude Andrew Wilbram, has not much chance in the earlier stages of the play, but his proposal to Helen, when he shakes her consent out of her, as it were, is very convincing. Mr. McKinnel has put aside his slowness of style, and makes the old uncle the very man that we believe Mr. Bennett knew or imagined. He has seldom been seen to greater advantage. The Helen of Miss Price is a cunning piece of art which every lover of the stage will like to see more than once.

The Vaudeville Theatre has not of late been too fortunate, but we think that with so agreeable a comedy, so finely acted, it should prosper for many a day to come.

The Incorporated Stage Society at the Haymarket Theatre

AMONG the many performances which this association has given us, that of last Monday was the most lively and charmingly presented which we have seen. Primarily we are indebted for this to M. Anatole France; secondly, to Mr. Ashley Dukes, who has translated the delicate and inspired French into telling English phrases; and then we owe no end of thanks to the clever and charming players and to the accom-

plished producer, and no doubt to some dozen other people who helped forward the merry entertainment.

"AU PETIT BONHEUR"

is a comedy in one act, which you probably know in French and believe too delicate to be transplanted to our rough-hewn British stage and English methods. But Mr. Dukes has succeeded where many might have failed.

With Miss Miriam Lewes as Germaine, the widow of society who makes experiments—from 5 to 7 o'clock—in the soul of man, and Miss Madge McIntosh as Cécile, the normal wife—who is wise and quick-witted—and with the excellent aid of Mr. Claude King as Nalége and Mr. Malcolm Cherry as Paul Chambry, with all these and his own skill the translator gives us a delightful, if utterly unconventional, play, which should soon be seen in an evening bill. When it is thus produced it will be difficult to get the same cast together, no doubt; but we trust we may see Miss Lewes again, for we feel that much of the charm of "Au Petit Bonheur," in its English dress, arises from her characterisation of the alluring Germaine.

But that view is perhaps hardly fair to Mr. Dukes, who shows his infinite skill again in the second play,

"THE COMEDY OF THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE."

Owing to a trifling difficulty about the Society's rule that one must not be allowed to enter the theatre a moment after the curtain has gone up, we were unable to see the second act of this clever work, in which Mr. Rudge Harding gave so convincing a performance. But now that Mr. Dukes has made these two plays so agreeable to English audiences we have no doubt that we shall soon have an opportunity of seeing the comedy, as well as "Au Petit Bonheur," in an evening bill.

EGAN MEW.

Some Magazines

THE most entertaining item in *Harper's Magazine* for this month is "The Too Adaptable American," by Sydney Brooks; it is suggestive, too, and points out admirably the methods adopted by the American abroad to fall in with the customs of the country. The contrast between the English and the American in the French hotel is exceedingly well drawn. A fine travel article opens this number, "Through the Heart of the Surinam Jungle," by C. W. Furlong, and a good "home-travel" contribution is "A Philosopher in Central Park," by Edward Martin.

The *Windsor* begins well with an amusing "Comedy of Styles," by E. F. Benson—a skating story—and has another long instalment of Sir Rider Haggard's novel, "The Holy Flower." A short story by Eden Phillpotts and an article on "The Art of Phil R. Morris, A.R.A.," are other good features of a full number. In both these magazines the illustrations are on a very high level.

In *United Empire* the "Master-Builder" this month is Lord Charles Somerset (1767-1831), Governor of Cape Colony. A capital account of a farm school in Western Australia is given by Kingsley Fairbridge under the title of "Child Emigration: An Experiment," and there are many other articles of great interest.

The *Review of Reviews* for Australasia (January) shows a steady improvement; its pictures are better, and its letterpress is more satisfactorily arranged. It forms, now that it has overcome preliminary difficulties, an attractive summary of events and literature which must soon become invaluable to our friends "down under."

We have received the opening numbers of *The Champion*, a new magazine for boys. If it does not quite win a place corresponding to that of the "B.O.P.," it is still a capital venture, with stories and many special features that are bound to make a wide appeal.

The *Poetry Review* has a very good February issue. The editor leads off with a note on "The Decay of English Verse Satire"; Mr. John Helston discusses "Poetry and the Man in the Street"; there is a short and rather weak article on Mr. A. C. Benson's poetry, a lecture on Eurhythmics by Dr. Hulbert, and a selection of reviews and verse. Mr. Acton Bond contributes a capital article on "The Amateur and Shakespeare," dealing particularly with the British Empire Shakespeare Society, of which he is so indispensable a member.

Notes for Collectors

DRESSES OF THE LAST TWO CENTURIES

ALTHOUGH the catalogues on our desk fore-shadow some twenty sales, at which many charming examples of old-fashioned arts—furniture, silver, paintings, and books—are to change hands, one very rarely sees any examples of antique costumes offered for sale. It seems that these historic and often beautiful examples of a kind of workmanship long passed have to be gathered together, piece by piece, and sought with infinite care and watched and tended. For they are often very delicate and liable to discoloration. But the quest is worthy of the labour, and many who have begun to collect in a casual way for costume dances and that sort of thing have eventually become very devout in the matter.

The fashions of our ancestors form an index to a thousand branches of the hobby of collecting.* The study of costume, which has widened so greatly of late years, is invaluable to all who would recreate the decorative setting in any period of the past. Although we believe no fashion in dress ever returns to us exactly as it originally appeared, the whirligig

* "Old English Costumes," a Sequence of Fashions through the 18th and 19th Centuries. (Harrods. 2s. 6d. net.)

of Time brings round, at least every hundred years, something very like the far-off modes of three or four generations before.

Among the collectors of dresses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the well-known artist, Mr. Talbot Hughes, has been particularly fortunate; fortunate, also, is the Victoria and Albert Museum, which has recently received this sequence of examples of past fashions from Messrs. Harrod, who have bought the collection from the artist and presented it to the beautiful galleries at South Kensington.

If we may quote Mr. Austin Dobson and say—

Assume that we are friends. Assume

A common taste for old costume,—

Old pictures,—books. Then dream us sitting—

Us two—in some soft-lighted room.

we can also say that the portfolio of pictures, which Messrs. Harrod send us, representing people of suitable type dressed in the old costumes, will fill a quiet hour with pleasure and information.

To these pictures is added an admirable preface by Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, the Director at South Kensington, and a full and gaily written account of the dresses, the sort of people who wore them, and the times in which they were fashionable, by that excellent authority on the subject, Mr. Philip Gibbs, reprinted from the *Connoisseur*.

Although the present volume begins with specimens of the eighteenth century, the collection itself deals historically from the time of the first of the Stuart kings in England. One may see at a glance the character of costume at the Court of James I, and the styles that were in vogue at Whitehall when Charles II was king. The beauties that Sir Peter Lely flattered have had many of their fine, and fashionably free, gowns preserved for our entertainment, so on through the generations until the mid-Victorian period, when the present delightful book ends with a plain dress of graceful character in bright blue silk (1860-1870), such as Sir John Millais might have painted. To us, whatever happens to be the fashion of the moment is always agreeable, but we own there are many specimens in the Talbot Hughes collection that make us think with pleasure of "days that are over, dreams that are done."

E. M.

Two Exhibitions

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

NOT a little interest attaches to the Memorial Exhibition of the work of the late Sir Alfred East, now on view at the Leicester Galleries. Once again it brings us face to face with the difficult question—what was the secret of the attraction of the popular artists of the last two generations? How was it that this man of seemingly few ideas and obvious limitations of *technique* could win the reputation which he did, and the ungrudging praise of not a few critics whose praise was best worth having?

The finest work exhibited is, to our mind, the collection of etchings. Here Sir Alfred's gifts of simplicity and directness find full play; and, though he seldom

rises to extraordinary heights, he displays more sense of atmosphere and variety than appears in his pictures. Yet even among these there is little to arouse enthusiasm. They are the work of a master-craftsman, perhaps, who loved his craft, but in them is no touch of inspiration. Coming to the water-colours, we find an all but unbroken monotony of grey-green trees and still waters. Nature, it would seem, presented itself to him in but few aspects. When he was not in the grey-green vein, he revelled in rather crude autumn effects expressed by a particular orange tint which became characteristic; and sometimes he would bathe in the same golden hue Spanish hillsides and cathedral towers suffused with the tints of sunset. In a third phase he would portray gaily coloured crowds in the dazzling sunlight of Spanish midday. This contains some of his cleverest and most original efforts, and here at times he shows a magical touch which almost brings him into the ranks of the artists. In oil-colours he displays much the same ideals and characteristics, except that in this medium his touch is a good deal harder, and his colours more inclined to crudity. There are not a few living men who are doing equally good work, and some who are doing better work, without recognition. The recognition that Sir Alfred East won was fairly earned, so far as hard labour and a lovable personality could earn it; but these qualities are not sufficient to carry a man into the ranks of the immortals.

Mr. Gosse's prefatory notice sketches an indomitable toiler, and one whose success was the reward of labour. Born at Kettering in 1849, the youngest of the eleven children of a man engaged in the local boot industry, he showed a precocious bent for drawing and painting. Except that he was forbidden to draw on Sunday his tendencies were encouraged, although it was considered ridiculous to suppose that he could earn a living by art. So he followed his brothers into the shoe-factory, keeping his drawing for leisure hours. Next he drifted to Glasgow, where he attended a school of art, and married the lady who survives him. He went to Paris and Barbizon, and thenceforward made art his profession. In 1883 he attained his first success in the Royal Academy, and in the following year settled in Hampstead. Thenceforward his triumph was unbroken. He wandered about the world, and sketched in Egypt, Ceylon, Japan, and Southern Europe. Friends sprang up on every hand, not a few of them in America, and his last years were as happy as any mortal could wish. He was saturated with love for his craft, and the marvel is that he never touched higher levels. He leaves behind him a pleasant memory of a good man and conscientious worker, and the tragedy of what seems to us a failure that he was fortunate enough never to realise.

THE BAILLIE GALLERIES

The exhibition of Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's pictures at the Baillie Galleries is exceedingly striking. Mr. Dewhurst challenges attention at once as a "child of the open air." His pictures have been almost all painted in the open, and they palpitate with atmosphere and that sense of endless variety which marks a close acquaint-

ance with nature. He has been described as an Impressionist, an imitator of Manet and Monet and Degas *et hoc genus omne*, and it is true that he reproduces not a few of their characteristics and principles. But we have his word for it that he attained his methods independently, before he had seen their work, and his pictures bear testimony to the fact. The "illusion" with which some critics reproach him seems to us merely the "illusion" of truth. His colours are built up of myriad separated portions of the spectrum, which at close quarters look hopeless, but, seen from the right distance, suddenly blend into the absolute truth of nature.

Coming to particular pictures, we find some difficulty in making a selection. Our catalogue is covered with notes of which but a very small fraction can be expressed in the space at our command. La Creuse supplies the majority of the larger subjects. He paints it under all manner of effects. We have a magnificent Sunset over the ruins (7); Sunrise, over the same scene (18); Haytime, in the same valley (6); Heather-time in the Valley (17), and many others. Every effect is rendered with astonishing subtlety, combined with the brilliance which would be crude, did it not stop short of the danger exactly at the right moment. Atmosphere is everywhere, and there is no escaping from it. The rocks that tower above the torrent skirting the church-crowned hill on which the village stands, and the ruins that top the neighbouring heights, are wonderfully rendered under the changing aspects of time and season; in the Sunrise picture the first rays touch with gold and magic the foreground slope; in the Heather-time royal purple clothes the hills, and peeps among the rocks, with shadows of velvet depth; and the glory of apple-blossom was never more winningly expressed than in the painting of that name (4).

A fine series of pictures displaying powers of a somewhat different order is that which illustrates the great formal gardens of the Grand Trianon and Versailles generally. Some of these are earlier works, and give wide vistas of rectangular lawns, and bedding flowers banked up against stiff yew hedges, always with a fine sense of distance and atmosphere which modifies the stiffness of the arrangement. But far better are the later studies of dark trees touched with the gold of autumn, hanging over ghostly pools and fountains, and statues showing dim against deep, purple water and dark, rich shadows. The effect of stateliness and mystery combined could hardly have been better produced, and testify to the strong imagination as well as to the technical skill which gives it thus forceful expression. Besides these are many clever pastel and other sketches, rendering brilliant effects of light and landscape at all seasons and in many lands; but we cannot stay to consider them in detail. The gallery will repay more than one visit. Mr. Dewhurst is an artist with a definite individuality, who is not afraid to give his independence full play. He puts you off with no tricks and mannerisms which may impose on the crowd, and might even lead to a popular success, but which would certainly obscure the message which is his to deliver.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

WEDNESDAY, the 11th, was the second day of battle. The back-bench Opposition men had vowed that they would make Parliamentary Government impossible unless Asquith plainly stated what he was prepared to do. In a speech of wonderful dexterity he used the King's Speech as a plea for time and conciliation. In effect he said, "Let the finance of the country be carried, and in six weeks' time I will put my proposals before you. I admit the initiative is with the Government, and I will then make an offer." In obedience to their leaders, the Unionist back-benchers kept quiet, but they have been sorely tried.

If there is one thing the Radical Party did not care tuppence about last year, or the year before, it was finance. They brought in their Budgets after they had spent half the money, and as late as they could with any decency—or rather without any decency at all. And now they ask us to sit quiet and vote supplies, and, when they get them, they will put forward a proposal which we may not be willing or able to accept. They will have got all they wanted, and can then snap their fingers at us. Carson in a splendid speech smote them hip and thigh. He struck the right note when he said, "The Government is just manœuvring for position"; but he did not follow it up, as we all expected, by saying, "We need not decide at once, but you must know, after all this delay, what you intend to do. Tell us what your plans are at the conclusion of the debate on the Address, so that we may know where we are; or, if not, we will not allow the Government to go on." For some good reason this was never said, but he went on: "You put to us whether we will be bound by a general election. Why do you never put the same question to the Nationalists?" The Government were silent.

John Redmond got up next and tried to prove how small the minority in Ireland was. He spoke smoothly, and ended up by declaring "that he would cut his tongue out rather than say one single word in support of Home Rule if he thought it would mean the slightest injury to the lives, persons, property, or religious convictions of any section of his people." James Craig, we thought, was coming nearer the point when he said: "The people of Ulster are being tricked and humbugged by the swindlers who sit on the Government bench"; but he was cut short by the Speaker, and, to the surprise of some of us, meekly apologised.

Augustine Birrell made an amusing speech, but not worthy of a great occasion. He had never said anything in the House or out of it which he had not had to explain. "If I have said anything to wound the feelings of any Ulsterman, I heartily apologise for it," he observed, and added handsomely, "I am aware I am not qualified to occupy the position I do," and the Unionists unhandsomely assented with cheers which seemed to surprise him. He had been abused in all directions—only that morning he had received an

anonymous postcard from Ulster, accusing him of having two daughters in a convent in Ireland. "I have no daughters, I am sorry to say," he announced quaintly, and added, as a sop to Protestantism, "If I had, I would sooner see them happily married than in any convent."

Lloyd George for once was dull, but he declared that "Anyway, we are not going to quail before threats of violence." Bonar Law wound up the debate, but again the expected threat did not come. Without a note he made a telling speech which enhanced his position as leader, and solemnly warned the Government, "If you go on, there must be bloodshed. If that happens, your party will not be defeated, it will be annihilated." We expected to be beaten by 95, but to our surprise the majority was only 78. Every man in our party was accounted for, so the defections must have been on the side of the Coalition.

On Thursday the second amendment to the Address was taken. The Labour men wanted the Government to instruct Lord Gladstone not to sign the Indemnity Bill until there had been a judicial inquiry into the whole affair of the deportation of the strike leaders from South Africa. Their position was peculiarly awkward. They supported self-government in Ireland; they had voted for self-government in South Africa; and now they wanted to interfere at the first opportunity. Ramsay MacDonald is a fierce leader in the country, but he is very small potatoes in the House of Commons, and Lulu Harcourt made mincemeat of him. People in England little realise the position in South Africa. There are mineowners culled from every quarter of the globe, with no feelings of patriotism, bent on making as much as they can out of the gold and diamonds. There are the Trade Unionists, earning £7 a week, led by Syndicalists. There are the poor whites without organisation, who earn £1 a week with difficulty, and are for ever liable to be undersold by the coolies from India, who passively resist; and below all is the dark mass of the real natives, who outnumber the white population, all told, by hundreds to one, and who are with difficulty held in check.

"You could easily smash the Empire by a day's debate in this House," said Harcourt. "Let South Africa fight its own battles," was his text. "The Empire is held together by a silken cord; but if you twist it into a whip-lash, the first crack of it will be the knell of the Empire." He spoke very smoothly from elaborate notes, but he carried conviction to the majority of his hearers.

Bob Cecil rubbed home the obvious parallel to Ireland. "Assume," he said, "that an Irish Government attempted to crush its political opponents in Ulster; would it not be as in the case of South Africa? Would the House of Commons have any power to enforce any of the paper safeguards in the Home Rule Bill?" The Government were silent. Many Liberals thought the action of General Botha very high-handed and indefensible, but they dared not vote against their party, and, seeing the Unionists would not vote, the Labour

men courageously pressed the matter to a division. They numbered 50, and were beaten by 164. Gallant fellows to risk so much!

The Labour Party in the House have been steadily losing touch with their followers outside, and it is not to be wondered at when we consider their action. On Friday they moved an amendment, mourning that the King in His Gracious Speech had not mentioned the subject of the number of accidents in mines and railways; all the afternoon they got up, one after another, and belaboured the Government. The Government were, as usual, very sympathetic, and promised to see what could be done; whereupon the Labour men wanted to withdraw their amendment. They were not certain how the Unionists would vote, and, moreover, they were not certain (what was more important) how many men they had hidden away. They were not so gallant as on the day before! Two or three, it is true, had the courage to vote for their own amendment, but the rest actually voted against it at the crack of the Liberal whip. We stood in the doorway and jeered at them as they came through.

"Your £400 a year is in danger," said one Unionist. "I should not like to be at your next Congress," said another; but all to no good. The fidelity of the Labour leaders (?) to the Radical Party is touching in its canine devotion.

There was only half an hour left for Leif Jones to discourse on temperance. Asquith was as sympathetic as Robertson had been to the previous amendment. He would bring in the 1908 Licensing Bill if and when he had time, etc., etc., etc. Meanwhile I hear a rumour that they mean to put another tax on beer, which will doubtless please Leif, even if it displeases the new Radical candidate for Fulham—a wealthy baronet who is a brewer and a temperance reformer.

On Monday there was an unedifying spectacle at each end of the sitting. At the commencement Gulland, one of the Radical Whips, apologised for a speech in which he was accused of hinting in unmistakable language that, if the electors of Wick voted for Munro, they were more likely to get a much-desired harbour than if they voted for his opponent. Asquith admitted that he had committed an error of judgment, and Bonar Law let it rest at that.

At the conclusion of the sitting Joynson-Hicks accused Masterman of doing the same thing at Bethnal Green, where he is standing at the present moment. It is alleged that he promised good things for the dockers if they will return him again. The Unionists feel that this is grossly unfair. Supporters of a Government in power, if they habitually resort to this practice, can always outbid the other side. Lloyd George tried to prove that the scheme had all been arranged long ago, but he did not make much of a case for the defence.

In the afternoon the Church in Wales held the floor, and Ormsby-Gore. He described the "meanest Bill" as one which is being pushed forward by Welsh politicians as a means of securing for themselves jobs, offices, honours, and rewards. Balfour spoke, and the

majority went down to 62, and, as all the Irish voted, it was a virtual defeat.

In the evening we had a debate on Tariff Reform. "Amphy" Tryon made a brilliant speech, which was answered by Chiozza Money; but, as he spoke in the dinner-hour and there were one or two big dinners going on, he spoke to an almost empty house. Bonar Law wound up the debate, and the majority was only 74.

The Radical whips are getting uneasy at these low divisions so early in the session, and are straining every nerve to improve their organisation. Inside the Whips' passage they have a board similar to that employed in some factories, where little knobs are pulled out when a workman enters the works, and pushed in when he leaves. By counting "knobs" you can see at a glance how many men are in the House in support of the Government.

Questions put by Lord Robert Cecil and James Hope showed that the Opposition rank and file are getting restive at Asquith's delay. They think he is playing for time, and, when he has got his Supply through, will snap his fingers at us. The feeling is growing that he ought to be made to give a definite date when he will put his proposals on the table, and if he does not—or they are unsatisfactory—there will inevitably be a row.

Tuesday was a day of further humiliation for the Government. In the House of Lords, Elibank had to make a maiden speech such as I suppose has never been heard before in that august assembly; he apologised for his share in the Marconi scandal. Lansdowne gravely said that not only Lord Murray's own reputation and that of his colleagues had been endangered, but also the honour of the House. He suggested delay, but Lord Amptill declined to drop his motion for an inquiry, so it will come on again on Thursday. By the way the Peers cheered it could be seen that they mean business.

In the Commons, Lloyd George had to defend himself against a host of enemies and answer attacks on his recent statements on the housing and land questions. It seems to me that he loses his temper more often than he used to do. Runciman, also, was rather peevish. White to his thin lips, he accused Walter Long of want of courtesy. Red and choleric, the member for the Strand indignantly denied it, and laughed to scorn the suggestion that the Unionists had kept back charges until after Lloyd George had spoken, in order that he could not reply.

Altogether, it was a lively evening, and the Unionists felt they had begun well.

The painter members of the Friday Club will hold their annual exhibition at the hall of the Alpine Club, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W. It will consist of oil and water colour paintings, drawings, etchings, executed by the members during the past year. The exhibition will continue till March 7.

Notes and News

The next lectures at the Victoria and Albert Museum will be given on Thursday, February 26, by Mr. W. W. Watts, F.S.A., on "English Silversmiths' Work of the Mediæval and Tudor Periods"; and on Thursday, March 5, by Mr. R. L. B. Rathbone, on "Jewellery."

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, C.M.G., who has done such splendid work in Labrador, is now in England, hoping to raise some money for his work by lectures. His first public lecture in London, entitled "My Life in Labrador," takes place at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Monday next, and will be illustrated with lantern slides and films. His Excellency the American Ambassador has very kindly consented to preside.

The success of Miss Hoskyn's "Pictures of British History" has induced Messrs. Black to issue a further volume, "More Pictures of British History," in which the series of stories has been arranged so as to follow and enlarge the survey of history given in the earlier book. The illustrations, of which 32 are in colour, will be found to maintain the high standard of all Messrs. Black's picture lesson-books for children. Colour illustrations will also form an important feature of Miss Hoskyn's "Stories of London," to be issued shortly.

By a generous act of private beneficence, the Victoria and Albert Museum has just come into possession of one of the most beautiful existing examples of a mediæval English craftsman's work, the silver-gilt covered bowl formerly at Studley Royal Church, near Ripon. Mr. Harvey Haddon, the donor, has for some time past shown his interest in the building up of a worthy representation of English silversmiths' work in the Museum, and has endowed the collection with an example of which the importance can hardly be overestimated. The form, proportions, and decoration of the Studley bowl are admirable, and illustrate to the full that instinct for beauty possessed by English craftsmen of the Gothic period.

The Sterling Mackinlay Operatic Society announce three productions for their second season. Two will be stage productions: in the spring, Lacombe's romantic opera, "Ma mie Rosette," which was given over twenty years ago at the old Globe Theatre, with Eugene Oudin as Henri IV; and in the autumn, Lecocq's famous opera-bouffe, "Girofle-Girofla." The repertoire will later on include "La Bearnaise" (Messager), "La Belle Helene" (Offenbach), "Le Petit Duc" (Lecocq), "Le Calife de Bagdad" (Boieldieu), "Olivette" (Audran), and other works. The third production will be a concert version of Liza Lehmann's romantic opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield," to be given in June. In future Mr. Mackinlay will be prepared to give each season a concert performance of a new English opera. Composers who submit operas must do so on the understanding that only a small orchestra will be used. Subscription tickets for the season (stalls, £1 1s.; balcony, 10s. 6d.) may be obtained from the secretary, 32, Baker Street, W.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS IN RUSSIA

THE circumstances under which Ministerial changes have just taken place in Russia are of exceptional interest, and, if we mistake not, will exert a far-reaching influence upon the destinies of the Empire. The retiring Premier, M. Kokofftseff, was in many respects one of the most remarkable men of our times. Besides presiding over the Council of Ministers, the high office to which he succeeded after the assassination of M. Stolypin, he had filled for many years the portfolio of Finance. From every point of view, his tenure of power marked him out as a statesman of front European rank. He proved himself to be a diplomatist of no mean attainments, and it was largely due to his belief in the spirit of compromise that Europe survived the critical period of tension throughout the Balkan conflagration. As a financial authority, the retiring Premier enjoyed world-wide reputation. In the domain of home affairs it is not surprising that opinion should be sharply divided as to his success. M. Kokofftseff was an orator without rival in his own country, or, for the matter of that, in any other country of Europe, and there is no doubt that again and again dexterous employment of this great gift alone maintained for him the leadership of State.

In all cases it is a difficult task for one nationality to appraise justly the internal affairs of another, and this rule applies particularly to the example of the vast Russian Empire. Our interest in the Ministerial changes alluded to will be largely confined to speculation as to their effect upon international relations. It cannot, however, be emphasised too much that the crisis is internal, and that Russian foreign policy, which always rests in the keeping of the Tsar, will undergo no change. In this connection it is only necessary to refer to a proposal which is supposed to have come from St. Petersburg during the past few days, and clearly inspired by satisfaction felt with the working of the Ambassadors' Conference that was called into being in London specially to deal with issues arising out of the Balkan War.

The suggestion is that a permanent body representative of the Triple Entente should be located here; Sir Edward Grey to preside, and France and Russia to be represented by their Ambassadors. At first glance the idea appears to be a sound one, but deeper consideration reveals certain objections. For instance, it may be urged that the creation of such permanent machinery might conceivably deprive the Triple Entente of some of that elasticity which has been looked upon as its principal virtue; or, again, the friends of European unity might complain that realisation of the project would tend to emphasise more than is necessary the dividing line between the two groups of Great Powers. It is not our intention to discuss the points thus raised. We merely mention the proposal emanating from St. Petersburg as an indication of Russian appreciation of British diplomacy. Knowing full well as we do the fixed nature of Russia's foreign policy,

we are convinced that, as in the case of this country, no ministerial change can bring about any drastic alteration.

When we return to the domestic aspects of the crisis, one which it should be strictly noted is essentially domestic in character, we discover some features that have an extremely important bearing upon the welfare of Russia. In spite of all newspaper announcements to the contrary, the fall of M. Kokofftseff was not altogether unexpected. There had long been considerable opposition to the policy which he had pursued in regard to railway development, and powerful financial interests, ignored by him, had strived to undermine his position. The cause which ultimately sent him from office was the attitude he adopted in regard to the drink question. The actual force which swept him away found its origin in the bitter and sustained opposition of Count Witte. Ever since his retirement this great statesman has been longing to return to power. The Tsar, however, while anxious to make use of his advice occasionally, is apprehensive of a man so determined and original in character and method. That Witte's day will come is the conviction of many competent authorities, but before the time arrives startling developments must take place in Russia. Meanwhile he has been the instrument that produced the downfall of M. Kokofftseff, but, as we have already said, the cause in which he sought issue was merely contributory. On the surface, all the moral force was on his side. To anyone who has travelled extensively in Russia the statement that the peasants are becoming degenerate by the spread of the drink habit is no exaggeration. This unfortunate tendency mainly exhibits itself in those industrial centres which are quickly springing up throughout the Empire.

The educated Russian is undeniably more abstemious than his corresponding class in England. Vodka, the spirit mostly consumed, is a Government monopoly from which the State derives one hundred millions sterling annually, or one-third of its total revenue. This monopoly was instituted by Count Witte himself, but it is only fair to say that his case against it to-day rests upon charges of abuse and maladministration. He asserts, and quite rightly, that no nation should be dependent for its existence upon the spread of alcoholism.

It is not easy to find a reply to a denunciation of this kind. M. Kokofftseff took refuge in stating the increase in population as explaining the growing consumption of vodka, and he also referred to the spread of education as a sign of cultural progress. In short, he made the most of a bad case, but all the moral suasion was on the side of his pious political opponent. In future the monopoly is to be rigidly controlled, other sources of revenue are to be discovered, and the State must depreciate the value of its own liquor business by waging a campaign of temperance. For these things have been duly decreed by the Emperor of all the Russias.

It is not a little interesting to reflect that the desire to reform owes its origin to a Temperance Bill introduced to the Duma by a man described as half-peasant, and

that the measure received the assent of the Duma, an assembly which includes peasant representatives. In spite of all criticism it would seem then that the Duma is no small factor in national advancement. That the Tsar came to a wise decision will be the verdict of the friends of Russia. The future of the Empire depends solely upon the steady progress of her peasants, who constitute nearly ninety per cent. of the whole population. As for the aristocrats and officials, they are immersed in bureaucratic stagnation, while the Intellectuals are so freakish and individual in method as to be useless for the furtherance of the national ideal. Peasant happiness alone can encompass the welfare of Russia.

MOTORING

THE important paper recently read before the Royal Society of Arts on the great motor fuel problem has aroused considerable interest in scientific as well as in purely motoring circles, and many eminent experts have taken part in the subsequent discussions. Dr. Ormanby's conclusions, arrived at after a careful and comprehensive survey of the position, all point to alcohol as the only solution at present in sight—an opinion which is endorsed by such authorities as Sir Boverton Redwood, Professor Vivian Lewes, Dr. Hele Shaw, and Mr. Thomas Tyrer, and many others of scarcely less distinction in the scientific world. A great deal has been heard of benzole in this connection, and, in view of the fact that many motorists are obtaining this coal-extracted spirit at a lower price than that of petrol, and are using it with every satisfaction, many people wonder why its competition has not brought down the price of petrol to a lower level. The answer is simply that the supply of benzole is limited, the total quantity producible under existing conditions representing a mere fraction of the demand for motor spirit. The petrol monopolists are aware of this, and they are not likely to reduce their prices until an unlimited supply of the competitive fuel is available. If some means of treating coal as to render the process remunerative for the sake of the spirit alone could be devised, the position would be entirely altered; but at present it appears to be the demand for coke which controls the situation. The motorist's only hope, therefore, of obtaining an adequate supply of fuel at a reasonable price seems to lie either in the discovery of a much superior method of coal distillation, or in the development of alcohol on a world-wide scale.

The award in the competition promoted by Messrs. Napier to encourage careful and skilful driving by chauffeurs in charge of privately owned six-cylinder Napiers has been made by the specially appointed committee of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, and the first prize—a gold watch and chain of the value of £35—has been won by Mr. J. Swinton, chauffeur to H. Percy Densham, Esq., of Cuerden Hall, Thelwell, Warrington. These competitions are excellent in every way, as they offer a strong inducement to the driver to run his car at the lowest possible

cost to the owner, and they are valuable to the makers of the car because they serve to show at what a low cost even a powerful six-cylinder can be run when handled by a careful and competent driver. It is interesting to note that the tyres used on the winning car were all Victors, and that each of them did over 5000 miles. This is a very good performance on a car weighing nearly two tons, without passengers, and it will doubtless be noted by those motorists who realise how important a factor the tyre is when considering economy.

The potentialities of Australia as a market for motor-cars is seen in the official trade statistics for 1912, which have just been issued. The actual number of cars imported is not given, but the rapidity with which the trade is developing is indicated by a comparison of the values of the chassis and bodies imported in 1910, 1911, and 1912 respectively. In 1910 the total value was £790,249, in 1911 £1,178,562, and in 1912 it rose to £1,671,583. These figures will come as a surprise, not merely to the general public, but to many of the British motor firms whose concern it is to find and cultivate fresh markets for their productions. Great Britain still has the lion's share of the Australian business, but whereas its increase since 1910 has only been about 50 per cent., that of America has been about 300 per cent., and Canada is not much behind. There is plenty of food for reflection here for the British maker, especially in view of the fact that there is an undoubted demand in Australia for the high-class British-made car.

Messrs. Belsize Motors, Ltd., of Clayton, Manchester, have issued a little booklet, consisting solely of letters of appreciation from users of Belsize cars, and those prospective motorists whose ambitions and means are of the limited order will be well advised to procure a copy and read it before making their purchases. Many of the letters, the originals of which can be inspected at any time, if desired, constitute really remarkable records of efficiency, economical running, and freedom from mechanical troubles of any description. The "10/12" especially seems to have given unbounded satisfaction to users, and there is little doubt that this model represents the biggest success the Belsize people have ever achieved.

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ALMOST could I write that a cloud of depression has settled on the City. At any rate, the little boom which startled us when the Bank Rate dropped to 3 per cent. has quite died out, and brokers now complain that they are just as badly off as they were at the end of 1913. Trade remains bad all over the Continent and throughout the United States, whilst, as I pointed out last week, everybody in Brazil and the Argentine is suffering from a severe reaction. I do not think that we shall get any serious failures in the Argentine, but it is quite possible that Brazil may find herself unable to meet the interest on her debt. The rumour that she had arranged a loan in Paris has now been denied.

The New Issues are not going as well as they did a few weeks ago. The Union of South Africa loan was a complete failure and gave the underwriters a very bad shock. Eagle Transport asked for another million in preference shares, and the money was found by the followers of Lord Cowdray. Venezuela Central Railway asked for money, but I see no reason why anyone should apply for the bonds, for there is no Central American State that has a worse record. Also, the offer is not good enough, for one can buy the present bonds on better terms. The City of Pretoria has borrowed £750,000, but the public is chary of all South African finance. Trinidad Grand River Oil may be an excellent venture for the promoters, but is likely to turn out as unlucky for the investor as all the other Trinidad oil companies in which the foolish public have wasted their money. The St. Louis Breweries offer us £450,000 6 per cent. debentures at 97, repayable in 12 years at 102. Thus the yield is very high and the Law Debenture may probably obtain the necessary funds; but American breweries, like the oil-fields of Trinidad, have a bad record in the City. The Electric and General Investment offered us £100,000 4½ per cent. debentures in the Tramways (M.E.T) Omnibus Company, guaranteed by the Metropolitan Electric Tramways. The Tramways Company owns 350 motor-buses, and works with the London General Omnibus. There is not much in applying for these debentures, for the yield is not high enough. The Moggyana Railways and Navigation Company offer £1,500,000 5 per cent. bonds at 96. The road has a revenue of £741,061 per annum, and depends mainly upon the coffee crop. In the present state of Brazilian affairs, there is nothing very attractive in the issue. The General Scottish Trust asks for £250,000 with the idea of running a Trust on true Scottish lines. It must be admitted that most Scotch trusts are successful and probably the Scotch will support their own enterprise. Personally, I have nothing to say either for or against the offer. The directors are respectable and the business is certain to be carefully managed.

MONEY.—The Money market seems to be hardening up. There is a steady drain of gold, and Egypt has actually taken £100,000, and it is said that South America is also in the market. If the continued call upon our gold is not stopped, then the Bank of England will have to protect the preserves and raise rates. At the moment, trade bills are readily taken at 3 per cent.

FOREIGNERS.—Some excitement has been caused amongst the German colony in London by an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on the situation in Japan. None

of the English newspapers has translated this article, which boldly declares that all the news from Japan is faked. The Japanese placed £2,500,000 Treasury bills, and this money will tide them over for a few months, but the country is in a desperate condition, and as I have again and again said, default is only a question of time. There appears to be some argument as to whether the so-called military bonds placed in Brussels are authorised by the Chinese Government. It is said that the Banque Industrielle de Chine has secured a loan, and will shortly make an issue both here and in Paris. China is in dire need of money. It looks very much as though the power of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank were broken. Brazilian bonds have been very flat. Indeed, the whole Foreign market has become weak.

HOME RAILS.—Lord Claud Hamilton made a very sensible speech at the Great Eastern meeting, but he has annoyed railway men by declaring that the best managers can only be found in the United States. Everyone who has travelled through the States must admit that he is speaking the truth. Great Easterns, under an enlightened manager, should be worth buying to-day. The North Eastern dividend was magnificent. I have been urging a purchase of this stock for the past twelve months, and those who got in at the bottom have a 12-point profit, in addition to a 7 per cent. dividend, so that they have 19 per cent. profit on their purchase. London and North Western dividend was not quite so good as some people expected. We all expected not only ½ per cent. increase, which we obtained, but also that the reserves would get at least as much as they did last year, whereas they are docked with £100,000. The Midland announcement was good, and the Midland deferred held their own in the market. On the whole the heavies have done just what people thought they would. No railway can do more. I think, however, that the rise will probably slacken off for some weeks, and that we may see lower prices, in which case wise people will buy, for English railway common stocks will all get to a 4 per cent. basis before the end of 1914.

YANKEES.—The American market is not good. Apparently the bankers are not inclined to encourage speculation at the moment. Some say that the Wall Street magnates are out to get cheap stock; others that the trade position in the United States is bad. The Woolworth Company and the Sears, Roebuck Company made records during 1913, but it must be admitted that general trade has been steadily declining for some time past. The rise in Steels seems nothing but a "bear" squeeze, for the news in regard to the Steel trade is that most of the plants are only working 50 per cent. of their capacity, and that the January and February figures of the Steel Trust will show large deficits. There is a little rig in Copper. The Americans are exporting enormous quantities to Europe, and apparently hiding away the whole of these shipments, for they certainly do not appear in the English statistics.

RUBBER.—Rubber kept very hard until Tuesday, when it tumbled to 2s. 5½d., and Rubber shares tumbled with it. The position according to the dealers in the market is purely professional. They all declare that the public are not buying, and that it is only the Trusts and the professional "bulls" in Mincing Lane that are responsible for the rise. No doubt cheap money has something to do with it. The Glendon report showed enough profit to pay 10 per cent., but it seems impossible that this little company can continue the distribution through 1914. The shares at 25s. seem to me over-valued.

OIL.—Practically no business is doing in the Oil market. Insiders are buying North Caucasians, but as every-

insider has a different excuse for his purchase, it is not easy to see why the price has risen. Dealers consequently think it a safe thing to go short. Nevertheless, there is a fairly large "bear" account open already in this share. Premier Pipes are never mentioned. Indeed, the only free market in Oil shares is in Shell and Royal Dutch. The Venezuelan Oil rig hangs fire now that the riggers have gone to Venezuela.

MINES.—The Wolhuter report was frankly bad. Profits are down, and the dividend has been cut to 10 per cent. Ore reserves are not only smaller, but their value has decreased. The Arizona report was as good as anyone could have expected, but the careful Scotch board placed large sums to reserve and reduced the dividend. This is one of the best managed Copper companies in the world. There is practically no business doing in either Kaffirs or Rhodesians, but there has been considerable excitement in the Russian Mining market, and Russian mining has had a big jump. None of the Kirkland issues is mentioned. The steam has gone out of this market.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Electric Lighting reports are all good, and once again I desire to point out to my readers what admirable investments may be found in this market. Charing Cross increase their dividend, and the shares jumped to 5, at which price they yield 6 per cent. Notting Hill report is good. City of London figures are also quite noticeable, although the shares seem fully valued. Maple's report shows reduced profits. The Bradford Dyers come out with a record result, on which I congratulate Mr. Milton Sharpe. Selfridge figures are also excellent, and a dividend on the ordinary is paid for the first time. I hear that Mr. Selfridge is going into the provision business. Holders of Forestal Lands should get out of their ordinary shares.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

ULSTER: A SOLDIER'S VIEW.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The King's Speech makes no alteration in a situation which Radical papers, at first inclined to ridicule, now treat as the gravity of the case merits. One of the leading organs of the party, referring to the Ulster preparations as "Sir Edward Carson's Circus," and "comic opera army," not long since, was forced before the opening of Parliament to such a change of front as involved the statement, "We do not agree with those who would ridicule the preparations in Ulster," or words to that effect.

It is generally admitted that, if the Home Rule Bill is forced through without the consent of the people, given at and by a General Election, Ulstermen will make trouble in some way. A body of nearly a hundred thousand volunteers has been formed to resist being thrust out of the Union, as Ulster sees it, whatever the justice of that view may be from a Radical standpoint. A well authenticated rumour has it that, in case of serious disturbance, a portion or the whole of the Aldershot striking force will be hurried to Ulster, to assist the troops already there in dealing with the situation. The fortunes of the Aldershot men on their errand, and those of the Ulster volunteers, in such a contingency, present a very interesting study.

To take the Ulster volunteers first. It must be granted against them that they are, to a certain extent, untrained, that their armament is not the most effective that can be procured, and that, even in Ulster, there is a section of the community which would uphold any law, once it had

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been passed. On the other hand, the Ulstermen have in their ranks a number of trained and seasoned men, especially among those who would correspond to the holders of commissioned rank in a regular military force, while among the rank and file may be counted many who have been under fire on active service. These trained men would have a steadying effect on the whole, and would brace up the Ulster volunteer force—not, perhaps, to equality with disciplined Regular troops, but to a steadiness which would make the army of Ulster, as a whole, a very tough nut to crack in the guerilla tactics which that army would, almost certainly, employ.

With regard to their armament, it may be reasonably assumed that this would be incomplete, and we may take it that, out of the hundred thousand volunteers, Ulster is capable of providing sufficient arms and equipment for only about forty thousand men. That, however, is quite a sufficient force for the opening and carrying on of a disastrous civil war; it will be—assuming that actual hostilities arise out of the situation—an effective and even a dangerous striking force, with its men, animated by what is, to them, a thoroughly patriotic spirit, able and willing to work and fight to the uttermost for that Union which the rest of Ireland is eager, at the bidding of a few interested leaders and the temptation of a plentitude of Yankee dollars, to forgo.

The invading force will be in a precisely opposite situation to that of the Ulstermen. Theoretically, the Regular Army is non-party; practically, it is Conservative to the last man and almost to the last officer—the economising spirit of Radical legislation, reducing and starving the Regular Force in every possible way, has fostered a Conservative spirit. Already officers have resigned their commissions on account of the possibilities of Ulster, and the nature of the case provides that the path to resignation shall remain open up to the very last minute. Those who force Home Rule through dare not, for their own sakes, use the words “civil war” in connection with Ulster trouble until such words are absolutely unavoidable. “Regrettable disturbances,” “violent scenes,” and “riots,” are phrases that will fit the case and serve for ordering troops out without making too full a confession of ghastly blundering in the semblance of legislation. But, until a state of war, civil or otherwise, is admittedly existing, an officer is at liberty to resign his commission. Consequently, on a low estimate, any British regiment ordered to Ulster to preserve peace, before war is admitted to exist, will embark with a third—or, at most, a half—of its officers. For, whatever fine phrases may be used with regard to troops and officers yielding blind obedience to official mandates, quite half the officers will resign, rather than order their men to fire on the force that has been formed to maintain the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

Robbed thus of half its officers, and to a certain extent in sympathy with the men whom it is ordered to oppose, a British coercive force will take the field half-heartedly—for no soldier will retain even a semblance of enthusiasm over a cause which his officers refuse to support. Its men will be thoroughly disciplined, and that fact may be set off against the patriotic—or ill-judged as a different standpoint may cause it to be phrased—eagerness of the Ulster volunteers.

It must be admitted that quite forty thousand of these volunteers will be in a position to take the field—and this is placing the total very low indeed. They will be able, like the Boers in the last war that gave British troops practical experience, to disperse and reassemble, they will be among relatives and friends who will house, feed, and nurse them, while Regular troops in Ulster, fighting

against Ulstermen, will be among a host of spies and ill-wishers. Those who set out to coerce Ulster by force of arms must overcome, not only the hostility of the actual volunteer force, but the scheming and plotting of their friends, who will disclose plans, render assistance to their friends, and mislead their enemies, to the utmost of their power.

To turn into Ulster regiments recruited from the rest of Ireland—the only regiments that would prove dependable in every way for the work—is a step that not even a Radical Government dare contemplate, for the bitter hatred between volunteer Orangemen and troops animated by a Nationalist spirit would lead to bloodier scenes, even, than Cromwell enacted on Irish soil. Again, to destroy civilian Ulster, apart from the volunteer force, to deport families and lay waste the province, is an unthinkable step; the whole population must be fought by half-hearted, half-officered regiments, who will, so far as actual fighting is concerned, have opposed to them a body of armed enthusiasts forty thousand or more strong—a very respectable little army, in fact, about equal in numbers to thirty-two infantry battalions plus eight cavalry regiments.

The anomaly of “traitors” who fight to keep within the Union, and “loyalists” who would support disruption at the instance of an interested Government, has no bearing on this aspect of the Ulster problem. The point at issue is that Ulster possesses a defensive and offensive force capable of maintaining armed opposition, under the ordinary probabilities of a campaign, for a considerable period, and able to take the field with every advantage against an extremely problematic and not nearly so fortunate opponent. There is an infinite field for speculation over the probable results of such a situation as this.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

E. C. V.

London, February 17, 1914.

MADAME D'ARBLAY, EDWARD, AND THE RING.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In THE ACADEMY of April 5, 1913, I mentioned “Edward. A Novel. In Two Volumes. Dedicated (by Permission) to Her Majesty. London: Printed for T. Davies, Russell-Street, Covent-Garden; Bookseller to the Royal Academy. M.DCC.LXXIV.” Copies of it exist in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum. After comparing it with “The Ring: A Novel: In a Series of Letters. By A Young Lady. In Three Volumes. London: Printed for J. Stockdale, opposite Burlington-House, Piccadilly. MDCCCLXXXIV.” (which exists in the Bodleian Library, but not in the British Museum), and both of these works with “Evelina or The History of A Young Lady's Entrance into The World”; and with “Camilla: or, A Picture of Youth. By the author of Evelina and Cecilia. In Five Volumes. London: Printed for T. Payne, at the Mews-Gate; and T. Cadell Jun. and W. Davies (Successors to Mr. Cadell) in the Strand. 1796”: I am “inclined,” (to use a word which they contain) to attribute them to Frances Burney, Madame d'Arblay, who flourished (D.N.B.) in the years 1752-1840. The following are a few of the details on which I found the suggestion. The Bodleian copy of *The Ring* bears the name “Penelope Sneyd. 1788.” Among the subscribers to *Camilla* one reads “Mrs. Sneyd, Brickley Lodge.” In the same list one finds “Mrs. Holroyd, Bath. Mr. Holroyd.” The Bodleian copy of *Edward* contains the book-plate of “I. Baker Holroyd Esq. Sheffield Place Sussex.” This gentleman lived (D.N.B.) 1735-1821, became Earl of Sheffield in the Peerage of Eireland, and M.P. for Bristol, a place

mentioned in *Edward* and in *The Ring*. Both these novels contain evidence of their authors interest in Eireland, in Spain, and in Bath, where Madame d'Arblay and her father Charles Burney, musician and author, 1726-1814 (D.N.B.) spent much time. In them Bristol meant Bath. Henry Temple, 2nd Viscount Palmerston, visited Spa, a place in *Edward*, (as visited by Lord Henry), and was married, in 1783, at Bath, and was the grandson of a speaker in the Irish House of Commons. On p. 213 of Vol. 2 of *The Ring* we read, "and Lord Palmerston, whom I have before mentioned to you under the title of Sir Edward, but who has been lately created a peer. He is a very agreeable man, and a great favourite of mine." On p. 189 of Vol. 3, "Lord Palmerston is married to Lady Horatia, Lord Merton's sister, and was presented at court on the birth-day." Lord Merton occurs also in *Evelina*. *Belville* is a leading character in *The Ring* as in *Edward*. In the latter he is bad: in the former good. *The Ring* is less insipid than *Edward*. The Dedication of *Camilla*, in 3 pages, begins "To the Queen. Madam," and ends "With the deepest gratitude, and most heart-felt respect, I am, Madam, Your Majesty's Most obedient, most obliged, And most dutiful servant, F. d'Arblay. Bookham, June 28, 1796." *Edward* has a Dedication of 3 pages beginning "To the Queen. Madam," and ending "with the most profound respect, Madam, Your Majesty's Most devoted and obedient Humble Servant, The Author." Both dedications contain the word "patronage." That of *Edward* speaks of "this little production": that of *Camilla* calls it "this little Work." Frances was thus following the example of her father, who became a Bachelor of Music, in Oxford, in 1769. His father was educated at Westminster School. So was *Edward* in the Novel of 1774. He was introduced to Fulke Greville by a harpsichord-maker. A "Greville" appears in *The Ring*, and the harpsichord and the guitar are instruments therein. In *Edward* music is represented by "rural reeds," "flagelet," and "fiddle." Oxford is mentioned in *Edward*: Oxford and Cambridge in *The Ring*, as places of study. Both these novels have a large number of titled people among their actors, as Frances Burney had among her friends. The 3rd Lord Palmerston 1784-1865, is described (D.N.B.) as "a light of Almack's." Almack's, The Pantheon, and The Thatched House, are places of entertainment which occur in *Edward* and *The Ring*. The final letter both in *The Ring* and in *Evelina* announces the marriage of the heroine, and is followed by the Latin FINIS. *Evelina* was published in 1779; *Cecilia* in 1782. I have collected much more evidence to shew that *Edward* and *The Ring* came from the pen of Madame d'Arblay. Probably some reader of THE ACADEMY has found in the literature of her period external, collateral support of this conjecture. The expression "soss, soss!" in *Edward* seems to represent Gaelic *suas*=up! In Vol. I. p. 12 one notes "gauzey," a word for which the earliest authority in "The Oxford Dictionary" is Charlotte Smith in 1796. It occurs thus: "The light was seen through the thin gauzey black."

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

February, 11, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- The Heart of the Moor.* By Beatrice Chase. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)
The Sheep Track: An Aspect of London Society. By Nesta H. Webster. (John Murray. 6s.)

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Max Logan. By Paul Trent. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
Ten Minute Stories. By A. Blackwood. (John Murray. 6s.)
The Day of Days. An Extravaganza by Louis Joseph Vance. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Custody of the Child. By Philip Gibbs. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
The Happy Hunting Ground. By Alice Perrin. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
The Eight of Diamonds: The Story of a Week-End. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
The Garden of Dreams. By H. Grahame Richards. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
The Making of an Englishman. By W. L. George. (Constable and Co. 6s.)
A Great Coup. By Nat Gould. (John Long. 6d.)
The Purple Mists. By F. E. Mills Young. With Coloured Frontispiece. (John Lane. 6s.)
Time's Hour Glass. By Alfred E. Carey. (Greening and Co. 6s.)
When Satan Ruled. By C. Ranger-Gull. (Greening and Co. 6s.)
Behind the Veil: True Stories of London Life. By G. R. Sims. (Greening and Co. 2s. net.)
A Madonna of the Poor, and Other Stories. By Clive Holland. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)
Crying for the Moon. By Nancy Pain and Winifred Rose. (T. Werner Laurie. 2s. net.)

- Disturbers.* By W. H. Williamson, and "Canadienne." (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
- There was a Door.* By the Author of "Anne Carstairs." (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
- Down in Devon.* By Uncle Tom Cobleigh. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Pathway.* By Gertrude Page. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
- The Business of a Gentleman.* By H. N. Dickinson. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)
- Her Stewardship.* By E. M. Payn. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)
- The Great Attempt.* By Frederick Arthur. (John Murray. 6s.)
- Small Souls.* By Louis Couperus. Translated from the Dutch by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)
- The Ransom for London.* By J. S. Fletcher. (John Long. 6s.)
- Salad Days: A Comedy of Youth.* (John Long. 6s.)
- A Lady of Leisure.* By Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)
- In the Cockpit of Europe.* By Lieut.-Col. Alsager Pollock. With a Map. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
- The Split Peas.* By Headon Hill. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
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VERSE.

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- The Saviour of the World: Vol. VI. The Training of the Disciples.* By Charlotte M. Mason. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
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- Pot-Pourri Parisien.* By E. Bryham Parsons. Illustrated. (Argus Printing Co. 6s. net.)
- Lloyd George and the Land: An Exposure and an Appeal.* By G. E. Raine. (George Allen and Co. 1s. net.)
- Idle Women: A Study in Futility.* By Magdalen Pousonby. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)
- Do Miracles Happen?* By G. K. Chesterton and Others. (Christian Commonwealth Co. 6d.)
- What Federalism is Not.* By Frederick S. Oliver. (John Murray. 6d. net.)
- The Sonnets of Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence.* By the Countess de Chambrun. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Secrets of the Tango.* By S. Beach Chester. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6d.)
- Some Plain Words to the English People.* By Arthur Bennett. (Sunrise Publishing Co., Warrington. 2s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- With the Russians in Mongolia.* By H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough, M.A., and Captain R. B. Otter-Barry. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)
- Pennell of the Afghan Frontier: The Life of Theodore Leighton Pennell, M.D., F.R.C.S.* By Alice M. Pennell. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Governance of England.* By Sidney Low. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)
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- C. F. Meyer, sa Vie, son Œuvre (1825-1898).* By R. d'Harcourt. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10 fr.)

PERIODICALS.

- St. George's Magazine; International Journal of Ethics; American Historical Review; Revista Gráfica; Cambridge University Reporter; Wednesday Review; Collegian; Literary Digest; The Circulation Manager; The Periodical; United Empire; London University Gazette; Bookseller; Le Carillon; The Book Lover; Publishers' Circular; Ulula; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; Mercure de France; La Vie des Lettres; Review of Reviews for Australasia; Cambridge Magazine; Hindustan Review.*

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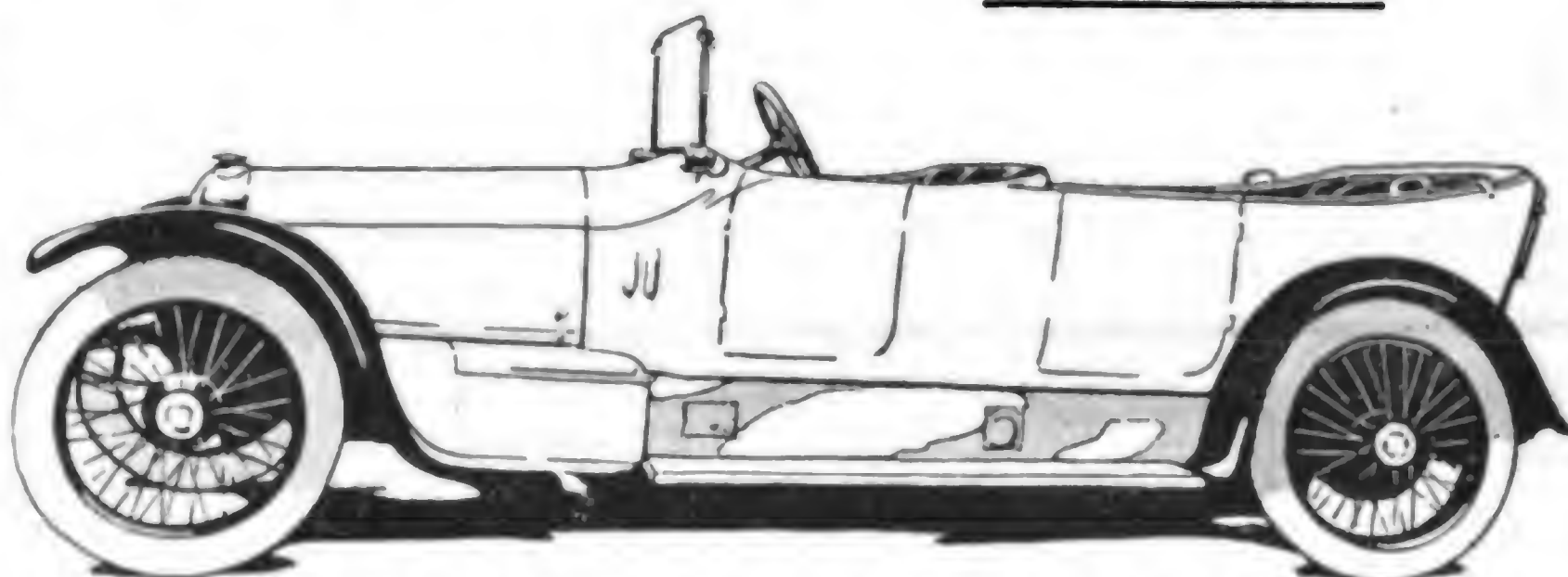
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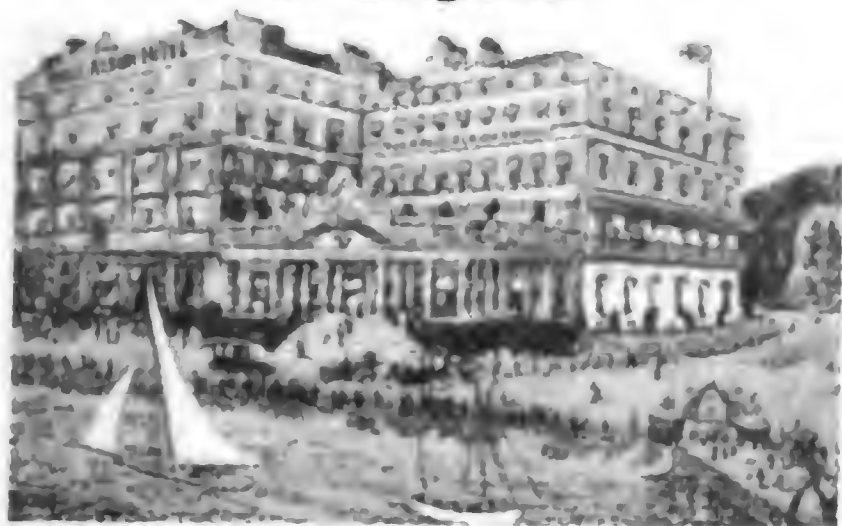


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Notes of the Week

A DISCUSSION has lately arisen as to whether death—the parting of the soul from its human habitation—is painless. The subject is fascinating, and it is entirely lovable to think that the moment of dissolution is not attended with physical suffering. We think this is the truth because the exhaustion is so great, that analgesia is probable almost to the point of certainty. Who has not witnessed the almost instant change which occurs when consciousness departs:—

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,

The first, last look by death revealed.

We believe the medical profession incline to the opinion that the moments preceding death are painless, and anyone who has observed the curious, beautiful and inscrutable smile which passes momentarily over the features is reminded painfully but not without consolation of the words which he will shortly hear at the graveside:—

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The question is one on which it would be extremely interesting to have the opinion of men like Dr. Hollander as to actual physical fact—so far as it can be ascertained—whilst on the spiritual side the conclusions of learned divines would be very welcome. It has been said that death is as natural as life, and obviously the saying is a true one. It may be that as there

is very little immediate pain to the newly-born infant, so there is reason to infer that there is absence of absolute final suffering to the creature of larger growth, when the moment arrives for dissolution. All of us would like to think that such is the truth as regards those who are taken from us. The inquiry will in all probability remain one of the unsolved problems of clogged humanity, but at least it involves a mystery which cannot but interest animated creation.

The size of a newspaper is an attribute which never occurs to us as susceptible of change, and when, therefore, we find the *Standard* suddenly diminished in area, we suffer almost as severe a shock as though it had been detected in a lurid Socialist editorial. In some ways the alteration is an advantage; the man who always tries to open his paper in half a gale of wind and succeeds only in making himself a good subject for a fancy-dress ball will approve of the forethought which has lessened his trouble; the ladies who, with compressed lips and uncontrolled gestures, endeavour to unfold their morning sheet in public and reduce it to a limp, misshapen, disreputable mass, only fit for fire-lighting, will be pleased; and those domineering persons who in trains and other public conveyances extend their newspaper—they invariably buy the biggest—to the full, and thereby obscure quite harmless passengers on either side, besides distributing gratuitously unnecessary nudges and knocks, will be frustrated. Thus a certain amount of benefit arises; further than these purely physical aspects, we do not see much to comment upon. But that the weekly issue of the *Westminster Gazette* should change in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from green to a distressing drab, with the added provocation of assuming the figure and proportions of a review—this, we protest, is too much. Let the literary roysterers of the "Problem Page" meet in a body at Trafalgar Square and demand, in the name of the Rhyming Dictionary and everything else they hold dear, that the nice green tint and the pleasant form be replaced. They would certainly have more reason at their back than some who orate on that classic ground!

Some purely delightful possibilities are suggested by the report that the town of Tarnopol, Austria, has sued the city of Vienna for "damages caused by loss of dignity." It seems that a rash councillor of the capital spoke harshly during a debate; upon which the representative of uncivilisation, very much upset, returned to his native haunts and told about it, and was comforted. But if the procedure becomes a habit, Austria is likely to see some lively times. Mayors and corporations, accompanied by every responsible adult townsman as witnesses to integrity, will be resenting the least aspersion on their domains; it will become risky to make any remark reflecting on the scenery of their district or the condition of their telephone system. We can only trust that the irascible inhabitants of Tarnopol will be duly mollified, and that in future they will not take themselves too seriously.

The Hint Within

AT moments, when night relaxes, and stars go seaward,
 Soft hath come o'er me a thought;
 That perchance we dream awry, if we dream the Creator
 Aloof, apart from ourselves;
 That a Power outside us forbids, chastises and
 drives us,
 Wherefore we know not, nor guess.
 O brother, hath never a splendid hint surprised thee,
 That to rule we have but to claim?
 That ours are Orion, Arcturus, the Pleiades,
 The gorgeous fall of the sun?
 That ours are Death and Bliss and Renunciation,
 And the keys of all Heavens and Hells?
 What if the thief, the murderer even, found guilty,
 Be but glimmering low in his light,
 And the murder or theft delay but a final kingdom,
 Delay it, alas, how long?
 What if, apart from ourselves, never God existed,
 But that we, we ourselves, are God?

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Via Dolorosa

WOMAN, to you, before the Worlds were born,
 The Power that seeks, in dreadful love, decreed
 A wistful, blind, imperishable need
 To yield your body to be kiss'd and torn:
 Beneath your tender feet it set the thorn:
 It gave your brows for evermore to bleed
 With pitiless roses, and it made your meed
 An hour of worship and an age of scorn.
 O everlasting Sorrow, from your cross
 Let your sad hair touch me in healing wise!
 Wash me with those rich tears which God denies
 To us who grasp the gold and give the dross:
 Teach me the splendour of defeat and loss,
 And bless me with your meek, redeeming eyes.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

No Exclusion—No Supplies

WE hope and we think that the attitude of electors, and certainly of Conservative electors, is distinctly hardening. Mr. Asquith's consistent evasion of a plain statement of the intentions of the Government in regard to the position of Ulster, whilst it is not very respectful in connection with the very significant paragraph in the speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament, is causing a widespread doubtfulness amongst thinking people in the United Kingdom as to

his honesty. The castigation which he has received from Mr. Frederic Harrison is even more significant than the scourging administered by Mr. Bonar Law. We think we know the trick, and the author of it. The author we suspect of the present situation never deserts the Cambrian boroughs, with a Parliamentary electorate of 6,073, and is content to remain their champion by a majority of 1,208. Other men, such as Mr. Winston Churchill in the past, and Sir John Simon in the future, are willing to go to large constituencies and get a really important vote. Sir John Simon is relinquishing his safe seat in the Walthamstow division of Essex, with its electorate of 39,000 to contest the extremely hazardous constituency of North-West Lancashire. You never have found, nor will you ever find, the champion of the Carnarvon district going out into the open and fighting in a constituency which from its numbers and its influence in the country may not be likely to approve his methods. We now make Mr. Lloyd George an offer. No Liberal candidate has at present come into the field to oppose Mr. George Cave in the Kingston division of Surrey. It is open to Mr. Lloyd George to offer himself as a candidate, and we think we know Mr. Cave well enough to be able to assure the Chancellor of the Exchequer that his candidature will be welcomed by the sitting member.

We have indulged in this digression because we think there is an influence which, to put it mildly, is not entirely wholesome, urging the Prime Minister to persevere in obstinacy which in existing circumstances is wholly reprehensible. The manœuvre is not difficult to unravel. If supplies are voted before the question of Home Rule has been placed upon a sound and reasonable basis, obviously they can be used for the coercion of the loyal minority in Ireland. It is true that the Duke of Bedford has shown quite plainly that the Government would have at its disposal no adequate military force to oppose in arms the rebellion of Protestant Ireland. This is a fact which doubtless has escaped the notice of a politician who is advised by auctioneers on financial matters, and who is no doubt an authority on signing judgment under Order XIV, but who is eminently parochial in his outlook. Our object is to expose the petifogging intrigue which is intended to pervert correct judgment. Mr. Asquith cannot be acquitted of complicity on the ground that he is very little vigilant—in the acts of a versatile and nimble colleague. We say here and now that the Conservative Party in the House of Commons ought to be no parties to voting a single item in supply until they are well assured that votes for the public service will not be used in its disservice, and to the grave jeopardy of National and Imperial policy.

One last recommendation to Mr. Asquith: and it is this:

"But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice."

The Prime Minister's honour and reputation are at stake. Let him honestly state his views, and in language similar—but not identical—with that used by Lord Milner on a well-remembered occasion, endure the consequences.

CECIL COWPER.

"Loches"

IT was a day of mid-September when I came to Loches, but autumn was masquerading as summer and there were few signs to remind one that the time was not full July: only the faint browning of leaves and the sight of September flowers in the gardens.

The little town was quiet and almost deserted, wearing a contented look: a cluster of houses rising from the back of the Indre and dominated by the great rough donjon of the château. To a newcomer this vast building shows grim and aggressive, but apparently those who live in its shadow consider the thing of small account, and are perfectly unconscious of its history: of the fact that half the royal celebrities of France sojourned here, that it was the cradle of the Plantagenet kings, that countless stories, grim and enthralling, cling around its stones. Indeed, it struck me that the inhabitants of Loches only remark the romance of the past and the tranquil beauty of the present when they see eager tourists in the streets; and so the town had a somewhat superficial air, in spite of its charm. It is frightfully old, yet one does not feel its age—a feminine town! . . .

Being a stranger, the château was the chief object of my pilgrimage; so, lunch done with, I set out to climb the steep approach to a gateway in the still solid walls of the castle. Within are several little streets of closely-huddled houses, for the town, quite untimorous, has approached the donjon and spread itself within the old enceinte.

Presently I turned to the left, passed through another gate—very narrow and for the moment blocked by a cavalry officer writing picture-postcards and using the wall as an *escritoire*—bought a ticket, and found myself in the terraced garden of the Château Royal—that is to say, the newer portion of the castle. The garden's principal lion is a splendid horse-chestnut tree, planted, tradition says, by Francis I; but I found other attractions: above all, a great bed of salvias—the intensest scarlet rising from pale leaves. A few steps, and I was on the edge of the terrace, looking on a jumble of old roofs slanting down the hillside to the slow-flowing river. Beside me stood a nun with a stout friend. The nun wore a coif of starched linen, folded fantastically as occasionally serviettes are folded on a dinner-table. The wind made the stiff linen crackle like thumbed parchment.

Then the *gardien* appeared, and we were led to a little circular room at the base of a tower and shown the tomb of Agnes Sorrel—brought here a hundred years ago from the Church of Saint Ours. At the head of the recumbent statue, on either side of the lady's neatly folded hands, kneels a diminutive angel; at the foot are two lambs, their fleeces curled as if they had just come from the barber's—exquisitely curled. Set close together, these elegant animals—really no other adjective fits them—face you with tilted heads, smirking absurdly. The writer of Agnes Sorrel's epitaph

certainly was not sparing in praise, and I wondered what the placid nun thought of it, and hoped that she did not contrast these adulatory words with those which will be written over her grave. I also hoped that she did not question which merited praise the more, she or the woman whose effigy lay between the midget angels. Perhaps, however, I questioned needlessly. No doubt she believed in the divine right of kings, and, at that moment, particularly in the divine right of Charles VII.

The Château Royal is now a *sous-préfecture*, a fact which made me realise that the life of a *sous-préfet* has compensations hitherto undreamt of. I cannot, however, say in what manner the gentleman lives—probably none too luxuriously, in spite of his residence—for one is only shown the tomb, with its alluring lambs, and the oratory of Anne of Brittany—undoubtedly an oratory of the most delightful description. It is quite small, a mere cell, in fact, but the walls are decorated very charmingly with the devices of the ermine and the festooned rope; there is also a little altar set in a recess, finely arched and carved. I suppose that in the days of Anne (the lady who was twice a queen) there was colour here, colour of lamps and altar-cloths, gleams of gold and silver, colour, again, in the window. Now all is whitewashed, and the effect is one of an attractive, but quite unregal, simplicity.

At the door of the Château Royal the *gardien* took our tickets, tore them slightly, and handed them back with the suggestion that they should be kept as souvenirs. The nun and her friend appeared to welcome the idea, so I, too, put the flimsy bit of paper in my pocket. . . . I am ignorant as to what happened to the nun after this, for I did not go direct to the dungeons, but stayed at the ancient church which is called the Collégiale Saint Ours.

I should write rather of the church's curious architecture, of its nave—a sort of double cube—roofed with stone pyramids, which have an odd appearance both inside and out. This is certainly interesting, but it was the porch which attracted me most, on account of the truly delectable grotesques of its decoration, of which I remember clearly some amiable rabbits, a two-bodied lion, a mermaid, and an acrobat. I came away with the feeling that it must have been very entertaining to be a sculptor of grotesques, especially if one had the knack of caricature, and thus could set the faces of enemies, absurdly bodied, for ever on a church porch.

Following an alley of clipped lime-trees, mounting some steps and ringing a bell with no uncertain touch (*sonnez fort* is the injunction), one enters the precincts of the donjon. Immediately within the door is a sort of garden-yard, where the wife of the custodian informed me that a party of inspection had just started. She pointed whither they might be found, and soon I was among them—quite a large party, all French, voluble and intensely curious. The guide was middle-aged, dark, alert, dressed in a blue uniform. I discovered later that he is the jailer of Loches, that the

donjon is the jail, and that casual prisoners are lodged in the ancient torture-chamber.

With this gentleman leading the way, we descended many turning and twisting flights of steps. We came first to the room where the unhappy Lodovico Sforza was imprisoned during nine years, spending his time in drawing intricate designs on the walls. He died, they say, on the day of his release, so great was his joy in regaining liberty.

Here, and during the remainder of our itinerary through the dungeons, the custodian rose supreme. I do not know if it is by reason of his dealings with modern malefactors that he has become imbued with a sympathy for ancient ones, but he appeared to speak with feeling and certainly with a sense of the dramatic—somewhat exaggerated, it is true. His voice became low and husky, his hands expressive with their quick movements, as he showed us oubliettes, iron-studded doors, niches where men had lain, chained heavily, and dark pits where skeletons had been discovered. The tourists gaped and shivered as the jailer, with the declamatory air of an actor of the Comédie Française reciting Racine, jingled his keys, slammed the enormous doors, told us tales of woe and torture, of nameless prisoners and executioners, and, finally, of Foulques Nerra, builder of the great donjon, who, because his wife gave him no heir, caused her to be burnt, and then, overcome by the thought of what he had done—there is almost a sense of anti-climax here—set off on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

After the horrors and histrionics of the dungeons, the room where once men had hung in cages, just like tame birds, did not thrill. Then I realised that I had been using the jailer's imagination, and not my own, so I endeavoured to picture Cardinal La Balue, himself the inventor of these ingenious prisons, pendent from the ceiling, while old Louis XI, having come from the Château Royal by a secret passage, mocked and jibed at the unhappy prelate. But my mental reconstruction was unconvincing, so I climbed up to the roof of a tower, whence I had a view even wider and more aerial than that from the salvia-decked terrace. The great donjon faced me, stern, rugged and defiant; leftwards stood the enviable *Sous-Préfecture* and the pyramids of Saint Ours; below was the alley of clipped lime-trees and the jailer's garden: things which I knew quite well, but now all set in different perspective. I could see, too, right across the green valley, cooled by the Indre, to the towers of Beaulieu rising from trees; and farther still there were vineyards, and fields and wooded hills. The sky was unstained blue; everything was sharply cut in the clean atmosphere, the colours clear, the sunlight all radiance, the shadows by contrast doubly deep. Up there it was very easy to forget tales of ugliness and torture; one could understand Loches' air of heedlessness. . . .

Walking downward from the Château one treads streets full of character, which boast many sculptured doorways and windows, and a Renaissance façade or two, not to be passed without inspection; while in the

Church of Saint Antoine is a noteworthy tryptich painted by a follower of the great Jehan Fouquet.

The square, not far from the station, where I sat under the plane-trees, awaiting my train, is presided over by a statue of Alfred de Vigny—for Loches is his birth-place. He stands on a heavy pedestal, a cloak drooping over his right shoulder, his profile austere and yet a trifle quizzing, as if he were wondering why he is there. Personally, I was more interested in a temporary affair, the Théâtre Verval. It was oblong, barn-shaped, with wooden walls and a canvas roof. The doors were red, with, on either side, large squares of canvas, painted with scarlet balustrades on a blue ground. The programme of the evening announced "*L'Arlésienne*" to be given with the "concours de la musique municipale." I regretted sincerely that I could not stay for the performance. I had, however, a glimpse of the actors.

At one end of the theatre, presumably near the stage-door, was a travelling caravan of bright brown wood, with white curtains fluttering at the windows. This, obviously, was the house of the actor-manager, and there he was himself, admonishing with a fat forefinger a fox-terrier which sat in the entrance of the van. He was a thick-set, middle-aged man, coatless now, with khaki trousers on his legs and canvas shoes on his feet; his eyes looked intelligent; his hair, sleeky black, was brushed forward so that two dark eaves stood out on each side above his ears. He, I imagined, would be Frédéric, while a woman seated at a table, working a sewing-machine—could she be Vivette? I was afraid so.

Near her were other members of the company. They also were dressed in khaki suits, with tight, close-buttoned coats, and all wore white canvas shoes. They knelt on the ground, hammering fresh green reeds—plucked recklessly from the banks of the Indre—to wooden planks. These, without doubt, were destined for the scenery of Act II: "*Un étang en Camargue*."

Presently a waiter, from the neighbouring café wandered across the square in his alpaca coat and white apron. He surveyed the industrious actors with tremendous interest. Perhaps he regretted that his life was not one of histrionic vagabondage. . . . Then a troop of cows came past, the first a splendid beast, the colour of coffee, well creamed. There was, too, a black goat, and a dog equally black, who, with a small boy, urged on the slow-moving animals.

The sun slanted downwards behind the silent houses, the plane-trees rustled in the evening wind. It was time to go stationwards. . . .

I was immensely sorry to miss the performance of "*L'Arlésienne*," for I knew that it would be intense and dramatic, that the audience would be enraptured, that the Musique Municipale would do its best. I hoped profoundly that the Théâtre Verval would play to a record house, and that the "Cinema Gaumont"—just round the corner but in view of Alfred de Vigny on his pedestal—would click away to empty benches.

GUY RAWLENCE.

REVIEWS

Northern Cities and Customs

Capitals of the Northlands: Tales of Ten Cities. By IAN C. HANNAH, M.A. Illustrated by EDITH BRAND HANNAH. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s. net.)

THIS, on the whole, is an excellent work, and will be of great service to tourists visiting the capitals of Northern Europe, among which are included such out-of-the-way places as Thorshaven, in the Faroe Isles, and Reykjavik, in Iceland.

The frequent use of William Morris's original and uncouth language is much to be deplored; as it is neither good English nor good Norse, and certainly mars the beauty of the original sagas. If it is necessary to employ old-fashioned English in rendering the original into our tongue, why not use one of our Northumbrian dialects, which are nearer to the original Norse, and easily understood by the majority of Englishmen? The spelling of Norse names is also unusual. Olaf Tryggvason, the great Norwegian King, is called "Olaf Trygvison," Ganger Rolf or Rolf the Ganger, as he is known in Northumbria, is called Rolf the Wendfoot. Ketyl or Ketil, a very common Norse name in Yorkshire, is spelt Cetil. But many of these faults originate in the old translations of the Sagas which the author has used so generously to enrich his work. Anyone who knows both the Scandinavian and English tongues must be aware of the fact that these beautiful sagas can be rendered much better than they are in the numerous quotations cited in this interesting work, which in the next edition it is to be hoped will be freed from these blemishes.

Gakstad, where an entire Viking ship was found, should be Gokstad (see du Challus' "Viking Age"); "Svein Tweibeard" should be "Sven Tvo skägg," or in English "Sven Fork-Beard" (see Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf"). "Long-Worm" should be in Norse "Ormen Lange," and in English "Long Serpent"; for in this sense King Olaf's dragon ship means a serpent and not a worm, just as Great Orme's Head in Wales means "Great Serpent's Head" and not "Great Worm's Head." As an example of the quaint English this author indulges in, we may give the following sentence: "The Earl wrought many ways to make him gleesom, but the King was short and few spoken!"

A great number of these quotations certainly do not improve the book, but perhaps it would be more just to blame the translator of the sagas and not the author who makes use of them. It is a pity that the Icelandic sagas, which are the most free from bias of any history in the world, and which contain some of the most vigorous poetry ever written, could not be done more justice to than they are here.

Referring to King Valdemar's invasion, the author erroneously states: "He set his face towards Wisby,

and the citizens came out and surrendered; for they saw that resistance was impossible. Instead of defying the robber behind their strengthened walls, they abjectly permitted a breach to be torn when he refused to enter the gate." This statement is misleading, and an unintentional injustice to the brave citizens of Wisby, who rashly marched out of the city and fought the Danish army as bravely as their ancestors fought the Swedes. But they were less fortunate; for 3,000 of the burghers fell before the city walls, and were buried where they fell; the beautiful Waldemar cross was erected to their memory. The present writer visited that cross last summer and inspected the battle ground in company with the British Consul of Wisby. A few years ago the enormous grave was opened, and a strange sight met the gaze of the astonished workmen—several hundred skeletons, hacked and broken by the huge swords and battle-axes of that period. Some of the skeletons were still covered with the remains of the armour they wore on that fatal day, when Wisby fell from her high position as head of the Hanseatic League, while in the helmets were the skulls of the brave soldiers who fought and fell on that spot, where many other relics of the slaughter have been discovered.

Waldemar did break down the city wall; but not before the flower of its garrison had fallen in the defence of their famous city. Over the remains of the Goths is still to be seen a Gothic cross with the following inscription: "Anno Domini MCCCLXI feria tertia post jacobī ante portag Wisby in manibus Danorum cecederunt gutenses, hic sepulti, orate pro eis," which rendered into English is: A.D. 1361, 27th July, fell before the gates of Wisby into the hands of the Danes. Here are buried. Pray for them!"

The chapter on Upsala, the seat of probably the oldest Parliament in Europe, is extremely interesting; for in this ninth-century Parliament, which was composed of "Bonder" (yeomen) Earls and freemen, the Bonder spoke to the King almost on terms of equality and bade him do their behests—*i.e.*, make peace or war as *they* desired. This same spirit is still seen in the 30,000 farmers of Sweden, who recently marched to Stockholm and offered the King their support, if he would promise to take every step to protect their country from invasion. The author truly observes of this class of men, which often has saved Sweden from destruction: "They are no servile breed, these yeomen, who crushed the army of the Empire in the Thirty Years' War." The author evidently understands the spirit of the yeomen of Sweden, who are to this day permeated with a feeling of intense independence, a pride of worth and of class even greater than that of the aristocracy. But with all this independence they are intensely loyal to their king and love their native country; for which they are, as of old, willing to sacrifice their wealth and their lives. The account of the Riddarholm's Church, in Stockholm, is very vivid, but not exactly accurate. The hundreds of banners, standards taken from the Russians, Austrians, Poles, Saxons, and other nations are no longer pre-

served in this church, but in one of the great museums to which they were removed about two years ago.

Mr. Hannah corrects the prevalent error that the Swedes and Danes are the greatest drinkers in Europe, and shows how, thanks to temperance reform and the excellent Gothenburg system, these nations are rapidly becoming as abstemious as the Latin races.

The description of Stockholm, though necessarily brief, is one of the finest in the book. The writer is wrong when he states that *nothing* of medieval Stockholm remains. Although the very oldest houses, dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth century, have disappeared, there are a great many to be seen dating from the fifteenth, the sixteenth, and the eighteenth centuries in "Stockholm between the bridges," as this ancient quarter is called.* A good idea of the beauty of this picturesque city can be obtained from reading this work, which will be quite a boon to all who intend making a tour in Northern Europe during the coming summer, now that Sweden and Denmark are becoming new fields for the better class of tourists.

It is evidently impossible to do full justice to so many capitals in such a small volume. Despite its handy dimensions, it is obviously the product of much travel, labour, and patient research. Its value in the eyes of the book collector is much enhanced by the numerous exquisite little etchings of Northern scenes, the work of Mrs. Edith Brand Hannah, the author's wife and valuable helpmate. The chapters on Copenhagen and Christiania are also excellent, and written with enthusiasm and keen sympathy. The skilful etchings of the grand old ruined churches of Wisby are particularly fine and worthy of notice.

The account of Petersburg is very brief—too brief to give one a correct idea of the peculiar life of this international city, which, as the Russians say, "is neither fish nor fowl," neither German nor Russian. Like its founder, it is a strange mixture of East and West, and cannot with justice be called a typical Russian city. Concerning Peter the Great, we may say, in the words of the author: "One's astonishment that he achieved so much is yet further increased when it is realised that his life was devoted very largely to frivolity and amusement." Of no individual that ever lived can it be said that he consciously and deliberately influenced the history of the world to the same extent as the high-thinking, hard-working, hard-drinking founder of St. Petersburg. With this illuminating summary of the Great Tsar we will leave this volume, hoping that it will be brought out in a second edition, but in a binding more worthy of its contents, even if at a trifling higher charge to the purchaser.

WM. BARNES STEVENI.

* There are a great many old houses in the Oster and Wester Long Gatans of old Stockholm, and in the great square, the scene of the massacre of the Nobles by King Christian of Denmark. One of the oldest is "Hotel Frieden," built over the crypts of the Dominican monastery erected by King Magnus Erickson in 1335.

West Country Names

Place-Names of Gloucestershire. By W. ST. CLAIR BADDELEY. (John Bellows, Gloucester. 5s. net.)

THE investigation of topography is a most interesting branch of historical inquiry. The names of our towns and villages, and of the physical features of our country all had at one time a significant meaning of their own. The first process, which involves the greater difficulty, is to discover the ancient orthography. The second, which is comparatively easy, is to determine the meaning of the original form. In the growth of language there are definite laws of sound change, but these are sometimes interfered with by external and other influences. Hence the topographical student has to exercise a careful and patient discrimination, lest he may arrive at too hasty a conclusion.

Although the majority of the names shown on our Ordnance maps are of English origin, there are many other elements—Celtic, Latin, and Scandinavian—while a few belong to a pre-Celtic language. Thus ethnology may be traced in the etymology of place-names, and in the very limited vocabulary of the peasants, who have preserved words which are the common inheritance of the whole of the Indo-European nations.

The place-names of a country have been well described "as a sort of material lexicon of a tongue that has ceased to be vernacular." Sometimes those names record the struggles of a nation—war and conquest, or the competition of commerce. At others they tell of geological changes, about which history is silent. And yet again we find the story or mythology of worn-out pagan creeds, or the triumph of Christianity. Thus the vicissitudes of our race are embedded in the nomenclature of our county. Every contribution to the study of place-names is welcome, and especially one which, like the handbook before us, is the work of a well-known archæological scholar. It is well arranged and beautifully printed. The names are given in alphabetical order, each being printed in thick black type. The explanations are clear and simply stated. Wherever possible, the root-words are given, together with the earliest-known variants, and references to original sources, as the Cartularies, Patent and Pipe Rolls, Domesday Survey, Registers, Muniments, Inquisitions, and other MSS. There is a most useful appendix of personal and family names, occurring in Gloucestershire topography, which so often puzzle investigators. There are also lists of prefixes and suffixes. Many place-names have disappeared since Norman days. But in his learned introduction Mr. Baddeley points out that these are of almost equal importance with those which have remained, and that, therefore, they are included in his collection.

The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell has written a foreword to Mrs. Beaney's new book, "Poor Mrs. Egerton," which Messrs. Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley will publish in April.

The Russian Advance in Mongolia

With the Russians in Mongolia. By H. G. C. PERRY-AYSCOUGH, M.A., and CAPTAIN R. B. OTTERBARRY. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

IN view of the sweeping changes that have taken place in the constitution of Mongolia since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, the usefulness of such a work as that which we have here presented is manifest. For the first time we are given access to a lucid narrative of events undeniably of international importance, and in regard to which the world has hitherto had no knowledge, save that to be found in the inadequate sources of the public press. Sooner or later a standard work on Mongolia must be forthcoming. Historically, ethnologically, and politically the region is one of profound interest. The authors of the volume that is before us are modest in their claims, and for the most part have contented themselves with setting down in diary form their experiences along tracks that may be described as beaten, but which are the least frequented of the various routes stretching from Peking across the great Gobi Desert to the borders of Siberia. Until, however, a more comprehensive work makes its appearance, the record under review must hold the field. In that sense, therefore, it is indispensable to all who are interested in the new Far Eastern situation, and would, moreover, be a valuable acquisition to the library of any student of international affairs.

So obsessed has the world been of late with the grave complications arising out of the Balkan situation that events in the Far East, which otherwise would have excited considerable attention, have almost passed unnoticed. Russian diplomacy, ever watchful to seize an opportunity in any part of the world, did not share in this foreshortening of political perspective. Pursuing a policy of peaceful penetration, with an imposing array of force in the background, Russia has to-day acquired a complete mastery of that vast and fertile territory known as Outer Mongolia. The lamentable mistakes that led to a temporary check in Manchuria have not been repeated. The method of absorption, rather than that of frank military occupation, describes the process now actively at work. Although the authors suggest that the time has arrived when the status of Mongolia should form the subject of discussion among the Powers, they do not fail in their illuminating pages to produce abundant evidence of Russia's right to a privileged position. Clearly the intention of the Tsar's Government is to create a buffer State between the Empire and the Republic of China, while keeping at the same time a watching eye upon the activities of the Japanese towards the East. The wisdom and foresight of such policy is self-evident. For, in spite of reverses in the past, the military potentiality of the middle kingdom, with its vast resources of manhood, sturdy and brave, cannot be questioned. Moreover, Russia has her experience of the Japanese to guide her, a race whose strength she underestimated, paying dearly for the grievous error. Viewing the situation altogether from another light,

there are very serious reasons why we should be careful not to stimulate an international wrangle over Mongolia. It is now freely admitted that the world did not gain by the Russian repulse and the Japanese assertion in Manchuria. A momentary glance at the map will show that geographically the vast Russian Empire is so placed as to be the natural bulwark of the West against the East. It was Russia, now the protector of the miserable remnant of the great Mongol race, who centuries ago stemmed the Mongol tide in its majestic sweep westwards; and to that historical circumstance we owe not a little of the progress and enlightenment of which we so proudly boast in these islands to-day. Other European Powers are not so situated that they can join Russia in her task; and were they to seek what is commonly known as compensations, then, for the sake of the greed of the moment, they would play false to the civilisation to which they belong and to posterity whose interests are in their keeping.

The Mongols among whom Russia has now firmly and finally established her influence are, as we have said, but a remnant, a mere relic of the heroic hordes that under Jenghis Khan and Kublai Khan founded the greatest Empire that this world has ever seen. Half a million souls are scattered throughout a territory large enough to hold a nation and containing illimitable resources—wide pastures, immense horse and cattle herds, and varieties of rich minerals, principally gold which is believed to exist here to an extent that has no parallel in any other part of the globe. Tribal strife led to their seeking the protection of Peking, and the protection of Peking, as might only have been expected, proved none too beneficent. The influence of Lamaism imported from Tibet completed the ruin of these hapless people. To-day they are described as being so simple as to be at the mercy of any itinerant trader. They still practise archery as a means of defence; but, in spite of their antiquated ways, they are bold and brave, and, being splendid horsemen, literally more accustomed to ride than to walk, they will doubtless one day supply Russia with a fine body of border cavalry. That they have been able at this late stage in their long history to throw off the Chinese yoke would seem to suggest that there is still within them some of that proud spirit which led their remote ancestors in the dim past to conquer nearly half the world. The presence of Chinese colonists and of Chinese military forces aroused their resentment. The revolution against the Manchu dynasty gave them their opportunity, and with little ceremony and some barbarity they bundled out from their midst the representatives of their overlords. Without protection of some kind, however, they could not hope to survive, and naturally they turned towards their Northern neighbour, with whom they found common cause. Russia also was apprehensive because of the presence of Chinese colonists and military forces in Outer Mongolia and within close proximity to Siberia.

It may be that the Mongols have fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire; time alone can decide their fate. From a diplomatic point of view, their present

status appears to be somewhat anomalous. Russia, desirous of maintaining peace with China and of standing well with the world, recently recognised that Outer Mongolia was part of the Chinese dominions; but at the same time she induced the Peking Government to accept the autonomy of the region, and stipulated for the mediation of herself in all questions that might arise. Whatever interpretation may be put upon this delightfully ambiguous instrument, the fact remains that Russia is to-day supreme in Outer Mongolia. In all important centres her consular agents are located; everywhere her traders are to be seen; grants from her Treasury are supporting the Principality; her capitalists are eagerly seeking and are securing concessions; while troops of Cossacks are stationed at convenient points, Russian officers are training Mongol horsemen, and in the Trans-Baikalian background, ready for all emergency, stands an army in waiting of some hundred and fifty thousand men.

So far, and we have it on the authority of the keenly observant authors of this book, Russian rule is essentially beneficent. There is no proselytising, no attempt at hustling the East into the mannerisms of the West. Nor are there any grounds for complaint on the score of exclusiveness. Everywhere Russian officials gave a hospitable reception to the English travellers, who, as a result of all that they saw and heard expressed the opinion that foreign capitalists and traders, irrespective of nationality, will be welcome. In other words the Open Door exists in practice in Mongolia; and when we reflect that the average trader in the region looks upon twenty per cent. profit as a small margin, we may realise the valuable reward that awaits enterprise and initiative. It is for Englishmen who claim that they are unsurpassed for these hardy qualities to make the most of the opportunities that await them. For the way, though situated in a far-off land, is open and alluring to those who will dare. L. L.

Tragedy, Tittle-tattle, and a Throne

The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Eveleigh Nash. 16s. net.)

CERTAIN writers in these days seem to have made the *chronique scandaleuse* their métier. They specialise in the unsavoury, and devote to the raking up of tit-bits of intrigue and gossip the energies which in the true philosopher and historian would be devoted to research concerning the larger affairs of mankind. Mr. Francis Gribble is an artist in this sort of literary fare. He handles his matter in a way which will tickle the vitiated palate of some, whilst it will induce others to accept him as a credible witness. Not for him did Sheridan say:—

Trust not to each accusing tongue
As most weak persons do,
But still believe that story false
Which ought not to be true.

He rejects the suggestion that tittle-tattle is tittle-tattle and history is history and that the twain can never meet, and carefully examines every line of gossip about the Habsburgs in quest of—truth! How does he know which item is slander and which points to fact? His theory is that, when a story or variant of a story is told sufficiently often, it indicates where the truth is to be found. In the case of the Habsburgs, as in that of any other House, "a stray story of a romantic or scandalous character might properly be ignored as appertaining to the domain of idle gossip; but when stories of that kind meet us at every turn—and meet us with increasing frequency as time proceeds—we are no longer entitled to discuss them with superior indifference. They are significant; the key to the situation is to be found in them." In other words, when tittle-tattle comes not in samples but in bulk, it ceases to be tittle-tattle and "attains the dignity of history." That, at least, is Mr. Gribble's excuse for treating the cumulative evidence of gossip as a legitimate and proper ground-work of history. A lie has only to be started on its rounds, gathering new qualities as it proceeds, and varying in its elements but not its character as it passes from lip to lip or pen to pen, and there you have assurance made double sure that it embodies veracity!

Never since casuistry first made philosophy its hand-maiden have we heard a plea more specious. Mr. Gribble's aim, of course, is truth; but whether it was necessary, even assuming the truth, to serve up afresh the amazing collection of scandals and tragedies associated with the House of Habsburg in the last twenty or thirty years is a question as to which good taste can only provide one answer. The Emperor Francis Joseph in his long reign has had more than his share of sorrows; if his life has not been more saintly than the lives of some of his critics, he has been tried as few of them can have been tried. In his early days on the throne a dreadful curse was pronounced on him and his family by a Hungarian mother maddened by the execution of a son whom it was not in the young Emperor's power to save, and that curse has been almost literally fulfilled. Was it incumbent in the public interests that such a book as this, with every item of tragedy, shame, humiliation, carefully marshalled, should be compiled and published in the last years of the aged monarch's life? Mr. Gribble seems to regard himself partly as political philosopher, partly as scientific investigator, and in that joint capacity to have accepted a challenge—a purely fanciful challenge—to dissect the history of the whole Habsburg family in the present reign. It is a self-constituted task discharged with ruthless disregard of the pain it may give or the mischief it may cause.

This is deeply to be regretted, because Mr. Gribble writes admirably, his industry is great, and he might have given us a powerful work which would have served a valuable purpose without pandering unduly to the morbid craving for sensation and unsavoury detail. As it is, horrors accumulate on horrors' head, and the Emperor is the central figure of a very orgie

of murder, madness, and lust. The book is not so much a biography, political and domestic, as an examination into the shocking results, mental and moral, which may follow from a too close inbreeding of the human species. The Habsburgs, more perhaps than any other Royal House, have been determined at all hazards to keep their stock unpolluted by the blood of less exalted mortals, and the consequences are written in terms of ever-growing tragedy. Bismarck declared all the Austrian Archdukes mad, and, though that was far from a nice or precise statement of fact, the strain which intermarriage has put upon the family is obvious. But all the ghastly events which have darkened the life story of the Emperor Francis Joseph were not the outcome of heredity and intermarriage.

The murder of the Empress Elizabeth could not have been avoided by the utmost concession to the demands of eugenics. Nor is an Archduke necessarily a lunatic because he chooses to break the bonds imposed by Royal descent. Love laughs at locksmiths, and Austrian Archdukes, like lesser men, find their master in Cupid. Their choice has not always been unwholesome, and the best instance is provided by the officially-proclaimed "morganatic" marriage of the heir to the Imperial Crown, Francis Ferdinand, as Mr. Gribble himself shows. Mr. Gribble has no page in his book so pleasant as that in which he respectfully salutes the Archduke as one who in his loyalty to and love for the Duchess of Hohenberg "has fought a good fight and not been content with half-successes. His wife is a clever woman who knows how to bide her time and does not go out of her way to make unnecessary enemies. . . . The blow which he has struck at the Habsburg system is the hardest blow which that system has yet sustained, because he has struck it with dignity and self-restraint, gratifying the instinctive Habsburg craving for the infusion of fresh blood without provoking any of those scandals which give the enemy occasion to blaspheme." The marriage will be of happy augury for the House of Habsburg if the morganatic pronouncement is not held for ever binding. The future Emperor will assuredly not be content to regard it so, and the appeal to reason and common sense may yet involve a struggle with those who would buttress hereditary rights with costly superstition. Francis Joseph would spare his house and his country that new trouble if he would see the justice of placing the Duchess on a footing of equality with her husband now and henceforth. It would round off a life which has been great, whatever the shortcomings and the domestic tragedies that have marked it, with a touch of poetry, humanity and romance not given to all mortals to bestow.

A book entitled "The Problem of the Continuation School and its Successful Solution in Germany: A Consecutive Policy," by R. H. Best and C. K. Ogden, B.A., is in the press with Messrs. P. S. King and Son. It has fourteen full-page plates, and will be issued at 1s. net.

Shorter Reviews

Noted Murder Mysteries. By PHILIP CURTIN. With a Frontispiece. (Simpkin and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MORBID-MINDED people may find entertainment in the perusal of this volume. To our mind, which we trust is a normal one, it has no *raison d'être*. The cases dealt with in it, in the way Mr. Curtin relates them, are valueless to the law-student, and throw no new light on these so-called mysteries. Scores of books have been published from time to time about these notorious cases, and are accessible to any one who, for one reason or another, takes an interest in such subjects. In their laudatory preliminary notice the publishers, knowing no better, ingenuously state that the Bravo Case, "it is believed, has never before been chronicled." Like the Tichborne Claimant, they may "be surprised to hear" that a most full account of this mysterious affair was published at the time of the event, illustrated by, among others, the late George Cruikshank, jun. Why should the "not proven" trial of Madeleine Smith be revived at this time of day. She was acquitted of the charge, and Mr. Curtin himself speaks of her as "an exceptionally beloved wife and mother." We fail to see, under the circumstances, why her case should be included in a work dealing with murder mysteries. It has never been proved that Angelier was murdered at all, and the judge's summing-up intimated that the death might have been caused through suicide. There was little mystery, if any at all, about the case of La Pommerais. He was an artful and clumsy poisoner, and his guilt was incontrovertibly brought home to him, with the result that he suffered a disgraceful death on the guillotine. Such books as this one, which can do no good, but which may do an immensity of harm in the hands of the budding criminal and the degenerate, should be at once relegated to the *Index Expurgatorius*—but should it find admittance to the library of the "Devil's Own," it will be "weighed and found wanting."

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The Acharnians of Aristophanes. With a Translation into English Verse by ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL, M.A. (Humphrey Milford. 1s. net.)

IT needed the genius of a Tyrrell to make palatable to modern tastes the highly seasoned fare of the Acharnians. It has ever been a puzzle to us to conceive the intellectual atmosphere of those who profess to find in the topical allusions of Aristophanes a source of enjoyment comparable with that afforded by modern works. Professor Tyrrell was faced by the insuperable difficulty of every conscientious translator who is called upon to choose between a faithful rendering which is *ipso facto* pointless in modern ears, and an adaptation to the requirements of hearers who, with extremely few exceptions, must be assumed to be ignorant of more than the bare outlines of ancient Grecian history. The result in the present instance is that, however funny it may be to us to hear a Bœotian speaking what passes on the stage for Irish, it can hardly be said that Aristophanes is the author of our merriment. We wonder if the respectable Athenian of 425 B.C. rocked with uncontrollable laughter every time the Bœotian said "Thabes" instead of "Thebes."

Abu'l Ala, the Syrian. (Wisdom of the East Series.) By H. BAERLEIN. (John Murray. 2s. net.)

THIS poet and philosopher, native of a Syrian village south of Aleppo, lived between 973 A.D. and 1058, the year of the plague. He travelled to Baghdad and other chief cities. His meditations were profound; he was sure of one thing—that no single thing is sure. Pessimist, ascetic, to him virtue was the guiding star; a savant, he was held to be unrivalled, and taught poetry and letters to more than 200 students at once: he studied life, death, and destiny; the social, political, and religious problems. The specimens given of his poems display the Oriental style, something between Hafiz and Omar Khayyám, and will be appreciated by admirers of Eastern poetry. His Diwan (collection) has reached its fourth thousand. This is a worthy addition to the series.

The Church Quarterly has two articles of importance on present-day questions, one on the Separation of Church and State in France, the other on the now famous Kikuyu Conference, by the editor, Dr. Headlam. Those who incline to separation in England should study the position of religion in France, which is well explained by the French author of the first article. The following observation is most significant: "The grand mistake of the Law of Separation, drawn up by a Protestant, who no doubt was a fair-minded man, was that it treated religion as a simple affair of conscience that touches private life alone; whereas Catholicism is a social organism that needed to be treated as such." It is interesting to learn that the inevitable reaction against apostasy has set in. In the face of brigandage, juvenile crime, perverse immorality

and ever-increasing suicide, "What is to be done?" was asked the other day by a journal which circulated among the grocers, the commercial travellers and the officials of the bureaucracy. 'Return to the Church' was the answer of most of the readers." On the Kikuyu question the editor writes with a charitable breadth of view and much sympathy with all parties, though we think that he is inclined to underestimate *Modernism* as a factor in the case. At the same time, he upholds the ancient Catholic principles of the Church, and cites the Bishop of Oxford's grave warning, "That the Anglican Communion would certainly be rent in twain on the day on which any non-episcopally-ordained minister was formally allowed within our Communion to celebrate the Eucharist."

There are several other articles of theological interest in this number, and some good reviews in the short notices of books. We are surprised, however, that the *Church Quarterly* should traverse Mr. Knox's dogmatic method in "Some Loose Stones"—that admirable reply to the disquieting theology of "Foundations." Historically and intellectually, dogmatic teaching has ever carried greater weight than nebulous uncertainty.

History of the Nations. Part II. (Hutchinson and Co. 7d. net.)

THE second number of this series carries on the history of Egypt, after which China receives attention from the pen of Professor H. A. Giles. Many illustrations are given, including those of prehistoric tree-dwellers and of Great Yü, who is said to have founded the first Chinese Empire in B.C. 2200. Naturally a great amount of legendary information is mixed with the history in the records and papers relating to this ancient kingdom, and in compiling his article Professor H. A. Giles has done well to make this understood. Probably when this exclusive country is not so difficult of access to foreigners more details may be forthcoming with regard to its history. We understand that the sales of the first issue of the "History of Nations" were very greatly in advance of those anticipated. The second number appears to be equal in every way to the one already on sale, so that if each part keeps up this standard the whole work will be one worth possessing.

The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society (President, H.M. Queen Alexandra) will be held at Surrey House, Marble Arch, W., from March 22 to 25 inclusive, in aid of London charities. Intending exhibitors should communicate with the hon. sec., the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, 43, Cadogan Gardens, S.W. The loan collection will consist of engraved portraits by Thomas Frye, of Wedgwood ware, and of snuff-boxes of historical or intrinsic value. Those who own any of these, and are willing to lend them, should write to the Hon. Sybil Legh, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Pot-Pourri Parisien. By E. BRYHAM PARSONS. Illustrated. (The Argus Printing Co. 6s. net.)

NOT long ago Mr. John Murray publicly notified his desire to learn the whereabouts of the author of a manuscript entitled "*Pot-Pourri Parisien*," which had been submitted to his firm and left in its possession for more than two years. As a result, the author, Mr. E. Bryham Parsons, reclaimed his work; and, having apparently developed in the interval that unfavourable opinion of publishers in general which now finds expression in a "postscript" to the volume, he made up his mind to present his recovered bantling to the public himself. This he has accordingly done; and if he does not succeed in convincing us that Mr. Murray has allowed a literary pearl of great price to slip through his fingers, enough recognisable merit is in the book to provide some measure of justification for the bold step which its "only begetter" has taken to ensure its deliverance from the limbo of unpublished manuscripts.

There are fragments of pleasant reading, and evidences of sympathetic observation, to be found in these scrappily impressionist sketches of certain aspects of the life—chiefly the artistic and Bohemian life—of contemporary Paris. Mr. Parsons has evidently enjoyed to the full his periods of residence in the City of Light, and his experiences as a student of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*; and he has paid tribute to the outstanding factors of that enjoyment with a kind of jerky vivacity and with a fair amount of literary skill. It is a little unfortunate for him that similar ground has been so well trodden by other English writers with a greater capacity for reproducing in their pages the glow, the atmosphere, and the essential spirit of that Parisian world of which he treats. Comparisons, we know, are odious; but, for all that, it is hard to repress a wistful remembrance of the recent work of Mr. Julius M. Price, in face of Mr. Parsons' rather jejune and heavy-handed impressions of such a function, for instance, as the *Bal de Quatz Arts*. Perhaps the author of the "*Pot-Pourri*" is happiest, on the whole, in his character-sketches, some of which are very deftly executed. The illustrations, in colour and in black-and-white, with which he has embellished the volume, are, in the expressive American phrase, "nothing to write home about."

Old Magdalen Days, 1847-1877. By A FORMER CHORISTER. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.)

OLD members of Magdalen College will appreciate this little collection of anecdotes concerning the college celebrities of a generation which has already almost passed away into oblivion. The humour of many of the stories is of that elementary character which is somewhat apt to lose its savour when segregated from the congenial atmosphere of an Oxford common-room. But given such suitable conditions, many a one of these *bons mots* should be retold and listened to with relish.

Fiction

The Great Attempt. By FREDK. ARTHUR. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

ANOTHER historical novel by the author of "*The Mysterious Monsieur Dumont*," full of incident and adventure, with a carefully worked-up background of the events leading up to and including the Highland raid of '45, makes excellent reading. The story begins with a thrilling account of a premature rising in Northumberland, the home of the hero's guardian, a Jacobite squire; then the scene shifts to the South of England, and shows how the peace and prosperity induced by the twenty years of Walpole's cautious and diplomatic Government had borne fruit in an apathetic indifference to the Stuart cause. James Radclyffe, under the influence of a mysterious priest-emissary of the Pretender, takes service with the Duke of Berwick in the war of the Polish Succession. Again the scene changes to Rome, where plans are being laid for the raising of the Stuart standard in Scotland; and, when the hour strikes, Radclyffe is sent to London to feel the pulse of the Jacobites in the capital. Finding no response, he joins Charles Edward at Derby, in time to take part in the retreat, and the final débâcle at Drumossie Muir. There is a mild love story winding through the book; and we were in hopes that Anne's loss of ballast on entering London society was intended to justify the transfer of the hero's affections to the passionate and devoted Margaret, who had saved his life at Philippsbourg; but in this we were disappointed.

The story has a purpose, which is to show that, when civil strife arises, each side believes that it has a strong case, and that, whereas the history of it all is always written by the victors, the result follows that the summing up is heavily against the defeated party. And the author in his preface pertinently asks: "Were a similar crisis to arise, in which camp should we find ourselves? Non-juror or Whig, Royalist or Opportunist, political martyr or successful time-server?"

Behind the Veil. By GEORGE R. SIMS. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

IF one took up any weekly newspaper of these days, and read the most interesting of the court cases therein detailed, the result would be about equivalent to reading one of these twelve short stories. Not that the matter of the stories is uninteresting, but the manner is that of a full report of some case in which a clever detective has brought all the details to light. The very title, "*Who Killed Lady Lanyon?*" has in it a suggestion of a sensational press, and the story justifies this, for it is an explanation of a murder in a Surrey wood, a parallel to an actual murder committed within the last few years. "*The Doctor's Secret*," "*Black Bess*," "*Alec the Actor*," are all stories of things that

may or may not have happened, and as the whole collection is labelled "True Stories of London Life," we have no real cause for complaint.

There is cause, however, in the manner of telling these stories, for, no matter how closely fiction copies life, it should serve as a mirror rather than as a bald newspaperish report of things done or imagined as the case may be. There is no art, and there is very little use, in bare, unimaginative statements in the form of stories—the only justification for the composition lies in their power to attract and in the lessons they teach. Meredith's "dramatic presentment of an idea," as a definition of the novel, still holds good, and so far as we can see the only idea embodied in these sketches is to get as near as possible to the "story" method of the ha'penny press—to sacrifice everything to sensation, and leave the real art of story-telling out of the business of producing thrills. We regret to say of the work of such a craftsman as Mr. G. R. Sims that even the thrills are missing here, and that for company on a railway journey we would take a newspaper whose sensational items, however garbled, are or purport to be fact, in preference to this collection of fact pretending to be fiction, or fiction aiming at reality.

Gillespie. By J. MACDOUGALL HAY. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

IN that the story of a man's life, from birth to death, is detailed here, the author might claim to be allowed twice the length of an average novel, but of such interest is the story that no claim is necessary. The book is raw as the mists of the Scotch west coast, where its scenes are laid; there blow through it the roaring gales in which fisher-folk struggle, tainted, gales and people alike, with the reek of gutted herring—and, again, there is the breath of a summer evening laid across the page, for these are characters of sea and soil, hard men and strong women, whose beauty is in their strength and whose characters are determined by the rugged land and cruel sea from which they wrest sustenance.

There is a curse on the house of Strang, but Gillespie Strang, mean son of a noble father, neither fears curse nor courts blessing. He wins his way up by means of poaching and youthful meannesses until he is able, with Farmer Lonend—whose daughter Morag becomes Gillespie's wife—to foreclose on a mortgage and oust one Margaret Galbraith from the farmhouse in which her husband has lately died. By long credit and usury Gillespie gets the herring trade of Brieston, the fishing port in which the story is laid, into his hands, and in a famine-stricken summer he buys half the fishing fleet from the men who owned the boats, thus making them his workmen. Steady and sure is his rise, and his wealth is bought at the cost of women's tears and men's curses, but these are as nought to the man to whom God is a nonentity and right dealing an empty phrase. Morag, his wife, utterly neglected, turns dissolute and vicious; and his elder son, Iain, is drowned in the steamer which Gillespie sent to sea with insufficient

coals in her bunkers—but Gillespie goes on undaunted, setting all his hopes on Eoghan, his younger son. Through Eoghan the awful end of one of the grimmest books penned in recent years is compassed. Full vengeance for an evil life is meted out to Gillespie Strang by merciless circumstance and bloodshed by the maniac mother's hand, and the end is fulfilment of the curse on the house of Strang.

We loathe Gillespie, yet read on, realising that, with the exception of Doctor Maclean and Kennedy, Eoghan's schoolmaster, there is not one prominent character to whom we can accord other than despite or pity. The ruthless strength of the work is its justification, and we extend a hearty welcome to this exceptionally powerful and vividly written book.

Seaborne of the Bonnet Shop. By R. K. WEEKES. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

THERE is a certain class of fiction which could be well described as a pleasant half hour series. There are so many stories written that are of no particular merit, although at the same time they serve well to pass a short period of time during which no particular effort is required to rivet the attention. "Seaborne of the Bonnet Shop" is one of this class. Mr. Seaborne, his relations and his friends, are all very nice, amiable people, and the reader knows well enough that the hero is bound in time to fall in love with one of his assistants. It must be stated in passing, however, that this particular shop is run on model lines and is of such interest to its owner that he enters Parliament in order that he may further his ideas with regard to bonnet shops in general. There are some minor complications, but in the end they are straightened out and we leave Mr. Seaborne to establish a model home in the same manner as he established a model bonnet shop.

The Zoological Society of London, following the Example of the American Society, has passed a vote in sympathy with the Plumage Bill.

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Music

THE Philharmonic Society's Concert last week was one of those which it will be difficult to forget. Herr Mengelberg was the Conductor, and he had one of the finest bands of players to which we have ever had the pleasure of listening. Conductors are, in their way, soloists; they play on the largest and most complex instrument which exists, and, like pianists and singers, it may be supposed that they have their good and their less good days. Sometimes they will perform greater prodigies with a mediocre orchestra than with a first-rate one, inspiring the poor players with something of their own genius. Last week Herr Mengelberg was magnificent, there is no doubt about it, and, on the whole, his performance of Richard Strauss' "Heldenleben" was probably the finest that has been yet heard in London. The work had evidently been rehearsed with a quite special care, for effects of time and tone and phrasing were constantly being made in places where the composer had given no particular directions, and they were achieved with a certainty that could only have come after untiring practice. It was not one of those performances in which details are treated with such importance that, on looking back, the whole seems to have been made up of brilliant fragments, like pieces of quartz in a rock; the story of the Hero's life was told broadly and clearly, without any of that plucking at the listener's sleeve, that interrupting "Look, I am now going to tell you something very wonderful," which is the trick of an inferior artist.

Herr Mengelberg began by presenting to us a man with the stuff in him of which a real hero can be made, the strong, vigorous stuff; one thought of a General Botha and his swift ways of dealing with difficulties sterner than those which were set by the "Antagonists" for Strauss' Hero to conquer. But these antagonists are depicted by the composer with an uncanny skill. Surely we all know them, have suffered, perhaps, from them, these poisonous pin-prickers, these snarling detractors, these obstinate getters-in-our-way. The same skill is there in the painting of the Lady whose help is so vitally necessary to the Hero. Her charm, her caprice, her beauty, her tender faithfulness when her love has been given, we see it all and succumb, as the Hero did, to her. We were spared none of the horrors of the Battle; Herr Mengelberg piled up the agony with relentless hand. But now that we know the worst, having been through the horrid experience several times, we do not mind it as we did at first, when it really seemed but an ugly noise. Only a few years after the first performance, Mr. Ernest Newman could write that many people who "shied nervously" at "Heldenleben" now "took it as easily as a cat laps milk." It is very true. We do not need any longer to brace ourselves up as formerly at the moment when the three trumpeters are seen to disappear from their places in the orchestra. Rather do we feel a pleasurable excitement at the imminence of what Mr. Kalisch calls "the most strepitously scored page in

musical literature." The "Works of Peace" section, with its innumerable quotations from Strauss' earlier poems remains the weak spot in a splendid composition, and it is with relief that we listen to the beautiful epilogue which rivals "Don Quixote" as one of the most truly inspired things which the genius of Strauss has given us. It seemed to make a very deep impression, and the audience showed clearly how it joined with the Conductor in the congratulations which he was seen to be giving to the band, and further to Mr. Sammons whose playing of the difficult violin solo had been remarkably spiritual. As an instance of the cleverness with which Herr Mengelberg got his men to play, we may mention that we distinctly heard, and for the first time, the famous passage where the violins and oboes ascend in sevenths. We have tried desperately to hear it before, but the oboes had played with a merciful softness. However, it is not so bad when you do hear it as you had feared. It looks on paper worse than it sounds.

After "Heldenleben" came the first performance of Sir Charles Stanford's new Irish Rhapsody. The composer was present but did not conduct his work. It is called "The Fisherman of Lough Neagh and what he saw." The vision was the triumph of heroism, and the use, to express it, of tunes found in the province of Ulster suggests that the Rhapsody was composed as Sir Charles' contribution to the solution of the Ulster problem. But with his politics we have nothing to do, and are not going to ask whether he offers himself as composer of military music to Mr. Redmond or to Sir Edward Carson. The three tunes which are woven into a rather lengthy piece with Sir Charles' usual skill of varied effect are exceedingly noble and beautiful, so that one could never listen to this Fourth Rhapsody without some delight. But we do not think it is quite as successful in treatment as were the first two Rhapsodies, and the secret of the application to the music of Tennyson's line "Dark and true and tender is the North" was not revealed to us. Mr. Leonard Borwick's playing of Schumann's Piano-forte Concerto was very interesting to hear, while Mr. Cortot's performance, a few days earlier, was fresh in the recollection. Mr. Borwick was not so brilliant in the last movement as the French pianist, but his quiet ease in the first was much more satisfactory, and, by taking the Intermezzo at its proper pace and playing it straightforwardly, he made it appear the beautiful movement that it is.

The London String Quartet has repeated Schönberg's Sextet for Strings, which was so much praised after their first performance of it in January. It is one of Schönberg's early compositions, opus 4, and it is in no sense prophetic of his later manner. The "Orchestral Pieces" scarify the ears of even those to whom the strangest discords of Strauss or Ravel are as dulcet harmony, and someone played three piano pieces of his a year or two ago which were unintelligible to the most practised critics. But the Sextet is full, almost too full, of sweetness, and has no hard passages to frighten the most sensitive ear.

At a first hearing it is undeniably a beautiful work. One is impressed by the consistently good writing for the six instruments. To compose a good quartet or sextet for strings is held to be the most difficult of musical tasks, so that the texture shall be neither too thin nor too closely knit. Mr. Schönberg's skill in this respect is very remarkable in a young composer. The material he employs is frequently reminiscent, especially of the more sentimental style of Richard Strauss, and sometimes of Wagner. But this does not very much matter, considering the good use which is made of the models. We are a little afraid that the sentimentalism of this music would presently make it wearisome. At first it attracts as the "Symphonie Pathétique" once did, and we should not be surprised if our string quartet parties were able to play it into a popularity like that which Sir Henry Wood and his band won for Tchaikovsky's famous Symphony. But it is a piece which we should not choose to hear too frequently, lest its very beauty became cloying. The little Haydn-like piece of Max Reger's which was played before the Sextet, a Serenade in three movements for Flute, Violin and Viola, though an evident imitation of the antique, has a greater freshness than the Sextet, and might prove the more lasting of the two, though on a scale of much less importance.

The Royal College of Music began its last Concert very well with César Franck's Symphony, which is always delightful to hear, though it is at present beyond the powers of the youthful performers at the College. A very pleasant recital has been given by that talented singer Mme. Mysz-Gmeiner, who puts a heartiness into all she does that is quite infectious. But she could not make us believe in the worth of the four songs by Mahler, hard as she worked to do it.

Poetry and the Daily Press

IT was in the columns of THE ACADEMY that Richard Middleton discussed in one of his little essays the economic advantages of diverting the cost of a Dreadnought into a fund for State support of a score of poets. The flippancy with which Middleton tricked out his inspiration, while making his writings infinitely entertaining, weakened their effect upon the mind of the English middle-classes, who, while they neglect poetry and scorn its makers who happen to be their contemporaries, nevertheless regard a poet who appears to make light of his art with much the same condemnation as they regard a Christian who is irreverently reverent. The underlying irony was too subtle for their atrophied instincts to detect. To those who knew him and his ideals, Middleton's suggestion reads as the lightly bitter counsel of a despairing man; counsel which he knew to be futile and falling upon deaf ears, even while he spoke. Since he wrote that essay, Dreadnoughts have been superseded by super-Dreadnoughts, but poets remain unpensioned, and the pages of the morning papers are still barren of poetry. As customs are

sacred, so are editors infallible, yet it seems to some of us that those who are responsible for the policy of modern morning journalism are mistaken in ruling poetry out of the province of that policy. Despite the materialism of the age, poets are still, as Shelley said, "the unacknowledged legislators of mankind," and the influence of poetry remains the most potent and permanent in the domain of human activity. It is they who interpret the spirit of the age, they who see through the telescope of inspiration the goal of incoherent tendencies, to them alone is given the power to explain and judge the inarticulate motives that stir mankind to energise far-reaching movements which are only dimly understood.

Poetry is the highest authentic literary voice of the soul of man, guiding and interpreting its passions and ideals. Why, then, is it denied utterance in the one universal organ of social communication and expression of to-day? The newspaper has justified and fulfilled Carlyle's prophecy, in "Sartor Resartus," in which he declared that the influence of the preachers was shifting from the pulpit to the Press. It is impossible to deny that the collective mind is moulded and directed by the newspapers to an extent more embracing than is possible to any other means of influence; and it is in view of this fact that it is urged that the mandarins of journalism are either misled or fail in understanding the immensity of the power they wield, in shutting their doors upon the poet. Dismissing as too spasmodic for serious consideration verse written for special occasions, the daily, as distinct from the evening, press is practically barren of essential poetry. There are one or two notable exceptions, and the happiest of these is to be found, not in Fleet Street, but in Scotland, in a praiseworthy column of the *Glasgow Herald*. Also, until a year or so ago, the old *Daily News* fostered a little band of poets, among whom may be mentioned W. A. Mackenzie and O'Neill Gallagher, but since the amalgamation of the paper with the *Morning Leader* even their small voice has been silenced. True, many of the morning papers print light verse, but this class of scribbling bears about as much relation to poetry as the pictures in a cinematograph theatre bear to the masterpieces of the National Gallery or the Louvre.

There can be no question that the most powerful reason for the exclusion of poetry from the daily press is born of the belief prevalent in the editorial mind that readers do not want it, are indifferent to it; and perhaps this belief is justifiable—but it has not been proved. Part of the responsibility, however, is due to the insistence upon the purely literary character of poetry, as though its appeal were only to people of distinctly literary temperament. This attitude is utterly false, for the message of literary art is to the ordinary man equally as is that of pictorial or plastic art, and the more lucid and understandable that message is, the nearer perfect is the artistic accomplishment of the poet. Obscurity is an attribute of diseased and petulant art, and is at variance with the true ideal

of the artist, which is to strip beauty of its trammels and reveal it pure and visible to the consciousness of man. The poetry that is wanted by the masses of mankind is of a nature that is in keeping with the limitations of newspaper columns, and it is only through this medium that the influence of poetry can be brought to the bosoms of ordinary men. If he reads nothing else, the average professional and working man reads his newspaper regularly, and in the majority of cases takes from it his cue as to what is fit and proper and fashionable. Poetry, at present, he is apt to regard, chiefly because of its absence from his newspaper, as a trivial pursuit of dreamy and rather useless persons for the entertainment of very serious or very sentimental readers. Of the fact that it is the most vital power wielded by man he is pitifully ignorant; that, despite its handicaps, it shapes the destiny of the race, he never dreams, believing it to be a hobby of those quaint creatures who find pleasure in the jingle of rhymes. He is not to be blamed for this: he judges according to his lights, and all that is needed for his enlightenment is that he shall find in the sacred columns which represent to him the criterion of fashionable taste, a daily poem.

To assert that the regular printing of a poem in each of our morning journals would have an immeasurably ennobling influence upon mankind is, in these days, to admit tacitly being guilty of exaggerated idealism. Yet such a claim is justified by experience; none who reads aright the story of human advancement can deny that all great movements towards the amelioration of conditions and essential betterment of the race have originated in the inspired minds of poets and prophets. We may not know wherein lies the precise difference between these seers and other men, but we recognise the difference, and experience forces us to admit their superiority, their right to be heard with deference and respect. The poet's place is by divine right on the most influential rostrum of the age—in this age, the columns of the daily newspaper. How long, then, is he to be denied the platform from which his voice can be heard by all who have ears to hear?

ANDREW H. DAKERS.

J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd., announce that they will shortly publish "Our Lady Cinema," written and illustrated by Harry Furniss. This versatile artist presents to the reader a most interesting picture of the photo-play world. It will be issued at 1s. net, and the publishers anticipate a wide demand.

Part II of Mr. R. A. Peddie's "Conspectus Incunabulorum," announced by Messrs. Grafton and Co., is a catalogue of all known works printed before the year 1501, and is invaluable to librarians, booksellers, and those who handle early printed books. The part of the work now announced includes entries C to G.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

JANUARY.—Baron von Sodon analyses carefully and perspicaciously the symbolism of "Parsifal." He professes to put nothing into it that Wagner had not put into it himself, and concludes: "Es soll keine kritik sein, sondern Feststellung einer vielleicht Wagner selbst kaum bewussten, aber sehr interessanten Tatsache: In dieser Religion fehlt alles Überweltliche. Sie ist ganz diesseitig, innerweltlich." Vice-Admiral Hoffman begins a historical and technical account of the Panama Canal. The articles on Hoffmann at Plock are concluded; the letters given are characteristic and unique. There is an account of Friedrich von Motz, the only great Prussian statesman of the period after the War of Liberation, and who was most responsible for the Zollverein.

LA REVUE.

January 1.—An interesting "enquête" is entitled "Comment combattre la Criminalité?" Among the witnesses are MM. Boutroux, Ribot, Cruppi, Joseph Reinach, and Max Nordau. M. Faguet examines M. Wilfrid Monod's book, "Aux croyants et aux athées." Princess Radziwill continues her souvenirs of the Court of Berlin. M. de Nolva reports his conversations with surviving disciples of David Lazzaretti, the "apostle" of Monte Amiata. Souvenirs of Bizet, by the late Pierre Berton, contain an interesting analysis of the circumstances that caused the initial failure of "l'Arlésienne" and "Carmen."

January 15.—The Bizet souvenirs are concluded. M. Finot writes on the idea of progress. M. d'Estournelles de Constant gives the case for American abstention in Mexico. Mme. Ellen Key appreciates Romain Rolland. The souvenirs of a Greek, serving as a Prussian officer in 1870, "sont négligeables," says M. Chuquet—but they are worth reading. M. Faguet reviews and quotes to some purpose the "Epigrammes Françaises," edited by M. Maurice Allem. M. Hinzelin gives delightful instances of Alsatian humour. M. Prunières contributes a brilliant article on "Mazarin et la première troupe d'opéra à Paris"; he shows how music was a political weapon in Mazarin's time, and how he used it to arrive; how Louis XIII composed motets, how singers made Popes, and how Leonora Baroni helped the cardinal. The biographies of Labouchere and Stead are noticed by M. Saint-Aubin.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

January 1.—M. Paul Louis, at the conclusion of a gloomy survey of the social-political condition of England, gives us back Lord Chesterfield with interest—"lorsqu'une crise révolutionnaire de cette ampleur s'ébauche et s'élabore, engendrée par des conditions sur lesquelles il n'appartient plus à personne d'agir, il faut qu'elle éclate"; our only consolation is that we are not long to be alone. M. Caussy shows Voltaire as a "gentilhomme ordinaire" of Louis XV. M.

Boussac is very interesting on the Blemmyes, a lost people who were fanatical guardians of the Temple of Isis at Philae. Translations of Lafcadio Hearn, by Marc Logé, and of important letters of Oscar Wilde, are also to be found.

January 16.—M. Beauduin, in a very interesting discussion of "la poésie de l'époque," seems to find a good formula for the less exaggerated revolutionism in poetry—"pleine sympathie et communion avec ce qui l'entoure . . . un appel à l'action." M. de Morsier describes the genesis of "Parsifal." Mme. Charasson discusses Ernest Dowson. M. Davray reviews a considerable number of English books.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

December 20.—M. de Morsier disposes of Wagner's alleged Gallophobia. M. Flat gives a sketch of M. Hanotaux. M. Firmin Roz discusses the performance of the "Playboy of the Western World" at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre.

December 27.—Chateaubriand's diplomatic correspondence is concluded. M. Landry discusses the deficit.

January 3.—The excellent habit of the *Revue Bleue* of giving important lectures in full enables us to read M. Camille Jullian's inaugural lecture at the Collège de France on "Les Anciens Dieux de l'Occident." M. Péladan is afraid for "Parsifal" in Paris; he urges carefulness in the production and reverence in the assistance.

January 10.—M. Flat gives an interesting study of M. Maurice Barrès. M. Ferte's impressions of a journey "de Scutari à Dulcigno" begin in this number and are good reading. A chapter of M. J. Kapp's forthcoming "Richard Wagner et les Femmes" is printed. M. Lucien Maury does for M. Henry Bordeaux what MM. Lemaître and Anatole France did for M. G. Ohnet.

January 17.—M. M. Croiset's inaugural lecture at the Collège de France on "l'Etat Religieux de la Grèce vers le VIII^e Siècle" is printed in this and the following number. M. Risal is very interesting on the present and future of Salonica. A military article shows that, if the Bulgarians were the real aggressors in the recent Social War, the Servians managed to get the initiative.

January 24.—M. Edouard Schuré believes that the future of France belongs to the Celtic spirit. M. Menant gives a sketch of Behramji Malabari. M. Boulenger begins an account of the flight into Spain of the Duchesse de Chevreuse in 1637. The review that appeared in THE ACADEMY for January 17 of Miss Weston's "Quest of the Holy Grail" is reprinted.

REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

December 20.—Dr. Strachan-Davidson's "Problems of the Roman Criminal Law" receives the highest praise, and Dr. Warde Fowler's "Religious Experience of the Roman People" is only blamed for the omission of reference to French authorities.

December 27.—M. Loisy concludes a lengthy, approving discussion of Mr. Leuba's "Psychological

Study of Religion" with the reservation, "Ce n'est pas sur des théorèmes abstraits que se construisent les religions vivantes, et ce ne sont pas des savants qui les fondent." Mr. Arnold's "Preaching of Islam," second edition, is reviewed.

January 3.—The German translation of Dr. Rice Holmes' book on Cæsar's campaigns is noticed.

January 10.—M. Thomas discusses Dr. H. Leo's "Geschichte der römischen Literatur"; Mr. Warren Wright's "Studies in Menander" and M. L. Madelin's "France et Rome" are also reviewed, the last being accused of journalism.

January 17.—Works on Sanskrit by Mr. Avalon are among those discussed.

January 24.—"Hermathena"—a Trinity College, Dublin, publication—is summarised. The correspondence of Manzoni, already noticed in THE ACADEMY, is welcomed. M. Loutchisky's "Remarques sur la vente des biens nationaux" are roughly handled by two separate reviewers.

LA SOCIÉTÉ NOUVELLE.

The December number is devoted entirely to Georges Eekhoud, "le Zola des Flandres, comme on l'appelle parfois, quoique assez inexactement." Many aspects of the writer are dealt with by various contributors—one takes his poetry for instance, another his position abroad. A particularly interesting article, by M. Eggermont, is concerned with Eekhoud as literary historian and his translations and appreciations of Elizabethan dramatists. M. Verhaeren contributes a "Salut."

A Great Refusal

IN a lecture reprinted in two recent numbers of the *Revue Bleue*, M. Gabriel Hanotaux gives a circumstantial account of the abortive project for a Legitimist Restoration in 1873. The details of this business have been the subject of much discussion, and the "geste" of the Comte de Chambord in refusing to furl the too symbolical "drapeau blanc" has been variously judged. M. Hanotaux utters no explicit judgment on this refusal, though his opinion of it may, we think, be inferred, but he gives a clear and impartial account of the events as they occurred.

In the summer of 1873 the Restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons seemed assured. The Comte de Paris had been to Frohsdorf and merged his claims in those of the Legitimist representative. A strong Royalist majority in the Assembly held itself in readiness to carry out any reasonable plan of campaign. President MacMahon was unequivocal in his promises of support. The question of procedure indeed contained difficulties, but not of an insurmountable kind. There remained the two questions of the constitution and the flag. The former was settled satisfactorily, in spite of the Comte de Chambord's condemnation of a "monarchie de circonstance, destinée à légaliser les courants révolution-

naires." On the question of the flag the enterprise suffered shipwreck.

In 1871 the Comte de Chambord had declared himself as committed to the white flag. In 1873 a Royalist committee of nine, presided by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, was formed to negotiate with the Count and to make him hear reason. MacMahon had summarised the situation in his declaration: "Si le drapeau blanc flottait à une fenêtre, les chassepots partiraient tout seuls." M. Chesnelong was deputed to convey to the Count the feeling of the Royalist party. In the course of a long interview at Frohsdorf the battle was won and lost again; the Count would commit himself to no compromise. The envoy, however, preferred to believe what everyone wished to believe, and came back with an unauthorised message of conciliation. A bill for legalising the Restoration was drafted, uniforms and coaches—for the triumphal entry into Paris—were ordered. Confidence was universal.

In the middle of the preparations came the letter of the Count: "On me demande aujourd'hui le sacrifice de mon honneur. Que puis-je répondre sinon que je ne rétracte rien, que je ne retranche rien de mes précédentes déclarations?" All was lost. Nothing remained but to regularise the Republic, and to hope that a change might come, and not too late, in the disposition of the Comte de Chambord. MacMahon became president for seven years and constitution-making began.

Before the presidential law had been passed by the votes of the Royalist majority, "la mort dans l'âme," it had become known that the Comte de Chambord was himself at Versailles. A supporter had recognised his valet de chambre. But this escapade was the merest futility. MacMahon, when asked to go and interview the Count, replied "Je serais heureux de lui sacrifier ma vie, mais je ne pourrais lui sacrifier mon honneur." The Count had spent many days in Versailles without revealing himself to any of his supporters. Had they known of his presence, they surely would have attempted—perhaps achieved, *qui sait?*—the impossible. The Comte de Chambord had cast away an almost certain crown; at least he had not given up what seemed to him—to him alone, perhaps—his *panache*—the flag of his race. That is his epitaph. "Quelle sottise!"—"Mais quel geste!"

On the occasion of the Holy Week in Rome, the Continental and English railway companies have arranged to issue, by specified trains, on April 2 and 9, cheap tickets for independent travel, available 33 days from London; the highest return fare from London to Rome, via the Mont Cenis route, is £10 4s. 9d., first class, and the lowest is £4 13s. 2d., third class. The Riviera route can be chosen at a slightly increased cost. Full particulars are to be found in a leaflet obtainable from any tourist agency, or from the P.L.M. Railway Offices, 179, Piccadilly, W.

The Theatre

"The Joy-Ride Lady" at the New Theatre

OUR playwrights are becoming just a little trying in regard to the titles they give to their most amusing or even most earnest attempts. This week we have a kind of national shame in regard to the extreme banality of at least three titles of plays with which we deal.

But the name of "Joy-Ride Lady" is the worst point about this lively, irresponsible, brilliantly dressed musical production.

Its rather complicated genesis is not an altogether uncommon one in the history of our stage plays. MM. Georges Berr and Pierre Decourcelle write a French farce. Mr. Jean Kren and Mr. Alfred Schönfeld turn it into a farcical comedy, with plenty of songs and dances; this they call "Das Autoliebchen." The gay and successful composer of "The Girl in the Taxi," Mr. Jean Gilbert, writes the simple lilting, alluring music, and then Mr. Arthur Anderson and Mr. Hartley Carrick make their English version and, incidentally, write the lyrics and dialogue uncommonly well, and Mr. Sydney Ellison produces the play with gorgeous effects and neat stage business, and Mr. Durrant Swan presents it to us.

At the end of the first performance there were calls for everybody, several times. The last we saw of "The Joy-Ride Lady" was a long row of ladies and gentlemen smiling and bowing to the enthusiastic audience. In the middle of the gifted people stood Sir Charles Wyndham. It was very nice to see him looking young and splendid; but just why he was there was one of many little mysteries and irrelevant affairs that happen throughout the entertainment. But what does that sort of thing matter? What does the plot about the banker, Morny, having taken the name of his partner, Bonnet, and *vice versa*, matter? Who really cares as to the individuality of the person who got into the motor-cab with that charming singing widow, Fifi du Barry? Nothing matters, except that the authors produce an effect of wit and gaiety, an atmosphere of waltz-time romance, an air of enjoyment; life, and colour. All this is done with easy grace.

Miss Thelma Raye, as the widow Fifi, sings unusually well for musical comedy; Mr. Bertram Wallis is large and bold as Morny, the banker and lover; Mr. Lawrence Grossmith shows himself once more as our most distinguished actor in this sort of piece; he is called Paul Bonnet, but that does not matter; Miss Enid Sass is delicate and charming; Miss Sybil Arundale bold and handsome; Miss Julia James, in a delightfully simple dress, is more engaging than ever. Added to these is Mr. Rutland Barrington, with a part likely to develop rapidly, but not at present very amusing; and Miss Aïda Jenoure as the mother of the widow in a not yet very funny character. Then there is Mr. Ernest Thesiger as a grotesque footman, who causes an immense amount of laughter; and Mr. George

Lestocq dances with extraordinary *verve*. There are four gifted ladies dressed in early Victorian costumes, who perform a charming little ballet to the sweetest of airs, and there are songs and choruses throughout the entertainment which fill the ear with delight. Everywhere there is a quick, quaint humour, and music easy enough to understand and remember, but never familiar. We gather that the term "a joy-ride lady" is a sort of insult, for the heroine resents it for two acts, and it is certainly not a compliment to this lively and engaging production. "Das Autoliebchen" is not a beautiful name, nor a very meaning one, but it is much better than the English or American one. But, still, even naming their gay entertainment "The Joy-Ride Lady" will not kill the fun and vivacity of the work of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Carrick, and Mr. Jean Gilbert.

"A Pair of Silk Stockings" at the Criterion Theatre

ONE more rather silly title for a comedy that is quite charming, light, excellently written, and admirably played, is that given to the play at the Criterion Theatre.

Mr. Cyril Harcourt, who wrote so smartly in "A Place in the Sun," shows an increase of wit in "A Pair of Silk Stockings." His plot is, however, a little unconvincing, and his characters personages born into the world for stage reasons. But when Miss Lottie Venne takes in hand the part of the hostess of the pleasant country house where all the characters meet we may be sure of one lively and telling performance at least, and as Lady Penelope Gower she gives us of her best.

Sam Thornhill, Mr. Sothern, has been divorced from his wife because he was angry about a motor-car and would not trouble to tell her the facts of the case. But after the affair is over, and before the decree, this lady, Molly Thornhill, Miss Enid Bell, has thought perhaps she was in the wrong, and comes to Sir John Gower's house, where Thornhill is staying. She has a story about some accident to her motor. Soon violent complications set in, when the room she is sleeping in has been entered from without by Major Bagnal, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, an old love of hers, who is supposed to have returned to town for the night, but has lost his train. Sam has hidden himself in a cupboard in Molly's room, in the hope of having some explanation with the wife he loves. He is disguised for some theatricals which were being rehearsed in the house. Soon after Bagnal enters the room, Thornhill is discovered, and the Major and Molly, thinking, of course, that he is a burglar, tie him up in the bathroom. Then, to them, enters Pamela Bristowe, Miss Marie Hemingway, who is now engaged to marry Bagnal. Thus, you see, the plot is getting very complicated, but there are no end of surprises in store for the interested audience. It is not, however, the elaborate stage machinery of the play that gives much pleasure, but rather the quaint, original dialogue and turns of character wherewith the

clever author clothes the personages of his comedy.

Before the three acts are out, all is happily settled and the audience has been thoroughly amused, if not very fully convinced. No doubt Mr. Aynesworth and Mr. Bronson Albery, who are the present managers of the Criterion, and Mr. Harcourt, know their public, and feel that the laughter many of the situations and turns of dialogue provoke will prove a sufficient attraction. Personally we feel the comedy is rather too slender, the art of the thing a little too intentional for a lasting success—but we trust we are wrong.

The comedy is preceded by

"STATE SECRETS."

Captain Harry Graham has given us so many amusing things that we have great hopes for him as a writer for the stage. This short play is at least one of promise, for it gives us a tiny melodrama wittily set forth, characters well drawn, and a touch of tragic horror, all of which suggest the author has no small sense of the theatre. The scene is a room in the Foreign Office at Whitehall. Some immensely important papers are being dealt with. We see how the agent of some interested Power attempts to steal these documents, and how he in the end fails and suffers. The little play should be seen; to tell the plot would be to rob it of its interest. It is admirably played by Mr. Frank G. Bayly as Sir Henry Trevor, assistant under-secretary, by Mr. Bertram Phillips as the thief, and by some three other actors in the cast. We hope to see more of Captain Graham's work on the stage. Judged by "State Secrets," he, at least, has the root of the matter in him.

M. Eugène Brieux's "Les Avariés" in English

A PRIVATE VIEW AT THE LITTLE THEATRE MR. JOHN POLLOCK gives us an admirable, simple, and direct translation of this wise and serious play. Unfortunately his title, "Damaged Goods," like so many others this season, is not a very happy one. In the German translation we think the word used means "The Shipwrecked" or "The Wrecked." Perhaps "Victims" would not be a bad title, for the play deals with the disease which is perhaps the greatest of human scourges. We are entirely on the side of candour and the braving of the many terrible physiological and pathological problems which face our generation. But we doubt if M. Brieux's powerful dramatic sermon will greatly help forward a sensible reform. Notwithstanding the things we were told by a labour leader who spoke from the stage before the play was produced, we hold that such a work does not appeal to the democracy. They like to see "The Bad Girl of the Family" or a Lyceum success, but they would fall away disgusted before so courageous a statement of a somewhat special case as is shown in "Les Avariés." But if Mr. Pollock's effort on the behalf of the Society for Race Betterment

may not do much to correct the defects of life as it has been handed on to us in the twentieth century, his translation certainly provides powerful parts in which to display the wide-reaching art of acting. As the doctor who argues and demonstrates M. Brioux's point of view, Mr. Fisher White was, especially in the second and third acts, utterly convincing. As the father of the child on whom his complaint has fallen, and as the mother, Mr. Owen Roughwood and Miss Helen Brown, respectively, played with great feeling. The grandmother of Miss Ruth Mackay gave a powerful expression of devoted egotism, and the rustic nurse, who might suffer from the circumstances of the case, was admirably depicted. In the last scene Miss Hilda Sims, as a woman who greatly suffers, and Miss Grace Croft, as a girl who takes her misery with a life-like but shocking humour, were invaluable in creating the general effect intended by the author and translator.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's Little Play at the Palace

EVERYTHING appeared to be about to vanish from the stage next week, when we happened to visit this always entertaining theatre. No doubt this is because of the welcome advent of Nijinsky, who will be supported by many famous members of the Imperial Russian Ballet in various of his already well-known parts, and, we hope, in some new ones. Much as we again look forward to see the beautiful and inspired dancing of this master of his art, we still regret the retirement of "Rivals for Rosamund," for we enjoy Mr. Bennett's work in almost whatever form he cares to present it. In this one-act comedy he is in his most casual mood, but inspired with wit and curious and convincing touches of character. Miss Madge Fabian is a delightful Rosamund Fife, an independent and beautiful young lady who has had, we should think, a good many flirtations. The most serious have been with Gerald O'Mara, Mr. Lionel Atwill, who has loved after his charming Irish fashion and then gone far away for four years, and James Brett, of the W.O., Mr. Ronald Squire, who is going to marry her the very day Gerald comes back. The complications which ensue are worthy of Mr. Bennett's skill in that amusing direction, and eventually, of course, James and Rosie go off to get married, and Gerald helps them in some way.

Other parts of the Palace programme will not be greatly missed. Although Miss Irene Bordoni looks delicious as Lucette in "L'Impresario," in which M. Severin-Mars gives a clever representation of a madman, the little piece did not appear to delight. Also, we do not believe that Miss Anka Layewa, who had the misfortune to learn the folk-songs of Servia and Croatia from gypsies and peasants in her youth, will be greatly regretted. Her voice is powerful, but the characteristic melodies by the Austrian composer, Mr. Egon Stuart Willford, tried our nerves almost to

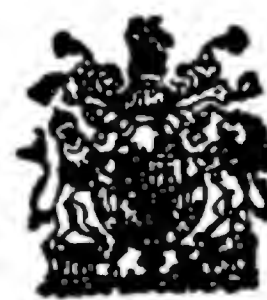
breaking point. But there are many delightful and amusing things in the long programme, of which the "Nicely, Thanks," people in the clever burlesque oratorio are among the most enjoyable.

EGAN MEW.

The National Portrait Society

THE Third Exhibition arranged by this Society opened last week at the Grosvenor Gallery, and the show is decidedly an interesting one. But it is not of happy augury that some of the worst work in the room is that by its President, Mr. Augustus John. One particular Dutch doll in a scarlet upper garment, leaning woodenly against something, is a subject for tears—or laughter, as the mood may take us. Luckily, however, it would be exceedingly unfair to judge the Exhibition by the jesting contributions of its President. Several of the pictures upon its walls are indeed exceedingly good, and such as live in the memory.

The entrance Corridor is, as usual, occupied by drawings and sketches of varying merit, but the average of *technique* is high. There are some excellent outline portraits by Mr. Rothenstein; Mrs. von Glehn contributes two clever portraits, one in pencil and chalk and the other in pencil only; and Mr. W. Russell's "Girl's head" and Miss Kate Morgan's "Mademoiselle V., danseuse," both deserve mention—the former for its charm, and the latter as a *tour de force*, though not a specially pleasing one. Mr. B. S.



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Pedder sends some very clever portraits in charcoal and water-colour, which are as strong in execution as they are clever in characterisation.

The first work in the Large Gallery is Mr. Basil Gotto's marble head of "Nausicäa," a portrait of rare loveliness; the youthful charm of the girl with eager, parted lips, has an unusually haunting quality. Next to it hangs Mr. Harrington Mann's clever sketch-portrait, boldly rendered in vivid reds, of Mrs. Ralph Peto—a live piece of work; and close by is Mr. Orpen's virile three-quarter length of Mr. Leonard Stokes—a powerful rendering of a strong personality, in no way weakened by the meticulous care with which every detail of face and attire is rendered, or even by the rather drab note that pervades the colouring of the whole. This stands out in the memory as one of the best things in the Exhibition, a rare achievement of detail and breadth of handling combined. Another remarkable work is Mr. Philip Connard's large-scale picture of "Helen and Jane"—two little girls "taking a call" at the front of a stage, quaint little figures with plaid frocks and beaming faces, marred only by slightly faulty drawing of one of the legs, and a want of clearness in the complexions. The last-named fault is repeated in another child-portrait from the same hand, which hangs close by. The other two works by Mr. Connard, "The Harlequin" and "Mrs. William Murray in Fancy Dress," are poor by comparison. Mr. de Laszlo's standing portrait of Lord Chelmsford is, like all his paintings, clever and meritorious, but the subject, a young English gentleman in a stiff uniform, does not give an artist much chance; yet it shows an earnest, clear-cut face, of a high-bred type which used to be more commonly seen than it is now. Another large-scale work that compels attention is Mr. Glyn Philpot's "Lady in Rose and Blue." The face is marked by character rather than by beauty, and the draperies are cleverly managed so as to produce a shimmering, iridescent effect, though with rather sombre tints than otherwise.

The small Whistler portrait of the late Robert Barr gives little idea of the genius of the painter. Mr. William Ranken has torn himself from his rather wooden Guardsmen to paint a very clever study of London flower-girls in "Flash Emma," in which their characteristic personalities and the faded dinginess of their attire are capitably caught and expressed. Another striking portrait by Mr. Glyn Philpot is that of Mrs. Pike, a three-quarter length of a lady in dark dress and furs exceedingly gracefully posed, with a sweet face, full character, and haunting charm—a portrait which the artist clearly "felt pleasure in creating," and the world in its turn will love to contemplate. To our mind this shares with Mr. Orpen's picture already noticed the honours of the show. But their precedence is closely challenged by Mr. Wilson Steer's "Lady in White," a very clever seated figure, of a strongly original type of face, in white draperies handled with uncommon skill and brilliancy. Mr. William Orpen's portrait of the Countess Crawford, seated at needle-work in a large room, with the light

falling upon her through an open French window, is as clever a *tour de force* as one could desire and full of careful detail, but its appeal does not go much deeper. The group of portraits by Mr. William Strang is marked by his usual mannerisms and merits—hard outlines and stiff poses, redeemed by exquisite colouring and no little power of characterisation. One longs to see him "let himself go" and endow his creations with life and movement as well as with cold loveliness. Mr. Somerville's "Gipsy" is also a striking work in many respects.

In the Small Gallery are several more of Mr. Rothenstein's portrait. A brilliant and pleasing blaze of colour is "Rachael Queen," a child in royal robes of scarlet and gold. Mr. Kelly has another of his Spanish studies in "La Maja," and Mr. von Glehn a bold and brilliant portrait of "the Hon. Mrs. Harold Robson," full of life and colour and noble breadth of handling. The same artist is responsible for "The Four-post Bed," in which the light from a shaded lamp on a side-table falls upon a lady lying in the bed with her face in luminous shadow—a wonderfully clever achievement. Mr. Harold Speed has a pleasing picture of a pretty girl kneeling on a sofa by a window—it is not wildly original, but nobody need quarrel with a painter who sets out to please and does so. Mr. de Laszlo's two child-portraits are exceedingly bright and clever, like the rest of his work.

Over the remainder of the Exhibition we must pass more briefly. One "artist" contributes some post-impressionist nightmares, with green faces and non-descript shadows and generally lurid *tout-ensemble*; some of the subjects are members of his own family, who will doubtless appreciate the compliment he pays them. A beautiful personality is shown in Mr. Campbell Taylor's "Lady of the Castle," and Mr. James Quinn gives a delightful portrait of "A Japanese Lady"—excellent in delicacy of colouring and characterisation. In her "Portrait of the Artist" Miss Edis follows the example of an earlier woman-artist, Madame Le Brun, and gives an eminently pleasing rendering of herself in a delightful picture; and Mrs. Laura Knight treads in her steps with nearly equal effect. Mr. Kelly has another Spanish study and one of the best of them in "The Sisters," a very natural and attractive work, full of subtle appreciation of the more sombre notes of the chromatic gamut. For a brilliant *tour de force* we do not recall anything finer than Mr. Frieske's "La Poudresse," though it is drawn from the standpoint of a fly far up on the wall; it is full of soft colour and fine draughtmanship. Mention must also be made of Mr. Alison's portrait of Miss Alison and of Mr. Milbanke's Mrs. Stewart.

Last week's issue of the *Field* contained a beautifully illustrated article on "Memorials of the Washington Family in England." A certain number of copies of this issue has been reserved by the publisher, and single copies will be sent post free to any address in the United States for ten cents.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Reviews* (Trichinopoly) of December 31—January 7 devote their attention chiefly to the annual conferences and the South African question. The Chairman of the Social Conference attacked the patriots who attended the National Congress, but neglected social questions which they might influence. The Viceroy's reply to the All India Temperance League, though regarded as sympathetic, is freely criticised, and the administrative difficulties are ignored, as if Lord Hardinge had never spoken; though he carefully pointed out that the Government could not part with its final powers. The reform of the Council of India, contemplated by Lord Crewe, now presents the opportunity of gaining more appointments for Indians. Their ambitions are insatiable; their agitation will doubtless be successful, as usual. Indian journals are now constantly aiming at influencing the Moslem League to co-operate with the National Congress. Before Hindus and Mahomedans can combine, the latter would have to forgo their communal representation, their only safeguard against the Hindu majority: this they are not likely to yield. The crisis in native banking in India has so deeply injured Indian credit that the editor takes the line of attacking Western methods of banking and of claiming a right that Indians should be given opportunities by the successful Presidency banks to learn the theory and practice of banking. But the fact cannot be concealed that the native banks were imprudently managed and by criminal speculators. As to South Africa, it is now suggested that either the British garrison in India should be charged to Imperial funds, or the South African garrison should be charged to South Africa. The logic of the suggestion is unanswerable; but the Government is not likely to accept either alternative. A dearth of students in the agricultural colleges is explained by the objection they entertain to undertaking manual work.

The *Wednesday Reviews* (Trichinopoly) for January 14-21 continue to harp on the South African muddle. The suggestion offered, that the Imperial and Indian Governments should act together and *compel* General Botha to treat Indians properly, is not likely to bear fruit. Had compulsion been possible, it would have been adopted long ago. But the subject is too good copy to be dropped. The dilatoriness of the English Government in establishing a School of Oriental Languages is unfavourably noticed; the delay has been very unsatisfactory. The attempt made in Council to render the Press Act ineffective is supported, but weakly, by this journal. The educational policy of the Government is criticised, of course: this time the plea is for extended numbers of students, regardless of their quality. The resolutions of the Karachi Congress are restated, without any contribution of novelty. Surely they might now be pigeon-holed. An idea having been started in London that there should be an interchange of editors between leading newspapers of England and America, this journal now proposes an interchange between Indian and English editors; or, at least, that

there should be an Indian journalist to edit Indian affairs. It would be as reasonable to ask a Unionist paper to appoint a Liberal editor for its political articles. An English writer urges that every young Indian going to England should be "a guest and a son in a good English family, where he will be as one of the family in health and in illness," and should remain a Fruitarian. How many good English families would care to accept the risks involved in such a proposal?

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) of December reports a few matters fully, such as the Calcutta University Convocation, which for the first time was, for the Viceroy's convenience (to use a euphemism), held at Government House. Under the present Vice-Chancellor, the University has made great progress, and bids fair to become a recognised centre of high intellectual activity in the love and pursuit of learning and research. The first occupant of the Hardinge Chair of Mathematics delivered an admirable inaugural lecture on his subject, fully rising to the height of the occasion: his presence and influence ought to elevate the study of mathematics, in which Indians are as naturally capable of excelling as Western students. A Mahomedan Judge made an eloquent presidential address at the Agra Educational Conference. In talking and writing, India has little to learn nowadays. Action and character are the desiderata in her education.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) for January, No. 1, is an unusually good issue. It reproduces the substance of a highly learned and sober appreciation of the idealist literature of Dr. Rabin-dranath Tagore, the poet, winner of the Nobel Prize, who is now being boomed by all Bengal and India. There are many who like the idealism, or the mysticism, this poet provides, but it is a matter of taste. The criticism of his work is favourable and masterly. Mrs. Besant's new journal is said to show sufficient promise, and is not meant to be profitable as a business concern. The institution of scholarships for lady students at a Delhi medical college should eventually provide lady doctors, who are much required in India. The cessation of the *Indian Spectator*, the late Mr. Malabari's journal, is a loss; it was one of the few Indian newspapers of any value. Personality goes far in India. A Madras University address to the Viceroy admits to progress made since the passing of the Universities Act of 1904, for which Lord Curzon was so vehemently abused. The formation of an association of University women in India, in imitation of a similar federation in England, should conduce to the elevation of the sex. Papers on the Technological Institute for Calcutta and on Studies in Educational Psychology (by an American) are full of ideas worthy of consideration.

Two lectures on the history of the Printing Press and Printing Machinery will be delivered at the Saint Bride Foundation, Bride Lane, E.C., by Mr. R. A. Peddie, on Mondays, March 2 and 9, at 7.30 p.m. Admission is free.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

BONAR LAW is a very good chess player, and sees more moves ahead than many people. Then again he has much inside information that is denied to us. These reflections are keeping the more turbulent members of the Unionist Party quiet, and thus the debate on the Address proceeds quietly—not to say dully—from day to day, as if it were an ordinary Session.

On Wednesday, the 18th, it was again the turn of the Labour men "to have a go," and they took up the cudgels on behalf of the strikers in Dublin—two of whom had been "murdered," and some more had been bashed about by the Dublin police. Now the police of the capital of Ireland are not like our Metropolitan Police, under the control of the Government; the former are under the control of the Dublin Corporation, and as that is a Nationalist body, the Nationalists thought it rather officious of the English Labour Party to interfere. This showed itself early in the debate, and the Labour men began to get uncomfortable. Then some young Unionists began "to sit up and take notice." There never was the slightest chance of the Unionists backing up Larkin and his strikers, especially when Birrell explained how sorely these men had been tried.

A Dublin crowd of hooligans, if they can get a policeman down by throwing a shower of broken bottles at him, do not show him much mercy when he is on the ground, and it is not to be wondered at if his comrades hit hard in return.

Directly the Labour men saw that we did not mean serious business and that the Government was safe they poured into the Lobby against the Government.

On Thursday, 19th, "Jan" Spear from Tavistock spoke about the increasing burden of local taxation and pleaded for such a rearrangement as would provide from the Imperial exchequer larger sums for education and for the maintenance of the main roads. "Sir Jan" is a great favourite in the House; people like his soft Devonshire accent, his straightforward style of speaking, and his agricultural knowledge. He is a large farmer at Tavistock, and is such a wonderful judge of beasts that any constituent would have to get up very early in the morning to get the better of a bargain with their Member. At Widdicombe fair he is a match for "Uncle Tom Cobby and all."

Lloyd George was mildness personified. He agreed with everybody. The Government had come to the conclusion that the demand was serious and urgent, and he hoped in the course of the present Session to deal with the problem.

These frank admissions killed all interest in the debate, and on Walter Long extracting further definite pledges from Herbert Samuel, who spoke for the first time as President of the Local Government Board, the amendment was withdrawn at five minutes to 11.

Lord Robert Cecil got up to move his amendment, regretting that the Government did not propose to take any steps to prevent the growing debasement of the accustomed standard of purity in public life. This was closed at 11 amid Unionist protests, but the Address was agreed to without a division.

In the Lobby and smoking room there was more betting than I have ever known before on the result of an election. The figures for Bethnal Green were expected at any moment. It was felt that it would be a near thing either way. On the one hand was Home Rule and the Insurance Act; on the other, a two hours' extension of the Poll for the first time under Limehouse Pearce's new Act, and the Cabinet rank of the sitting Member, Masterman. At 5 o'clock the betting was level; at six it was 5 to 4 on Masterman; at 8 o'clock it was 6 to 4. Some of the Irish crowded round the telephones. "What can they know?" asked the Tories. Some lie started at the last moment probably was the unchristian suspicion. At ten the betting was back to level money—and at that a considerable sum changed hands.

Muldoon, a Nationalist, was protesting with regard to the iniquity of the G.P.O. for not insisting on the Cunarders stopping at Queenstown for the mails, when Page Croft and Eyres Monsell dashed in with the figures—our man was in by 24. A really notable victory which, coming on top of South Bucks, made the Radicals very glum and silent, while we cheered until we were hoarse. Muldoon had to stop until all our breath was gone, when he continued: "I was calling attention to a really important matter." This sounded so funny that everybody laughed and nobody stopped to listen to the wail of Muldoon.

On Friday, the 20th, the final of the private Bills came on, and after an exciting and exhausting week, during which the Government had received some very hard and variegated knocks, men were not inclined to trouble to come down. The Bill in question was one of those social reform measures now so popular. Everybody loves amateur law-making, and many of the younger men on both sides join in the pastime. This was a non-party measure backed by an equal number of back-benchers on both sides. It was a childrens Bill to enable local authorities to raise the school age to 15, to abolish half-timers under 13, and only allow the latter at all if in the opinion of the local authorities it was not for the benefit of the child. This meant that some bureaucrat in an office knew what was better for the child than his parents, and "Peckham" tore the Bill to ribbons. It was taking all the responsibility off the father and transgressed all the principles which had made England great. Trevelyan, on behalf of the Education Office, approved of the measure, and it finally got a second reading by 183 votes to 37.

On Monday, the 23rd, there was not—to use the language of the Stock Exchange—much doing, so I strolled into the Lords to hear Selborne move his resolution to the effect that contributions to party funds should not be a consideration for honours, that effective measures should be taken to put a stop to it, and that

the House of Commons should be told about it. Selborne made an admirable speech, weighty and serious. Everybody was talking about the sale of honours, and it was scoffed at even in the theatres.

Lord Willoughby de Broke was trenchant, but a little flippant. Ribblesdale followed in much the same vein: "What was the use of a Royal Commission? Its report was either so comprehensive that the Government was not able to do anything, or it was so brief that it was not worth doing; besides, the custom had been going on for a long time, and the price of everything had risen, from washing bills to peerages!"

Crewe, on behalf of the Government, took the line that it was not practicable. "You could not bar a man to a well-deserved honour because some time in the past he had given a subscription to party funds."

But this was not the point, and Milner and Lansdowne brought the debate back to seriousness, and the resolution was carried.

Before I left the Commons I saw the new Members take their seats amid tremendous cheers and counter-cheers. "Scatters" Wilson, the new M.P. for Bethnal Green, got a tremendous ovation, and it only just eclipsed Yeo from Poplar, because in addition to the Radical cheers he also received ironical cheers from the Unionist Party—on account of the tremendous reduction in the majority.

After that, as Asquith shrewdly judged, the House settled down to the routine of discussing the Supplementary Estimates in Supply. The House must do something while they are waiting for his proposal with regard to Ulster, and how could they be better employed than carrying on the business of the nation; so they talked about Foot and Mouth Disease in Ireland and the cost of a new staircase to the dining-rooms in the House of Commons. A great many people are getting very impatient at this tame acquiescence in the tactics of the Government.

On Tuesday, the 24th, Sir Gilbert Parker made a spirited attack on the Government policy in Somaliland. From the days of General Gordon the Radical Party have always been inclined to scuttle, and it seems perfectly clear that timid action resulted in the disaster to Corfield, whose memory Sir Gilbert Parker warmly defended. Lulu Harcourt was as bland as usual; he pointed out that Corfield directly disobeyed orders, and although he had paid for his disobedience with his life, he trusted that disobedience to orders was not an Imperial ideal. He thought it would be a bad day for this country if such a pernicious doctrine were to sink into the minds of Army, Navy and Civil servants.

At 8.15, Falle of Portsmouth having won the ballot for motions, had, to the annoyance of the Government, put down Home Rule as the subject. He made a carefully prepared speech which he partly read from elaborate notes, and was followed by that stout Nonconformist Unionist, Sir John Randles, but the whole affair was really very ineffective. Asquith got up and declared he was not going to be intimidated, and said

he would declare what he was going to do in his own good time. Bonar Law made a first-rate speech in reply, and quoted Lord Chatham's warning at the time of the American war.

And so it goes on. We debate and debate and debate. We are drifting nearer and nearer to a great catastrophe.

Notes and News

Mr. Max Goschen announces for early publication a first novel of unusual literary interest, called "The King of Alsander." The author of this romance is Mr. James Elroy Flecker, whose book "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" was one of the successes of last year.

The authors of "Wisdom While You Wait," "Hustled History," and other products, now, after a period of quiescence, reappear in "All the Papers," illustrated by George Morrow, which Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., announce for immediate publication at a shilling. The characteristics of each one of the leading journals are snapshotted and reproduced.

A book for climbers and those interested in exploring adventures is "A Climber in New Zealand," by Malcolm Ross, published by Mr. Edward Arnold. Mr. Ross is vice-president and one of the founders of the New Zealand Alpine Club and edits its journal. He describes the charm and adventures attendant upon exploration in the Alps of a new country. The book is illustrated with a series of beautiful views from the author's own photographs.

Mr. Lee Warner announces, on behalf of the Medici Society, that two new volumes from the Riccardi Press may be expected about Easter. "The Book of Genesis," in the Authorised Version, has ten water-colour illustrations by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, A.R.W.S. "C. Juli Cæsaris Commentarii rerum in Gallia Gestarum" will be printed, by permission, from the new text prepared for the Clarendon Press by T. Rice Holmes, Litt.D.

Messrs. Maunsel and Co., of Dublin, announce two new numbers of their Abbey Theatre Series, "The Country Dressmaker," by George Fitzmaurice, which has been played many times in Dublin and London, and "The Bribe," by Seumas O'Kelly, dealing with "jobbery" on a Board of Guardians, which has not yet been played in London. Another Irish play, "The Revolutionist," by a new dramatist, T. J. McSwiney, will be ready immediately.

The Mayfair School of Music (which has recently been honoured with Royal patronage) has just opened an additional section in all branches of both music and dramatic art, under an entirely separate staff of teachers. A new departure is made, in that the pupils of this section will be under the immediate supervision of the directors and principal professors of the Mayfair School, and by a special reduction of the fees in this section these advantages are brought within the reach of all.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE MEXICAN CRISIS

SO chaotic has the state of Mexico become that it is difficult to see how America can any longer maintain her policy of drift. The latest crisis arising out of the murder of Mr. Benton, a British subject, involves a set of complications baffling in the extreme. General Villa, at whose instigation the crime was committed, is the protégé of the Washington Government; and it was hoped that his successes in the field would bring about that which the United States hesitated to accomplish on her own account—the removal from the scene of Huerta, the President with the blood-stained hands. In a land where brigandage has developed into a pastime of the leisured classes, Villa formerly enjoyed a sinister reputation. American Senators, however, who in some respects are very child-like personages, had been persuaded that the Mexican bravo had reformed, and that he had become a quite respectable General. Up to the present they have endorsed the policy of the President, which consists largely of patience mingled with a not inconsiderable amount of optimism. As events appear to-day, it looks as though the States have unconsciously set one thief to catch another, and that so soon as this object has been accomplished they will be compelled to restore order by hanging both.

The international aspect of the situation clearly calls for careful handling. The States have rigidly applied the Monroe doctrine to Mexico, and while thus warning off other Powers undertook to protect the lives and interests of foreign subjects resident in the country. Their sincerity cannot be called into question. President Wilson is the head of an Administration whose chief aim is the peaceful advancement of civilisation. The difficulties with which he is confronted in regard to the Mexican problem are exceedingly grave. Intervention in Mexico would most probably unite in one patriotic mass all the elements that are at present contending. Intervention, moreover, to be effective, would call for conquest. To be successful, a campaign waged with that object could not possibly be conducted on a scale less than that which Great Britain undertook in South Africa. All the obstacles that confused the British army in South Africa would oppose American forces in Mexico. In his own territory the Mexican is a cunning and merciless fighter, skilled in the arts of guerilla warfare; while the country must be regarded as *terra incognita* as far as the American General Staff are concerned. Leaving altogether on one side these considerations, sufficiently strong in themselves to counsel caution on the part of the Washington Government, there is influencing them one decisive factor—the unpreparedness of the American army. According to the public statements of prominent officers, the military forces of the nation are inadequate and unready to take the field against any well-equipped enemy. On the whole, then, it may safely be assumed that, apart from the desire to adhere to cherished principles, President

Wilson has no other alternative at this stage than the pursuance of a policy of watching and waiting.

In these circumstances we may all the more readily appreciate the calm attitude of Sir Edward Grey, who has not been slow to announce that we place complete confidence in the honesty and integrity of the United States Government. We have recognised, as we were bound to do, the awkward dilemma in which America finds herself. To hold her responsible for the acts of Villa would be to lay ourselves open to the charge of oblique vision. Indeed, were we to adopt such a course as is here implied our policy would not only be wrong-sighted, but might conceivably provoke a *casus belli*. As a matter of fact, at no time in history were relations between Great Britain and her sister nation more friendly than they are to-day. After many years of arduous propaganda on both sides of the Atlantic we see at last firmly established, and mutually recognised, the great principle that under no circumstances shall the two countries ever resort to war. In consequence of this state of harmony no longer does England include America in her naval calculations. The rejection of the general arbitration Treaty because it offended the sensitiveness of the Senate was but little loss. The principles which it contained were better written in the hearts of the two peoples than in the form of any signed and attested document. For history, both recent and remote, proves beyond doubt that treaties between nations are the least indestructible of all documents that regulate human relations.

Because, however, Great Britain and the United States, who are admittedly in the van of world civilisation, decide in their wisdom that mutual understanding and friendship shall dominate and determine mutual policy, the scum of Mexico must not imagine that the day of reckoning is long to be deferred. It is altogether an insufficient defence of Villa's conduct that a drumhead court-martial in camera had been duly held before Mr. Benton was taken out and shot like a dog. The attempt to seek justification by casting a slur upon the hapless victim's memory will awaken something more positive than mere scepticism. It has yet to be proved, as alleged, by the reformed brigand chief, that Mr. Benton was hot-headed. Assuming the worst, however, that he was somewhat indiscreet, we must confess that we are not a little proud of Benton. Men of his character, frank and fearless, are of the essence of the breed that goes to make our race. Naturally, we do not expect the Foreign Office to lead the way in promoting a monument to his memory. But if we may be permitted to write an epitaph to which even diplomats may subscribe, we would say that in life and in death the bravery of this rugged man has added glory to our race.

Mr. R. E. Prothero's work, "The Psalms in Human Life," which has been reprinted twelve times since its original publication in 1903, has been considerably enlarged by the author, who has added many new examples from history. The new edition will be published by Mr. Murray next week.

MOTORING

THE Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association and Motor Union have had under consideration a number of Private Bills introduced into Parliament in the present Session, and it has been ascertained that in several instances the promoters are seeking various powers which, if granted in their present form, would be inimical to the interests of motorists. For example, local authorities in various parts of the country have promoted Bills proposing to impose extra charges for water used in washing private motor-cars. This, of course, is directly opposed to the well-established principle that, generally speaking, water used for washing private cars comes within the "domestic purposes" clause, and, except in cases where the suppliers have special powers, any extra charge is illegal. Careful consideration has been given to these Bills by the two motoring organisations, and all possible steps are being taken to prevent the objectionable proposals becoming law. Among the other Bills receiving attention are (a) Railway Bills in which the promoters propose to cross certain roads on the level, and (b) Tramway Bills in which municipal authorities have applied for powers to erect tramway equipment. These proposals are being investigated with a view of ascertaining what steps can be taken to protect the interests of road users and to avoid the obstruction of the highway. It is also worthy of note that in several instances local authorities are seeking

powers to aid them in dealing with traffic congestion, as, for example, the Bill of the Bolton Corporation, in which there is a provision rendering it compulsory for slow-moving vehicles to keep to the near side of the road. This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that other local authorities will take similar action.

* * *

The many motorists who are now using benzole in place of petrol are likely to have an unpleasant surprise when the forthcoming Budget makes its appearance, rumours being current in well-informed circles to the effect that the Budget statement will include an announcement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the tax on benzole will be levied forthwith. As is generally known, this home-made spirit comes equally with petrol within the scope of the duty, but up to the present no attempt has been made to levy the tax, doubtless because the authorities have considered that its consumption has been too small to make the collection worth while. In fact, as *The Motor* remarks, it is difficult to see, even with the increased consumption, how the cost of the necessary machinery for collecting such a tax will be warranted by the net receipts. Be that as it may, however, the inevitable result of any such step as appears to be contemplated will be to seriously check the growth of the home-produced fuel movement, and to play directly into the hands of the petrol monopolists.

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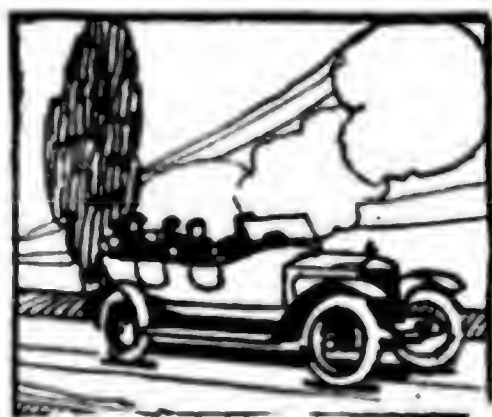
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We have just received a copy of the certificate issued by the Automobile Association and Motor Union in respect of the competition for the best records of low upkeep charges and running expenses of Napier cars during the six months that ended October 15 last. The results attained by the twelve prize-winners are really extraordinary, and constitute a conclusive proof of the value of such competitions from the car-owners' point of view. It is certified that the six six-cylinder Napiers whose drivers were awarded prizes covered in the aggregate during the six months 41,759 miles with an average petrol consumption of 17.01 miles to the gallon, and a total cost for repairs of £1 8s. The six four-cylinders covered 36,948 miles, with an average petrol consumption of 22.15 m.p.g., and a total cost for repairs of £2 4s. 6d. Such figures as these require no further comment.

The "Celtic" is the name of a comparatively new tyre, the sole British agency for which has been secured by the St. Martin's Motor Works, the motor accessory house in Upper St. Martin's Lane, W.C. It is claimed on behalf of this tyre, which is of the conventional pneumatic type, that the special canvas used in the manufacture and its treatment during construction, together with the special process by which the canvas and the rubber are amalgamated, render it practically unburstable. In the catalogue sent to us are copies of letters from users which are certainly striking testimonies to the strength and durability of the "Celtic," the prices of which appear to compare favourably for all sizes with those of the recognised standard tyres.



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The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange is quite dead. The public has lost far too much money during the past few years, and has now become educated. Booby traps that would have caught the foolish a few years ago attract no one to-day. Even a strong Board on a speculative concern quite fails in its object. Really good things go well; nothing else goes at all. The Hungarian Loan is said to have been subscribed two or three times over in every capital on the Continent. Unfortunately for this statement, the loan is quoted at a discount. It looks very much as though the issue was placed but not properly subscribed. I think it a good security and advise my readers to buy at the present discount.

Not quite so many new issues have made their appearance during the past week. The City of Constantinople Telephone, in spite of the fact that Mr. George Franklin was on the Board, appears speculative. The Terek General Oil is a promotion of the Spies Petroleum. It is clearly on a good oilfield, for two of the wells are producing; but why should the Spies wish to get rid of their shares even at a premium? The City of Dunedin asked us for a small loan and will certainly get the money. The South American Stores offer ordinary shares at 1s. premium. The weak feature of Gath and Chaves is the huge amount standing in the books as stock. Trade in the Argentine is falling away, and stock in a store like this soon becomes unfashionable; I cannot advise anyone to apply for these shares. The British Empire Steam Navigation Co. asks for £250,000 debentures to secure upon ships now building. The company is to be run when the ships are ready by the Empire Transport and is one of the Furness, Withy group. The offer is not particularly attractive in view of the fall in freights and the high price that the ships must cost. The Royal Mail offers some second debentures; this is a fair Shipping security. Messrs. Baring Bros. have offered a 5 per cent. loan on behalf of the City of Buenos Ayres, secured on a special tax. There is no doubt that this is an excellent South American security, for Buenos Ayres has a population almost as large as Paris and is rapidly growing. The North Glamorgan Waggon is a small concern asking for money locally. South Wales people might be inclined to speculate.

MONEY.—The Money market supplied the Stock Exchange with all the money it required at the settlement without much difficulty, but the demand was much smaller than anyone expected, and it is clear that any "bull" account open is being financed by the banks and not by the House moneylenders. These hidden "bull" accounts are a dangerous feature of modern finance. All the gold coming into the market this week went to the Continent. It is a curious thing that Russia and France, whose banks carry nearly 350 millions between them, should be still greedy for gold—a very disquieting feature of the present situation that no one in the City pretends to explain. Our own bank return was fairly good, but if the Continent continues to draw the whole of the gold, we shall certainly get a rise in the rate. The India Council is already obtaining a better price than it did a few weeks ago.

FOREIGNERS.—The situation in Paris grows worse. The public cannot say they have not been warned. Months ago

I published some remarks made to me by one of the greatest of the French bankers, who spoke in the most pessimistic fashion. Every word that he said has come true. We are told that the Victor troubles have all been arranged. I remain sceptical; I am afraid that there are still worse banking troubles in front of us in Paris. We must not forget that the French banks lent huge sums of money to the Pearson and Farquhar group and that the depreciation on these loans is stupendous. On the Brazil Railway common stock alone there has been a depreciation of 100 points from the top. Almost all Mexican things are now quite unsaleable and there seems no chance whatever of peace. Indeed, the murder of Mr. Benton will only hasten the inevitable intervention of the United States. As the United States army consists of 30,000 men, anybody can calculate how many years it will take before such an army can control a country nearly as big as Europe, almost every inhabitant of which is armed and thinks no more of killing a man than we do of killing a mouse. The plain truth is that the Mexican has reverted to his normal condition, and investors in that happy country may just as well write off their securities as gone. The position in Brazil has not been improved by the revolution in Ceara. Sooner or later the North will separate from the South; in the meantime, it will be a safe thing to sell all Brazilian stocks. The state of the country can be seen by the latest figures of the Port of Para and the Madeira-Mamore Railway.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market, like every other section of the Stock Exchange, has gone dull. The dividends have in most cases been admirable. The Great Western quite came up to expectations; the London and South Western was equally good; yet the quotations in each case are weaker than they were a fortnight ago. However, this need not trouble the steady-going investor who now has the opportunity of buying a cheap stock to yield him over 5 per cent. The Underground Electric report is not good. The item of £474,000 preliminary expenses still remains as an asset, and the bulk of the profits would appear to come from the new company, which only made its appearance last year, called the Associated Equipments. The House did not like the figures.

YANKEES.—The American market is still uneasy. It is said that the great Insurance companies have now decided to join hands with those who are opposing the bonus in Union Pacific; if this be true, then it will be a long time before shareholders in Union get their 33 per cent. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy definitely denies that the Board of Canadian Pacific has ever considered the question of buying, leasing or taking over the Canadian Northern. Technically, this denial may be true, but I am assured that Sir Thomas himself has often discussed the question and it has been common talk in Montreal for the past six months.

RUBBER.—The Rubber auctions are now on. Rubber was marked down to 2s. 4½d. a pound, but it does not appear to produce much effect on the stock and share market. No reports have made their appearance. Dealers inside the House declare that the public is not buying and that the marking up that has taken place is entirely due to insiders. I think that it is quite safe to sell Rubber shares to-day, although, no doubt, an attempt will be made to keep up quotations for a few weeks longer.

OIL.—Oil shares have been a little harder; this is not due to any public demand, but simply to the fact that a certain number of bears thought it wise to buy back before the settlement. The news that the Standard Oil had arranged with the Chinese Government to exploit the vast Oil territories in China on the basis of half profits has not affected the Shell, but as soon as China begins to

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produce large quantities of oil there is no doubt that both Shell and Burmah will feel the pinch very severely.

MINES.—The "bears" in the Kaffir market decided that they had better take their profits, and those who had sold short of Charteredds also bought back at the beginning of the week. Thus we have seen a sort of false hardness. There was a quick rise in Russian Mining Corporation on the story that this company had acquired the Altai property of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, but the public could not be attracted and the rise died away. The Dolcoath report is one of the worst ever issued by that famous mine, and the shares look almost cheap to-day.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market all the Electric Lighting companies continue to issue excellent reports, and it is very difficult to buy the shares. County of London pays 7 per cent. and London Electric Supply have also increased their dividend. Metropolitan Electric figures are good and it can safely be said that not a single one of the Electric Light Corporations has issued a disappointing balance sheet. As I have been advising the purchase of these shares for the past twelve months, I must congratulate those of my readers who have followed my advice.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

The Industrial market is destined to play an important part in the Stock Exchange revival which has now set in. Amongst the shares of the leading motor manufacturing companies which for some time past have proved popular with investors by reason of the good profits earned and the prospects of larger profits in the future is that of Straker-Squire (1913). Although the Company was only formed in November last, it has already justified the anticipations contained in the prospectus, and there is good reason to believe that the shareholders will receive a good dividend. At the statutory meeting it was announced that during the last year the sales, both for cars and heavy vehicles, including omnibuses, had shown an increase of 30 per cent. The profits estimated at the flotation of the Company for the current year were £18,000, and the prospect of this sum being exceeded is particularly promising. The Company's shares are being confidently talked up in the market to 30s. or over.

CORRESPONDENCE

"GLUMS AND GAWRYS, OR MEN AND WOMEN THAT FLY."

VOLATION RATHER THAN AVIATION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—At the present day, when the ancient dream of the conquest of the air is become a very practical, but still funereal, reality, it is interesting to note how the art appeared to a British writer in 1751, by referring to "The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, A Cornish Man; Relating particularly, His Shipwreck near the South Pole; his wonderful Passage thro' a subterraneous Cavern into a kind of new World; his there meeting with a Gawry or Flying Woman, whose Life he preserv'd, and afterwards married her; his extraordinary Conveyance to the Country of Glums and Gawrys, or Men and Women that fly. Likewise a Description of this strange Country, with the Laws, Customs, and Manners of its Inhabitants, and the Author's remarkable Transactions among them. Taken from his own Mouth, in his Passage to England,

from off *Cape Horn* in *America*, in the Ship *Hector*. With an INTRODUCTION, giving an Account of the surprising Manner of his coming on board that Vessel, and his Death on his landing at *Plymouth* in the Year 1739. Illustrated with several Cuts, clearly and distinctly representing the Structure and Mechanism of the Wings of the Glums and Gawrys, and the Manner in which they use them either to swim or fly. By R. S. a Passenger in the *Hector*. In Two Volumes. LONDON: Printed for J. Robinson, at the *Golden Lion*, in *Ludgate-street*; and R. Dodsley, at *Tully's Head*, in *Pall-Mall*, M.D.CC.LI."

The Dictionary of National Biography contains a very good account of Robert Paltock (1697-1767), a Londoner, who was the author of these volumes. At the end of the second, Boitards six Plates shew: 1, The Front of a Glumm Dresst. 2, The Back of a Glumm Dresst. 3, A Gawrey Extended for Flight. 4, The Use of ye Back flap, when ye Glumm flyes. 5, A Glumm Swimming (He is lying on his back upon his battish skreen). 6, Nasgigs Engagement with Harlokings General. (A fight in the air.) There is also "A Table of the Names of Persons and Things, mentioned in the Two Volumes." These words appear to have been coined out of the imagination of Paltock. On p. 291, he says 'Gawrey, A Woman. Glumm, A Man. Glumm Boss, A young Man. Gowren, Women. Mr. E. O. Winstedt, of the Bodleian Library, points out on pages 38 & 39 of "The Dialect of the English Gypsies. By Bath C. Smart, M.D., F.E.S." (Appendix to the Transactions of the Philological Society for 1862-63) the item "Gairy. A Woman. Gwraig (Welsh), *gwraig*." One may also suggest "An old woman, gwrah, gruah, gurah," which occurs in "An English Cornish Dictionary. By F. W. P. Jago (London: 1887," of which the second edition, unpublished, was secured, about three years before its authors death, by the Royal Institution at Truro). For "Gawri, v. to shout, to bawl"; in "A Dictionary of the Welsh Language," by W. Spurrell; and "Gaury = luxuriant, healthful, quick-growing," in A Dictionary of the English Dialects are too distant in sense to serve as an explanation. None of these words, however, connotes flying.

Yet equally remote is *aviator*. It is also longer, and it ignores the rights of women for non-masculine treatment; though Martial, the Spaniard, used *viatrix*. Certainly *aviator* is a barbarous word, unknown to the Romans. They would no doubt have understood it, as synonymous with *deviator*. For it is obvious that it can mean only "one who strays off the road, away from the way." But that is a thing that those who are flying at a great height from the ground or the surface of the water do not wish to do. The only rational defense of the words *aviator* and *aviation* that has been given, is that they refer to travelling away from, i.e., without, roads, as if the initial were *alpha* privative. This is better than the explanation given in certain wordbooks, namely that they come from *avi* = bird! That is an insult both to birds and to the Latin Language, which is a very regular and law-abiding machine. The birds indeed must mock at all the homicidal failures of airmen in the last decade. The second *a* in *aviation* renders that explanation impossible; *avi-arius*, *avi-arium* being alone proofs to the contrary. One might just as well use *apiation* in the sense of *be-ing*, or *sting-ing*! Moreover, birds are not the only creatures whose flight men have to imitate. And the surface of the ocean is also as roadless in character as the atmosphere. All that nature does, man is intended to do in some way or other. The fallen tree-trunk rolling before the wind taught him to make wheels, as surely as frogs taught him to swim. So he has to learn from bats, fish,

and insects, as well as from birds, how to pass through the air. Therefore, the general term *volation* has a much better *raison d'être* than *aviation*, which is not a λόγος at all, but an ill-made sort of *vol-au-vent*, a mere string of letters making a sound. Now VOLATIO has the great authority of a luminous and voluminous writer for whom Latin was a living tung, St. Augustin of Hippo. If we turn to the Dictionaries or phrase-books of that great instrument of European Civilisation, we find *āvia* = "grandmother, prejudice, old wives fable"; *āvīa* = "groundsel" (good for canaries which fly by nature); *āvius* = "that is out of the right way; astray; leading away from the undertaking"; *āvīa* = "roadless" places. Flying-men, airmen, may not choose to be called *glums*; because the word sounds gloomy. But, even if they heroically soar to unroady *āvīa*, they must highly regret "the noble army of Martyrs," whose liberty of unlicensed flying has led them, in far too great numbers already, into the way of the undertaker. All honour to the progress of Science which has been effected by them! I am arguing only this, that the words *aviator* and *aviation* are superfluous burdens, which deserve no place in our Dictionaries. *Aviación* was used in Castilian, long before artificial flight came into practice, in the sense of setting out, or starting, *upon the road*, either *walking* or *riding*, being derived from *ā via* which represent *a (d) via (m) = to, or towards, the road*. Why should Spaniards now force it to fly away from its roman road, to serve their modern airy needs? Englishmen at least ought to be content with *fly, flier, flying*. Applied to human beings they *ipso facto* imply artifice. *Airman* is also a legitimate word. Shortness in speech and writings is a great step forward, helping thought to fly *by the right way*, or as the Basks say, *roadily, bidezki*. EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Oxford Union Society, Oxford,
February 21, 1914.

WATERLOGGED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The sensation which has just been experienced in the business world through the appointment of an American to the general managership of an English home railway deserves closer attention than it has yet received.

As a matter of course, it was followed by an outburst of heterogeneous opinions, with respect, not only to the appointment itself, but to the cause which led Lord Claud Hamilton to make it.

Now, the only thing worth studying is the appointment, because if it is, indeed, pregnant with qualifications which are absolutely necessary to successful management, and which are believed to be obsolete as home products, the action of the noble lord stands fully justified, apart from all comment. The difficulty lies in results, and, therefore, in the proofs of trial; and the primary question to be answered is why an American obtained precedence over an Englishman. The very fact of this is an indictment against the choice, because it is proof, not of English incapacity, but of departmental ignorance. For the action stands out, not merely as a special, but as a whole or complete, form of condemnation. The Chairman, as it were, stands self-convicted by his vindicated choice of an outsider, since, as one of the heads of a system needing reform, he is part and parcel of its degenerate state.

What, then, do we arrive at? We have one of our great railway companies in such a forlorn and water-

logged condition as to be out of proper control. It is, seemingly, a fault of those who have absolute command—the head, as it were, is completely out of touch with the body of the mechanism. Personally, I cannot see how Lord Claud Hamilton can indict himself to a greater extent of an incapable directorship than by this same choice of an American. And this is said with all due respect for the Americans' high qualities of organisation. But, unfortunately, the matter does not begin and end with an English railway company. The nation, at large, may be said to be in this water-logged state. A disaster to a ship invariably brings with it an arraignment of its captain. He, not the officers, is held responsible. So it must be with this question of a general or national state of instability. Capacity is more needed in the directorships of large public companies, in responsible and influential positions, in the control of Church and State offices, than in the captaincy of the largest vessel afloat, because a whole nation is in one sense involved, and not merely a few thousand souls. What sane nation would think twice in respect to captaincies of vessels being merely a matter of £ s. d. or log-rolling? Yet, when a just comparison is made, the fate of a nation is fundamentally based on money and influence rather than merit. Let us remember that the captaincy of a vessel is never disassociated from results of certain practice, whereas, wherever this may be found in our directorships, positions of rank or influence, or Church and State offices, the certainty of merit in these latter are a long way from being proof against the degenerate influences of money or sheer selfishness.

For the safety of an entire people it should be impossible for money—no matter by whom possessed—to interfere with the ordering of merit. It is never allowed to do so where the safety of human life is concerned at sea, and why should it be allowed to do so on land, where the safety of human life, from its vast numbers, is more important?

Is Lord Claud Hamilton, like the captain of a ship, in touch with every individual working under his orders?

If so, and he is justified in his recent choice, the smartest man America can produce will not put life into a dead mechanism, for a new body, besides a new head, will be required; that is to say, a new staff will be needed throughout to get anything like sympathetic results.

Should Mr. Thornton succeed with the old staff, it will be, not because, but in spite of this gentleman's genius. He will merely do what the Chairman himself could have done—give free vent to existing merit. Give English-

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I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Peckham, February 20, 1914.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND SURVIVAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In one of your recent issues there is a review of a book by James H. Hyslop entitled "Psychical Research and Survival."

It is only one of many signs of the increasing attention paid to this subject. Residence abroad for some years has brought the present writer into touch with a powerful and widely-known writer on this and cognate subjects. Owing to barriers of language, his works are not nearly as well-known in England as in other countries, although several are now to be had in English.

The works are by Rudolf Steiner, Phil.D., Vienna, and they are of a varied character. His earlier works, such as his "Erkenntnis Theorie" and his "Philosophie der Freiheit," "Das Christenthums Mystische Tatsache," etc., stamp him as a thinker of rare originality and power. Not only that, but these books form a valuable contribution to the solution of that problem which faces, and has always faced, Philosophy, Science and Religion—the relationship of man to the universe.

It is his more recent works, such as his "Theosophy" (Kegan Paul, London) and his "Geheim Wissenschaft im Umriss," that have a more direct bearing on psychic matters. His book, "Die Mystic," for instance, translated into English under the title "The Mystics of the Renaissance" (Gysi, Hampstead) contains a sketch of Paracelsus. In it there is a reference to suggestions, which, taken in connection with the book "Theosophy," provides an explanation of the phenomenon of "suggestion." The problem of existence after death is also dealt with in this work, and the fact of man's existence after "death" is proved by means of a factative logic, logic-of-facts as organic and necessary as that of Mathematics.

There are probably many of your readers who will be interested to hear of contributions on these subjects from an individuality who unites in himself scientific training and ideals, erudition of an unusual catholicity and thoroughness, and powers of seership attainable only by those who add to a thoroughly trained intellect, deep spirituality and the most painstaking accuracy and methods of science.

I am, yours faithfully,

E. D. SHIELDS.

8, Lancaster Road, N.W., February 18, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Heroes of Exploration. By A. J. Ker and C. H. Cleaver, B.A. (Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d.)

Heroines of European History. By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. (Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d.)

Progressive Précis Writing. By H. Latter, M.A. (Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.)

Contes de l'Heure Présente. Annotés par J. S. Norman, M.A., et C. Robert-Dumas (Blackie and Son. 10d.)

L'Oncle Scipion et Sa Promesse. Edited by J. P. Park. (Blackie and Son. 8d.)

Souvenirs de Madame Le Brun. Chosen and Edited by Edith H. Herbert. (Blackie and Son. 4d.)

Laurette, ou Le Cachet Rouge. Edited by T. Keen, M.A. (Blackie and Son. 4d.)

Récits des Temps Mérovingiens. Edited by Taylor Dyson, B.A. (Blackie and Son. 4d.)

Village Silhouettes. By Charles L. Marson. Illustrated. (The Society of SS. Peter and Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

An Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance in its Relation to English Literature. By W. F. French. (Hodges, Figgis and Co., Dublin. 6d.)

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THE ACADEMY

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, ART, FINANCE & POLITICS

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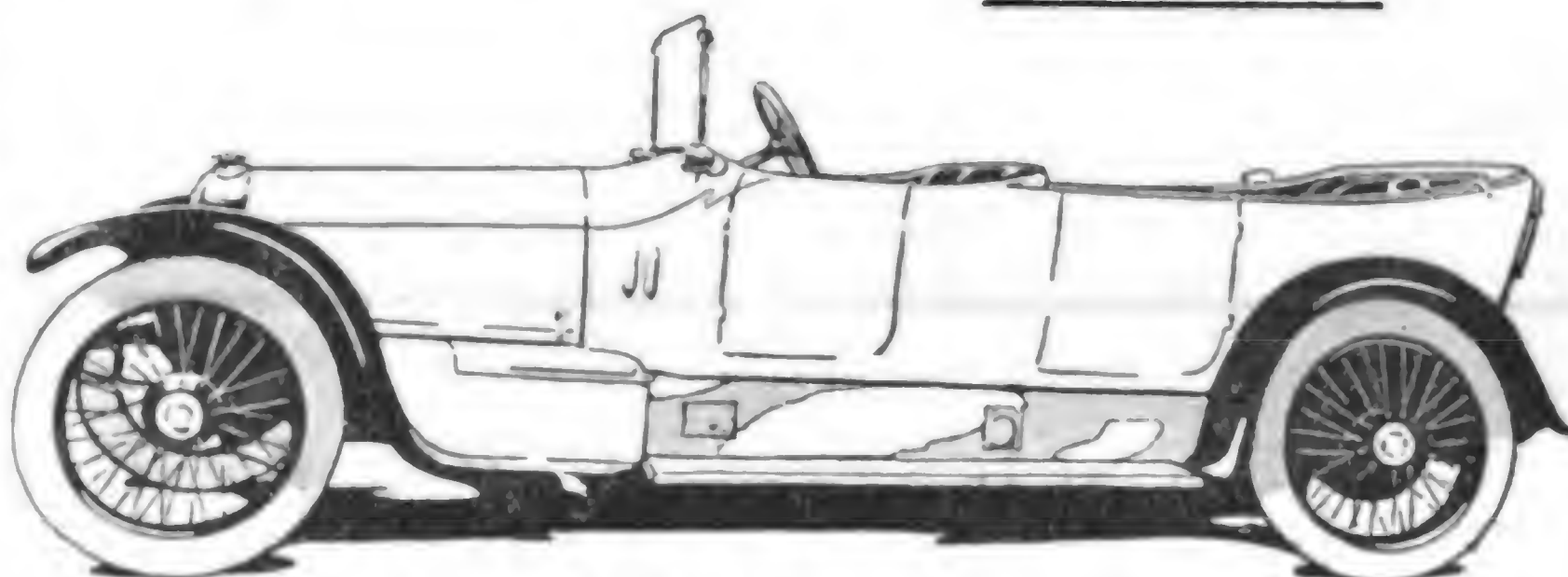
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The Head Mastership will become vacant in July next by the resignation of the Rev. T. N. H. Smith-Pearse, and the Council are prepared to receive applications for the office from candidates not over forty years of age. The Head Master must be a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge University, not necessarily in Holy Orders. The emoluments amount to at least £1,100 a year, together with a house in the College grounds, free of rent, rates, and taxes. Applications, with not more than six testimonials, which must be recent, are to be sent, on or before the 16th day of March, addressed to the Secretary, at the Office of Epsom College, 37, Soho Square, London, W., who will furnish any information that is required.

By Order of the Council,

J. BERNARD LAMB, Secretary.

17th February, 1914.

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Fourteen years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

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Notes of the Week

MR. GULLAND, the Scottish Radical Whip, no doubt thought that he had purged his contempt when he made an humble apology in the House of Commons disclaiming any intention in the speech which he made at Wick of holding out an improper inducement to electors to vote for the Radical cause. Mr. Asquith accepted the apology in his most frigid manner, and Mr. Gulland, we suspect, imagined that by incurring a certain diminution of the personal estimation in which he was held, and also of his astuteness as an advocate of the incorruptibility of the present Government, the whole matter was *res judicata*, and that nothing more would be heard of it. Mr. Steel-Maitland is, however, a past-master in pinning beautiful winged insects in show-cases, and carries his activity in that direction into his political excursions. In an admirable letter he has shown that Mr. Gulland (on whose name we should not like to pun) omitted, doubtless in the confusion of the moment, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Had Mr. Gulland's lapse been an isolated one, various explanations might have been offered; but, as Mr. Steel-Maitland is able to show that the hon. gentleman pursued a consistent course, during his pilgrimage in the Scottish constituencies, of performing miracles with one and the same stock-in-trade, we are much afraid that at least a true

bill must be returned against the "second whip," and that he is now up against a fence which the party horse will find some difficulty in negotiating, even with such a skilled horseman in the saddle.

It might be assumed that if one portion of this earth more than another was secure from competitive explorers it would be the South Polar region. Even if two or three, or six or seven, expeditions were projected in the same year, one imagines that they would be safe from collision or annoyance. But no—Dr. Felix Koenig, leader of the proposed Austrian expedition, is quite upset because Sir Ernest Shackleton happens to have decided upon the same base. "Kindly move to another part of the Antarctic," is the burden of his request; and Sir Ernest, with cordial good wishes to his rival, refuses, precisely as we should expect him to do. "If you really think there is no room for both of the expeditions in the Weddell Sea," he writes, "may I suggest that you should make some other base, which would be equally convenient for the exploration and scientific observations that you have in view?" Quite a pleasant, courteous, and we hope effective reply!

Love, according to a contributor to the *British Medical Journal*, is a very risky thing. If not checked, it leads to neurasthenia; it also opens the system to the attacks of tuberculosis; and the blood of people in love, says this daring investigator, is in a state of "marked leucocytosis"—contains, that is, an excessive number of white corpuscles. He is of the opinion that a form of medical treatment should be discovered by which this dangerous disease may be stopped. Ruin threatens us—let us all be inoculated against the plague; let the poets hawk their songs in vain; and let Abelard and Heloise, with other immortal lovers, be blotted from our memories! Only one stern fact seems to confront this energetic reformer: most of us have been in love, and most of us bear up remarkably well—keep, in fact, quite healthy—under the trial!

It has been decided, after consultation with some of the leading representatives of the overseas Dominions, to publish from time to time in THE ACADEMY articles relating to a new aspect of Imperial affairs. The view has been put before us that at present no paper of the standing of THE ACADEMY attempts to discuss adequately the social and literary developments that are taking place throughout the Empire. It is true that the daily press devotes space to Imperial matters, but in a manner which unfortunately suggests to the reader that he is perusing a series of trade reports or statistical data. This paper will not neglect description of the wonderful resources contained within the Empire, nor will it fail to notice the great commercial enterprises which are bound up with its prosperity; all these important subjects will be dealt with, it is hoped, in a literary style, sympathetic with Imperial interests, and with the aim of promoting everything appertaining to the Imperial idea.

Communion

When the light of morning breaks,
 When the sleeping east awakes,
 And the green hills' lofty summits rear their banner's
 flaunting sign,
 Lo, where grey mists stop to dally
 Go I forward through the valley
 And the spirit of the morning is a spirit one with mine.

When the morning's lady passes
 And above the tall hot grasses
 Noon arises, Noon the splendid, Noon the blazing,
 Noon the fair—
 When her fiery foot treads over
 Fields of corn and scorching clover,
 From the shade I reach my fingers for the glory of her
 hair.

When the partridge sounds its drumming
 Music, 'mid the insects' humming,
 And the pale moon halts her coming, peering through
 her cloudy bars,
 Then I wander on the hoary
 Cliff, partaking of the glory,
 The compassion of the night-time and the fellowship
 of stars.

HARRY FOWLER.

Covenanters—Old and New

THE people of Scotland, if they are indifferent to the crisis of to-day, must have changed in their basic characteristics. Their spirit of enterprise leading to their diffusion throughout the world, civilised and uncivilised, has built up in no small degree the British Empire in some countries, and the supremacy of British talent in the domain of commercial success in others, which owe no allegiance to the national flag. "Civis Romanus est," or, as Lord Palmerston used to phrase it, "Civis Romanus sum," led the man of Scottish origin to believe that it was open to him to make use of his talents and opportunities in any part of the world with perfect immunity from oppression—religious or civil. The Scottish people are usually credited with being by temperament eminently practical and gifted with an instinct—approximating to the national attribute of second sight—as to the direction in which their personal interests lie.

The sound thinker, as opposed to the Socialist tub-thumper, knows that such personal attributes, whether he admires them or whether he does not, are essential to the progress of the world. Is it possible to conceive that Scotsmen are going to vote blindly to retain in office an administration which has been careful to give the lie to every stand-by of the marvellous prosperity which individual members of their nationality have been and are daily accomplishing?

The Governmental paralysis in the case of Benton is bad enough. The half-sheet of President Monroe,

promulgated in a different age and with a different object, has been converted into a shibboleth of faith to shut out every nation from protecting its own subjects on the sacred soil of the Central and South American Republics. International law requires that a protectorate, in order to claim recognition, should be effectual, and yet it is observed that the Government of the United States has no more control over brigandage in Venezuela, or murder in Mexico, than Mr. Gladstone's Government were able to exercise over wayside murderers, farmhouse murderers, boycotters, *et hoc genus omne*, in the roaring days of the Land League. The iniquities perpetrated in those days at the behest of the soft-tongued, astute accomplices who did the talking in Parliament have been, it would seem, unhappily forgotten—we should hate to say condoned—by the Scottish elector of yesterday. Will the Scottish elector of to-morrow betray all the traditions as well as the hegemony of his race in return for the satisfaction of maintaining in power a corrupt conspiracy aimed against both?

In this article we are making an especial appeal to the Scottish conscience and intellect, wherever they exist. In earlier days, that conscience and that intellect would not consent to allow religious principles and civil liberties to be trampled under foot even by sovereigns of their own nationality. Their protests range over a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years of their history. Are the descendants of those who suffered for their unswerving loyalty to the "Solemn League and Covenant," about to abandon those of their kith and kin in Ulster who have now entered into their League and Covenant—no less solemn and no less sincere? Are they about to disregard the Covenant, to which the most distinguished Scotsmen, very eminent Englishmen, and the national asset, Lord Roberts, have set their signature?

In 1647, Charles I coquetted with the Covenanters, but they were of stern stuff not unlike to the Ironsides, and the King could prevail nothing. In 1914 is a hireling coalition, controlled by sedition—with the aid of Scotsmen—to wipe out the memory of the "Solemn League" by betraying the Calvinistic faith in the interest of the dogma of Rome?

In England, the Protestant and the Roman Catholic in the main are without antagonism, and respect each other. There is no contest because Protestantism is enormously in the ascendant, and is eminently tolerant. In Ireland, the conditions are reversed, and a Church which—with all its splendid traditions—disclaims tolerance as one of its virtues, is claiming a preponderance which it will use—if it can—to extirpate those who belong to a different communion.

Shall such things be? Are we to revert to the barbarism of the Middle Ages? Are Scotsmen so fickle to their faith and their convictions that they will tear to ribbons the Solemn League and Covenant, which Sir Walter Scott described as the "Magna Charta of the Presbyterian Church"?

CECIL COWPER.

The Spring Books

THE mutter of the storm of the publishing season has swelled to its full roar, and, if it seems not quite so furious as usual, there is still an energy about it which cannot be ignored. Whatever happens, authors and publishers make themselves busy, and, among a good deal that is negligible, we must point out certain items that are worthy of attention.

Messrs. Macmillan may be congratulated on the concluding volumes of "The Golden Bough," which Dr. Frazer has made a really great achievement; these were recently reviewed in our columns. The second part of Mr. Henry James's reminiscences is due, under the title of "Notes of a Son and Brother"; this continues the charming story of "A Small Boy and Others," which appeared last spring, and will refer to the first number of the *Cornhill*, the days of George Meredith's prime, of Charles Reade, Millais, and George du Maurier. In April, "The Day's Work" and "Stalky and Co." will be added to the fine Bombay Edition of Kipling's works, and in May Mr. Wells's "The World Set Free," now appearing in the *English Review*, will appear in book form at 6s. An important philosophical treatise just issued by this house at 21s. net, in two volumes, is "The Mediæval Mind," a history of the development of thought and emotion in the Middle Ages, by Dr. Henry Osborn Taylor, and a "Theory of Poetry in England," giving its progress in doctrines and ideas from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, by Professor R. P. Cowl, will be awaited with interest. Five new books, by Maurice Hewlett, are announced in the "Sevenpenny" Series.

Eight years ago Messrs. Dent introduced something new in the publishing world by bringing out the first volumes of "Everyman's Library." Its aim was to reproduce the greatest classics in a handy size and at a moderate price, and there is no doubt that it was—and is—a successful venture both from the publishing and the literary point of view—two points which, as we all know, do not always coincide. This enterprise is now supplemented by another series, the first twelve volumes of which are just on sale. The object of the fresh departure is to present the lighter field of literature in a pleasant, attractive manner. Six divisions will classify these books: Romance and Adventure, Social and Domestic Fiction, Historical Fiction, Humour, Belles-Lettres, Travel and the Open Air. The first issue of a hundred will appear at the rate of twelve each month, and, judging by the specimens we have seen, this "Wayfarers' Library" ought to be as welcome as "Everyman's." Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, A. E. W. Mason, H. de Vere Stacpoole, and Perceval Gibbon—these carry off the "Romance" excellently, and we are pleased to see Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "Troy Town" in the department of "Humour," though we really think the "Essays of Elia" might now be allowed to rest awhile. Dorothy Osborne's "Letters" and G. K. Chesterton's "The Defendant" are welcome. As to style, it is wonderful at the price of a shilling; the end-papers are dainty, the type is perfectly clear, the various distinctive shades of the binding are attractive. We congratulate the publishers on their idea, and are pleased to have their assurance that no "problem" novel or morbid book will find a place in the collection.

Messrs. Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley have some excellent things in their catalogue. "The Evolution of the Olympic Games," by F. A. M. Webster, is

specially illustrated, and has an appendix giving the complete results of English and American championships; at 6s. this is a valuable reference book for those interested in athletics. A volume on a novel theme is "The Ban of the Bori," an account of demons and demon-dancing in Africa, by Major Tremearne, M.A., who has seen many years' official service in West Africa and studied deeply the superstitions of various remote tribes; this will be issued at 21s. net, and will be fully illustrated. This firm has also a good list of fiction, items from which are frequently noticed in our columns.

Some notable biographies come from Mr. John Murray. The "Life of Sir Frederick Weld," Premier of New Zealand during the Maori War, by Alice, Lady Lovat (15s. net); the "Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope," by the Duchess of Cleveland (15s. net); the third volume of Disraeli's life—these are standard books, and, with others of the same style, form an asset for the student of history. Mr. Roosevelt's "History as Literature" is just out, and the third volume of Professor Baldwin Brown's work, "The Arts in Early England," is in the press, dealing with Anglo-Saxon art and industry in the Pagan period. Some excellent novels and many educational books come from this centre.

Messrs. Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., also announce certain important biographical works. "The Wellesley Papers" and "The Windham Papers," both published at 32s. net, with portraits and other illustrations, may be regarded as companion-books and invaluable to those who are interested in the times of Pitt, Canning, Fox, and Peel. In another sphere Mr. Watts-Dunton's famous essays on "Poetry" and "The Renaissance of Wonder," now in book-form and to be bought for 5s., will be gratefully received; they are real contributions to criticism. A fine travel book is "Forty Years in Canada," by Col. Steele, C.B., late of the North-West Mounted Police (16s.), with an introduction by the late Lord Strathcona. The fiction list of this house is a strong one.

The catalogue of Messrs. Stanley Paul and Greening is very attractive in outside appearance, and contains many tempting titles. Early this month this firm publishes Christopher Hare's new book, "Men and Women of the Italian Reformation." Mr. Charles E. Pearce has written "The Jolly Duchess" (Harriott Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans), with memories of Sheridan and the old days of Drury Lane (16s. net); there is a long list of novels, and we note some remarkably interesting travel records and memoirs.

A book which will arouse considerable interest in Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, where the author was well known, is "Apostolic Religious Instruction," by the late Dr. Robert Craig; Messrs. Holden and Hardingham are about to issue this. They publish this week "The Whip," a novel on Mr. Cecil Raleigh's drama, illustrated, and new novels by Dolf Wyllarde, B. Landor, and N. Danchenko—the latter translated from the Russian by Dr. Rappoport. Another item of Russian interest is announced. After a period of friendship, Dostoieffsky and Turgenieff quarrelled violently, with the result that Dostoieffsky introduced a satiric portrait of his rival into "The Possessed." The actual cause of the break has never been clearly understood; but Messrs. Chatto and Windus have arranged to issue a volume of hitherto unpublished letters from Dostoieffsky, throwing new light on the matter. The English translation of these letters is now in active preparation, and the book will further

contain personal recollections of Dostoieffsky by his intimate friends. The same firm will shortly publish "Miss Fortescue's Reminiscences" (16s. net), which is full of anecdotes of the days of Cecil Rhodes, Gilbert and Sullivan, and other interesting people. "The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry," by Hilaire Belloc, will be ready later in the year.

From Messrs. Constable many volumes of permanent value always come. M. Louis Bertrand's "Life of St. Augustin" has been translated by V. D. O'Sullivan, and will be issued at 7s. 6d.; "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" (25s. net.) is really a study of mediæval times in France, by Henry Adams; and "Thirty Years in Moukden," by Dr. and Mrs. Christie, will be one of the most fascinating books of the year on the Far East. Education and travel are two very strong subjects with this firm, and their technical text-books on various themes are famous.

The manuscript of Mrs. Mary Gaunt's new book, "A Woman in China," has arrived in London, and will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie later on; meanwhile many capital items can be found by a glance through his tempting list. "Saints and their Emblems," by M. and W. Drake (42s. net), should be a standard reference-book for the ecclesiologist, and the "Study of Gothic Architecture," by T. Francis Bumpus (10s. 6d. net), contains examples found in no other work of the kind. Mr. Laurie specialises on sound fiction, and his programme for the season is on a high level.

Mr. John Lane informs us that he has taken over from Messrs. Colnaghi the remaining 150 copies of "The Works of John Hoppner, R.A."—a magnificent book, exhaustive and authoritative; the price is five guineas, and it is illustrated with many plates taken from pictures never before reproduced. Among other fine volumes, one on "Oriental Rugs, Antique and Modern," by W. A. Hawley, at 42s., is to appear this week, and seems to touch new ground; colour and half-tone illustrations are a feature of this book. At 10s. 6d. Mr. Lane has just issued "Napoleon at Bay," by F. Loraine Petre; "On the Left of a Throne," by Mrs. Nepean; and "The Greatest House at Chelsea," by Randall Davies, all illustrated. The Bodley Head novels are, of course, in full stream, and will be referred to in our reviews.

Novels by such noted authors as Lucas Malet, Edgar Jephson, May Sinclair, R. H. Benson, and M. P. Willcocks are a strong feature of Messrs. Hutchinson's latest catalogue. A new volume is out in the "Nature Library," entitled "Insect Artisans," by Edward Step. (6s. net), who is also preparing for immediate publication a fine fortnightly series on "Marvels of Insect Life." Some capital books of travel also are promised, and a volume which is sure to be exceptionally interesting—"Italian Yesterdays," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, sister of Marion Crawford.

In Messrs. A. and C. Black's selection we notice some good travel items; "The Cradle of Mankind," by W. A. Wigram, is a description of life in Eastern Kurdistan, the borderland of Asiatic Turkey and Persia (12s. 6d. net), and has forty full-page illustrations, and "The Venetian Republic" (42s. net), by W. Carew Hazlitt, in a new edition, will have a vast amount of information added to the original work of 1860, collected by the author assiduously until his recent death. A useful book, "Careers for our Sons," by G. H. Williams, M.A., will come out in a new edition in July at the price of 5s. Many practical medical books and educational works are issued by the same firm.

Some reminiscences of Ernest Dowson, with hitherto unpublished letters, by Victor Plarr, will appeal to many students of the period when the French influence was very strong with a certain group of poets; this is to be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews; Lionel Johnson's collected poems is another tempting item in the same list. "In the Fall of the Leaf," by Stanhope Bayley; "Cubist Poems," by Max Weber; and "The New Circe," by F. G. Miller, are three new volumes in the famous Vigo Cabinet Series. Mr. Mathews has just issued a book by Professor Knight, "Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country," which contains some new information about the interesting friendships of the well-known group, and there are many other exceptionally good things coming from Cork Street in due season. Maurice Hewlett's "Visions and Dreams" is postponed until the autumn.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. inform us that a fifth edition of the Journals of Captain Scott in the Antarctic is in the press. These two volumes have been, of course, the most noted publication of this firm for some time; but there are many books from the same list that should not be overlooked. "Egypt in Transition," by Sidney Low (7s. 6d. net), with an introduction by the Earl of Cromer, is a valuable contribution to the political and social administration of Egypt and the Sudan; "Hunting and Hunted in the Belgian Congo," by R. Davey Cooper, illustrated, includes some exciting adventures with elephants and with unfriendly natives; and in another sphere Sir Henry Lucy's book, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Nearing Jordan" (10s. 6d. net), will fascinate all who follow the genial pages of "Toby, M.P." Several excellent novels are just issued by the same house.

Messrs. G. Bell and Sons have a valuable list of books on Sociology. The first part of a "History of English Socialism," by M. H. Beer, is about to be issued, and will deal with Mediæval Communism, the Communists of the Civil War, and the fuller history of the movement to the end of Chartism; the second part will appear in the autumn (7s. 6d. each). "National Guilds," by A. R. Orage (5s.), and "Railway Rates and Traffic," a translation from a French authority (2s. 6d.), are two other books in this department. In other sections we notice many interesting publications; "Round the World in a Motor-Car," by J. J. Mann, with over 75 half-tone illustrations, is to appear at about 7s. 6d. net; the last volume in the Swift Series, the "Correspondence," is due; a new volume in the Bohn Standard Library, "Butler's Sermons," with notes, is announced (3s. 6d.); and next week the "Popular" Library will have its third instalment on sale—several of Anthony Trollope's novels, the fifth of the Emerson books, and Macaulay's essays being the principal features. Other historical and miscellaneous books of great interest from York House might be mentioned if we had space.

The next series of lectures at the Victoria and Albert Museum will have reference to the Ceramic and Textile Departments. The first, on "Stained Glass," will be given on Thursday, March 12, by Mr. Noël Heaton, B.Sc. It will be followed by lectures on "Italian Majolica," by Mr. Bernard Rackham, M.A., on the 19th; "Embroideries of the Greek Islands," by Mr. A. J. B. Wace, M.A., on March 26; "Some Sources of Modern Textile Design," by Mr. A. F. Hendrick, B.A., the following week. The above will be the last of the current session. It is hoped to arrange further lectures in October next.

REVIEWS

Royal Academician and Rector

Matthew William Peters, R.A. His Life and Work.

By LADY VICTORIA MANNERS. (*The Connoisseur*. 10s. 6d. net.)

PETERS lived in the second half of the eighteenth century, when it was even easier than at the present day to mark what ills the writer's or the artist's

. . . life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

But the famous painter, who became a parson, proved more worldly-wise than many an artist we have known, and was fortunate in his patrons. If he knew something of toil and envy he avoided the other ills with ease. One of the great men of the day who valued his work most highly was Charles, Fourth Duke of Rutland, who, with his beautiful wife, Mary Isabella, aided his career immensely. The duke and duchess were rewarded by the possession of some of his finest pictures and such immortality as an accomplished eighteenth-century painter can confer. Thus it comes about that Lady Victoria Manners, the sister of the present duke, is by far the most suitable writer of a monograph on Peters, and thus it happens that many reproductions in this delightful volume come from the home of the Rutlands. *The Connoisseur*, too, is an eminently appropriate publisher for the volume; the managers of that magazine have always worked nobly to keep alive the memory of artists and craftsmen of other days. And it must be owned that some ten or so years ago the reputation of William Peters as a painter was almost wholly submerged by the fame of various splendid mezzo-tints after his works by eighteenth-century masters.

Long ago we used frequently to visit a room in an old country house in the Isle of Wight—the artist was born in the Island, 1742—in which hung for very many years reproductions of what we still are inclined to consider his two best genre pictures. These were "The Fortune Teller" and "The Gamesters." Although we may have looked at them and spoken of them hundreds of time, we never then heard them mentioned except as being, the former, a fine example of the work of J. R. Smith, and the latter, a deep and splendid mezzo-tint by William Ward. We knew that "The Gamesters" was supposed to be something of a moral

lesson and that it bore the legend, "To the Young Nobility of England this Plate is most humbly Inscribed by their devoted and obedient servant, J. R. Smith, 1786," for Smith was the publisher. But as to William Peters, he seemed to have dropped out of the affair in much the same way as he shed his first name of Matthew.

Years afterwards we happened on a work by Caravaggio (1569-1609), which shows the same three characters as those in "The Gamesters," but dressed in sixteenth instead of eighteenth-century costume. This matter gave us some interest in Peters, who, gifted as he often proved himself, was not disinclined to adopt a style or method or, in this case, an actual composition, from a greater artist than himself. Among the very many admirable illustrations which Lady Victoria gives, this particular picture is not reproduced. Nor does she mention how directly it is adapted from the picture by Caravaggio. The author tells us, however, that "The Gamesters," in which a handsome boy of eighteen is being tricked by two sharps, contained portraits. It has been said that the boy was the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, or his brother, the Duke of York, but a better guess is that the faces are those of Lord Courtenay, his son, and Rowlandson, the famous painter. These discoveries are also rather doubtful, as are many of the other names given to personages in the pictures of Peters. We should like to believe, for example, that the girl in one of the artist's most beautiful paintings, "Love in her eyes sits playing," was really the charming Mrs. Jordan, the admired actress and mistress of the Duke of Clarence, but we fear that the date of the painting does not admit of this generally accepted supposition. Perhaps the companion picture was a portrait, as is usually stated, of the lovely model of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Kitty Fisher, but like many another work of the artist which bears a poetic or sentimental name, the actual sitter is very doubtful. But there are still plenty of perfectly well-known portraits from his brush, such as the fine group "Morris Robinson and his Family," or the sterling Edward Wortley Montagu; the brilliant Miss Eliza Phelps, or the Reynolds-like Lady Charlotte Bertie, or the convincing Duke of Rutland and his Duchess. But portraiture is only one department of this artist's many-sided work which is engaging from whatever point of view we look at it.

We fully agree with Lady Victoria when she says that "To the student of the Early English School, Peters' work will always have an abiding interest and charm, for if his productions

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are frequently unequal and his drawing sometimes faulty, these defects are outweighed by his fresh and beautiful colour, and by his often brilliant execution and rich impasto and his simple and direct method of painting. His pictures remain in most cases as fresh and brilliant in tone as when they were first painted; neither do his canvases crack and fade—in striking contrast to his great contemporaries, Reynolds and Gainsborough." This is well and truly stated, and if we may judge by auction-room figures, Peters may be said to be a very rising stock. This is partly owing to the fact that comparatively few of his pictures are known. Although he worked with great success for about thirty years before his clerical duties led him away from the studio, we seldom see his paintings. It is true that a considerable number were burnt in various fires, but as he seldom signed his work and painted sometimes in the various styles of his contemporaries, it is supposed by many, as by Lady Victoria, that his works are often attributed to better-known names.

Portraiture; the delicate paintings of women, idealised and given sentimental names, which were considered by Peters himself and a somewhat absurd generation to be of a *risqué* character; many delightful pictures of children; gay compositions like "The Fortune Teller," and Shakespearean illustrations, go to make up the sum total of his work as we know it. His biographer thinks there must be much more which is lost or hidden under other names. In that case, the agreeable work of Lady Victoria Manners will do much to encourage others to trace and make public these works.

The life of Peters, which also comes within the scope of this book, is not easy to trace, nor are his circumstances, psychology and ambitions readily set forth. As with most of us, his motives throughout life appear to have been mixed; when we are quite sure he is devoted to art and is learning to master his difficult profession, we find him casting his eyes upon the loaves and fishes of the Church—the Church of which he became an admirable servant. So gifted and complex a personage requires accomplished handling, and we fear that Lady Victoria is occasionally a little impatient of her rather large undertaking. Sometimes she writes well and clearly, then there are chapters that seem to be confused repetitions of the affairs that have been spoken of before.

But hitherto the subject has been so neglected that we feel greatly indebted for such work as the author of "Matthew William Peters, R.A.," cares to give us, and advise all interested in art to read this monograph, from which the once famous painter and well-known parson emerges as a clever and generous, large-minded and lovable personality. E. M.

On March 3, Mr. Herbert Jenkins published "The Year-Book of the Universities of the Empire," giving a concise account of the constitution, curricula, degrees, libraries, laboratories, of these centres. This book is published under the direction of the Committee of the Universities Bureau of the British Empire.

Education Controversy

What is Education? By STANLEY LEATHES, C.B., M.A. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Dignity of Business; Thoughts and Theories on Business and Training for Business. By H. E. MORGAN. (Ewart Seymour and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education. By H. CHISELTON MACK, D.Lit., B.Sc. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

OF making books on education there seems no end, and much study of them is a weariness to the spirit. Of pedagogues who rush into print, each and every one thinks that he has discovered the panacea for all evils. By faddists we are simply overrun. It is refreshing, then, to read a book by a competent and observant scholar who possesses also a really liberal outlook. Mr. Stanley Leathes has written a really shrewd inquiry into the principles of education and the defects of our modern system. "Education," he observes, "used to be natural, automatic, instinctive: it has become self-conscious. Education used to be individualistic; it has become socialistic. The immediate result is a greater consumption of energy; with a loss of efficiency in many directions." In another place, he points out, that, "after more than forty years of State elementary education, it is still held by many that what the majority require is more book-learning." Now, by whatever circumlocution education may be defined, all sound definitions resolve themselves into one simple statement, viz., that education is the preparation for the whole business of life. "Yet for a large proportion of the community, book-learning has little bearing upon business. Agricultural labourers, miners, porters, railwaymen, navvies, labourers, machine operatives, carters, domestic servants—in all these classes intelligence is valuable, but not book-learning. In almost all the skilled manual trades book-learning is not directly useful. If book-learning does not develop intelligence and love of work it is useless in all these occupations. It must be admitted that the results of compulsory State education are hitherto disappointing, from the point of view of business. The population has more book-learning, but it is not yet more efficient. It is not right, nor is it needful, to teach the multitude things that can be of no use to them, in order that the few may profit if their chance arrives."

We have purposely given these quotations at length, because, from a long experience of elementary education, we are persuaded that Mr. Leathes here strikes at the greatest defect in modern State education. The teaching faddists have invaded our schools, and have substituted for the old solid elementary groundwork the smatterings of innumerable unnecessary subjects. For example, what can be more absurd than to see a town-bred, college-taught mistress taking country children, brought up on the land, for a nature-study walk? No doubt the teacher may learn a good deal more than she can find in her little natural history primers. But what

waste of valuable time for the children. Or, again, the farcical nonsense of teaching drawing with coloured chalks to boys destined to follow the plough. Or the modelling of birds' nests in mud and sticks to girls, who should be much more wisely employed in learning to sew better.

Mr. Leathes has the courage to say that "even for clerks, half the things they have learnt at school have no business value. Their reading, their spelling, their handwriting, their arithmetic, their English, will stand them in good stead." Here is the whole truth in a nutshell. The old proficiency in this solid ground-work, thoroughly taught and thoroughly learnt, is now often lost in a maze of bewildering subjects which merely waste valuable time. Children in the State schools, if thoroughly grounded in the elementary work, have the means of educating themselves in an age when books are cheap and opportunities manifold. Those who are really clever or above the average will rise to high place more easily from solid bed-rock teaching than from a general ignorance or incapacity which is the result of half-learning too many things.

For example, we look in vain to-day for the natural instinct of the handicraftsman of the Middle Ages, which produced such splendid art work. Mr. Leathes has a good deal to say about education in secondary schools on the vexed question of compulsory Greek. He is an opportunist, and thinks that headmasters should aim at making Greek and Latin a prize for those boys who proved themselves capable of learning other and easier languages. But he says nothing of the special and great importance of Greek for science students in helping them to really understand the terminology of science, which they have to read and use every day. It was on this ground that Lord Kelvin strenuously defended the retention of Greek. At the same time he makes a very sound observation about the love of literature for its own sake, which applies to the English as well as the Greek and Latin classics. "The humorists of the Renaissance were lovers of literature, but they loved not the mere history and criticism of books, but the wisdom and humane love that the books contained." Literature, when got up for modern examination, is often completely spoiled by notes more voluminous than the text, which tend to disgust the unfortunate student, and even arouse an aversion from the great authors.

As Mr. Leathes observes, with delightful humour: "To examine in English literature is like opening a coal-mine in the Lake District." The controversy of religion is avoided, but it is worth while noting that Mr. Leathes does not see why any person who is to live in this country or this Empire should demand to be ignorant of the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in the Authorised Version. Elsewhere he speaks of the great importance and value in education of the literature of the Bible. On the whole, we may securely say that his book is one of the best answers we have seen to its own title, "What is Education?"

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competition of Germany and America. To this end he is particularly anxious to capture the Public Schools and the ancient Universities. He does not see any reason why Oxford and Cambridge should not reconcile business with what he curiously calls their "romantic mission." Though he believes in the prestige, tone and general training of these Universities, like Cecil Rhodes he probably regards Oxford Dons as "babes in business." In fact, he says that "on the whole there exists at both Universities a profound and astonishing ignorance of all that business means." The real truth is that he is sensitive because he imagines that the Universities look down on commerce as upon a "lower level than school-mastering, doctoring, or engineering." Or, that they regard the business man as a vandal? Surely all this is a little beside the mark. There are plenty of cultured business men. But would it help their culture to modernise the Universities into schools of business? And, practically, how is it to be done? Colleges cannot be turned into counting-houses. Would the suggested Business Diploma as a post-graduate course have any real value? Would it not be theoretical and academical as compared with real knowledge gained in a large business house? True, there are business Universities, like Owen's College, Manchester, but thus to modernise Oxford and Cambridge would be little short of disaster. The real remedy would be for the old Universities to receive students (as in the past) some two years younger than the present customary age, so that they might graduate earlier, and then proceed to the counting-house. As things are, it is remarkable how anxious great business houses are to welcome Oxford and Cambridge graduates who have had no special business training. Their education, however unbusiness-like, has its own particular value in business.

In "The Unfolding of Personality," Dr. Thiselton Mack has written an interesting inquiry into the psychology of child-study. He examines at length the instinctive tendencies of human nature, and the general mental process, and sub-conscious action in the evolution of personality. Such inquiries have their value for those who possess sufficient discrimination to use them rightly. But we are inclined to think that child-study may be overdone and that children themselves are sometimes suffering nowadays from being the unfortunate subjects of too drastic an experimental psychology which, wrongly used, tends to make them hyper-sensitive, and even morbidly self-conscious, to the oversetting of the proper relations between teachers and taught. There is something unnatural and even unwholesome at times, in the subtle analysis of every movement, thought, and action. One of the greatest defects of our modern system is that most children go to school far too young. Psychological faddists would like to experiment on babies. Given the best intentions, children are still the victims. There is much talk of natural development, but this is the last thing allowed to the rising generation, whose training daily becomes more and more strained and artificial. Nietzsche was right when he spoke as one crying in the wilderness, "Educate the educators."

Papua in Transition

In Far New Guinea. By HENRY NEWTON. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 16s. net.)

IT seems only the other day that Great Britain—or rather Queensland, acting without authority in the name of Queen Victoria—took possession of the south-eastern part of New Guinea, or British Papua as it is now called. Yet that was thirty years ago. A new generation of Papuans has come into existence in the interval; British authority, British enterprise and well-directed missionary efforts have effected changes which amount to economic and social revolution. Cannibalism has been destroyed, except, perhaps, among the more inaccessible of the tribes of the interior and some of the adjacent islands; sorcery, which was the most potent of all native customs, is officially suppressed, and, in fact, only exists where the sorcerer thinks he is safe from the police; industries, mainly of the plantation order, have been introduced, which bring unwonted opportunities to the natives of earning what to them will be riches.

Will the changes which are rapidly taking place be for the good of these primitive folk, now being led out of some of the worst forms of barbarism? So far, there can be no sort of question that the coming of the white man has been a boon to the Papuan. Where British authority obtains, he can at least till his much-prized garden in peace. Mr. Newton properly calls these people children of Nature. Their skulls, which even a falling cocoanut, he suggests, would hardly hurt, are beginning to absorb ideas wholly different from those of their fathers, and their totems and traditions, some making for good, some for mischief, will not indefinitely survive the influence of civilised government, the school-teacher and the missionary. Mr. Newton seems to fear the effect of the opening up of the country by syndicates: a corporation (which is printed "co-operation," one of too many absurd misprints in the book) has neither body to be kicked nor soul to be damned, as he says, and when its interests come into conflict with the native, it is usually the native that has to go.

The breaking up of native customs in itself is a danger. No doubt many of the superstitions and practices which appear to the enlightened European mind gross and ridiculous have their origin in utility. The sorcerer who casts so unnerving a spell that even death is not beyond his powers probably derived his earliest influence from the necessity of bringing recalcitrants to book. Why is it, to take a simple illustration from these very suggestive pages, that New Guinea children, who have been taught and practise tidy habits at home, in the mission station, throw off all regard for decency and are wilfully destructive of or indifferent to the very things they have respected in their native village? Is the change due to anything else than the realisation that evil spirits have no place in the mission house? "External custom and tradition rule their lives, not moral sense," says Mr. Newton, and the problem

before Government of finding equally potent moral substitutes for the influences they remove is an anxious one. But the fringe of Native New Guinea in that section of it which is under the British flag has yet only been touched, and the sort of material on which the Government has to work is admirably shown both by text and picture in this account of a missionary's observations and experiences.

The Forerunners of the "Grand Siècle"

L'Esprit Classique et la Préciosité au XVIIe Siècle.
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WE have never been able to discover—perhaps it is for want of proper diligence—the French equivalent for that admirable piece of English slang, "shop." But if the French have not the word, they have at least realised the idea. More than once in their history they have placed a stigma on "gendeletterie," and the whole of the "Grand Siècle" was a reminder to poets and writers that they, too, were men. "Le bel air," the ideal of the seventeenth century, "exigeait d'abord," says M. Fidao-Justiniani, "qu'on ne fût point l'homme, exclusivement, d'un métier." If Chapelain did nothing else for his age, he at least taught it a disgust for inky fingers.

Chapelain is one of the vanquished of literature. Nobody reads his prose, except to confirm or refute a theory about French literature. The two specimens printed at the end of M. Fidao-Justiniani's study are, however, by no means without interest or savour. Chapelain's poetry apparently failed to excite the applause even of his most sympathetic contemporaries. We have read somewhere that Chapelain was the only poet brought up for the profession; if that be true, it is an argument against technical education.

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LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

About Chapelain the poet no one nowadays need bother to form an opinion; if he did take this trouble, the opinion would probably, when formed, give him no greater satisfaction than a successful piece of stenciling. But Chapelain the critic, the herald of a literary coterie, is by no means without his importance in literature. Chapelain was the accredited representative of the *Précieux*. Now, the *Précieux* have fared at the hands of history even worse than their spokesman. He is forgotten; they have become a by-word. Boileau killed Chapelain, rather, if M. Fidaio-Justiniani is to be believed, as the ungrateful serpent his benefactor; Molière made the *Précieux* immortal in their most mortal part.

The thesis of M. Fidaio-Justiniani may be quickly summarised. The *précieux* movement was not an irrelevant and regrettable incident in the development of the great French literary period; it was, on the contrary, an integral factor in that development; it was in the true direction of French thought and feeling. The movement had its excrescences; there were undoubtedly the "*Précieux ridicules*," but there were, no less undoubtedly, the "*grands Précieux*." It is the purpose of this little book to show that the latter more than excuse the former. Every great literary movement groped a little at its beginnings; even the youthful genius of Goethe was nourished in the Dictæan cave of "Sturm und Drang."

"*Précieux Ridicules*" and "*Grands Précieux*"!—"Le siècle de Louis le Grand fut précieux d'un bout à l'autre, et je crois bien qu'on y rencontre, d'un bout à l'autre aussi, des précieux de la première espèce côte à côte avec des précieux de la seconde." M. Fidaio-Justiniani is convinced that the *précieux* movement was the corner-stone of the Classical school. Even Racine, even Corneille, in spite of the battle round the "*Cid*," continued the *Précieux*. The twin conceptions of love and glory that inform the great classical drama are marked with the *précieux* stamp. Madame de Sévigné was the pupil of Chapelain. The rules, the famous rules, of Classicism, were formulated for French use by these disowned predecessors of Boileau; they had long been formulated in Italy. And Chapelain, before Boileau, had realised that it was not "*les règles*" that matter, but "*la règle*."

It is the age of rehabilitations. Many a reputation has revived when once the arrow of calumny has been withdrawn; but when the point of the arrow is steeped in ridicule, recovery is less certain. Anyhow, M. Fidaio-Justiniani has given good evidence for his contention that, at a given moment, "*la société précieuse, c'était toute la France*," and that the Seventeenth Century was a *précieux* century. He has emphasised the very just distinction between the "*Précieux ridicules*" and the "*grands Précieux*," and holds, of the latter, "*qu'ils aient fait de l'artifice, ou de l'affectation, un dogme ou une règle, et qu'ils aient assisté ou encouragé les femmes savantes, c'est ce qu'on n'a pas encore prouvé; et on peut prouver le contraire*." One can prove anything.

Shorter Reviews

Les Prêtres Danseurs de Rome: Etude sur la Corporation sacerdotale des Saliens. By RENÉ CIRILLI. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 7 fr. 50.)

THE Saliens have often puzzled commentators—of Horace, for instance—and the commentators have often puzzled inquiring students on their subject. M. Cirilli has gathered into the present volume all there is to know about the Saliens, and has propounded one or two theories about them. All the inscriptions relating to this priestly corporation have been reproduced, as well as the principal references to it in Classical Literature.

M. Cirilli believes that the Saliens were essentially an Italian institution. Their accoutrement, varying but slightly from town to town of Central Italy, indicates it. The simultaneous existence of two "colleges" of Saliens, on the Palatine and the Quirinal respectively, points to very early and intimate facts in the history of Rome as being associated with their origin. The choice of divinities to be invoked is subject to evolution and proves little, but the permanent patrician qualification is a strong argument for the national thesis.

Cognate rites and cults abounded, and M. Cirilli goes very thoroughly into the whole subject of palladia. The dress and the dance of the Saliens is discussed, and their itinerary for festivals is traced. The notes to Horace, Odes I, 37-2, and IV, 1-28, will have to be expanded.

The Comic Kingdom: Napoleon, the Last Phase but Two. By RUDOLF PICKTHALL. Illustrated. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

HAVING explored the island of Elba in the company of a few friends and acquaintances, and with the assistance of a highly incompetent but self-satisfied guide, Mr. Pickthall presents us with quite an amusing book, adorned with photographs that vary in merit with the amount of sea included in them. "The Comic Kingdom" is really nothing but a piece of purely tourist experience, grafted on an account of Napoleon's doings in the island. But the tourist part is entertainingly done, and the unscrupulous guide, Orestes, if he does not exist, deserves to do so, for having said of a complaining "Milord"—" 'E no dam good. 'E afraid of dis water from de clouds because dere is no soap in it." The prisoner and "Comic King" of Elba is portrayed by a gradual and somewhat random process. He is shown taking his diminished responsibilities with a feigned seriousness, and, by arts comparable to those of Lucius Junius Brutus, lulling the vigilance of his spies and warders. He chases chickens and he conquers Pianosa. An incident well narrated is the visit of Mme. Walewska to the island.

Some Counsels of S. Vincent de Paul, to which is appended The Thoughts of Mademoiselle le Gras.
Translated and Selected by E. K. SANDERS.
(Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley.)

ALTHOUGH nearly three centuries have elapsed since S. Vincent de Paul delivered his short sermons to the Companies of Mission Priests and Sisters of Charity in France, the exhortations come as fresh to, and are as needful for, those who follow in the footsteps—either cloistered or in the world—of the earnest men and women to whom they were first addressed. Conditions and environment may change, but human nature ever remains the same, always striving and seeking for a light greater than that contained in the best among us. And it is to satisfy this need and to give encouragement to souls who grow weary, to those who are irritable, those who are slack, that the counsels of so long ago are translated and selected for English readers. They are simple and direct, can give offence to none—should that be counted as a quality—and must certainly prove helpful to many who sometimes find it difficult to keep a clear view of spiritual matters amid so much that is worldly and distracting. Mademoiselle le Gras' thoughts form a suitable close to the longer counsels.

EDUCATIONAL

We have received from Messrs. Macmillan and Co. "Test Papers in Elementary Algebra," by Clement V. Durell, M.A. (3s. 6d.). This collection of papers, designed primarily for out-of-school work, is intended to supplement those given in existing text-books. It contains a number of questions taken from the examination papers of leading authorities.

Messrs. George Philip and Son send us Junior Book VII of the "Piers Plowman Histories," by E. H. Spalding, M.A., and Phyllis Wragge (2s.). This volume deals with the nation and its government from 1485 to the present day. It is plentifully illustrated with reproductions of old paintings, engravings, and carvings, and contains in addition several maps, some in colour. At the end are genealogical tables and a very useful list of dates.

Messrs. Blackie and Son have recently added to their admirable series, the "Little French Classics" (4d. each), Alfred de Vigny's pathetic story, "Laurette, ou le Cachet Rouge," edited by Thomas Keen, M.A.; "Souvenirs de Madame Le Brun," chosen and edited by Edith H. Herbert; and Augustin Thierry's "Récits des Temps Mérovingiens," edited by Taylor Dyson, B.A. De Vigny's story is the first of the three forming his "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires," which was mainly based on the recollections and experiences of former companions in arms. "Laurette" is a terrible episode of the time of the Directory. That prolific painter, Madame Vigée Le Brun, who executed no fewer than 662 portraits, painted her mother when only fifteen, and was still painting vigorously at the advanced age of eighty. M. Thierry is probably best known to English readers by his account of the Norman Conquest. He belongs to the narrative school of historians, and has produced some splendid examples of the heroic treatment of history. These three booklets are capably edited, and are provided with excellent explanatory notes and various exercises.

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Fiction

South Sea Shipmates. By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

ANYONE who enjoys a pipe and a book will find Mr. Barry's collection of sea stories excellent company. The author unfortunately died before the publication, but he was evidently a man of many parts and varied experiences, equally successful in realistic description of the Australian Bush as in the chequered sea life which he so vividly describes in vigorous vernacular. On clippers, tramps, and "windjammers" he was equally at home, and the many adventures with cannibals, thieves, and all sorts and conditions of men—and a few women—complete a book which lovers of the sea will find particularly fascinating. The quaintest of the stories is "How the League Went to Sea"; whether founded on fact or not, it is quite refreshing. Just a touch of love affairs ends the last story of the volume, and leaves our heroes in a safe and pleasant haven after all their buffetings and hard luck on the high seas.

The Split Peas. By HEADON HILL. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Ransom for London. By J. S. FLETCHER. (John Long. 6s.)

THERE is something in common in these books, as the plots both deal with a contemplated injury to England and its people.

Taking the first, we have a Prime Minister, his daughter, and an officer in the Guards; a conspiracy to undermine the loyalty of the Army generally—the Guards in particular; and Windsor is the locale of much of the story. Two Eton boys appear who start emulating Sherlock Holmes, a foreign element of Socialists whose headquarters are, of course, Soho, and a beautiful Foreign Attaché, who disguises himself as an old Jew and is hand-in-glove with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Add to this a powerful daily paper called "The Lynx," run by a peer, and the materials for the pudding are collected. All ends well.

The other book is more ambitious. We have German and Italian scientists, a Prime Minister, his daughter Lesbia, a Private Secretary, and an American millionaire. A scheme is set going to terrorise the powers that be by first killing the Prime Minister's herd of show oxen without leaving a trace, then a young millionaire (American) and his eighteen friends. The Prime Minister is frightened to death—*en passant*—and ten millions is demanded as the ransom for London and its inhabitants being spared. What we would like to know is first: Could ten million pounds' worth of diamonds be obtained even in London in three days? and secondly, if the deadly secret was a poisonous ether, who applied it and with what results to himself? The three con-

spirators apparently take a whiff too much themselves and the nation at large is saved. A quiet wedding follows, and the diamonds are restored to the nation. How this is all done a quiet hour and the book will explain.

The Crimson Honeymoon. By HEADON HILL. With Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

IN this his latest novel Mr. Headon Hill surpasses even himself. Gory episodes, villainous incidents, and gross improbabilities succeed each other in rapid succession, and hold the reader breathlessly enthralled and spell-bound, until he wonders whether he is yet on this planet of ours, or sojourning in a certain warm place not mentionable to ears polite. The characters are as varied as the incidents they create, and throughout this rattling story it is a continuous question of diamond cut diamond between them. At the end, however, the result is as it should be—the two principal villains are wiped out, and truth and justice are triumphant. We are sorry that Mr. Headon Hill should apparently have become exhausted after recounting all the horrors attendant on the crimson honeymoon, for he deprives his readers of a double peal of wedding bells to which they are fairly entitled. But perhaps honeymoons with love instead of gore are too insipid for his powerful pen.

In the exhibition of the National Portrait Society, which has recently been opened at the Grosvenor Gallery, the section devoted to sculpture is small, but the work shown is of exceptional interest. We note that M. Rodin, whose strength has long ago been proved, and whose art seems to grow in impressiveness as the years go by, exhibits two busts, one of the late Right Hon. George Wyndham, and the other of Lord Howard de Walden. Both of these are treated with fine distinction. Other striking items in the same room are Mr. Derwent Wood's "Bust of Peter Petretti," Mr. Basil Gotto's "Nausicaa," and Mr. Epstein's "Head of a Girl."

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Music

ALADY who is incontestably in the front rank of concert singers, one who will come, we believe, to occupy a very distinguished place there, has stolen her way into our midst, and captured the hearts of all who were fortunate enough to hear her. No "puff preliminary" had warned anybody that Mme. Ilona Durigo was a singer worth going a long journey to hear, one of those rarely gifted beings to listen to whom is sheer delight, one who suggests no comparison with any other artist, because she is at once found to be unique. We went to Bechstein Hall in the expectation of hearing some talented singer perhaps, but quite possibly an indifferent one. Before Mme. Durigo had got to the middle of her first song, D'Astorga's "Morir vogl'io," we knew that she was a singer with an exceptionally beautiful voice and with an entirely uncommon accomplishment.

At the end we wished the recital to begin all over again; for we had enjoyed it as we have not enjoyed a recital of any lady singer since the days of Mlle. Camilla Landi. As we have said, we will not compare Mme. Durigo with this or that great artist; she is herself, and the charm is all her own. That charm comes, surely, from the absolute simplicity of her style. We could write pages, glowing with pleasure, about the lovely quality of her voice, about the perfection of her technique, about the purity of her interpretation and expression, but it is enough if we say that what struck and delighted us chiefly was the unvarying simplicity with which she sang. Her programme consisted entirely of songs that are known by heart, so often have they been sung. But she made them all fresh—new messages from the hearts of the different composers, or from the clever head—shall we say?—of such composers as Paisiello, Dalcroze, and Debussy. Her Italian songs were phrased as a great violinist would have phrased them; her Schubert made its utmost appeal, without any insistence on the poignancy of "Am Meer" or "Litanei"; her songs by Grieg and Kjerulf were light and delicate as snowflakes in a kindly spring. She was accompanied by Dr. Kasics Durigo, and the audience recognised her gifts at once. She is not one of your dramatic singers who storm and take captive, but one who persuades you, without seeming to have any intention of doing so, that her way of singing each song is the best possible way.

At the Opera the performances have been good, but not specially distinguished. When Mme. Von der Osten sang Sieglinde, it was understood that she was not at all well, and therefore any disappointment about her could be easily accounted for. Herr Bender is certainly one of the most bearable Wotans we can call to mind; without a great voice like Van Rooy's he succeeds with his trying part as well as Van Rooy did. Mme. Kurt sang well, but she has not enough of the Mrs. Siddons in her for Brünnhilde. Herr Urlus sang the music of Siegmund very beautifully, and

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FLEET LANE, LONDON.

Fraulein Morena was better in Sieglinde than as Isolde. She is an excellent actress and sings very well, but her voice is not equal to all the demands that Isolde makes upon it. "Die Meistersinger" must always give pleasure, but its performance was not, on the whole, more than moderate.

Mr. Josef Holbrooke does not relax his efforts on behalf of modern British Chamber Music, and he has begun his thirteenth series of concerts. Compositions of his own formed the *pièces de resistance* of his first programme; for his Quartet for Piano and Strings, No. 1, in G minor, was substituted "by desire," for a Pianoforte Quintet by Mr. Arthur Hinton, and the concert began with his Clarinet Quintet. However, it must be said that, though Mr. Holbrooke's music dominated the evening, the effect was by no means monotonous. One recognises that the composer has fertility and variety of musical thought and of means of expression, these means being, at times, very ingenious and effective; that his temperament is virile, and that he knows the secret of a fine climax. There is also, but not too frequently, a charm of melody; there is rhythmic life, and the character of different moods is clearly brought out. Yet the general effect is not so satisfying as could be wished. Now it is that trivial passages get mixed up with what began by promising so well; now the treatment is diffuse and dry; now it is hard to suppress the feeling that the music is a little too obviously clever, the random writing of a skilled and practised hand. The variation in the Clarinet Quintet showed Mr. Holbrooke at his best.

The performance was very good indeed, such brilliant artists as Messrs. C. Draper, J. Saunders, C. Woodhouse, L. Tertis, and H. Withers having been engaged. Miss Waterston did not make much effect with songs by Elgar, O'Neill, and Delius, nor yet with three by the concert-giver, in which the melodic interest is small, though there are bits of effective declamation in "The Requital," and some interesting harmonic progressions. Some pianoforte pieces were very well played by Mr. E. Mitchell, his own compositions, "Reverie," "Dance," and "Autumn," though not strong in ideas, being well written for the instrument and attractive, and certainly superior to two pieces by Mr. F. Kitchener. The concert was given at the "Arts Centre" in Mortimer Street, in a good room which was darkened. The audience was not large, but it was appreciative.

It was unfortunate that this concert "clashed" with that of Herr Hubermann at Queen's Hall, for, although that fine violinist has no need of praise from us or anybody else, so sure is his position in the esteem of musicians, he brought with him to direct the Symphony Orchestra a young conductor from Germany, Herr Schuricht, who is making a great name for himself,

and whom it would have been very interesting to hear. From accounts that we have received, his growing fame seems to be richly deserved. Both as accompanist to the violin concerto and as conductor of Brahms' C minor Symphony he is said to have shown masterly qualities.

Of this powerful, wholesome, and often irritating work Sir Henry Wood gave a fine free performance next day. We were delighted at being told that Herr Bodansky and Herr Schuricht, hearing the Queen's Hall orchestra, broke into unrestricted praise of its extraordinary merit, eulogising specially the beautiful quality of tone which it commands throughout. Their judgment, coming after that of Herr Schönberg's, does but confirm what we have for some time been thinking, but it is very gratifying all the same. Brahms' first Symphony has the effect upon us of an interview with some stern, extremely capable, and seldom unbending governess. We are abashed in its presence, and are made to feel how salutary it is to have to hear such music, we who take sinful delight in the radiant temper and easy charm of Schubert and Mozart and dear old Bach. Listening to Rimsky Korsakoff's suite of "Scheherazade," we sighed deeply for the absence of Karsavina and the vulgar joys of the Ballet. Then came Brahms to snub us for liking such trivialities. When Mr. Lamond had finished his Concerto by Liszt, and his encore piece, which was Tausig's arrangement of a waltz by old Strauss, one almost expected to see Mme. Schumann and Brahms with uplifted rods ready to flog him soundly, or at least set him a thousand lines of Brahms to learn by heart. Stravinsky's "Fireworks" pleased us greatly once more. How trivial! But, at any rate, they are more lively than Brahms in his C minor mood.

The mention of Stravinsky reminds us of the stimulating lecture on Russia's Musical Awakening, recently delivered by Mr. Ernest Fowles at the Imperial Institute, a *résumé* of which appears to-day in THE ACADEMY. His account of the genesis of Music, that it was the inevitably born child of Romanticism, is not the view that is generally taken, the more conventional origin from men's feeling for rhythm being usually assigned to it. But his account of the sudden upspringing of the musical blaze in Russia is true. The fire had long been smouldering there among the people, but they had to wait for the fan which should kindle the spark. What Mr. Fowles has to say about the national style, about its independence of German influence, is valuable and necessary to be insisted upon, for the British public is as yet too little acquainted with the real Russian music to dissociate its character from that of the neighbouring country. Russia deserves to have the credit of having taken her own line, of having determined to express herself in her own way. She has naturally had composers who were weak enough to lend a willing ear to the whispers of French and German achievement, but these are not the products of her genius which will remain enduringly.

The Musical Awakening in Russia

A Lecture delivered by ERNEST FOWLES, A.R.A.M., at the Imperial Institute, at the February Meeting of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, the President, Mr. E. A. Casalet, in the chair.

IT is usually accepted that peace and security are necessary for the development of the art-life of a nation. There are, however, exceptions to this law. Not infrequently the art-life has been rejuvenated by national struggles towards independence and self-expression. The intellectual quantity of a nation can be measured almost invariably by its love of and production of poetry. Poetry points the way to pure romanticism, and romanticism calls for a form of expression for which poetry is inadequate; in this way music is born. Until a still higher mode of emotional expression is discovered, music will remain the perfect medium for picturing the inner life of a people at its best and purest.

As regards the art of music, Russia has no past; consequently she lacks those classic forms which, in many other countries, provide the material for the worship of tradition. It would be naturally supposed that her want of experience would be reflected in her musical output for many decades to come. Nothing, however, could be further from the facts; she bursts upon a supercilious Europe in overwhelming suddenness. Before the middle of the nineteenth century she was, musically speaking, an unknown quantity; during the last half of that century her music was accepted by the world and appraised at its true worth by competent and critical judges. It is not difficult to perceive why this should have been so. The natural characteristics of the Russian were most favourable to the development of a national form of music. The time was ripe; the cultivation of poetry—the sister art—had spread throughout the masses. As a natural consequence, when music came, it found a people ready to receive its message.

It has been said that Russia, unable to form an independent school, went westward for inspiration, but this is an entire misapprehension. It was necessary that the Russian should become acquainted with the peculiar forms essential to the clear expression of music. But, in the act of accomplishing this, it did not follow that he should become the slavish imitator of foreign style and idiom. In one sense music is a cosmopolitan language; in another sense the mode of its expression varies with nation as with school. The pioneers of Russian music perceived this truth to the full. Russian music has been called a product of German art tintured by national folk-music and national forms of rhythm. Those who assert this must be strangely ignorant of the particular characteristics of each art. The tendency of the German, roughly speaking, is in the direction of thematic development and of polyphonic forms; that of the Russian is in the direction of atmosphere, and it was this feature which found its most ample scope in the music of the newer type of Russian composers.

During the last few years, a change, involving great

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issues, has come over the music of Russia—a revolt against nineteenth century conceptions of the harmonic and rhythmic basis of music. That which gave pleasure to the past generation is deemed too archaic a means of expression for the composer of to-day. In almost every art we observe men striving for new forms of expression which, to many of us, probably appear to possess an over-abundance of ugliness; but we dare not condemn precipitately. The mind of man requires time to adjust itself to new thought in any direction. The Russian musician has almost invariably been loyal to the conception of art viewed from his national standpoint. Russian composers have this great advantage, that the rhythms, the colour, the melodic idioms, necessary for the making of healthy music are all to be found within the borders of their country. As we look around that vast empire, we feel instinctively that it has much yet to give us. It is probable that, at no distant date, its school of music will occupy the same commanding position that the verdict of mankind long ago assigned to a more westerly nation. And the rapid progress towards mutual understanding which now marks the intercourse between the two great empires may, in the end, bring about that perfect reign of good-will, without which national ideals lose their power to stimulate and inspire; and in this happy consummation music may have a great and glorious share.

The lecture was illustrated by a selection of music played by the lecturer from the works of Glinka, Cui, Moussorgsky, Rinsky-Karsakoff, Liadoff, Arensky, Liapounow, Rebikoff, and Scriabine.

Unbeaten Tracks

THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS

TO the man who has wandered in the West Indian islands it is a source of surprise that, comparatively speaking, so few leisured Britons make that region a holiday haunt during the winter season. Why does not a goodly contingent of the folk who are wont to flock to the Mediterranean littoral, turn, in Viking phraseology, toward the sun's bath, to visit the chain of British possessions basking in perennial summer, forming the goal-posts to the Caribbean Sea? Money spent on such trips enriches our own kith and kin, and travellers reach veritably a New World, the memory of which is a lifelong possession. To make this El Dorado, a wide stretch of solitary ocean has to be traversed; this fact doubtless deters many. Steamship lines catering for the service are numerous, the boats well found, their inclusive charges about equal to those of a normal hotel at an English watering-place. To many good sailors a sea voyage is irksome, and thus it comes about that all members of a family party, bent on touring, will not often plump for sea travel.

Beyond a glimpse of Pico towering into mist there is, outside the ship, nothing to be seen but water, water everywhere, sea birds, flying fish, and an occasional porpoise, until the lush sugar plantations of Barbados come into sight.

The Barbadian negro is the most self-complacent of his tribe. A "Bimshire" black policeman, dressed in a little brief authority, is a sight to excite Olympian mirth. His superb air of command, his purple talk, take the stage. Throw him off his pedestal with a jest, and cyclonic merriment carries him away. The bumboat women, the diving boys, the boatmen who fight for his baggage, all grin welcome to the new-comer. Is the whiteness of the negro's teeth brought about by his habit of chewing sugar-cane, or merely due to the physiological fact that he has not evolved a jaw becoming progressively smaller, a jaw which for that reason will not properly hold its ancient armoury of teeth and thus brings with it the mixed blessings of toothache and neuralgia? From the mudlark upwards, but stopping severely short of the constable in uniform, the black population is addicted to the practice of munching the cane. Urchins perch themselves in the sun with a sugar stalk almost as long as themselves, and worry at it by the hour, as a dog worries a bone. Take them for all in all, the sons and daughters of Ham are as merry and good-humoured as any breed of humankind. Most solemn are they when in their Sunday best. To watch "bucks" in war-paint—that is, in frock-coat, white gloves, with huge bunches of flowers in the buttonhole—or ladies in hoops of monstrous size, their heads bedizened with ribbons of all the colours of the rainbow, marching in stately procession to church, is a sight which the new-comer wakes in the middle of the night to laugh over afresh.

When the ship drops her anchor in Bridgetown roads, passengers by common consent hurry to the Ice House. There the flying fish in every disguise is the great de-

licacy of cuisine. Eat him in the dark, and you would say the staple of your dish was herring. Barbados in population is a sort of black Belgium. The men make first-class boatmen, and excel in any occupation in which hard spells of labour and idleness alternate. The ordinary employer on a sugar *usine* will tell you that the black is as he was in the beginning, that he shows no progression. Those who get most out of their hands are the humorists, who know how to joke the black, and those who appeal to his sense of emulation. Tell Alexander that Pompey can load twice as much cane in an hour as he can in a week, and both will bend their backs to the task like galley slaves. The "Bim" is a queer mixture of good intent, sloth, and laughter, and his humour is a species by itself. Set him a job by the piece, and when the spirit moves him—the employer cannot—he will work like a man possessed. He is impervious to "language," his wants are few, and he is happy enough to lead "the simple life" to the end of the chapter. Give him a pair of pants, a shirt, the hottest place in the sun, and a bar of sugar-cane to gnaw, and he is happier than a king.

Barbados is the sanatorium of the West Indies. The island is chiefly a plain; sugar fields abound, and the air is dry and bracing. To the ordinary sightseer, however, Barbados does not compare with the lovely islands to the south of the chain, many of which are twisted into fantastic panorama by earthquake shock.

The Americans are looking forward with much assurance to opening the Panama Canal for traffic before long. Their policy and plans have been often criticised, but, for good or evil, the great scheme is supposed to be drawing to finality. Within the last few weeks a couple of sharp earthquake shocks have given a hint how formidable is the enemy that lies in ambush. The inner history of the enterprise has yet to be written, but probably this generation will never know the story. One thing is clear—those who have been responsible for the actual construction have shown a resolution and resource beyond praise. Whether the statesmanship behind the gun has been equally impeccable we beg leave to doubt. Nothing is easier than to carp, but every engineer must render unstinted admiration to the work of his fellow-craftsmen, carried out under colossal difficulties. Assuming that the anticipations of American pioneers are realised, it becomes obvious that the future of the West Indian islands will, in the next ten years or so, be transformed.

The British policy of late has been that of surrender to the peaceful persuasion of the United States Government. The Monroe doctrine has been given away with a pound of tea by our Foreign Office under both parties. The Governments who rule the three largest areas of American soil are as follows:—Great Britain, 3,979,000 square miles; the United States, 3,623,000 square miles; Brazil, 3,218,000 square miles. We believe that, if a statesman arose on either side of the Atlantic big enough to undertake the task, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes might even now be re-wedded into one world-embracing symbol, in respect of exterior policy. Such a power could call the tune to the

world. The fact remains that Great Britain holds the best bits of the West Indies, and that our outposts in that part of the world will acquire an enhanced value when the new trade route via the Panama Canal passes beyond the stage of conjecture. All the more reason why official Englishmen should see these islands with their own eyes. After our experience of the cession of Heligoland to Germany, the British public will view with critical distrust the game of playing for oversea possessions of the Crown as if they were pawns on a chess-board.

Whatever his motive of travel, the Briton returning from a West Indian trip must indeed be dull of soul if he does not take back a budget of fresh ideas. Kingsley's "At Last" and Froude's "English in the West Indies" will cease to be to him mere works of reference. They will become part of his own economy.

The passage down the Grenadines between St. Vincent and Grenada is enchanting—a cloudless sky, a level keel, an awning above you, an air of delicious freshness. If companion travellers are congenial, the man or woman, who at home leads a life of frets and lets, revels in an ideal existence, in this part of the trip. Beyond the reach of the daily press and the postman's knock, it is "go as you please" in the matter of dress. To a large percentage of his Majesty's liege subjects the matters enumerated above make up the be-all and end-all—the whole of existence. Such may vote the life on a West Indian liner "slow." The too energetic man on board, who is for ever trying to get up what he is pleased to term "entertainments," will find himself *taboo* in this lotus-eaters' land, for the average Briton, at this stage of the journey, is content to chat, to read, to watch the unfolding panorama of new wonders, to drink in romance and beauty and forget routine.

St. Vincent has been left in the wake of our ship. Its volcanic pinnacle slumbers, save for an uneasy reminder of latent fire. The little town, girt with palm groves, lies like a toy at its base. One muses on the submergence of this ancient chain of land. When and how did it "sink like lead in the mighty waters"? Read your Robinson Crusoe over again. Defoe is an accurate historian, and you are drawing near the land he has made immortal. Some of these sandy islets are uninhabited. You remember the dyspeptic youth in "Locksley Hall," and think that his soundest idea after all was that of turning beach-comber on just such an horizon.

All too soon the steamer swings to anchor in St. George's roads, Grenada. Wandering through the neglected streets of the town and over its mouldering fort, you wonder whether, after all, Great Britain is such a superlatively successful coloniser as she is wont to tell mankind. Here is an island of infinite possibilities—beautiful, prolific. It looks as if it might be an estate in the clutch of a "progressive" County Council or of a Ministry of all the talents. Its exterior trade has been strangled to further the fetish of Free Trade, and the land is left to stagnation and neglect.

A. E. CAREY.

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Some New French Plays

M. EMILE FABRE enjoys in France a very real and merited reputation. His talent, as author, is characterised by the greatest probity and sincerity; if he generalises a little too much, he does so in order to render the truths he submits to the comprehension of his public more apparent and more undeniable. He possesses, in addition, great strength, great sobriety; he is gifted with a fine theatrical instinct. His characters are all alive, and through them we discover the author's own loyal, frank, and healthy soul. He is not a cynic, though he has the irony which flagellates all and which draws blood. He is a Henri Becque with less wit, also with perhaps a less complete comprehension of theatrical necessities, but he possesses much of the strength and ironical bitterness of the author of "Les Corbeaux." But Becque could write delicious if keenly observed *fantaisies* such as his incomparable "Navette." M. Emile Fabre, however, is more strictly limited to depicting certain of the most burning social and psychological problems of the day.

In "Un Grand Bourgeois," at the Théâtre Antoine, M. Fabre seems to have abandoned his customary *genre*. The audience of the first night, though making a real triumph for the author, seemed to have been rather led astray by the manner in which M. Fabre presented his subject. It expected a "pièce à thèse" on the "classe bourgeoise"; M. Fabre gave it the portrait of one of those great industrials who govern the world. Instead of having to applaud a clear, virulent sermon, directed against the abuses of the higher middle classes, the audience was initiated in all the petty domestic troubles of a "grand bourgeois" who has been most unfortunate in his matrimonial experience. For such an author, who can manipulate successfully a vigorous and vast theme, this subject appeared exceedingly frail. Instead of pressing out of it all the substance he possibly could, M. Fabre seems to have voluntarily belittled it, so as to depict only a simple and disagreeable family drama. And further, if this is really what he wished to portray, it would have been preferable to omit the business imbroglio which disguises this character comedy as a semi "pièce à thèse."

The first act obtained a good success precisely because the public still hoped that M. Fabre was leading up to something more than a domestic drama. The second act was listened to a trifle sceptically; there is too much talk between the husband and wife, not enough action. They both appear very despicable and puerile. But the third act is a real triumph. In it, M. Fabre happily reverted to his old manner, by opposing the three generations of "grands bourgeois"—father, son, and granddaughter—in a fine scene in which they defend their conflicting interests. The success is greatly due to the acting of M. Mosnier, who personated the grandfather, Matignon, superbly. M. Gémier, in the part of the Grand Bourgeois, the

son, merits all that is generally said of him. Mme. Dux is a very handsome unfaithful *grande bourgeoise*; Mlle. Sylvie, in the part of the young girl, seems to have adopted a far less uneven style of acting; and M. Saillard, in the rôle of a sincere young engineer, completes very happily an excellent cast.

The Comédie Française has lately represented "La Marche Nuptiale," M. Henri Bataille's incomparable play, given, in 1905, without great success at the Vaudeville. Since the *reprise* at the Comédie Française, it has at last been acclaimed as it should be. It is, perhaps, the most human, the most touching and true comedy written in recent years. It is tender, simple, natural; the heroine, Grace, is just the type of pure, proud womanhood, who mistakes pity for affection, the brute instinct of nature for love. She discovers too late her irremediable error; she will soon be the mother of the child of the poor, contemptible man she only pities, and so quite naturally she escapes from a situation she has not the strength nor the desire to face by committing suicide. Grace does not kill herself in order to shirk the consequences of her foolish error; she does so, in a far more noble spirit, in order to redeem herself in her own eyes.

The play is poignantly true. M. Henri Bataille has the gift of creating in all his works the atmosphere which is particularly adapted to the subject. As soon as the curtain rises, the audience is dominated by a subtle influence which rarely dissipates itself before the end of the performance. This play is one of the author's first works; it is, perhaps, his best. The Comédie Française has staged it as it deserves. Mme. Piérat is a perfect Grace de Plessans—simple, sincere, a true, proud gentlewoman. She is also almost classically beautiful, with a delightful little touch of modernism. M. Georges Berr is a remarkably weak, poor, pitiful little music-master, who can hardly believe he has the luck of being loved by his beautiful pupil, who sacrifices her name, her family, and her position for his poor little sake. M. Grand shows us the elegant figure of a man about town, and Mme. Lara and Mlle. Faber both don some striking and beautiful gowns.

M. Paul Gavault is a favourite author of the Parisian public. His audiences are always assured of passing an amusing evening. His new play, "Le Mannequin," recently given at the Comédie Marigny, is, like his other works, a sentimental vaudeville; certain scenes might belong to the best of comedies, and the subject is agreeably symbolical, for the "Mannequin" of the title is used by the hero of the play as a moral mannequin, in order to awaken the jealousy of a society woman he desires to conquer. This intrigue is very ingeniously continued to the end; skilful scenes follow each other in unexpected succession. And if "Le Mannequin" attains rarely to the height of real comedy, it is at least a very good, diverting vaudeville. It is well acted by Mlle. Juliette Margel, whom we were accustomed to see portraying M. de Porto Riche's painfully human heroines; she has endowed the rôle of Collette with a sincerity and depth of emotion

which is rarely to be found amidst the pretty mannequins of the Rue de la Paix. Mme. Gréhart is agreeably personified by Mlle. Marcelle Lender, always elegant and distinguished; M. Jean Dax played the part of Maurice de Lursange with much taste, youthfulness, and good humour, and Mlle. Marfa d'Hervilly, Mlle. Léone Devimeur, Mlle. Lauzy Bareilly, complete an agreeable *ensemble*.

Decidedly the fashion is very *bourgeois*, this year in Paris. After M. Fabre's play we were invited recently to the rehearsal of M. Brieux's new comedy, "Le Bourgeois aux Champs," at the Odéon. M. Brieux has hitherto devoted himself almost exclusively (some say even too exclusively) to the *pièce à thèse*. This play, however, slightly deviates from M. Brieux's customary style of writing. It is more of a comedy, although he cannot refrain in the second act from emitting some very general ideas on the future of rural workmen. He expounds them a trifle naïvely in a scene between a clever mechanic and peasant. The hero, Cocatrix, is a French bourgeois; instead of striving to acquire gentle and polite manners, he prefers to become a Socialist and an agriculturist. He accordingly obtains a property where he settles, dutifully accompanied by his wife, and by his rather mincing daughter, Fernande. M. Cocatrix is a man of great convictions. Since he has decided to go in for farming, he does so thoroughly, and he expounds to all his peasants his Socialistic ideas. He bores them by excessive care for their moral and physical welfare. He obliges them to refrain from all alcoholic drinks, and replaces their "petits verres" by boiled water. The result is that soon the Cocatrix trio is simply abhorred. Whilst her father is thus occupied in rendering himself as unpopular as possible, the pretty Fernande Cocatrix tries to captivate a young country nobleman. But, alas! her matrimonial dreams are soon shattered, and her worthy papa, disgusted by the unsuccess of his campaign, resolves to enter the political career. Once deputy, he will no doubt show his electors a thing or two. Fernande marries the able, intriguing mechanic, and, as Cocatrix *père* has always professed for this young man a great affection, he cannot refuse his consent, through fear of contradicting himself in the eyes of all his friends and relations.

M. Brieux has enhanced his play, according to his usual successful method, by numerous short conferences, in which he gives the general ideas of the day on certain rural questions, on certain social problems, and especially on the famous "retour aux champs" so vehemently extolled just at present. He has shown himself, as in his former works, a popular author for those who like to hear exposed all the ideas which are theirs *de droit*. He knows how to provoke the enthusiasm of his audiences by simply telling them a certain number of truths perfectly familiar to them, but which they are flattered to have in common with a celebrated and famous author. The rôle of Cocatrix is played by M. Vilbert, who has perhaps remembered too well that he is a music-hall artist. He has accentuated

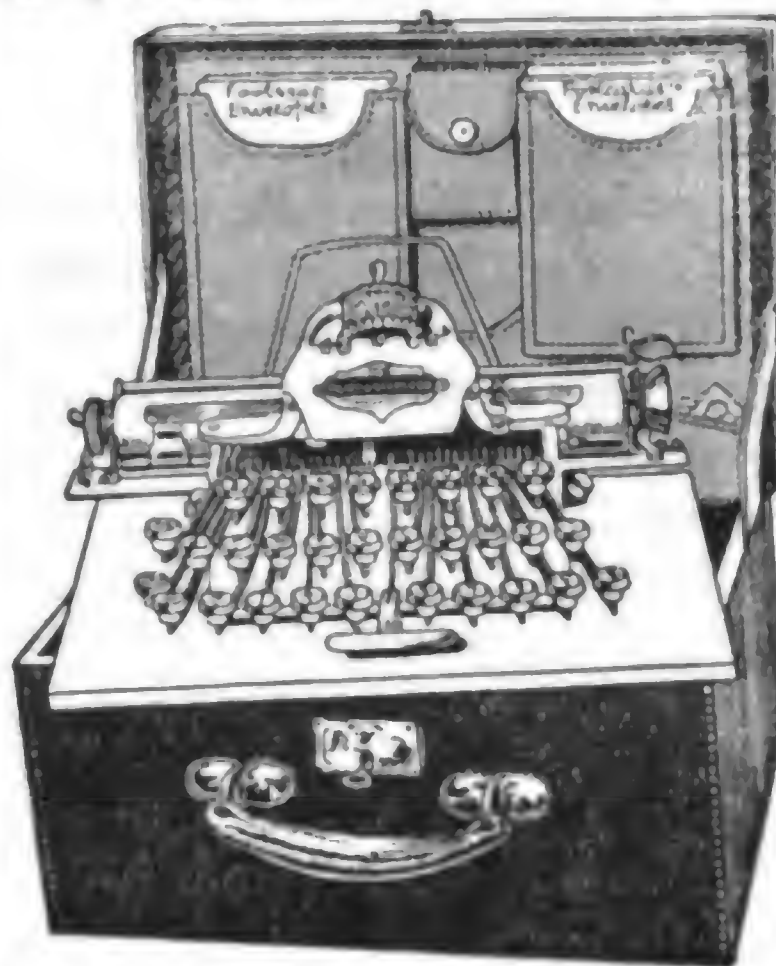
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ated the vaudeville aspect of his personage, whilst not underliving sufficiently all the comedy possibilities the part contains. Mlle. Andrée Méry, on the contrary, remarkably interprets the character of Fernande; she really excels in throwing into relief, without any apparent effort, the innermost thought of the author. Mlle. Peujet is an excellent *bourgeoise*, and M. Hervé and Denis d'Inès complete a very satisfying cast.

MARC LOGÉ.

In the Learned World

PROFESSOR NORMAN COLLIE'S lecture at the Royal Institution last month was the first introduction of the experiments of himself and Mr. Patterson to a popular as distinguished from a scientific audience. As has been several times stated in THE ACADEMY, the phenomenon which they are designed to exhibit is that in a vacuum tube persistently "bombarded" by a sufficiently intense electric discharge, helium and neon in variable quantities appear, and the problem is to find out whence they come.

Professor Collie's main experiment before the audience was successful, the deep orange light of neon appearing in the upper part of the tube after the tiny quantity of hydrogen originally present had been removed by washing out with oxygen, exploding the mixture, and then absorbing the residue by charcoal cooled in liquid air. The lecturer's main theme, however, was the refutation of the Hon. Robert Strutt, who has lately stated that he has repeated Professor Collie's and Mr. Patterson's experiments without obtaining the spectrum of either helium or neon. Professor Collie thought this likely to be the case if the splash caused by the partial fusing of the electrodes were not strongly heated, so as to drive out the gases shut up within it, and showed other possible causes of error in Professor Strutt's experiments. He further said that he and Mr. Patterson had found the spectra of the gases appearing after bombardment to vary with the electrodes employed, almost pure helium coming from potassium electrodes, a good deal of helium from copper, some neon from silver, and more from aluminium and palladium. He also showed that a quartz mercury-vapour lamp which had been run for several thousand hours exhibited the same phenomena on constant sparking, even under conditions which seemed to preclude the possibility of atmospheric air or the rarer gases which it contains leaking in from outside. Generally, the lecturer was of opinion that the helium and neon were actually produced within the tube used in his experiments, and did not arrive there from the external air, although he was prepared to consider favourably the explanation that it might come from the mercury employed. This last remark is of importance, as in that case the experimenters, instead of building up helium (atomic weight 4) and neon (20) out of the lighter element, hydrogen (1), as was at first supposed, may be breaking down the much heavier—and therefore the presumably more complex—atom of mercury (200) into its lighter constituents, as Sir William Ramsay claims

to have done in the parallel case of copper and lithium. In any event, the experiments are of great interest, especially in view of the vexed question of the constitution of matter.

The labour involved in these delicate experiments in high *vacua* and the difficulty in repeating them is well illustrated by an article which appeared in the *berichte* of the German Chemical Society just before Professor Collie's lecture. Professor Strutt, as is well known, claims to have discovered a new and active form of nitrogen—in its normal state the most inert of common gases—which he produces by sparking *in vacuo* in much the same way as in Professor Collie's experiments. His theory is that this is an allotropic form of nitrogen probably consisting of a triple atom in the same way that ozone is an allotropic form of oxygen brought about by the trebling of the oxygen atom. This seems antecedently probable and presents a curious analogy with one explanation of Professor Collie's experiment, which is that the trace of hydrogen left in the tube also trebles its atom. Herren Tiede and Domcke, who are working in Professor Fischer's laboratory at Berlin, however, say in the article in question that they have repeated Professor Strutt's experiments with every precaution and have failed to obtain any but a negative result. As Mme. Curie made the same statement with regard to Sir William Ramsay's copper and lithium experiments, it looks at present like stalemate all round. Yet those used to scientific controversies will be full of confidence that out of the shock of opinions there will, as usual, come light.

In another and less abstract branch of science, two new discoveries are announced. One of them is yet another cure for tuberculosis, M. B. Sauton having communicated to the Paris Société de Biologie that he has found different salts of bismuth to have a direct and almost instantaneous effect in inhibiting the growth of the tubercle bacillus associated with the name of Koch. He holds that their action is specific and greatly superior to that of bichloride of mercury, iodide of potassium, or the arseniate of the same metal, which have hitherto been the bactericides most generally employed. In the report presented by Dr. Marcel Labbé to the Académie de Médecine, attention was also drawn to the observation of Dr. V. Noorden on the benefit derived by patients suffering from diabetes from a diet consisting chiefly of what Dr. Labbé called "*légumes secs*," that is to say, of peas, haricots and other beans, lentils, and especially the soja or soy bean. The patient is allowed on this regimen to consume daily rather more than 10 ozs. of these vegetables, half that quantity of butter, from three to six eggs, and the same quantity of "diabetic" bread rolls with, if he likes, three or four glasses of claret and a small quantity of green vegetables. This cannot be considered a starvation diet.

Less trustworthy, perhaps, than the newly-discovered properties of metals given above is the account in the current number of the *Revue Scientifique* concerning the Divining Rod or instrument of the "dowsers." Ac-

according to M. Paul Lemoine, who has before written on the subject, very experienced "dowsers" can distinguish between deposits of different metals by changing the material of which the rod is made. Thus, a rod of wood or iron will show the presence of copper, one of wood that of aluminium, while rods of wood, copper, or iron will alike reveal the neighbourhood of silver. M. Lemoine tries to show that there is a scientific reason for this to be deduced from the work of M. H. Mager already mentioned in THE ACADEMY. But it would seem to be more prudent to await the report of the German Committee formed to investigate the whole question of the Divining Rod and its real or alleged uses before deciding.

F. L.

The Theatre

"The Land of Promise" at the Duke of York's Theatre

AN accomplished dramatist has sought in this serious four-act play to spread before us many of the realities of life and to treat some of its often hidden intimacies with sincerity and candour. Thus far we are deeply indebted to Mr. W. S. Maugham, but, justly expecting so much from the author, we are, of course, not without some periods of disappointment.

The character of Norah Marsh, which Miss Irene Vanbrugh vitalises with her delicate and finished art, holds our interest almost to the end. She has been the companion of a lady at Tunbridge Wells for many years, and has reason to believe that, on her employer's death, she will be well provided for. As a matter of fact, she gains nothing but bitter disappointment, and thus takes the step which gives the story its original character.

Her brother, Edward Marsh, Mr. C. V. France, has long been settled on a farm in Manitoba, and Norah, who has lived in so sheltered and enervating an atmosphere at Tunbridge Wells, travels out to Canada in search of a future, if not of adventure; but the latter comes quickly enough. Her brother's wife, a true Canadian of the working farmer class, admirably played by Miss Ashworth, resents the "ladylike" character of Norah at once, while Norah herself does not hesitate to lay aside her gentility and allow herself many bitter phrases and sub-acid witticisms at the expense of those about her. Her most caustic and disagreeable and, as it seems, uncalled-for, ironies are addressed to one of the hired men, a kind of Canadian superman, Frank Taylor, made lifelike enough by Mr. Godfrey Tearle. Soon the jealousies and hard methods of her sister-in-law cause Norah to change her tone to Taylor and offer herself as his general servant and, incidentally, his wife, when he returns to his own small farm and hut at Prentice.

After that offer has been accepted the play deals

with the gradual taming of the illogical and difficult Norah by a husband who means to have his pound of flesh and has no knowledge or belief in the sort of delicacy on which his wife sets so much store. In the hands of Miss Vanbrugh the situation is a tragedy; after the first outburst or two, a silent drama of the soul, in which Norah suffers everything and learns a good deal, goes sullenly forward.

In the end, when once more Frank Taylor's farm has been ruined and he has to become a hired man again, Norah, who has an opportunity of returning to England and receiving a good post, elects to remain with her husband.

We must own that the woman we had gathered Norah to be, and the sort of man that Taylor appeared to us, would not have acted as they did in the last scene at Prentice. Taylor, who has been a man of iron, breaks down for very little reason; Norah, who a very short time before has implied her unhappiness to her brother and hinted at her willingness to get away from her husband, now clings to him after a manner which is more conventional than convincing. However, our disagreement with the sudden changes in the characters of the two main characters does not prevent the play from being at once an engrossing, original and sterling piece of work. It is acted throughout with perfect skill. Miss Vanbrugh will convey to many a charm which is not, as it seems to us, altogether in the character of Norah. Mr. Tearle is more than usually sincere and powerful as Frank Taylor. As for the other eleven



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people of the play, they fit into their places with wonderful exactitude, and are so entirely the personages they represent that they give solidity and truth at every turn. It is only Norah and Frank who surprise and make us doubt a little at the end of "The Land of Promise."

Two New Plays at the Royalty Theatre

"ACID DROPS."

DURING the last two years we have seen a large number of powerful and even delightful one-act plays; but Miss Gertrude Jennings' lively study of life in a women's infirmary ward of a workhouse is by far the cleverest that we have had an opportunity of welcoming.

There is a little sentimental story about the Rev. Noel Cuthbertson and Flora Cavan, who comes to read to the old women, but the incident is only of interest in that an extremely old and beautiful patient, Mrs. Gilbert, enables them to patch some difference they have had. The true joy in Miss Jennings' play is in her method of depicting such a character as the gentle Mrs. Gilbert and the exceedingly wicked and amusing Mrs. Price and the rest. There are rare qualities here—wit, refreshing satire, delicate pathos; and there is bitter irony in the way in which we are shown the little warfare and jealousies of the ward.

Mrs. Price, Miss Beryl Mercer, is the most complete picture of a thoroughly wicked old lady of the workhouse class known to the stage. Her curious little lies and artifices, her failures and her final victory as the "hemperor of the ward," are intensely interesting and enable the actress to perform her part with wonderful effect. So convincing had she become that when at the end of the play the audience called loudly for the author, she came to the footlights on behalf of the managers and spoke in her own gentle voice—so different from that of Mrs. Price—the surprise was delightful, and would have been comic but for the sense one gained of the extreme cleverness of the actress.

Miss Betty Ward, too, as the sweet old lady who was too near her quiet end to know how happy she was making her friend, Miss Flora, gave a most admirable character-study and reached the highest level of reserved, unforced pathos. All the other parts were well played, and we must beg all visitors to the Royalty to be in time to see Miss Jennings' little comedy and the truly remarkable playing of Miss Mercer and Miss Ward.

"PEGGY AND HER HUSBAND."

There is much that is brilliant and delightful in this witty comedy by Mr. Joseph Keating, much that holds our interest and makes for gaiety and light laughter.

We are presented to a fashionable modern world in which most of the characters are rich and well pleased with themselves, and all are determined to air their views on life and the circumstances which surround them in lively phrases and acute criticism. Some may

think that this sort of thing is overdone, but we do not feel that. Such characters are to be met with every day, and if liveliness be their fault, that is indeed a welcome one.

Rodney Carlish, Mr. Dennis Eadie, has been married to Peggy, Miss Gladys Cooper, for three months, and loves her truly enough. But, owing to an old affair, about which you must find out for yourself at the theatre, he is found by his wife in the arms of her particular friend, Hattie Deverill, Miss Eileen Clanford. If Peggy has proved herself remarkably affectionate, we know also that she is extremely proud and rather stupid. Thus an excellent stage situation arises out of the simple and rather unwilling kiss of friendship.

Peggy retires to a house of her own and Rodney travels to the East for six months. They want to get back to each other; everybody wants them to be happy, but Peggy's pride becomes an awful difficulty. It is the author's business to get over this affair, which he finally does in the true spirit of comedy. But before that happy ending of the third act he has shown us many amusing characters and given some excellent satire on our neighbour's modes of thought. Of course, he does not reach us personally; his whip, sharp as it is, falls upon the others, and the result is an amusing play, with some touches of deeper feeling which relieve and make doubly effective the many lighter passages of the play.

As to the acting, it is as near perfection as we are likely to see in modern comedy. Mr. Eadie has a fairly easy task in representing the agreeable Rodney Carlish; on the one or two occasions when the author gives him the chance of showing his powerful mastery of human passions he takes the fullest advantage of them. Miss Cooper, too, is not called upon for any very strong work. But at the end of the second act, when she has, as she thinks, finally dismissed the husband she loves, her expression of abject terror and weakness is admirable and sincere. The many other characters of the play, all amusing examples of modern types, are presented with great accomplishment; and, as a whole, we should think that "Peggy and Her Husband" is just the play to run successfully throughout the London season.

Saison Nijinsky at the Palace Theatre

THE welcome engagement of M. Nijinsky and his company firstly provides us with a delightful fresh setting of that familiar dream of youth and fragile beauty, "Les Sylphides." But M. Maurice Ravel has made a different arrangement from that formerly heard of Chopin's mazurkas, études and nocturnes to accompany and support the dances; a vague, translucent moonlight scene surrounds the mysteries of those delicately clad ballet figures; an air of subtle magnetism pervades the whole production. Nijinsky and Mlle. Nijinska dance to perfection; the blithe and enrapturing quality of the

ballet is sustained with perfect grace, but we cannot help feeling that the Palace provides rather too small a space for the buoyant dancers. This is brought home to us especially when Nijinsky is dancing alone; the old, wild freedom is very occasionally checked, the bravery of his flights a trifle abridged. But with his accomplished sister and the exquisitely graceful ladies of the ballet the performance is a thing of beauty which all those who have seen it before will wish to watch again, and with which the rest of the world will delight to make acquaintance.

After "Les Syphides," on the first night, M. Alexandre Kotschetowsky gave us a charming *Danse Orientale* to the music of Sinding, orchestrated by Tanéïew. The whole of the East is comprised in this dance. One does not feel that it is intended to represent any place or people, but rather that it is freighted with all the delights and vigour of many and various Oriental peoples.

The choregraphic tableau from Gautier's poem, "Le Spectre de la Rose," is an old friend to which Mlle. B. Nijinska and her brother add new graces. "La Jeune Fille" slumbers after a ball in the wide and simple scene which Mr. Anisfeld has painted, and to her comes "La Rose"—the spirit of romance and quintessence of gay movement. To the seductive music of De Weber the two are soon united in the most thrilling and exhilarating of movements. The Rose makes love delightfully and then vanishes like a fairy; the young girl continues her sleep and nothing remains but the perfume of beautiful flowers and the fresh yet distant sound of the "Invitation à la Valse."

The entertainment has closed with this poetic fantasy. Nijinsky and his company have come and gone, and it only remains for the Palace audience to drown their retreating forms in a flood of warm applause.

EGAN MEW.

A Lecture by "Charivaria"

A CONSIDERABLE number of people assembled on Friday evening, February 27, at Stationers' Hall, on the occasion of the lecture by Mr. Walter Emanuel on "British Wit and Humour." After a few brief introductory words by the chairman, Mr. Arthur Waugh—words concise, arresting, and to the point, as a chairman's words usually are not—Mr. Emanuel read his address. This consisted of a short essay written some years previously, extended, and brought up to date. Mr. Emanuel touched lightly upon and quickly glided over wit past and present, what constitutes the comic spirit, and those who had helped to contribute to the humour of the time. From his opening sentences it was clear that Mr. Emanuel had his audience with him, and when the lecture came much too early to a close there was a clamour for "more." After a few words of thanks from Mr. John G. Wilson, editor of "The Odd Volume," and

an anecdote from Mr. G. Valentine Williams, Mr. Emanuel read—with apologies to his audience—some of his own short skits on things in general, and thus brought to a close a very pleasant evening. Thanks are due to Mr. Palmer, the energetic secretary of the Booksellers' Provident Association, for his efforts in organising and arranging the meeting.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

TO show the insincerity of the Prime Minister's tactics—James Hope asked him if he would allow the House to sit on a Friday evening for a few hours to enable the country to hear what were his new proposals. Not a bit of it! He was not going to give up his week-end to allay national anxiety. James Craig anticipated his answer by saying, in a stentorian voice: "I beg to state on behalf of the Prime Minister that the answer is 'No,'" which caused the whole House to roar, and even Mr. Asquith and the Speaker to smile. Personally, I do not understand it; all sides seem to be convinced that the Ulstermen are not bluffing, and, if that is the fact, we are drifting day by day nearer civil war. Yet nothing is done. Asquith said that, if the permanent business is concluded sooner than is anticipated, he will let us know so much the earlier! One would think he was speaking to children in a nursery, playing some childish game, rather than as a statesman to responsible persons amid a momentous crisis. How the Opposition stand it, and why the Ulstermen remain quiet, is a mystery to me.

Jack Seely repeated his last year's performance about the aeroplanes of the Army. How perfect they are; how superior in every way to the foreigner; in fact, they are better than anything other nations could produce! England had played the old game of seeing the other countries waste their money and time in experiments and then profiting by their mistakes—in fact, left them standing still in the race for superiority and efficiency. Joynson-Hicks doubted it, and Arthur Lee was very dry—he hoped that Seely and Winston, having shown their courage, would not go on risking their valuable lives. If it was really necessary for members of the Cabinet to go up in aeroplanes, there were others who could be more easily spared.

The next film was the Insurance Act. Here, again, little Wedgwood Benn, in the involuntary absence of Masterman and the voluntary absence of Lloyd George, declared it was the finest Act in the world. We pressed for an inquiry into the working of the Act. Rupert Gwynne wanted to know where the sanatoria and first-class hotels were. Worthington Evans was twitted with saying he was in favour of compulsion. He frankly admitted it, but said he was misled by the Chancellor, and added: "I believed him once, but I shall never believe him again." Lloyd George, in a ferocious speech, declared that the policy of the Unionists was "Back to the Workhouse,"

a phrase which will be used on posters by Radicals at forthcoming elections. Bonar Law bluntly said: "The finance of the Bill is unsound, and you know it." He denied that the Unionists were pledged to the voluntary system—they were pledged to a thorough overhaul, and the way to bring it about was by an investigation; but that did not suit the Coalition at all, so the suggestion was defeated by 84.

On Thursday, the 26th, we had a dull Irish night. Mr. Horner wanted to know why Handel Booth had been allowed to be present at a meeting of the Irish Privy Council. Birrell declared that the member had been made the victim of a hoax. Mr. Horner asked the Speaker if he might cross-examine Booth on the subject; the Speaker, however, ruled that life in this House is bad enough already, but if every member is to answer every other honourable member as to where he is on a particular occasion it would be even worse. Mr. Horner was not satisfied, and he intimated that he should pursue the subject later on.

Banbury blamed the Government for releasing Larkin. The Chairman advised him to raise the question when Birrell's salary came up for discussion; but Banbury was not to be denied—he moved to reduce the sum granted to the Irish Constabulary because the Government had failed to give instruction to the police to deal with the strike in a firmer manner at the start. It was a splendid hare, and ran for hours; but, after all, what did it amount to? We baited Birrell for all we were worth, but with the terrible question of civil war looming before us it seemed to many of us very trivial.

On Friday, the 27th, Sir Harry Verney brought in his private member's Bill to have all elections on one day, and that day to be preferably a Saturday. I remember the saying of a well-known Oxford coach to the effect that he hated to be umpire because he always leaned in favour of his opponents. This is naturally the attitude of a chivalrous gentleman; but that does not appeal to the present Government in the least. "We are in power—let us do everything we can to keep there." I hold that any Government which brings in a Reform Bill ought to act with rigid fairness to the other side; they are in the majority, and in common decency ought not to load the dice against their opponents. But no such feelings actuate the present majority. Sir Harry Verney moved his Bill in a pleasant speech—he really could not see what objection there could be to it. We soon showed him. It was a Bill designed to kill plural voting as much as possible. The Saturday poll was to prevent tradesmen voting; the police would be overworked, and the Post Office would be unable to deal with the mass of correspondence involved. Sir Frederick Banbury pointed out that, instead of shortening elections, it would lengthen them, inasmuch as mere notice of an election would be given, and the election would commence directly the word was given. The Radicals objected to the use of the motor-car. Sir Frederick Banbury said nobody cares a twopenny—(here he pulled himself up amid cheers) two straws for the Bill. But

it was all to no purpose; the Bill was carried, and the Government will take care that it becomes law. Like Pearce's Bill of last year extending the hours of polling, it will help the Radical Party enormously, whilst no attempt is being made to remedy the anomalies of one man representing five or six times the electorate of another. The Government see that the sands are running out, but they are determined to entrench their position as much as possible.

On Monday, the 2nd, Bonar Law deliberately drew the fire of Lloyd George over the Insurance Act. There is a feeling growing that all is not right; fears are expressed that the actuarial calculations are wrong, and everybody knows that, when actuaries are wrong or have calculated on premises that are unsound, things are likely to go very wrong indeed. The life insurance societies that have failed during the last century are a melancholy proof of this statement.

Lloyd George denied it; when pressed, he said that the Chief Actuary of the Government had not made actual examination of the Friendly Societies at the present time—it was not the time to do so. The Act specified a time, and we are apparently to go on until that date arrives.

Winston then dealt with the Navy. He was certain that he had the Unionists with him; so that all he had to do was to sit on the Suicide Club. He explained that the large amount required on the Supplementary Estimates was due to various causes: first, the determination of the Admiralty to build up an immense reserve of oil, which had unexpectedly doubled in price. In spite of this, the Government felt that the subject was so important that they now had a supply safely housed for three years' peace consumption or one year's war consumption, and they were not through with their plans yet. Shipbuilding had been accelerated, and the shipbuilders naturally wanted to be paid. There were also further increases in wages. Then, again, our air fleet was costing a great deal of initial expense, although it would enable us to make economies elsewhere later on.

All the Little Navyites wrung their hands and deplored the extravagance and unbusinesslike methods of the Government. Price said that such miscalculations, if made in a private firm, would land it in bankruptcy. Philip Morrell remarked bitterly on the utter helplessness of the Commons over finance—which is very true. David Mason, greatly daring, moved a reduction of £100, which is not much, when you come to think of it, in £2,500,000. He was only able to persuade 33 members to vote with him, but he prevented the vote being taken the same evening, to the annoyance of Winston.

On Tuesday, the 3rd, a change came over the spirit of our dream. Asquith said that the Opposition had been so good in helping to ensure the completion of the necessary financial arrangements by the end of the financial year that he was glad to announce that on Monday next he would submit the motion for the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. This was considered to be a sub-

stantial concession, and Bonar Law appealed to Almeric Paget not to move his motion on Home Rule at 8.15.

Sir Edward Grey had to admit that the Government was powerless as far as Mr. Benton's death was concerned. The United States say that under the Monroe Doctrine no foreign country can interfere with the Republics on the North American Continent. We cannot therefore punish Mexico direct, and the United States also appear to be powerless to do so. The House seems to think that the state of affairs is very unsatisfactory.

After this a breeze arose. Bob Cecil wanted to talk about the conditions of housing under which the workmen lived at Rosyth, but Whitley rather narrowly ruled that this could not be discussed. This caused a flare-up. The Unionists think that there is a scandal being hidden here, and Stanley Wilson boldly accused the Chairman of protecting the Government. Whitley shot up like a Jack-in-the-box, and said that Wilson was grossly disorderly—which was true. Wilson apologised, and Bob Cecil, whom it is not easy to put down, said: "Very well, if I cannot discuss it, I will move the reduction."

Then Whitley allowed Leif Jones to make a rambling speech; the Unionists began to think that there was a plot on hand to keep the debate going until the Government supporters arrived in sufficient numbers. The Government, very uneasy, evidently feared a division so early in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, we had nothing on; but when Percy Illingworth left the front bench and went to the front door, somebody shouted out: "Going to see if you're safe?"

Spencer Compton, who was Speaker early in the eighteenth century, could not be called a strong Speaker, but on occasion he could administer a sharp reproof. When a member once called upon him "to make the House quiet," declaring that he had a right to be heard, Compton answered: "No, sir; you have a right to speak, but the House has a right to judge whether it will hear you." We thought the old rule still applied, but Whitley seemed to think that a Chairman of Committee had more power than a Speaker, and did all he could to get a hearing for the lachrymose Leif. He sharply rebuked the Unionists for shouting "Divide," whereupon they shouted "Agreed" and were also sternly admonished. Winston got very angry, and accused the Unionists of trying to find out how many Liberals and Unionists there were in the House instead of patriotically voting money for the navy.

This was all very well, but the Unionists felt that they had not been well treated either by the Chairman or the Government, so sulkily voted for the reduction as a protest.

As the Home Rule debate was off, I went off too.

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Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE POWER OF THE PRESS FOR EVIL

FEW people, even among those who derive their livelihood from the calling of journalism, will deny that within the past few years the daily Press and the various organisations connected with it have developed the commercial spirit to an extraordinary degree. No doubt the competition introduced by the successful halfpenny paper forced the pace in this respect. It is a fact that, in spite of the many manifestations of enterprise, it cannot be said that the Press has taken full advantage of the modern facilities for its own improvement.

None the less, it is perfectly true, as we have said, that the commercial side of journalism does show remarkable development, and it is plainly evident that this development has been gained at a cost for which the status of the profession is called upon to pay. Save on public occasions, where the oratory employed by representative journalists is as stereotyped as the columns which make up their newspapers, it is never seriously contended that the Press leads the public. The exact reverse is the real state of affairs. The proprietors of the Press, like any other shopkeeper, give the public what the public wants.

Knowledge of the inside workings of a newspaper office will abundantly prove the truth of this further assertion, that in most cases those responsible for the management and policy deliberately exploit the appetite of the public for all that is unsavoury, sorrowful, and tragic. Were the Press not to claim so privileged a position in the community, but to rest content with a purely commercial status, then it would escape much of the criticism that can now reasonably be laid to its charge. The Press, however, wears a cunning mask. It pretends to serve while all the time enslaving. For this, in effect, is what surrender to the public appetite really means. That product of Western civilisation, the drunkard, demands alcohol; but no one pretends that it is good for him. In like manner, that product of Eastern civilisation, the opium-eater, calls for opium; but in his case, also, no one pretends that it is good for him. The keeper of the opium or the drinking den, however, occupies a very low status in the world's community. We are not suggesting that

the proprietors of the daily Press should be placed in a similar category. Nevertheless, it is time that the services they render the public were appraised at their proper value.

The pretensions of journalism to a separate estate in the realm are insupportable. The modern newspaper is nothing more nor less than a commercial concern subsidised by advertisers. In certain instances it may promote the well-being of the community and assist the ends of justice by providing a medium of publicity accessible to all. But this publicity, let it be remembered, is in the main restricted to law-suits which, in the jargon of Fleet Street, possess a "live" interest. In some cases, also, the Press no doubt ventilates worthy causes. On the other hand, the number of causes that it wilfully suppresses because these are inimical to the interests which the newspaper itself serves, is a damaging count on the other side. It is not so much a free Press as a fair Press of which the community stands in need. In a perfectly ordered State, stringent legislation would provide the remedy. We can imagine the journalistic howls and shrieks that would be set up were anything of this sort to be proposed in England. Yet because the masses devour with avidity the printed garbage which is their daily portion, it must not be imagined that they are at heart grateful. Underlying the popularity of the Press there is a not inconsiderable amount of hostility. Here we have revealed one of those remarkable and at the same time reassuring complexities of human nature.

As things are at present, the liberty of the Press lies in its power to deal largely as it likes with movements and individuals, criticising, approving, ridiculing, or even ignoring, according to the whim and fancy of its directors. This last, the power of suppression, is quite as insidious as the power to print. The Law of Libel, open as it is to obvious objections, many, indeed, from the point of view of the newspapers themselves, merely touches the fringe of the question, and does not succeed in determining the duty of the Press towards the public. In point of fact, no remedy is permitted the community against the abuses to which it is subjected by the Press. The evil therefore resolves itself into a public evil. Without the intervention of Parliament, the public is helpless. The Press may criticise the Legislature, the Pulpit, and the Arts; but the Press never criticises itself. Nor can criticism affecting the Press ever reach the public, for in reality the public as such is without an organ of publicity.

With interests to serve and dividends to make, newspaper concerns are primarily commercial, and can legitimately lay claim to no status other than that attaching to all trade undertakings. It is, in short, the case of themselves first and the community afterwards, and any incidental service they render to the latter invariably owes its origin to self-advertising enterprise.

In some instances the Press, in the pursuit of its commercial ideals, actually becomes the ally of the forces of lawlessness and violence. Let us take the example of the militant Suffragist movement. The women complain that their meetings go unreported, but that their

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acts of contemplated fanaticism secure for them widespread notice on the front page of the daily journals. Every newspaper, however, protects its conscience in that it has its little pulpit—the leading article column which has no connection with the establishment next door, the front page School for Scandal. If the Press wishes sincerely to serve the public, then it should intimate to the women suffragists that it will devote adequate space to reporting serious and orderly meetings of a movement which is, after all, of great importance to the community. In that event we doubt not that house-burning would cease.

If it were not for the fine pretensions of the Press, we freely admit that our rebukes would be uncalled for. So soon as we analyse these pretensions, their utter fallacy is exposed. Already we have remarked upon the inability of the Press as business undertakings to keep pace with modern developments. Let us take the example of the treatment of foreign affairs and the small use to which the Press puts the cable. Instead of performing a public duty in keeping the world in touch with great movements affecting the welfare of peoples, news is confined to countries close at hand because the telegraph rates are cheap, and even in these instances serious information is altogether neglected. Not long ago the Press pleaded for a universal reduction of the telegraph rates, making much of its peculiar utility in the community. But although substantial concessions were granted, it is evident that no one has benefited save the shareholders in the journals themselves.

Great Britain has now become the political and business clearing house of the world. Her people who invest money abroad are deeply interested in learning accurately and impartially of the march of events in all parts of the world. But it is no exaggeration to say that not a single medium to-day satisfies the demand in this direction. The retort will be made that newspapers cannot afford to pursue a policy of altruism. If that be so, then they must not claim the status of the altruist. Nor must they complain if the public one day takes into its own hands the function of publicity, compelling by legislation fair treatment, and perhaps instituting for itself public sources of information. We make no excuse for dealing with this subject under the heading of Imperial and Foreign Affairs, for it is one deeply affecting universal peace and progress.

MOTORING

IN view of the constantly increasing volume of motor traffic on the roads, the fixing of warning signs at the points of danger becomes of greater importance day by day, and it is satisfactory to note that the Automobile Association and Motor Union is dealing with the matter with characteristic thoroughness. During 1912 and 1913 no fewer than 4,457 of these danger signs were supplied to local authorities by the Association, which has also done much to safeguard road users by

obtaining the removal of existing sign-posts to more conspicuous positions, the lowering and trimming of hedges and trees at corners and cross-roads, etc. The A.A. warning signs, which consist of yellow enamelled iron plates, with conspicuous lettering in bronze blue, are supplied by the Association quite free of charge, the only responsibility of the local authorities being to erect them at places where the inspectors of the Association consider them necessary for the safeguarding against what would otherwise be unsuspected dangers. Applications for further signs wherever they may be deemed necessary are invited by the Secretary, Mr. Stenson Cooke, at Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W., but it should be noted that the Association does not supply signs for private entrance drives. The chief onus of care is regarded as being always upon traffic entering a main road from a road of lesser importance, and apart from this, were the above rule not adhered to the multiplicity of warnings would diminish their value.

That most famous of all Italian racing drivers, Felice Nazzarro, will, says *The Motor*, run three cars in the next Grand Prix, and is devoting a good deal of his own time and the whole resource of his works at Turin to the task of producing a batch of cars worthy of his name. He made his début on a Fiat, and in later years drove Italas. He is now preparing three special Nazzarro chassis having four-cylindered engines, the cylinder

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dimensions being 94 mm. bore by 200 mm. stroke. Both the inlet and the exhaust valves, which are disposed overhead, are duplicated, so that sixteen valves are in use in all. The chassis have many special features, which will create considerable interest when published.

• • •

It is announced that a new company, with a capital of £100,000, is to be launched at an early date for the purpose of pushing the Atlas Puncture Proof Tyre in the United Kingdom. As is generally known in motoring circles, this tyre is of unique construction, immunity from punctures being attained by the incorporation of several layers of overlapping, but not touching, hardened steel discs. The principle employed, in fact, is precisely the same as that of the Atlas non-puncture inner case, which has been on the market for some years, and has had an extensive sale both in this country and abroad. The tyre itself was subjected to an R.A.C. test at Brooklands about a year ago, and came out of the ordeal with complete success. There can be no doubt as to its unpuncturability under any conditions likely to be met with on even the worst roads, and we understand that the company intend to sell the tyre under a "3,500 puncture-proof mile guarantee."

• • •

The conspicuous success of Vauxhall cars in open competitions during the last twelve months has been the subject of much comment. Two more wins are

reported in the January number of the *Australian Motorist*, copies of which have just reached this country. The event was the hill-climbing contest held at Wildwood on December 6, under the auspices of the Automobile Club of Victoria. Wildwood Hill is eight-tenths of a mile long, with a gradient varying from 1 in 4 to 1 in 6½, and there are two "elbow" turns. Seventy-two cars took part in the contest, which was divided into three sections—a closed event, an open event, and a lady-drivers' event. Two Vauxhalls were entered, one for the closed and one for the open event, and each took the first prize on formula in the class (B) for cars of 18 to 26 h.p. These wins bring the number of first prizes and special awards won by Vauxhall cars in 1913—in many different parts of the world and mostly in the hands of amateur drivers—to 80.

• • •

The open meeting at Brooklands for the 1914 season will be held, weather permitting, under the auspices of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club on the following dates:—April 13 (Easter Monday), June 1 (Whit-Monday), June 27 (Saturday), August 3 (Bank Holiday), and September 26 (Saturday).

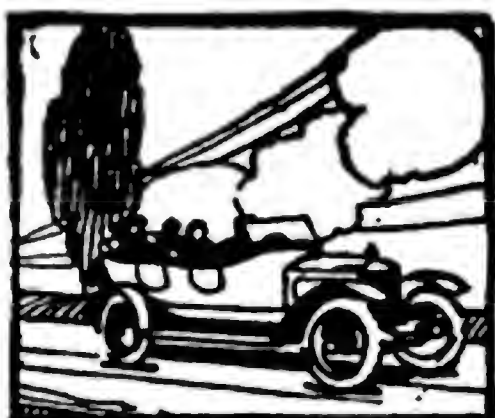
In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange is in the depths of depression. The public is not buying anything either for investment or speculation. Brokers are idle and jobbers are reduced to gambling amongst themselves. The new issues have gone very badly indeed. The City of Riga just scraped through, but the British Empire Steam Navigation debentures were practically left with the underwriters. The Royal Mail second debentures went a little better, but here, also, the issue was a failure. It is said that the American Stores failed to get its money, and it is doubtful how far the Buenos Ayres City loan may be considered as a success.

Canada has been in the market with a big five million loan offered at 99; it is a Trustee security, but I am doubtful whether it went. Cordoba Central offered £1,250,000 4½ per cent. second debentures at 81, a somewhat speculative proposal in view of bad trade in the Argentine. Port Talbot Steel run by the Baldwins, offered £300,000 debentures. It is hardly the moment to put money into Iron and Steel. Lever Brothers have offered a million "C" preference shares. The report just issued shows a tremendous increase of net profits, and the present issue may be considered a first-class Industrial investment. The Scottish and Foreign Trust will appeal to my Scotch readers. As all Scotch Trusts are carefully managed, the issue will probably be well subscribed.

MONEY.—The Money market remains hard. Most of the gold that is offered is taken for the Continent. Lombard Street views the departure of such large parcels with equanimity. It is felt that political affairs on the Continent



EVERY time experienced motorists have their first ride in a Vauxhall, they are most profoundly impressed by its combination of good qualities. Professional critics not predisposed to favour the Vauxhall confess that its behaviour on the road singles it out as a car extraordinary.

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are in good trim, and that the money is therefore needed to give confidence and not for the war-chest. There is no chance of any reduction in the Bank Rate, and we may expect hard money rates for the next four or five weeks.

FOREIGNERS.—The position in Paris is not good. There was some talk of Rothschilds having helped certain banking houses, and no doubt this great firm has taken care of its friends, as it always does; but there are many bankers in Paris who have been recklessly financing very dangerous propositions in Brazil, in the hope that they would be able to unload on the French public. This they have not done, and they are now in a serious position. I do not think that we have seen the worst. The French undoubtedly completely lost their heads over the Balkan war. The careful *rentier* refused to see eye to eye with the banks, who lent money to all the combatants. The bad debts will be enormous, for it is quite clear that Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Turkey are bankrupt. The banks will be unable to collect their debts, and they have been equally unable to persuade the French saving public to buy the bonds. A panic in France therefore seems quite certain; it will not be as bad as the Panama crash, but it will be very serious indeed.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market is just as flat as the rest of the Stock Exchange. Everybody is pleased with the dividends that have been declared. Everyone admits that a gilt-edged Home Railway stock giving $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is dirt cheap; but no one buys. There is a small "bull" account, and this seems to depress the dealers; but what really stops the Home Railway market is the bogey of labour trouble. Last week I had hoped that all questions between the directors and the agitators had been settled. The majority on all the boards is in favour of recognition, and this will give us peace. To-day, however, there is a rumour that the more militant agitators have obtained the upper hand; the whole question of peace and war therefore hangs upon a thread. Personally, I should back peace, but I admit that cautious people may just as well wait before they go into the market.

YANKEES.—The American market is very bad. The perpetual talk of reconstruction has upset everybody. The Gould lines are in for a very bad time, and Missouri Pacific and Denver should certainly be sold. The Rock Island position is not good, but a very strong crowd has the matter in hand, and after the whole of the assessment has been paid up the shares will be worth buying; no one, however, should touch them to-day. Southern Railway has been financed by J. P. Morgan and Company on short-dated bills, and may therefore be considered out of danger. The other small railway whose earnings have been tumbling rapidly, and whose position was considered dangerous is the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. I hear that this line has made a compromise with its opponents, and will possibly scrape through. The Copper position in the United States is definitely bad, and the big selling agencies have been compelled to reduce the price of electrolytic. The English figures are also unsatisfactory, and it is clear that we shall see Copper at £60 a ton before the end of the year. Therefore, Amalgamated and Anaconda should be sold. Great Northern has made an issue of fresh capital at par; this gives a splendid bonus to the holders of common stock on this well-managed line. Rights are worth about two dollars a share. There is a very small bond issue on this railway, which is one of the best investments in America.

RUBBER.—The Rubber market remains dull. The "bulls" are unable to hold their own, and prices have begun to fall away. I hoped that we should have seen a further rise and that this would have enabled my readers to get out of their rubber shares; but I am suspicious of

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the market, and were I a holder I should sell to-day. The Bagan Serai report is good, but the directors reduce the dividend and carry £4,500 to reserve. The shares are over-valued to-day. It is not likely that 10 per cent. can be paid for 1914.

OIL.—Oil shares are out of fashion. There is a very strong group operating in North Caucasians, and as the company is doing well, the crowd have everything in their favour, but I think the price too high, although I heard one big buyer say that he was prepared to take 10,000 shares if the figure fell to 30s. Holders of Maikop Premier should certainly take advantage of the rig and sell to-day. They cannot complain of their profits. There is very little business in Shell or Royal Dutch.

MINES.—In the Mining market a dead set has been made at Chartered, and I think that they are almost cheap enough to buy. I do not believe in all these stories about the revision of the Charter. They will come to nothing. It would be most unfair if the Government took away the land; I do not believe it has any such intention. If Sir Abe Bailey would come in and buy 60,000 shares with the call of more, I think that he might be able to put Chartered to 25s. He is about the only important gambler left in the Rhodesian market. There is no business in Kirklands, but the Russian group has been active all the week. There is very little doubt that Russia is one of the best mining countries in the world, and as the crowd that runs Russo-Asiatics is very strong, I see little chance of any fall at the moment. No one dare go a "bear," as the supply of stock is limited. Tanalyks are talked up.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Liberty's report is as usual excellent. The profits are slightly down, but the balance-sheet is so strong that there is not the slightest difficulty in maintaining the dividend. But the public are only interested in the preference, which are gilt-edged Industrial investment. Henley's figures are magnificent, mainly in consequence of the success of the "Why Not" golf ball, which has caught on, and a 5s. bonus is paid to the shareholders out of the profits on this ball. Fuller's figures are not so good, but the business is well managed and the preference shares seem an excellent investment. Swan and Edgars have again done well, and 14 per cent. dividend is paid upon both preference and ordinary. All the London shops seem to have had a good year, and I strongly advise my readers not to sell their shares. Lever Brothers' figures are splendid, but very little information is given in the report. This seems a pity, for the business is admirably managed.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

THE Sunday Times

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND TENURE CLAUSES IN SCHEMES OF SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The Board of Education finds itself in a strange dilemma.

In 1908 was passed the Endowed Schools Masters' Act, which altered the tenure of assistants so that they could not be dismissed at 10 days' notice on the appointment of a new Head.

Accordingly most schemes have been revised in respect of their tenure clauses. The only part of the old schemes which still exists, contains an impossible provision.

This was pointed out to Mr. Runciman twice in the early months of 1909.

But no notice was taken, and recently the Board was challenged to produce a scheme which was not faulty in its tenure clauses. No member of the Board can discover one.

When Mr. Pease spoke in December last at the National Liberal Club, he desiderated a strong central authority at the Education Department, Whitehall.

After such a fiasco, it is quite time that the Board of Education was effectively reformed.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS ALLEN.

Talbot Dene, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.

March 3, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Side-Slips: A Collection of Unposted Postscripts, Admissions and Asides.* By J. Griffyth Fairfax. Illustrated by Maud Klein. (Max Goschen. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Winchester.* A Sketch Book by Gordon Home. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)
- From Locke to Montessori: A Critical Account of the Montessori Point of View.* By William Boyd, M.A. (George G. Harrap and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Heritage of Hiroshige.* By Dora Amsden. (Paul Elder and Co., San Francisco. \$2.25 net.)
- Test Papers in Elementary Algebra.* By C. V. Durell, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.)
- The Influence of Pater and Matthew Arnold in the Prose-Writings of Oscar Wilde.* By Ernest Bendz. (H. Grevel and Co. 3s. net.)
- The Yearbook of the Universities of the Empire, 1914.* Edited by W. H. Dawson, I.C.S. (Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.)
- A German Invasion.* By Henry Sewill. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Hungarian Spectator; Fortnightly Review; Cambridge University Reporter; Windsor Magazine; Bookseller; Manchester Monthly; British Review; Cornhill Magazine; Publishers' Circular; Bookfellow; Educational Times; School World; Wednesday Review; Revue Bleue; Mercure de France; Cambridge Magazine; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.; The Fleet Annual and Naval Year Book, 1914; Empire Review; La Revue.

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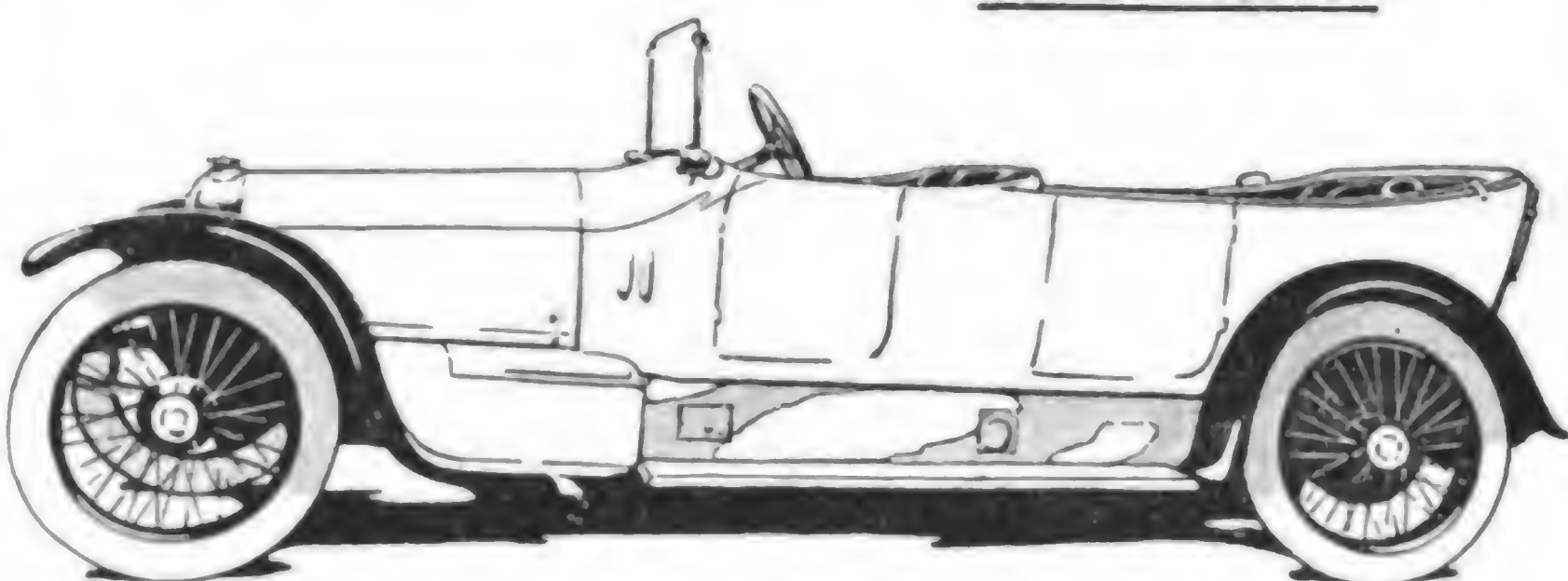
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BARGAINS IN BOOKS.—

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Senate is about to elect an Examiner in the following Department for the year 1914-15.

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University of London,
South Kensington, S.W.
March, 1914.

By Order of the Senate,
HENRY A. MIERS,
Principal.

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Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Fourteen years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

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Notes of the Week

THE outrage at the National Gallery, committed by a particularly notorious virago belonging to the militant section of the crazy women who wish to rob themselves of the only charms they possess, is utterly despicable. The woman who committed the outrage is a well-known criminal, who has found it quite easy to defy Mr. McKenna and his absurd Cat and Mouse Act. In January of last year we prescribed a remedy which would cure these crack-brained and disappointed women of their tendency to crime. Our prescription was a perfectly simple one. Hitherto these malefactors have been brought before the tribunals of the country, laughing up their sleeves in the vulgar manner peculiar to them, or sneering at the futile processes of law to which they are liable. One cannot seriously blame these criminal women for the disrespect which they show to current forms of law. Having no regard for decency themselves, they naturally condemn the processes by which decency is intended to be secured in civilised countries. We do not recede one inch, or one sixteenth of an inch, from the attitude which we took up fifteen months ago. Decent and respectable women are entitled to demand and we trust will always be accorded all the privileges which belong to their sex, but hooligan and disreputable women, who commit acts which would be revolting to any normal member of their community, should be dealt with accordingly

—namely, as common and very despicable criminals. They should be given this option: they can serve the sentences passed upon them, which they so richly deserve; or in the alternative, if they try by some device to avoid undergoing the punishment meted out to them, they should be allowed to do so on terms. The terms we offered in January of last year were that they could escape undergoing the period of imprisonment which the Courts assign to them—but which a foolish Home Secretary and a cowardly Government have refused to enforce—by electing to receive a sufficient number of strokes with the birch rod to prevent them from committing crimes against society in the future. We do not think they will want a second application of this remedy, but if they do, they can have a second, third, and fourth, and so on *ad infinitum*. The wretched criminal—whose record is blacker than those which even magistrates are accustomed to deal with—who committed a wanton outrage on the Rokeby Venus, should be the first to receive the corrective discipline which we advocate, and she would know what to expect in future. Of course, a short Act of Parliament would be necessary to exterminate these vicious semi-lunatics, by the method which we recommend. Unhappily, courage is scarce in these days, and perhaps we must despair of the Commonwealth. Our attitude, however is this: we may have been too previous in our diagnosis and the necessary remedy in January, 1913; are we so to-day?
C. C.

The reduction of the price of the *Times* to a penny emphasises our opinion that a half-way house is of no avail in this prevalent appeal to popularity. The *Observer*, which was formerly an excellent paper, and still is in some respects, directly it left the fourpenny stage knew no intermediate hesitations in its descent to the penny platform; the *Times*, with less wisdom, but possibly with more appreciation of the dignity of its present owners, did not like to take the plunge at once, and tried by quite unworthy commercialism to avoid the step which the noble family of Harmsworth, whether on the Conservative or Liberal side, felt might injure their dignity, since they severed their connection with *Tit-Bits*—not as owners, but as useful manipulators of the scissors. The inevitable has happened. We, who were saturated with the tradition of the *Times* as it used to be, feel no compunction in stating our views of it as it is to-day. Foreign Governments are not quite so sure as they once were that the *Times* leads opinion in this country. We cordially wish the paper success in its new form; but would it not have been better to "go the whole hog" at once and reduce the price to a halfpenny, when it might become a sort of competitor to the *Daily Mail*?

The presentation of the portrait of Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S., to University College, and of the replica to Lady Ramsay, will be made on Wednesday, March 18, at 4.30 p.m., in the Botanical Theatre.

Flight

THE silence lay in the trees
 As in a cup last even;
 Each tree stood like an emerald flame
 Striving up to heaven.

Out of sight in the sky
 The gay lark soared and sang,
 And rode upon the crest of the breeze;
 It seemed a spark that sprang

From a fire of music. And lo,
 As I listened and stood,
 Something fled from my heart with a cry
 And glistened through the wood,

And hung in silence, until,
 Like the trees and the lark,
 It too soared up through the pale green glow
 On the breeze, and left me dark.

It rose above the trees,
 Above the wind and the moon;
 It will come back to me brighter still,
 Soon soon.

EVA M. MARTIN.

The Faddist

CERTAIN ladies whose desire for fame is inspired and impelled by an originality that comes near to genius have recently, we understand, expressed their opinion of Nature's limitations by wearing wigs of blue and of green; and in Paris other ladies, weary of the face of beauty unadorned, have given their countenance—literally—to the ingenuities of the scenic artist, who, for a consideration, will paint upon velvety cheeks a representation of bird, beast, flower, or fish in vivid colours. Two eyes, two ears, a nose, a mouth, and hair—how unutterably monotonous, they seem to say, is humanity! Let us remedy as far as we can this universal pattern; let us, who have time and money to spend as we will, touch up the crude outfit, give evolution a few hints, set the common people talking!

To such a length as this will faddists go when driven to distraction by the boredom of unoccupied days. As a rule, their freaks are harmless, and we may note in passing that often the perpetrators are moved to take their strange courses by real convictions. It is when these convictions are thrust upon normal human beings who desire to pass through life pleasantly and busily, untroubled by specialists in art and dress and food, that the faddist becomes a nuisance. We do not all see the pru-

dence or beauty of wearing sandals and flowing robes in the streets of London; we cannot all feel that lemonade or sour milk suffice as beverages on every occasion. The average Englishman, when he is hungry, makes no shame of regarding a beefsteak as an admirable thing, a factor in the progress of the nation, an asset against liabilities incurred by hard work; he objects to having the attractions of a dish of cunningly disguised nuts set before him as a worthy and beneficial substitute. If the nuts are so good, why not eat them as nuts? he ingenuously asks. To mould them into "walnut chops" and serve them with suspicious sauces is a pathetic confession of subdued longings. He wants simply to go on his way unvexed by the vegetarian, the "teetotaller," and the "rational" dress faddist; he tolerates them with an amused smile—but let them keep to their own chosen paths.

We all have preferences; poor, spiritless, invertebrate things we should be if we had none, if we could not in addition back them up energetically on occasion. A faddist is a person who carries his particular preferences to excess, and when the heat of his excitement melts his notion into the mould of a delusion, there to become chilled and set by the discouraging breath of other people's common sense, he is liable to be dangerous. He—or she—will commit the most extraordinary acts under the influence of this fatal possession, this malignant myopia which cannot be cured—will burn houses, damage property, assault policemen, and in general behave as one demented. The curious aspect of this class of faddist is the invariable appeal of its members to that "common sense" of which we have spoken. They regard it, to the amazement of other folk, as the rock on which their devastations are logically based, not as the rock on which they ought to be shipwrecked; they invoke it as a reason for their subversive passions, call upon it to support all kinds of unstable hypotheses. Sometimes a smile or a shrug is the only possible comment; but when that stage is passed and they become intolerable we take them in hand and detain them "during his Majesty's pleasure"—or we ought to do so.

It may be said that faddists have accomplished much good in the world; that Franklin, drawing electricity from his kite in the clouds; James Watt, Newcomen, George Stephenson, experimenting with the power of steam; Mendel, the monk, patiently crossing flower with flower; and a thousand others, were all once regarded as wasters of time, of no account. But the argument will hardly hold good. A discovery is not a fad; it is a genuine item added to human knowledge, a result of close brain-work and prolonged investigation, in which first impressions of contempt are speedily changed into recognition. A fad is a pretext for attention, an excuse for spurious originality, and, from the painted ladies to the vegetarians, from the futurist to the simplified speller—earnest though some of them may be—we question whether the faddist ever leaves the world happier or better than he found it.

W. L. R.

Is Death Painless?

IN your esteemed journal of February 28, you are doing me the honour of inviting my opinion on the fascinating problem whether the approach of death is painful. It is a problem in which naturally all of us are interested, since it must some day be our own. Unfortunately—or shall I say, fortunately—I have never seen a person die; but I have been twice near death to the point of unconsciousness, once by drowning and once by suffocation. I had no knowledge that I was near death, and can only assume that in both cases—when falling from a great height into the water, and awakening in a room filled with coal gas fumes—I must have become unconscious very quickly, so that I could not have felt any more had death supervened.

Although never having witnessed actual death scenes, I have seen many persons near death, who like myself have subsequently recovered, and can offer some observations and opinions thereon.

First of all we must distinguish whether the person dying is young or one advanced in years, when death is more or less natural and both power and sensation of the brain and body are at its lowest minimum, so that the passage from life to death is imperceptible, consciousness and unconsciousness being almost indistinguishable. For such a person, dying naturally of old age, the process can only be similar to that of going to sleep, and few are likely to know when it is their last and eternal rest.

Similarly, the young person when exhausted from any cause, as for instance after a severe operation, when all his vital forces are lowered, has his consciousness so clouded, or if clear so restricted, and the nervous forces so weakened, that pain is not felt. It is a kind providence that causes us to become unconscious before death supervenes, and that really answers the question: Is death painful?

Again, in case of an accident to a strong man, the injury may be so severe that all sensibility is lost, for when pain is above a certain point, numbness supervenes. Thus I saw a man brought to the hospital whose legs had been caught in a revolving machine and were torn off. The man was as calm and collected when I saw him, almost as if nothing had occurred. He gave directions to his wife in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, telling her where to find his papers and keys, and so on—a scene which I shall never forget, so astonished was I at the time. He did not give one the impression of a sick man. He was anæsthetised to have amputation performed and died under the operation.

Is death really painless, then? Death itself, in all probability. But let us think of the man in the full vigour of life who experiences some pain in one or other part of his body and is told by his doctor that he is suffering from an inoperable cancerous growth and must die in two months, six months, or later. Can anything be more horrible to contemplate? Even the criminal sentenced to death by hanging is better off. He knew what might be the consequences when he committed the

deed and after all his hours of trial are short and his death is sudden. The cancer patient, on the other hand, is dying inch by inch, and the process is a painful one.

It is my opinion that when death is slow, and the person is in full possession of his powers, the agony must be great, though many people are either so religious or so philosophical that they resign themselves to their fate and meet death with equanimity.

Love of life is an inherent quality of human nature. Fortunately while we are young we give no thought to death; it is only when our health or bodily and mental vigour are declining that we begin to think of it. At first we dread it, but the nearer we come to it, whether by age or prematurely by exhaustion, the thought of death loses its terror. That the mental attitude with which we welcome or dread death or are indifferent to it is important, I have had occasion to witness. As a psycho-therapist I have often practised "suggestion" treatment on patients who suffered from pain and insomnia. As a rule, they are merely nervous patients, but a few months ago I was fetched by a surgeon to a lady dying of cancer, who was suffering from such agonising pain that she could not sleep, and on whom morphia had no longer any effect. I had never been consulted in a similar case and feared very much that my visit would be of no benefit to the poor woman. Strange to say, however, either by my soothing words, or soothing touches—I cannot tell what it was—the patient was quieted, slept peacefully that night, and the succeeding nights, apparently free from pain, until she died.

BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

Unbeaten Tracks

LA GUAIRA

AT Port of Spain the traveller for La Guaira joins a coasting steamer, plying to the northern ports of South America. We were in a Royal Mail boat, with no passengers other than our own party. Our skipper elected to pass through Boca Grande, and the conditions were ideal. Of the Five Islands, which form the gateway of the Gulf of Paria, three are mainly pleasure resorts. There the tropical sea temperature renders bathing luxurious, the only drawback being the possibility of encountering some vagrant shark.

Does Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" wield the spell over schoolboys of to-day which it exercised on those of the 'seventies? At the time of writing the book, Kingsley had not even visited the West Indies, and, except in imagination, he was never at La Guaira. Nevertheless, the accuracy of detail of his narrative is surprising. Steaming to the west from Trinidad, the vast sea wall of mountains of Venezuela towers up on the port hand in grand nakedness of outline. For nine or ten months of the year the North-East Trades blow, and this coast-line is bombarded by perpetual rollers. Kingsley's graphic story of the forlorn-hope landing on that storm-tossed coast is

immortal. I was going officially as the engineer responsible for the construction of the breakwater by which the roadstead at La Guaira is protected.

The little steamer, throbbing under bluffs of the Cordilleras, is dwarfed into a mere toy on the waste of waters. The chain of heights rises 7,000 feet above a turbulent plain of fairy blue. That rocky barrier is well-nigh treeless, for the Spanish conquerors felled the forests which once clothed it, with the intent of destroying the Indians' cover. It is a ghastly story. The land is now plagued with locusts and scourged by torrential rains. "The evil that men do lives after them." True, the people are freed from the oppression of their ancient tyrants, but they have only changed masters, for the country is now in the clutches of hordes of adventurers. Revolution and anarchy are its chronic arbiters. Many of the States of Central and Southern America get up a revolution with the light-heartedness with which a football match is arranged in the Old Country; revolution may almost be called the prevalent form of national sport. The inhabitants suffer from a surfeit of despotism tempered with rhetoric. Then a master man comes to the top. He clutches the keys of State and beats down all opposition with a ruthless hand. Such a man was Guzman Blanco, whom it was part of the mission, of which I was one, to interview. For twenty-five years he wielded a rod of iron. According to the constitution of the country, the term of presidency was a period of three years. "Nice customs curt'sy to great kings." A dummy President was set up, and the real dictator spent three years of splendour in Europe as "Plenipotentiary Extraordinary." Another spell as President followed, and so it ran on *da capo*. On his return to the Fatherland there was wont to be a fluttering of the doves. The gentlemen who had been busy purloining funds from the national till suddenly discovered that the state of their health demanded foreign travel. Those who put off their departure too long were apt to experience the unpleasant shock of being required to refund peculations which had already been spent, or, as an alternative, to languish indefinitely in an insanitary prison. This was a cruel alternative for many a "poor patriot" who had for three years been calling the world to witness his civic virtue. Blanco's mother was, I believe, of Scotch extraction—her name White—his father Spanish. Physically he was a splendid figure of a man, but he and his place on our canvas belong rather to Caracas than La Guaira.

Midway along the coast lies the island of Margarita, once the famous Pearl Island. Greed has done its work there, too. The pearl oysters, which the buccaneers once tracked across the seas, have now been pretty well exterminated, and the place is left to primæval solitude. Why do beach-combers haunt the Pacific and neglect the Caribbean Sea? A hundred futile conundrums seek solution as, in a delightful atmosphere, under awnings, we pulse onward. As the traveller speeds to his goal, he realises what a petty fragment of the earth's surface is subdued by man.

It is a weird sensation to traverse half the globe in order to reach a spot where one is about to be responsible for a national undertaking destined to change the fortunes of a race of men. The lawmaker repeals a shelf full of obsolete statutes and substitutes some sweeping enactment in their stead. Perhaps twenty or thirty years hence, when the legislator is forgotten, a harvest of slow social change or a crop of new political troubles will be his bequest to a contemporary world. But the field of the engineer is to beat Nature with her own weapons. Instead of a roadstead, where fugitive ships strain at their peril, his legacy is a sheltered anchorage, in which ships may lie at ease. He finds a deadly swamp, and leaves an ordered river and leagues of fat pasturage. Like all artificers, he is apt to magnify his office; but, after all, the engineer's craft can never be in danger, so long as civilised society exists.

The President sent an agent, an American colloquially designated "H.R.H.," to receive us. His first duty in welcoming us to the country was to see that our belongings were exempted from examination and consequent pillage at the Customs. During our stay we were guests at a house in situation and description correspondent with that at which Amyas and Frank Leigh secured their mad interview with the Rose of Torridge. Its big living room was bare of hangings and carpets, to afford no cover for mosquitos and scorpions, and in its corner was a nest of Jack Spaniards—wasps which came and went unmolested.

The town is built round the circuit of a bay, and flanked by a spur of the Cordilleras. A conspicuous landmark on the high level is the bull ring. A tramway runs to Macuto, a little watering-place a mile or two to the east, where the public bath is in the open sea within a protecting cage, outside which the sharks are wont to "rage furiously together." One of the most elusive objects in these waters is the "Portuguese Man-of-War," a resplendent object. In the flashing sunlight he appears to sail on the surface of the rollers. Catch him if you can. He is a relic of incredibly ancient life. Approach him never so cautiously, and he will disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

La Guaira is about ten degrees north of the Line, and its mornings, when the sun wavers on the borderland of day, are divinely refreshing. Along the coast, as night draws on, the mountain heights cool rapidly, and suck up from the ocean a delicious breeze, which in turn brings sound sleep. The most exhausting condition of tropical heat is that of small variation by day and night. When the sun assumes his full panoply at midday, he is a tyrant and a bully, before whom the pale face cowers. Nevertheless, the new-comer has usually many kindly advisers, who, if he will but listen, help him to avoid risks. A chill, which at home would produce a cold in the head, in the tropics means "fever." The Briton is, however, as his forbears were, so largely a human exotic that he quickly learns to fend for himself, and he adapts himself to the climatic conditions of La Guaira.

A. E. CAREY.

REVIEWS

Weakness and Power in Poetry

The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods. With Portrait Frontispiece. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Songs of Aphrodite, and Other Poems. By MARGARET SACKVILLE. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

Collected Poems. By NEWMAN HOWARD. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d.)

The Wild Harp. A Selection from Irish Poetry. By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Poets' Symphony. Arranged by G. H. WOLLASTON. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 5s. net.)

TO find oneself in disagreement with the considered judgment of sound critics may be disconcerting if we are young enough to suffer from modesty, but to have an opinion of one's own and to be able to maintain it with reason, is to keep one's soul alive. In the excerpts from press notices at the end of Mrs. Margaret L. Wood's *Collected Poems* we find that her poetry has delighted numbers of anonymous reviewers and such varied celebrities as Thomas Hardy, Professor Mackail, Dean Beeching, Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mrs. Woods is, of course, an artist with great gifts. Poems like "Genius Loci," "The Passing Bell," "Oxford Bells," and "To the Forgotten Dead," are now well known to all who have any interest in contemporary verse; but, sound and able as is all the writing in this book, one looks in vain for that compelling power which brings an emotion, as it were, out of the canvas and makes it live in the high relief of the imagination. "Effective" is the rather damning adjective we are inclined to apply to almost all these finely wrought poems. Their craft is undeniable, their taste impeccable; nevertheless, the reader looks at them as patterned tapestries of life, instead of looking through them, as "through widening chambers of surprise," on visions of truth and beauty. In the genial mood that anticipates pleasure he would be a very unsympathetic reader who could not yield himself to the refined influence of their charm, but only a small percentage of these verses contains the element of surprise, or conviction, or vision which compels the imagination to stand at attention.

Most of the poems have already been published. Of the new ones, "Under the Lamp," an impressionist picture of a London harlot, is very dull and commonplace in sentiment. "Marlborough Fair," a series of dramatic episodes, shows Mrs. Woods' cleverness and powers of observation; but our quest for "the real right thing" was ended when we came to "The Answer." Here is Mrs. Woods at her best:

Wandering the way of sleep, the timeless shore,
I gathered roses in a wintry place,
And suddenly I saw him face to face
Who in this waking world is seen no more.

I marvelled not the frozen branches bore,
Nor that I saw him, yet—"You never come,
Dearest," I said. "Why do you not come home?"
He nothing spoke, but smiled even as of yore.

And now I often meet him in that land,
And still I ask him why he stays away.
He will not answer me, he will not say,
But smiles as though I needs must understand.
I cry aloud and waking hear my cry—
And then the Eternal Silence makes reply.

If we had space to analyse this beautiful sonnet we should find that nine-tenths of its appeal lay in its reticence. Great power has no need to parade itself. Take for example Blake's "Thel." It is perhaps one of the most powerful poems ever written, but it seems to hover before the eyes like gossamer, so exquisite is its tenderness, so perfect its balance between reticence and display. When poetry seems impressionistic we may be sure that the poet has never reached the heart of his theme, for the belief that poetry can be made of fleeting fancies held together and persuasively arranged is false. All true art proceeds from a single impassioned idea. It is a cup that brims over, not a collection of concrete particles thrown into a bowl and then pounded together, as impressionists and post-impressionists would seem to think.

Vapourishness, an almost hoydenish waving of words, a self-conscious afflatus pleased with its own vague emotions, an effort after external effectiveness rendering the picture meaningless at any but a definite distance from the canvas—these are the faults of Lady Margaret Sackville's verses. In "The Ship of Dreams" the desire for new rhythms has been altogether too much for the original emotion, and the poet labours, flounders and ejaculates:

Some god unknown
Wakes in the silence, wakes and hears
Monotonously
Dripping on the white stone,
Like water falling the slow years
And the long crying of the sea.

The imagery is not integral: it leads nowhere, and instead of making the senses glow with satisfaction, as fine romantic poetry always does, such vagueness simply worries the fancy. The "Ode, 1913" is better. "Morn's inextinguishable red" is the kind of absurdity into which helpless fancy leads a poet.

Mr. Newman Howard has a good deal in common with Mrs. Woods. His poems move evenly along accepted lines. He has feeling for nature, though his sympathy does not seem to be much deeper than the ordinary delight in spring and flowers and birds. This is vulgarly accepted as the poet's province, above all others, but something deeper than this obvious pleasure must always go to the making of great poetry. In an ill-advised preface Mr. Howard shows that he is angry with modern philosophers. Surely the only satisfactory way for a poet to combat heresies is for him to reveal the adequacy of orthodoxy in his poetry. Mr. Howard fails at this test, hence perhaps his preface. His con-

ception of art apparently neglects what Mr. George Bourne has called "the ascending effort," and he quickly falls back on that bane of poetry, triteness, as in the lines concluding "The Wreck of the *Stella*":

We Britons make boast we are great, but not by the
lands we control,
Though they be the third of the Earth; but for this:
that no ocean or clime
But has witnessed us calm in a wreck, self-effacing
and fearless, and whole,
First succouring women and young: yea in this is
the Briton sublime;
For great is the empire of Earth, more great the
command of the soul.

Mrs. Katharine Tynan probably knows modern Ireland better than anyone else. Her collection is made for those who would understand the character of modern Celtic poetry. It is, of course, a book of travellers' samples. Among the lovely things new to us was Mr. James Stephens's "Tinker's Brat." We quote the first and third stanzas of a poem that bears comparison with Wordsworth at his best:

I saw a beggar woman bare
Her bosom to the winter air;
And into the tender nest
Of her famished mother-breast
She laid her child
And him beguiled,
With crooning song unto his rest. . .

And hearing this I could not see
That she was clad in misery;
For in her heart there was a glow
Warmed her bare feet in the snow:
In her heart was hid a sun
Would warm the world for everyone.

A generous number of poems referring to music makes up "The Poets' Symphony." We do not specially recommend the book either to poets or musicians: they would find its insistence wearisome; but it might prove a very handy book of reference for quotations to ministers of religion and other public speakers.

Abdiel

The Romance of Bible Chronology. Vols. I and II.
By the Rev. MARTIN ANSTEY, M.A. (Marshall
Bros. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. ANSTEY'S book, possibly the last of its kind, represents a very manful attempt, backed by wide reading and, with certain limitations hereafter to be mentioned, much learning, to rehabilitate the chronological statements contained in the Massoretic text of the Old Testament, not in isolated cases, but in respect of the whole of the Hebrew Bible. This, in view of modern criticism, is an undertaking indeed.

We hold no brief for the Higher Criticism, or for any of the multifarious opinions, often contradictory, which shelter themselves under the name, but we must point out that scholars are nowadays universally of opinion that the chronology of the lives of the antediluvian patriarchs is artificial to the last degree,

whether based on some system of mystic numbers, as the author of "Palmoni" fancied, or on mere caprice. Mr. Anstey assures us in his preface that he relies on "the testimony of honest, capable, and contemporary witnesses." But where are the contemporary witnesses as to the lives of Peleg and Arphaxad? So far from relying on contemporary witness, Mr. Anstey brushes aside with some contempt the figures of the Samaritan Pentateuch, which have long been recognised as at least more worthy of respect than those of the far later Massoretic text. Again, the Septuagint now claims more and more attention as a translation of a book which the Massoretes afterwards manipulated almost at their will. Mr. Anstey is no doubt right when he says that the LXX "are notorious for their Hellenising or their modernising tendencies, their desire to simplify and to clear up difficulties, their practice of altering the text in order to remove what they regarded as apparent contradictions, and generally their endeavour to adapt their version to the prevailing notions of the age" (p. 15), but this does not alter the fact that that version represents a Hebrew text which no longer exists. He goes on to say (p. 16) that "many scholars look upon it (the LXX version) as a translation of a Hebrew text different from that preserved in our Hebrew Bibles, but the variations are all easily accounted for as adaptations of the original Hebrew to meet the views of the Hellenised Jews of Alexandria," which is simply overstatement.

Still more astonishing is his way of dealing with the contemporary inscriptions which bear upon the history of the Jewish monarchy. Many of these inscriptions were public records of events which every reader could convict of falsehood if they were incorrect. Making all allowances for Oriental exaggeration as to numbers of captives and the like, the inscriptions must be regarded as documentary evidence of the highest value with regard to the main course of events. Still less are their few chronological data to be discounted. Yet Mr. Anstey treats them as far inferior as authorities to the records of at least hundreds of years later, and quite impervious to correction, contained in a many times manipulated and edited Hebrew book or series of books. His way of dealing with the Ptolemaic chronology, against which he wages an unrelenting war, is marred by a similar bias. He forgets that Ptolemy had access to myriad documents which afterwards heated the baths of Alexandria, and treats his conclusions as he might those of an Ussher or a Hales, for whom, indeed, he cherishes a far greater respect, because, in lack of the materials which supply modern chronologers with their data, they relied simply and solely on the text of the Hebrew Bible—as they had it. But perhaps the extremist statement which Mr. Anstey permits himself is on p. 129 where, criticising Kent's explanation of certain contradictions in Exodus as due to various writers whose work is embodied in the same book, he declares that "there is no basis in fact for this discrimination between the supposed different sources."

So much by way of blame, which every candid

reader of Mr. Anstey's book will confess to be deserved. When we come to his attempts to reconcile the contradictory dates attaching to the Hebrew monarchy we cannot but admire the laborious efforts which he makes to that end. What the difficulties are may be gathered from one quotation from John Lightfoot, of *Horae Hebraicae* fame.

"Divers such passages as these you will find in this story of the Kings. Ahaziah two years older than his father, II Chr., xxii, 2; Baasha fighting nine years after he is dead, II Chr., xvi, 1; Jotham reigning four years after he is buried, II Kings, xiv, 30; Joram crowned king in the 17th year of Jehoshaphat, II Kings, i, 17, with I Kings, xxii, 51, and in the 22nd year of Jehoshaphat, II Kings, viii, 16, and after Jehoshaphat's death, II Chr., xxi, 1."

With such difficulties Mr. Anstey does his best to wrestle, employing every method known to the old chronologers to whom he pins his faith, including lavish use of the "Go-rex" theory. But his bias in favour of the literal interpretation of the Massoretic text does him disservice at every turn; and when he comes to post-exilic times he falls into the usual snare set in the form of the seventy weeks of "Daniel"; and thenceforward his calculations become chaotic. Has he forgotten that it was these same seventy weeks which half-crazed a greater chronologer—Lloyd of St. Asaph—to whom, though few people know it, we in great measure owe the marginal dates attached to the reigns of the Kings in the Old Testament?

Before reaching this Slough of Despond, however, Mr. Anstey makes very valiant attempts to rehabilitate the chronology of the regal period. His beginning is not promising; on the strength of a casual word of St. Paul, as reported in Acts, he assigns forty years to the reign of Saul—a statement entirely without support, and suspect as representing the very number of years assigned also to David and Solomon. One more instance may suffice: he makes Ahab's reign end in 905, whereas, according to the untainted authority of Assyrian inscriptions, that chieftain fought at the Battle of Karkar in 854. As a matter of fact, the date given in the books of Kings are twofold; we have the length of each reign, but only approximately; and at the accession of each king the corresponding year of the king of the other kingdom is given. This latter source of information must of necessity be late—in all probability no earlier than the fall of Jerusalem in 586 B.C. It is useless to refer to such records as "contemporary."

Mr. Anstey's proof-readers have not served him well. To find "Cyaxeres" thrice on the same page is disheartening. "Nabopollasar" and "Hipparcus" appear to be solitary instances, and such mistakes do not occur in the later sheets.

Mr. H. W. C. Newte's new novel, "The Cuckoo Lamb," will be published this week by Messrs. Chatto and Windus; it is a story of life in art, literary, and faddist circles.

The Torii

Through the Torii. By YONE NOGUCHI. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)

WHAT is it exactly we should expect from a man who, coming to us from another and distant country, writes a book for us in our own speech? It is well that we should ask ourselves some such fundamental question. It may save us from many confusions, and indisputably from much attitudinising and weak sentimentalism. We have heard such men praised because of their faulty grammar. It is conceivable—let us say it is very necessary—that we should see that a man's deliverance is so much more than his grammar that it may strain and break that desirable outer elegance. We do not judge a man by the cut of his coat, although it remains true that if the coat be fitly cut, it will the better display the body's shape. To praise a writer because his faulty use of our tongue is his best proof that he is a stranger among us is quite another matter. Yet that very sentimentalism is an indication. For we do expect of a man that he add to our vision of things. If he be of us he does that best by intensity, by an inwardness that is absolved from the petty considerations of an outer rectitude; if he be not of us, in the smaller national sense, by simply putting before us his own idea of beauty and wisdom, in a body of thought, or the colours and music of his phrasing. Certainly he will not do it by aping our effete civilisation, or by tricking himself in our outworn modes of thought and literary judgment.

Therefore it is not to Yone Noguchi's opinions on Western artists and poets that we look for the excellence of this book. It is true that he can at times handle such subjects and make us see his own vision. The essay on Whistler is his best proof of that power. It is admirably done because it is temperamentally done—and strenuous or delicate personalities are the chief interest of an absorbingly interesting world. In this essay there are two personalities at work, and in the play between them we get such a sentence as this in exposition of Whistler: "While it does not look like the reality you and I think we see perhaps in Nature, it shows a sweeping ghostliness, ageless and eternal." Something of affinity between the two temperaments has enabled the writer to make of his essay on Whistler what he fails to make of the essays on other writers. That on Yeats, for example, is chiefly gossip round and about the subject; so with the others.

It is the best proof of this volume's worth that its wisdom always goes hand in hand with its beauty. There are unhappy moments when the author remembers that the Westerns are requiring of him that he be an Eastern; when he, in his ugly Western clothes, remembers that he is an Eastern, remembers it rather than passes instinctively into its realisation. Then he becomes conventionally Eastern, even as in some of his literary criticisms he is conventionally Western. Neither of these things has anything to do with the man whose authenticity we can always recognise. We hear that

authenticity, for example, when he tells us, in a balance of phrasing that is exquisite:

We do not call you a real tea-drinker when you think you only drink the tea; you must really taste the fragrance and spirits of tender leaves of a living tea-tree, which grew by accident and fortune under a particular sunlight and rain. And, of course, more than that, you must learn how to sip the tea philosophically; I mean that you must taste, through the medium of a teacup, the general atmosphere, grey and silent.

"The general atmosphere, grey and silent": over and over again, in these essays, we are passed into that atmosphere; and it is one to be enjoyed in perfect quietness and ease of spirit. So with the "particular sunlight and rain." Some of these essays are beautifully full of rain; of rain when it is full of colour, of atmosphere, of peace, of a sadness and desolation that, as Synge said, is mixed everywhere with the supreme beauty of the world. "The beauty of Death," Yone Noguchi says in another essay, "is in its utter rejection of profusion"; and there is a real faith in Buddha when we find a land reflected in these essays, complete with the delicacy and austerity of that rejection. He tells us of Sanyo Rai, who wrote an invitation to a friend to come "at the time when the mountain grows purple and the water clear"; and this preoccupation with the simple, stern beauty of the face of Earth gives their truest beauty to some of the essays in this book. In fact, our chief complaint with it is that it too often lets us see the double ugliness of a people who have a beautiful civilisation of their own turning to mimic the blatant mock-civilisation of the money-grabbing West.

The essays of atmosphere are not, however, the only virtue of the book. There are moments of a wisdom purely intellectual. It is not, to its infinite gain, merely thinking, a purely irresponsible function, but a manner of seeing with the mind—instead of seeing with the soul, as in the other essays. Thus, in the essay on Whistler of which we have spoken, he says that: ". . . 'yes' and 'no' are, after all, the same thing. Whistler, for instance. His art of 'curious carving of nature and life' had been recognised from the beginning in England by the stronger word of flat denial; Ruskin was the greatest of his admirers." That is very true; and it is—what true things are not always—very wise also. And, since with a book of this kind it is best to give examples of its virtues, let us quote another instance of its intellectual insight:

. . . My attention is most keen when my power of inattention fully sways. You have to learn that most difficult art how to be inattentive. It is perfectly arbitrary to say that one gets his poetry at the unexpected moment. All of my practice is spent in that very inattention. When my inattention is all well developed I can keep my unswerving eye perfectly upon poetry. I say again that when I forget poetry it is the time when I am wholly with poetry. I always fail to write poetry when I think I will write it.

That is philosophy, because there is always more philosophy in experience than there is in the systems put into books and labelled by that title. There are many other such things that we might quote. The book is unequal, of course; all books are; it is the adventure of books that they should be so. If books were uniformly good they would be uniformly bad. It is a graver fault that Yone Noguchi should, as an Eastern, be caught at times in Western affectations. Yet the work leaves one advanced in a conception of beauty, and enlarged in understanding; and that is not altogether a familiar experience in bookreading.

Eastern Faiths

Buddhist Ideals. By K. J. SAUNDERS. (Christian Literature Society for India. 1s. 6d. net.)

Life of Muhammad. By the Rev. CANON SELL, D.D. (Christian Literature Society. 3s. net.)

The Rig-Veda and Vedic Religion, with readings from the Vedas. By the Rev. A. C. CLAYTON. (Christian Literature Society. 1s. 6d. net.)

BUDDHISM affords inexhaustible material for study. The Bibliography attached to "Buddhist Ideals" shows from how many points of view it may be regarded, and how variously examined. "Buddhism," the author writes, "is essentially introspective; it is a system of ethics upon a basis of psychology." This little volume is mainly a comparison of Christianity and Buddhism as systems of ethics. A number of the tenets and ideals of the religion are stated and examined. Buddhism is deliberately agnostic, ignoring the idea of a Creator: it is stoical in its ethics. It teaches that "faith in an impersonal *dharma*, the hope of an impersonal hereafter, and love which is benevolence to all and attachment to none." Among its ideals are the excellence of the contemplative life, mind-culture, concentrated meditation, serenity, self-control, patience and fortitude, kindness again, piety to parents and harmlessness to all sentient life. The Buddhist ideal is a negative goodness; it seeks to convert by common sense, reasonableness, convincing the intellect, not by winning the heart; it is too cold to kindle any enthusiasm, or to satisfy the human soul.

Among the principal doctrines are those of Karma and Nirvana. The former is the doctrine "which teaches that our present is the offspring of our past, and the parent of our future, and that through innumerable existences the work of expiation and reward goes on." The truest happiness for the Buddhist is the happiness of a good character in this world, and hereafter Nirvana, to which this goodness leads: the ultimate ideal is escape from phenomenal existence. Nirvana, by which the sorrow and pain of the world are to be escaped, is to be attained by extinction of desire: it is to be known "by its freedom from want and pain, by its serenity, its peace, its purity." All this leaves the nature of Nirvana a little obscure. Possibly

a Buddhist might object to the writer's presentation of his religion. But it is evident that Mr. Saunders has sought authoritative sources for his information on the main principles, the noble eightfold Path, the four noble truths, the Buddhist beatitudes, and apparently his whole work also. It will be valuable chiefly to the Christian missionary as a manual in his relations with Buddhists; it does not pretend to cover the whole subject. Though many books have been produced on Buddhism, there was room for this "study in comparative religion" which all students of Buddhism may read with advantage.

We have read various lives of Muhammad, and numerous works on Islam, but never one that gives a better account than Dr. Sell presents of the Prophet's life, his rise to politico-religious domination, his conquest of Arabia, and character. The book is written especially for students of Islam, and embodies the results of the most recent research. As the editor of "The Islam Series," Dr. Sell, of Madras, is a past-master of his subject. His statement of fact is based upon original authorities, and he claims to be fair and impartial in his deductions. Though not too technical, he assumes some knowledge on the part of his reader. For instance, he suddenly mentions the city Yathrib, without explaining its identity with Medina. For Muhammad's biography Canon Sell has used the better authenticated Traditions, on which Muhammadans rely so largely.

The Koran is not an autobiography, but Dr. Sell shows how often the revelations embodied therein were timed opportunely to meet the exigencies of the varying social and political situations, as the policy of the Prophet changed. "At the outset of his career his aspirations were lofty, but it is difficult for any one but a Muslim to believe that he never used the medium of revelation for personal ends."

That Muhammad was a personality of extraordinary power no one can deny. To break down the idolatry of the Kaaba, and change the pagan pilgrimage of polytheism into the Muslim Hajj of the religion of one God was an enormous work in itself. Whether he established his position as a divinely-commissioned Prophet of a new and superior religion is the whole contention between Islam and Christianity, on which Dr. Sell throws much light. But this is too large a question to be discussed in this brief notice of his useful book.

Ancient Indian literature can never be a popular subject, but the historical interest of the Vedas can, as Max Muller said, hardly be exaggerated, though numbers of the hymns are childish in the extreme, tedious or commonplace. The Four Vedas, of which the Rig-Veda is the chief, describe the life of the Aryans who, starting from Central Asia, invaded Northern India, possibly between 1500 and 1000 B.C. The hymns of the Rig-Veda covered, it is estimated, a period of seven hundred years. Some of them belong to the childhood of the race; others magnify the power and rights of the priestly class. The Brahmanas, the portion of the Vedas containing directories for the priests, may date from 800 to 600 B.C. Mr. Clayton has relied largely on

other writers, and used, in his readings from the hymns, translations made by a competent scholar. In describing the religion of the Aryans, which was a worship of the wonderful powers and phenomena of Nature, he has classified their gods, inferior deities, and spirits, so that the numerous names are no longer confusing.

Although Mr. Clayton admits it to be impossible to construct a theology out of the materials found in the Vedas, he manages to trace with some fullness the legacy which the religion of Vedic times transmitted to the succeeding ages; the differences between the Vedic gods and later Hinduism are made quite clear. It is noteworthy how greatly modern Hindus differ from their Aryan ancestors. The ancient Aryans occasionally ate meat, even beef, and they delighted in drinking the intoxicating juice of the *soma* plant. Aryan widows did not commit *suttee*. A text was deliberately falsified in later times to justify the burning of widows. The merit of Mr. Clayton's work is that he has produced an eminently readable account of these ancient Aryans and their records. It is ample enough to satisfy, without wearying, the general reader; deeper students will find it an excellent introduction to the whole subject.

Grimaldi as Lawgiver

The Land Problem: Notes Suggested by the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee. (Wyman and Sons. 6d.)

IT is the bane of Mr. Lloyd George's legislation that it is conceived and moulded for the purposes of the party game. Like shoes made for show and not for wear, it galls more upon whom it is palmed off with salesman's flourishes. The country has had complete experience of the electioneering system of law-making in the conditions and maladjustment of the Insurance Act, and now the Chancellor of the Exchequer is trying to divert general attention from disagreeable memories and an awkward present situation by an immense bustle and clamour about "Land Reform."

People whose interest in the great industry of agriculture is more serious than that of electioneering campaigners are naturally much concerned by Mr. Lloyd George's raid into their province, and many of them have been examining the "land-bursting" proposals in the light of the actual conditions and prospects of agriculture. In a sense this is a work of supererogation, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposals have been contrived with a single-minded regard for the ballot-box, and are completely misunderstood when they are considered as a project for a practical system of land tenure and cultivation; they have no consistent relation to the facts of the case. But the Land Taxes of the "People's Budget" prove that Mr. Lloyd George is quite capable of utilising the prejudices and misconceptions which he can create or augment as a force enabling him to impose on large classes of his

fellow-countrymen the dictates of Grimaldi as law-giver.

No more effective examination of the Government's new nostrum has been made than that which was conducted by the Land Conference. This body consists of delegates from the Surveyors' Institution, the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute, the Central Chamber of Agriculture, the Farmers' Club, the National Farmers' Union, the Central Land Association, the Land Agents' Society, the Rating Surveyors' Association, the Central Association of Agricultural and Tenant Right Valuers, and the 1894 Club. The Conference is not a party organisation, and normally takes no part in current political controversy, but it has for good and sufficient reason given exhaustive consideration to the proposals for land legislation contained in recent speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, and other members of the Cabinet, and as a result has authorised the publication of a criticism in the form of "Notes on the Land Problem." These are described as "suggested by the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee," but as a fact they apply to the entire Ministerial policy, and are not limited to the discoveries and opinions of the famous Mr. Shore and his wholly suitable employers.

It would be difficult to find in the country men more capable of justly appraising the value of Mr. Lloyd George's prescription for agriculture than the delegates of the Land Conference, and the condition of the proposed "reforms," when they have been reviewed by these rigorously practical critics, can only be compared to that of the jackdaw of Rheims before the Cardinal Lord Archbishop's comprehensive curse had been withdrawn. That the quack remedies which Mr. Asquith has now been compelled to cry up in the market-place will (1) cut off from the land the supply of capital which Mr. Lloyd George himself admits to be necessary to it; (2) make tenant farmers the bailiffs and accountants of the Land Courts, and in many cases raise their rent and increase their income tax; (3) reduce the cereal product of the country; and (4) very seriously diminish the amount of employment available for rural labourers, cause the most grievous distress in the villages, and completely fail to augment the yearly total of the farm-hand's income by means of the minimum wage. These points are fully substantiated in the "Notes" of the Land Conference. They are not presented in an abstruse or technical form, but in the style of a business adviser's terse and temperate comments on a project submitted to his inspection. The book should be read by every agriculturist.

Sir Herbert Tree has made the announcement that his next production will be a new play in five acts by G. Bernard Shaw, which might be described as a modern version of the ancient legend of Pygmalion and Galatea. We hear that Sir Herbert is to impersonate the modern Pygmalion himself, whilst Mrs. Patrick Campbell appears as a twentieth century Galatea.

A Matter of Money

Chats on Old Coins. By F. W. BURGESS. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

THIS, the latest of the popular "Chats" series of handbooks for collectors, is a light volume of 400 pages and 50 autotype plates, which illustrate more than 250 coins.

As will be expected from its title, the character of the work is comprehensive rather than technical; for it would be impossible within its scope to do more than chat casually through the many and varied chapters it contains. These comprise a preface, the collector's aim, the story of coinage, coins of ancient Greece, coins of ancient Rome, coins of the Twelve Cæsars, Roman currency under the later emperors, the early British and Romano-British, the Saxon, the Norman and Plantagenet periods, coins of the Lancastrian and Yorkist kings, the Tudor period, the Stuarts, the Commonwealth and after the Restoration, the House of Hanover, Victoria, Edward VII and George V, regal copper coins, British Colonial currency, Ireland and the Isle of Man, coins of Scotland, American coinage, seventeenth-century tokens, eighteenth-century tokens, nineteenth-century tokens, and, finally, a bibliography.

Although in his preface the author tells us that he has at different times specialised on nearly all the branches of numismatic research referred to, it is, of course, impossible for a single plough to till so vast a field of technical knowledge, a fact which should ever be before the student when reading a handbook of this order. The chats are written in a clear and pleasant style which carries the reader onward, from one subject to another, without any feeling of tediousness; and the chapters on the Greek, Roman, British and Anglo-Saxon currency are excellent reading, useful even to the advanced student. The author is on sure ground, too, when he discusses the comparatively modern British, Colonial, American and token coinages; but it is in the Norman and Plantagenet periods that he fails. The reason for this is disclosed by his bibliography, which does not contain reference to a single work upon English regal money published during the last fifteen years.

The many volumes of the *Numismatic Chronicle* and the *British Numismatic Journal* are ignored, with the result that time-exploded fallacies of a past generation are prevalent in these pages. We are told that William II, who issued five distinct and successive coinages, "struck comparatively few coins," and that "the greater part of those issued were from dies used in the previous reign." Henry I is credited with "upwards of thirty mints," whereas there are silver pennies of his in existence to-day which bear the names of fifty different cities and towns in England and Wales. In the reign of Stephen, coins which are now known to have been issued by the Empress Maud, during the few months for which she held the crown, are still attributed to Roger, Earl of Warwick; and a similar pitfall assigns others to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and

William Fitz-Stephen. In 1180, Henry II remodelled the coinage, and the new type was reissued from time to time throughout the reigns of Richard I, John, and Henry III, until 1248, the original title, *Henricus Rex*, being retained upon it. There are, however, well-defined variations in the designs of the successive re-coinages which enable numismatists to differentiate the issues of the four kings. As these silver pennies are the most plentiful of our mediæval coins—so plentiful that they may be purchased at a shilling apiece—they should not have been passed over by the author with the vague remark that “there are no English coins with the name of Richard I on them; apparently those struck during Richard’s reign were from dies used by his father. . . . During the reign of John no English pennies were issued under his own name.” The classification of the money of Edwards I, II, and III similarly follows lines of demarcation now quite abandoned; and the introduction by Edward I of the round silver halfpenny is passed over in silence.

It is a pity that this section of the work was not submitted to the revision of a modern expert, for it is disappointing to find so weak a chapter in a book really well written and replete with carefully selected and beautifully executed illustrations.

A Practical Pacifist

The Foundations of International Polity. By NORMAN ANGELL. (Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE new school of thought initiated by Mr. Norman Angell is now widely recognised as one of the most important movements of our own times. Any enlargement of the view that he originally presented in his memorable work, “The Great Illusion,” is therefore of exceptional interest. Briefly stated, Mr. Angell boldly attacks the political ideas to which we have accustomed ourselves, and which, in spite of the complete transformation of conditions that rendered them admissible in the remote past, still continue to regulate the attitude of the world’s communities towards each other. He argues that the interdependence which necessarily comes of the division of labour involves a progressive decline in the effectiveness of physical coercion. In other words, he demonstrates the futility of force. “The one great thing,” he declares, “that modern conditions have done is to enable us to say that war is irrelevant to the end it has in view.”

An attempt such as is demanded by the limitation of space to put in a few words the political philosophy of Mr. Angell, can only be attended by most unsatisfactory results. Doubtless the author has suffered again and again from the presentation of his case in summary form. The impression that has gained ground in certain directions that he is a man keen in the pursuit of an impossible ideal is altogether far from the truth. First and foremost, Mr. Angell stands revealed as a profound thinker. He does not shirk living issues,

nor depend upon theories in the abstract. In point of fact, despite the contrary assertion of his critics, he is eminently practical, and relies upon forceful reasoning for the enunciation of his principles. If he is read with an open mind, it is difficult to see how his conclusions can possibly be resisted. The abrupt reply of the militarists that force has always ruled and that it will continue to do so until the end of time is mere assertion without any sustaining thought. Up to the present Mr. Angell has succeeded in completely confusing his opponents; and indeed it is no exaggeration to say that no answer such as would withstand the test which he applies to his own case, that of reason, has been forthcoming. Yet the task upon which he has embarked is a stupendous one. For Mr. Angell and those individuals whom he has enlisted frankly avow that their aim is to change the foundation of political thought throughout the world. It is not pretended that their ideas are altogether new, but it is urged that the elaboration and extension of the credit system over the universe has created a condition of interdependence between the nations never before known. Thus the doctrine espoused has removed from the region of academic to that of practical discussion, and, its truth becoming visible for the first time, there was a possibility that it would exercise an effect upon public policy.

The great industrial nations, Mr. Angell goes on to explain, are not economic units. International trade is not exchanged between corporations known as “Britain,” “Germany,” etc., but is a process of complex operations divided between individuals. A Birmingham ironmaster sells his engines to a Brazilian coffee-planter, who is able to buy them because he sells his coffee to a merchant in Havre, who sells it to a Westphalian town manufacturing rails for Siberia, which buys them because peasants are growing wheat as a result of the demand in Lancashire, which is manufacturing cotton for Indian coolies growing tea for sheep-farmers in Australia, who are able to buy it because they sell wool to a Bradford merchant, who manufactures it because he is able to sell cloth to a petroleum-refiner in Baku, who is able to buy good clothing because he is selling petrol to the users of automobiles in Paris.

There we have a typical illustration of the author’s doctrine of the interdependence of nations. He then proceeds to argue that it is impossible at this day, as a result of war, to transfer the wealth of one country to another. For the damage would react upon the confiscator by virtue of the economic forces which banking embodies, and by virtue of the fact, again owing to banking, that the immense bulk of wealth consists, not in chattels which can be carried off—transferred by force from one party to another—but in multifarious activities of the community, which must imply freedom not only to produce but to enjoy and consume.

As we have already said, Mr. Angell presents a powerful case. To term him an idealist, as some critics have done, suggests mere impatience with his

reasoning. To us he appears as the first pacifist with practical warrant. It is in point of fact the militarists who are visionary, for they take no notice of the truism that material changes in the world, such as the introduction of rapid communication, affect the fundamental basis of human thought. Mr. Angell has no concern with orthodox ethics. His appeal to us is made solely on the ground that force no longer fulfils the purpose with which it is popularly associated. He proves the futility of force. Moreover, he vigorously defends the morality of his cause. What is best in the interests of the community of the world, he says in effect, is right. And war he regards as a commercial failure which, so soon as it is recognised as such, will cease. His reasoning, then—and he does not deny the object in view—goes direct to the common human instinct, self-interest in the communal sense; and it is the self-interest that he relies upon to stifle another and lesser human instinct, faith in force. But Mr. Angell, practical to the end, does not expect England to lead the way in scrapping *Dreadnoughts*. His appeal is to the universe, and he relies upon reason.

L. L.

The Modern Fashion in Biography

The House of Cecil. By C. RAVENSCROFT DENNIS.
Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

ONE would naturally suppose that a volume with the high-sounding title of "The House of Cecil," dealing with the careers of celebrated men, would reveal in its construction a design of profound research and supreme interest. We regret to say that the volume under review cannot lay claim to either distinction. As regards research, it is perfectly true that memoirs and collections of letters have been consulted, and, above all, the Hatfield MSS. have evidently been at the disposal of the author. *Nihil tetigit nisi ornavit* is clearly not the aim which Mr. Dennis has placed before him; or, if he has placed it before him, he has curiously missed his mark. Eminent as some of the earlier members of the Cecil family were, if their lives are correctly portrayed in the book before us, they were singularly uninteresting and lifeless individuals so far as their personal characteristics went. Their public careers could not be otherwise than deeply interesting, because they reflect the history of epochs in the national evolution. The life of Burghley enshrines, as it were, the reign of Elizabeth up to the period when his son, Sir Robert Cecil, took the reins of administration from his father's hands. If there is one period of history which demands eloquent handling it is that commencing with the Reformation, and continuing with the Spanish plots, the Armada, and the union under one sovereign of the crowns of England and Scotland. The author who fails to make events which occurred in that age live, entrance, stimulate, and rouse to enthusiasm, has indeed achieved a task which we believed to be impossible, until we essayed

to read through "The House of Cecil." As a primer for the use of the tyro, in general and constitutional history, the book has a certain value, inasmuch as it will stimulate the inquiry whether there are not many much more valuable volumes in existence dealing with the same period and the events which occurred in it.

A large part of the book has no value whatever, because it deals with the lives of insignificant members of the famous family of Cecil. Burghley and the third Marquess of Salisbury are surely figures which might have been expected to have elicited enthusiastic treatment, albeit coupled with historical accuracy. The expectation is in the present volume doomed to disillusionment. For those who want dry bones, the volume under review is ideal, although it has a tendency to dwell upon small though useful bones and leave those which constitute the building up of the figure erect in mist. The life of Burghley is fairly well done, but it has been done much better before. The life of the late Lord Salisbury is negligible to those who lived intelligently in his world and followed the history of his time. There is either too much or too little of it, and the story is told in a lifeless and dreary fashion. The life of Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, is better done, which is perhaps accounted for by the author's admission that personal data are scarce, inducing the impression that when data are plentiful he finds them difficult to handle. We think the description of the measures which Cecil took to ensure the succession of James to the English throne is one of the best touches in the book; it is one, at all events, which had most interest for us. The volume is nicely got up, and the illustrations are fairly good, with the exception of the portrait of the third Marquess of Salisbury, which may be an excellent likeness of Shylock, but which bears no resemblance to the late Prime Minister of England.

C. C.

An interesting announcement is made by the *Bazaar*, *Exchange*, and *Mart* to the effect that from February 21 it is issuing one of its three weekly editions, the Saturday, at a penny, to meet the demand for a cheap paper of that character. The *Bazaar* has been a public favourite for the past 46 years, and its new development should increase its popularity. The Wednesday and Friday editions will remain at 2d.

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Shorter Reviews

A Short Account of Great Malvern Priory Church.
By the Rev. A. C. DEANE, M.A. Illustrated.
(G. Bell and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE Priory Church at Great Malvern is an ancient fabric dating from 1460, the year of its completion. It was erected on the site of a former church built by Aldwin, a monk, who is said to have founded the Priory in the year 1085. At the time of the Dissolution this religious house was "surrendered and dissolved," and its church was in danger of being pulled down. It had already been partly dismantled, when the inhabitants of Great Malvern stepped in and purchased it for £20, in order that it should replace the Church of St. Thomas as their parish church. Since then the venerable pile has encountered many vicissitudes, chiefly at the hands of self-styled "restorers" early in the last century. Ivy had been allowed to grow within the building, and one vicar even had a pigeon-loft in it. As late as 1887 some vandals actually proposed to melt down the fourteenth-century Virgin Mary bell! The volume forms one of the well-known "Cathedral Series." It is well printed and profusely illustrated, and altogether a credit to the publishers. The author was at one time vicar of Malvern, and every page of the work bears evidence that to him the writing of it was a labour of love; he has dealt with his subject as exhaustively as could be wished.

The Governance of England. By SIDNEY LOW. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. LOW'S book was first published in 1904, since when it has become so well known as to need no fresh introduction. We agree with the opening words of the introduction to the present edition: "A retouched portrait is seldom a satisfactory production," but we have strong reasons for believing that the perception of the original lineaments of the portrait now in question is of considerable value at a time when our Constitution is undergoing a complete though silent revolution, a time when from the purely constitutional point of view our political affairs are in a condition of chaos.

The vast majority of peaceable citizens are no doubt still under the impression that government is carried on by the House of Commons. They are probably still under the even more erroneous impression that the individual member of Parliament is possessed of definite and tangible powers. They would doubtless be astonished and shocked to learn this:

New laws are made by the Ministry, with the acquiescence of the majority, and the vehement dissent of the minority in the House of Commons. The Crown has nothing to do with the matter, the House of Lords very little, except that it has a limited power—seldom exercised in cases of real importance—to delay the operation of the proposed measure; the Opposi-

tion party protest against it, energetically but powerlessly at every stage; and the non-official ministerialists are able to do no more than affect the treatment of details. Every member of the House, with the exception of a score or so who sit on the front benches to the right of the Speaker's chair, would admit, if he spoke the truth, that his influence over legislation was little greater than that of a private individual outside.

Mr. Low carries the inquiry a stage further, and shows how within the Cabinet itself there has grown up an inner coterie of a few individuals who hold the only effective moving forces of government. The Cabinet itself has become unwieldy. It is a tempting hypothesis, not of Mr. Low, but of ourselves, that this modern inner ring will itself crystallise into a dictatorship so soon as circumstances provide a suitable occupant of the post. Mr. Low discusses with his customary acumen and impartiality such burning questions as the Parliament Act and Home Rule. As a question of principle he is in favour of devolution. "The separation of imperial from purely local functions seems the obvious method of relief," he says, and he foresees an increasing application of it to the problems of government. He has constantly before his eyes the silently growing power of the masses, and he makes many interesting conjectures as to the effect of such power when from its present latent condition it becomes active. We recommend the book as an almost indispensable adjunct to the more academic treatises of Dicey and Anson.

The audience which attended the revival of "Kismet" on Tuesday, March 10, found themselves in a theatre, to all intents and purposes, entirely new. The interior of the Globe has been practically gutted, and it is now one of the most comfortable and artistically furnished of the London playhouses. Of the ten principal parts in Mr. Knoblauch's drama, five are played by the actors and actresses who created them, and five by newcomers.

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Fiction

Salad Days. ANONYMOUS. (John Long. 6s.)

THE twins, at the age of sixteen, were about the most embarrassing couple of boys one could find; they stole a pig, they leagued with Judy, a delightfully fascinating young lady, in all manner of pranks—we wish only that both Judy and the twins had retained their final “gs” in conversation, for such expressions as “anythin’,” and “thin’” (*Anglice* thing), are depressing, as well as being very old-fashioned indeed.

This, however, is only a small defect in a very cleverly written and extremely funny book. Some of its epigrams are very good. “I suppose a chap quite likes his wife—as long as she’s new?” one of the twins inquired of Dick when congratulating the latter on his engagement to Judy, and, in all innocence and seriousness, this bright pair offered Dick a revolver as a wedding present, but substituted for it a christening mug, which came cheaper. They are irresponsible and irrepressible, and one embarrassing habit of theirs is to ask of people they meet whether marriage between first cousins is not a failure, since they, as the offspring of such a marriage, are visible proof of one such failure.

These things are not done suggestively, for the naïve innocence of these scamps keeps the book as clean as spring water. Among other characters, Dick, *poseur*, is noteworthy—but then, not a single figure introduced is devoid of interest, and we congratulate the author on the production of a very witty book.

An Unfinished Song. By MRS. GHOSAL. With Portrait. (T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d.)

MRS. GHOSAL has given us a breezy type of novel, showing the life and ideas of Indian ladies of the present time—a time which may be described as an age of emancipation. Many of the men are sent to England to be educated, and are astonished beyond measure at the energy of the people with whom they stay. The climate of India tends to debilitate its inhabitants, and to render them moribund; had the climate of this country been similar to that of India, our history would require to be rewritten. The men, and in less degree the women, of India are awakening, and longing for greater freedom. But it will take more than this generation, and probably the next, to rouse India from its lethargy, and enable it to cast off the fetters of its traditions. The story of Moni is charmingly and practically told; her love and the love for her was great. The following quotation might aptly be applied to her case:—

Smiles would not be so precious, if they had not known tears;

Happiness would not know itself, if it were not born of suffering.

Small Souls. By LOUIS COOPERUS. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

AN essential difference between this work and the majority of translations of the fiction of Continental authors is, to use a photographic phrase, the presence of high lights. The depressing effect produced by the Russian school—that school’s ever-present cloud of tragic gloom—is absent here; the work is a serious, clever, thoughtful novel, yet its author dares to be witty, braves the Continental convention of fiction by the introduction of such light comedy characters as Karel and Cateau, the latter of whom, with her drawls and words squeakily emphasised—we can almost hear her squeak, so well has the translator preserved her idiosyncrasies—provides a fund of relief against the more poignant scenes.

The story is that of Constance van de Welcke, whose husband married her by order of his parents when, through his intrigue with Constance, she had been divorced by her first husband, de Staffelaer, a high dignitary of the Dutch diplomatic service in Rome. The incident and Rome, however, only come into the book in retrospect, for we are introduced to Constance fifteen years later, when, aged forty-two, she returns with her husband and son to the Hague, hoping to renew family ties. The character of Addie, the thirteen-year-old son, is one of the best pieces of drawing the book contains. Here, at least, is no small soul. Nor, for that matter, is Constance small.

The family to which she returns, however, is mean and petty, as the rest of the Hague society; though her scandal is fifteen years old, it is raked up and discussed, the woman is talked at and harrowed, and, living and unanæsthetised, dissected by relatives and friends; the study is inimitably poignant and intense, yet broad and human in its meaning and quality. Here is a book that will live, by reason of its breadth, humanity, and power.

Ten-Minute Stories. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (John Murray. 6s.)

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD reveals himself in this book in a variety of moods. The stories range from the eerie to the merely comic. Humour and fantasy, tragedy and terror, mystery and pathos—all are here. On the whole, it is what may perhaps be called the mystic note that predominates. No living writer is more skilful in creating an atmosphere in which the accustomed objects of life assume an unfamiliar perspective. The world itself becomes *alive*. Trees have their dark and dreadful secrets. (No one who has once read it is ever likely to forget “The Man whom the Trees Loved.”) Those dim, unexplored regions of the mind of which, in normal moments, we are but half-consciously aware, become suddenly illumined, as if a powerful searchlight were flashed upon them. The “terror that walketh by night,” that mysterious thing, is seen as a vivid, palpable reality. In the first of these

stories—"Accessory before the Fact"—we see a man sharing in anticipation the fate of another. For a time he loses his own individuality: he *becomes* that other man. The theme is one which in the hands of any other writer would probably have provoked the just laughter of the scoffer. As treated by Mr. Blackwood, it not only satisfies, it actually convinces. Equally admirable are such stories as "The Prayer," "Strange Disappearance of a Baronet," "You may telephone from here," and "The Whisperers." "Let not the Sun—" is a tale the moving pathos of which no reader could fail to miss. In lighter vein are the four stories which recount the adventures of an absent-minded gentleman with false eyebrows, whom to have met is to have loved. The book represents Mr. Blackwood at his best. And the best of Mr. Blackwood belongs to the best of modern fiction.

The Twin Soul of O'Také San. By the BARONESS ALBERT D'ANETHAN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THE little story of this book—for it is little—has been told many times before. A heroic, handsome young Englishman, determined, on account of his wife's persistent bad temper, to fall in with her wishes and leave her for ever, went to Japan, where he very promptly met and fell in love with O'Také San; and, mindful of his repentant wife's wish that some other woman should give him the happiness he had never had with her, he proceeded to get that happiness with O'Také San's help, fully sharing her conviction that he and she were twin souls. Having a desire for the Russo-Japanese "front," he leaves O'Také San in a little house down by a shining shore, and in the reader's mind it is a toss-up who shall be slaughtered to meet the requirements of the story—is it the repentant wife, the two-wived husband, or the Japanese girl who is far more sinned against than sinning? We will not detract from the interest of the story by giving away the solution to this problem, but will content ourselves by remarking that Shearing, the faithful retainer, is not a bit humorous, nor even funny, as "low comedy lead."

We expected better than this from Rider Haggard's sister, and own that the book is a disappointment after her reminiscences of diplomatic life in Japan. It is against custom, by the way, to begin five and six paragraphs in succession with "and"; it is also irritating to the reader. The best point of the book is its writer's familiarity with Japanese customs, with which she is thoroughly able to deal in convincing style.

A collection of photographs which may fairly be described as representing a British School is now on view, free to the public daily, from 11 a.m. till 5 p.m., until March 20, at 35, Russell Square, W.C., the home of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain. The photographs are by members of British Societies affiliated to the parent body, and claim to represent the high-water mark of home, as distinguished from international, work.

Literary Competition

FROM the present issue (March 14) to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible, either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. We shall, to adapt Kipling's familiar line, take our quotation where we find it—we may even take it from a book just out. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

The idea of the Competition is to encourage the study of good books and to reward the assiduous and successful student.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION I.

Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name

Address

Coupon 1. March 14, 1914.

Music

"**P**ARSIFAL" has been so successful at Covent Garden, from the point of view of the box-office, that the management has arranged for two more performances. One hears it said that this is a sure test of London's taste for Wagner's "sacred" music-drama, and that we shall find "Parsifal" repeated in the season, and maintained in the regular repertory as are "Tristan" and "Die Walküre." But it must not be forgotten that, though great numbers have come away from "Parsifal" profoundly impressed, and ready to go again, there have probably been as many others who went to satisfy their curiosity, and who will consider that "once is enough." It was difficult, at first, to obtain tickets for "Salomé" and "Elektra," but their position as established favourites is by no means secure. It may be the same with "Parsifal," though no doubt its simpler but more deeply felt music will, for a long time to come, be more intelligible to the ordinary lover of music than the intricacy and the passion of Richard Strauss. We are to have plenty of operas this spring and summer. London is large enough to send full houses both to Covent Garden and Drury Lane—at least it would be so were the prices more reasonable. It would be interesting to compare the respective attractions of "Parsifal" at the one house and "Boris Godounov," with Chaliapine, at the other, if both were given on the same evening. But it would be vexing also, for, though the houses are so near that one could easily run from one to the other, an entertainment made up of alternate half-hours of Wagner and Moussorgsky would be unsatisfactory and bewildering.

The other day it was possible to hear a Quartet of Haydn by the Brussels Quartet in Bechstein Hall, and yet be in time for a good deal of the "Meistersinger" at Covent Garden, and the one did not "swear" with the other at all. Rather did we feel Wagner to be a delightful complement to old Haydn. But the Brussels Quartet were playing so finely that one was rather reluctant to leave the quiet scene of the chamber-music for the opera-house. They have such a lively, smooth tone for their slow movements, and such a bright one for the quick, and their finish can hardly be exceeded by that of any other group of quartet-players. But it was very good to hear Herr Bender as Sachs, and Herr Sembach as Walther, in a much more distinguished performance of the "Meistersinger" than the earlier one. Mme. Dux, too, was in very good voice, and Mr. Coates conducted with great spirit. It was the kind of performance which sends people away cheerful and contented, and surely that is some test of success.

On Wednesday, the 4th inst, the first of the Classical Concert Society's four additional concerts made a soothing preparation for the visit upon which we had settled to the Palace Theatre for the sake of the new

"Sylphides." As to this we may perhaps be allowed a word of "personal explanation." The old "Sylphides" was our introduction to the exquisite art of the Russian Ballet. We saw it at Monte Carlo, and by means of it the Russians made us their slaves for ever. Nothing of all the wonderful things we have seen them do since that "Sylphides" was ever able to alter our opinion that this was the most perfect gem of their repertory. Not "Carneval," not "Petruska," could rival it in our affection, delicious and thrilling as each of them was. How could we bear a new "Sylphides" which should only resemble the old in having Nijinsky and a bevy of white maidens and Chopin's music? But now we have gone through the ordeal, and must confess that the new "Sylphides" is a most remarkable and enthralling performance. Beautiful as is the new scene, with its large blue lake and its glittering whiteness, we prefer the cool green of the old, and are old-fashioned enough to prefer also the pure grace of the old dances to the more angular attitudinising of the new. Still, M. Nijinsky has conceived several striking *tableaux*, and Mlle. Nijinska floats about like a white tuft of shining thistledown. It seems that there is more conscious art about the new ballet, but it is interesting and beautiful in a very high degree.

Then, much as we loved the old music, we cannot doubt for a moment that the new is better. Instead of the bits of Chopin, which all of us would strum and hum since we were in our cradles, we have three Mazurkas, not familiar ones, two studies which, being too difficult for ordinary fingers, are only known to the general public through M. de Pachmann's playing or Busoni's, a Prelude to which the same remark applies (it is called an Etude in the programme, but is, in fact, the Prelude in E flat, No. 19), and two of the Nocturnes that everybody does *not* play, the very lovely and sprightly No. 3 in B major, and the (rather curiously chosen) No. 7 in C sharp minor. This last seemed less perfectly suited for dancing, and also less suitable for orchestral arrangement. But the first Nocturne, the Studies, and the Mazurkas have been chosen for marriage with Nijinsky's dances, with delightfully happy success, and their orchestration by M. Ravel is so exquisitely done that praise of it would be an impertinence. An ardent connoisseur of the modern French music had said to us that he supposed Chopin was the last composer whose music Ravel would wish to orchestrate or find himself in sympathy with. This speech reminded us of the attitude of an advanced Cubist painter who once said to me that his school would find itself much more capable of sympathising with "an Old Master" than with the work of Mr. John, Mr. Sickert, or Mr. Spencer Gore.

Ravel has found Chopin an Old Master, and treated him with perfect understanding and a skill which passes our poor understanding. The dear old pieces in the first "Sylphides" were beautifully set for the orchestra by various first-rate Russians, but the result of Ravel's genius applied to these specimens of Chopin's rarer gifts is something much more exquisite.

That the band of a music-hall which must constantly play indifferent and bad music should be able to rise to the requirements of Ravel's Chopin as the Palace Band did was a fine testimony to the advance which music-halls have made. It is not necessary that such a band should play with the perfection of the Queen's Hall orchestra, and we do not expect them to do so. But we venture to say that Mr. Finck's performance of Ravel's Chopin was remarkable for its delicacy and right feeling. To play the Mazurkas well is given to very few musicians, and if, in these, the Palace Band was open to criticism, their shortcomings are very pardonable.

Before the dancing, a singer, Mlle. Anka Layewa, introduced three pleasant specimens from her repertory of Serbo-Croatian Folk Songs, arranged by an Austrian musician, Egon Willfort. The lady has a very good and very high voice, and is an extremely capable vocalist, her staccato and coloration in the last song being excellent. This "turn" seemed to be a little over the heads of the audience, and Mlle. Layewa deserved much warmer appreciation than she received. But perhaps the spectators were impatient for the Ballets, and could not give their minds to mere music, however good and novel. It is rather a severe blow to see Russian dancing at the Palace without the peerless Mme. Pavlova, but, if we cannot have her, Mlle. Nijinska is a very gifted substitute, and, of course, her brother is a genius.

The Classical Concert has been most pleasantly satisfying with such good musicians as Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Maurice Sons, and Mr. Warwick-Evans. Mr. Henschel sang and brought the note of sadness in, for this was to be his last appearance at these concerts. Schubert's Fantaisie in C for violin and piano is not very often heard nowadays. Lady Hallé liked playing it, and she was right, for it has long moments of great beauty.

Mr. Plunkett Greene's recital, given to a very large and perpetually encoring audience, was less admirable than usual. He carried his whispering to the point of inaudibility, and his speech to that of a turbine, so that his songs suffered loss.

On March 31, Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. will publish a study of "Napoleon in Exile at Elba, 1814-1815," by Norwood Young, whose book "The Growth of Napoleon" attracted much attention some years ago. During the last four years Mr. Young has prepared this book and that which will succeed it, "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena, 1815-1821," visiting Elba and afterwards St. Helena, where he remains at the present moment. In illustrating both volumes, which between them will contain over 150 cartoons, paintings, and photographs, he has had the valuable assistance of Mr. A. M. Broadley, who also contributes a chapter on other sidelights on Napoleon's career.

Some New French Books

M. GAYET, an eminent Egyptologist, has explored, during sixteen years, at the cost of innumerable difficulties and personal sacrifices, the city of Antinopolis. The antiquities he discovered during his excavations were subsequently exhibited in Paris. Though of the greatest interest, they are little in comparison to what surely still remains to be brought to light.

M. Gayet's discoveries could already have filled a museum which would have revealed the Greek civilisation of the East, and, thanks to him, we now possess a perfect *ensemble*. The dead themselves, dressed in the costumes they wore, surrounded by the objects they cared for in days gone by, appear as fantastic phantoms escaped from their sepulchres, just as they used to lie, in the past. Not a wrinkle of their faces, not a pleat of their clothes, have budged; dresses have been sent in half, so that different provincial museums might possess specimens of the bygone civilisation. And the sepulchres themselves were not treated with more respect.

A book written by so erudite a scholar as M. Gayet could not fail to be very interesting. In "Ce que Racontent les Momies d'Antinoë: Le Roman de Claude d'Antioche," which has just been published by Plon-Nourrit (3 frs. 50), we have the result of his sixteen years of labour amidst the tombs of Antinopolis; and in truth the mummies of the Egyptian city tell wonderful tales.

In the introduction which prefaces this work, M. Gayet retraces the legend of the founding of the city. He tells us of the passionate friendship which united the Emperor Hadrian and the beautiful shepherd, Antinous, who voluntarily drowned himself as a propitiatory sacrifice to Fate, who, by the oracle, had decreed the death of the Emperor. Hadrian was so pained by the loss of his friend that he caused solemn rites to be celebrated for him, and rendered him the honours which were reserved only for Osiris. He desired, moreover, to erect an imperishable memorial to his glory, and founded the city of Antinopolis.

Through the many ways of this marvellous city M. Gayet traces Claude of Antioch, once a favourite of the Emperor Diocletian, who, becoming converted to paganism, exiled his faithful servant to Egypt in the hope that he would follow this example. But Claude is far too fervent a Christian to renounce that faith; the rites, the celebrations, the diabolical incantations which he witnesses, horrify him; the luxury which surrounds him only strengthens him in his belief. He tries to convert the embalmers among whom he lives, with many other Christian comrades; but after enjoying a nearly complete liberty for some months, Claude is at last decapitated by order of Arian, governor of the city, who tires of his religious stubbornness.

The story of Claude of Antioch has well served M. Gayet. It has permitted him to present to us the daily life of the inhabitants; fantastic phantoms seem to dance a ghastly measure around us while we read the

descriptions of the adoration of Osiris, of Isis, and the apotheosis of Isis—Aphrodite. Then suddenly all those strange and bewildering apparitions vanish, to be replaced by the ascetic figures of the Christians hiding in the Quarter of the Sepulchres, and the saintly hermits or people of the mountains.

The book reveals a care of detail quite remarkable. It is exceedingly interesting as being the work of a specialist, written with the evident desire of being read by all, even by the most frivolous and least scientific; but it would have gained greatly if M. Gayet had taken care to write in a really simple style, with less display of "literary" effects.

Egyptology seems to be quite the fashion in France this year. "L'Histoire de la Civilisation Egyptienne des Origines à la Conquête d'Alexandre," by M. Jequier, has the merit of condensing into three hundred pages the principal facts of Egyptian history, and is very sensibly divided into seven chapters, which are again subdivided into three parts—History, Tradition, and Monuments. It thus becomes a very clear work of reference, illustrated by a series of excellent photographs of the best specimens of antique Egyptian art, of the most sympathetic mummies, and of some famous sites which seem quite like old friends.

Jean Dolent is a curious figure; though son and grandson of workmen, he was himself an aristocrat to the tip of his fingers. He was one of the most interesting personalities of the Parisian literary world of the latter half of the last century. He possessed an infinite charm, an indomitable pride, biting wit, the love of fine expression, of beauty, of art; and occasionally he did not disdain paradoxes. Yet this essentially cultivated man left school at thirteen, and earned his living in an *atelier*! In some of his works it is apparent that his style would perhaps have gained by a more intimate knowledge of Latin and Greek authors. Nevertheless, he possesses a personality "composed especially of that same *finesse* which others have perhaps borrowed from the Ancients, but which he re-discovered precisely where the Ancients had discovered it—in the living sense of beauty, and in the desire of attaining to beauty by words, by the analogical means which unite written Art to lyrical and plastic Art."

M. Charles Morin, from whom we borrow this quotation, has prefaced the recent work published by Messien, entitled "Pages Choies de Jean Dolent" (3 fr. 50). Though an artist, Dolent was obliged to earn his living by undertaking the law correspondence of an important commercial house. He did this for fifty-three years, devoting his leisure hours to writing those critical studies which reveal such qualities of tenderness, of understanding, and of wit. He used to escape from the monotony of his daily task by accomplishing it as well as possible. He had many friends, who would gather with pleasure in his little drawing-room at Belleville. Among the most noticeable figures is that of Eugène Carrière. A great friendship sprung up between the great painter and Dolent, which grew

firmer as time went on. Aurel also frequented the little circle.

Dolent's works deal in general with art criticism; most of them are now out of print. The best known are "Une Volée de Merles," "Le Roman de la Chair," relating the adventure of two young provincials in Paris; "L'Insoumis," a continuation of the preceding work: "Petit Manuel d'Art à l'Usage des Ignorants," a sort of general review of the contemporary artistic world; and "Le Livre d'Art des Femmes," in which the author exposes pitilessly the foolishness and hardness of the Parisian society woman.

During his life-time, Dolent did not enjoy the reputation which was rightfully his. It is surprising, if one pauses to reflect how essentially French his talent was. But if he was not better known, it is because he was always just himself. He never made any effort to appear other than he really was. He was proud, and fond of liberty; so he kept voluntarily apart. "Pour le trouver," says M. Morin, at the close of his fine introduction, "il fallait le chercher. Mais quand on l'avait découvert on ne pouvait plus se passer de lui. L'Avenir ne se passera pas de Dolent. C'est un classique de l'Art Vivant."

This last phrase definitely places Dolent, and, thanks to the extracts published in "Pages Choies," under M. Morin's careful supervision, one can obtain an *aperçu* of a most curious, witty, paradoxical, and sympathetic figure.

MARC LOGÉ.

At the Grafton Galleries

THE Women's International Art Club is holding its fifteenth annual Exhibition. The collection is a curiously miscellaneous one, consisting of not a little poor work and a fair proportion that is exceedingly good. With more sternness on the part of the Hanging Committee, the show might have been good all round. As it is, the contrasts in quality strike the beholder sharply.

Upon the staircase the visitor is greeted with some rather weird Futurist, or quasi-Futurist, works—three "Fashion Pictures" by a German lady, and a remarkable large-scale nude bust in lurid colours by Miss Tora Holmstrom, entitled "Strangers." The *tout ensemble* suggests a Brobdingnagian female, seen, as Swift suggests, at close quarters in all the nastiness of highly magnified detail, and the effect is not pleasant. In the Octagonal Gallery there are two noticeable pictures by Miss Mary Creighton, in one of which, "The Big Sofa," the manipulation of the lights is distinctly clever. There is all the charm of restfulness and quiet colour in Miss M. E. Atkins' "By the River," a study of an old town and church-tower by the waterside, rendered in broad and easy touches and with great feeling. Miss Atkins figures with some good work also in the Large Gallery; her view of Ryde is one of the good things

in the Exhibition; and we like exceedingly, too, her pictures of "Laiguelia, Italy," and "The Old Windmill." Her work is marked by a truthfulness and sanity of outlook and a sureness of handling which are very pleasing and compel respect. Rich colour and clear light characterise Miss Beatrice Bland's "Road through the Wood"; and quiet appreciation of one of Nature's most delicate moods appears in Miss Evelyn Robinson's "New Moon." Miss Isobelle Dods-Withers contributes a delightful sketch of Montepulciano, and a more finished picture of "The Rocks of Ste. Marie," both eminently skilful and sympathetic studies of romantic landscapes.

One of the features of the Exhibition is the careless and unfinished character of much of the work sent; some of it suggests that a very little more time and attention would have improved the results greatly, and would have been well worth the trouble involved—which should surely have been a labour of love. Of such, among others, is Miss Ethel Walker's ambitious "Decoration for Spring," in which plenty of clever drawing and skilful grouping is marred by hasty carelessness of execution and want of elementary consideration of accessories.

In agreeable contrast is the admirable work of Miss Anna Boberg, as bold and vigorous in handling as it well could be, but infinite delicate and lucent in the result, sensitive alike to form, colour and atmosphere in a series of far from easy subjects. Miss Boberg's pictures are taken, we suppose, from her native Sweden; there are five of them showing its rugged and rock-bound shores in all sorts of aspects. Of these "Winter Splendour," a fairy vision of snow peaks and shimmering lights, is perhaps the most striking, though another fairy vision upon a more ambitious scale is offered in "At the Sunset"—a wonderful cloudland of royal redness and the mysterious world which it envelops, that never degenerates into crudeness or hardness of line or tint. If only to see Miss Boberg's works these Galleries are worth a visit. A strong study of a fine head is that by Miss Mollie Faustman, another Swedish artist, of "Rolf Trolle"; and Miss Trotzig, from the same country, contributes a fine atmospheric study in "After Rain."

Perhaps the best figure-study in the Exhibition is Miss Defries' "By the Sea," the full length of a woman bending beneath a burden of straw or seaweed, which she carries along the beach against a dull seascape beyond. The figure is beautifully poised, and expresses toil and weariness in every line—a pathetic as well as a powerful achievement. Close by hangs another clever large-scale group of figures in Miss E. A. Hope's "Procession," a group of Breton peasants and children approaching with banners and other paraphernalia of a religious function; the draughtsmanship is excellent, and the grave earnestness of the pious Breton folk is well caught. A very finished piece of work, and one of the best in the Exhibition, is Miss Bethia Clarke's "Making Carpets, Wilton," which is admirable alike in realism, in characterisation, and in *technique*. These pretty

nearly exhaust the interest of the show. Mention is due, perhaps, to Miss Evelyn Howard's "Fire on the Moor"; Miss Beatrice Bland's "Weed Burning"; and to the same artist's "View from Richboro' Castle." Two of Miss M. V. Wheelhouse's admirably delicate and graceful figure illustrations are those to "Wives and Daughters" (Nos. 122 and 134); her work is in its own way well-nigh unapproachable. Her two Italian sketches, though good, are upon a more mundane level. Some beautiful specimens of handicrafts are also shown.

The Theatre

"The Two Virtues" at the St. James's

NO profound problems are presented to the patient playgoer in the new comedy at the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Alfred Sutro aimed obviously at amusement; he devised a neat little situation, gave it the sauce of a pretty wit, and his actor-vassals serve it with the utmost art of which they are capable. No critic need grumble at the result; to protest that Mr. Sutro has not gone into the depths of the questions raised is about as sensible as to complain of an omelette because it is not a round of beef. He entertained us well, and we left the theatre with a feeling of satisfaction—a feeling that our laughter had not been on a false note, and that the attention which we had been compelled to pay was not wasted either on trivialities or on morbidities.

In "The Attack," which we noticed a couple of months ago, Sir George Alexander appeared in a style of part new to him—that of the sharp business man and politician; in "The Two Virtues" he assumes a character precisely the opposite of this. Jeffery Panton is an historian, steeped in the literature of history, bewildered by anything pertaining to the world of business; he imagines himself in love with the memory of a lady whom he has not seen for years, and whose photograph he sets up as a shrine for occasional worship—when his thoughts turn that way. This lady's husband, Claude Jervoise, is a poet of heroic moods and soaring ambitions, with a sublime belief in his message for the world; he has a friend, a certain lonely, harmless, but of course beautiful Mrs. Guildford, whom he visits and bores terribly with his lengthy recitals of his own verses. Mrs. Jervoise persuades Jeffery—who finds his old infatuation for her was but a sorry affair—to call on Mrs. Guildford and to try to break the spell which she supposes is cast over her husband; Jeffery, finding the lovely, mysterious, lonely lady to be as keen on history as he is himself, promptly installs her as his collaborator, without a thought of harm; and there, in his study, the two are discovered by Jeffery's sister, Lady Milligan, and Mrs. Jervoise—who enter with a complete

record of Mrs. Guildford's "past"—comfortably working together. The end can be foreseen; but the dialogue, the amusing "rows" between the three women, between the two women, and between Jeffery and his amazed and shocked sister, who desires him to marry a lady of title, are pure comedy. We have seen few things more witty and exhilarating than the contest between Lady Milligan—magnificently acted by Miss Henrietta Watson—and Mrs. Jervoise; the only stage episode comparable with it that occurs to us is the famous wordy duel in "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Sir George Alexander proved himself quite at home in a new vein; distracted, worried, sometimes even dishevelled—imagine it!—he took the part of the literary man immersed in research to perfection; and when forced by events to come into the open he was as shy, awkward, and as bashful as a boy. It was quite delightful to watch him, and his proposal to Mrs. Guildford in the last act was very pretty indeed. We praised Miss Martha Hedman for her performance in "The Attack"; unhappily, in the present play, she was sadly lacking. She has no variety of facial expression; she stays always on the same calm level; even her voice scarcely changes. She puts no life, no energy, no vivacity into the part. On the other hand, it was almost impossible to look away from Miss Watson when she was on the stage; her play of feature was excellent—by a quiet gesture, a glance, she expressed volumes of surprise, contempt, dismay, and her contest with her brother, where from pleading she gradually rose by stages to recrimination and indignation, was a superb piece of acting. As the pompous poet Mr. Herbert Waring showed himself fully capable; the supreme conceit of the egoist, his supercilious disdain of the conventions, were most amusingly portrayed; and Miss Athène Seyler took the part of the frivolous Mrs. Jervoise with just the right effect. Miss Rhoda Symons talked too fast and seemed weak as Alice Exern, Mrs. Guildford's companion; but the minor parts were in the good hands of Mr. George Bishop and Miss Mary Lane.

There are two or three "thin" pieces in the play. The scene between Alice Exern and Mrs. Guildford might with advantage be cut or altered; it leads nowhere and becomes tedious; and now and then the dialogue flags from its usual sprightliness. On the whole, however, Mr. Sutro has scored a decided success, and "The Two Virtues" should have a lengthy run.

W. L. R.

The Pioneer Players present "Daughters of Ishmael"

THIS long, sometimes stupid, and in some parts powerful American play was recently produced by Miss Edith Craig at King's Hall, Covent Garden. We believe that this remarkably convenient theatre is generally used by pugilists; on this occasion we had a play that was intended to fight a social evil. A

neighbour of ours, a witty and rather wicked writer of comedies—with memories of Mr. Shaw's early work—thought that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was taking the place of that of Cashel Byron. This adaptation of Mr. Kauffman's sociological novel is an effort to demonstrate the danger which young girls suffer of being lured from home and kidnapped for the profit of the person who is called the owner of "The House" kept for the pleasure of its visitors.

In America, perhaps more than in England, a great effort is being made at the present time to arouse a sincere interest in this sort of danger. *The Medical Review of Reviews* of New York has forwarded us an original play in four acts, dealing very fully with the same subject.* In reading this work one sees the earnestness of the author and the value of the point of view which is so clearly and boldly set forth. We do not know if "Peach Bloom," like "Daughters of Ishmael," has been played upon the stage, but it would, we think, show many of the same valuable qualities and sad defects as D'Este-Scott's adaptation of Kauffman's novel.

Plays with so strong a purpose must generally show many failures in technique. Even M. Brioux is not at his best when forcing the pace for an especial and difficult end. "Daughters of Ishmael" opens effectively enough, and ends on a tragic and awful note. The first episode shows the extremely unpleasant home of an Irish-American, Owen Denbigh, played with an air of brutality by Mr. Charles Coleman. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as a prematurely old woman is his wife and the mother of two daughters. The eldest is a grown-up schoolgirl, Mary, very realistically given by Miss Marjorie Patterson. It seems to us a mistake that the Denbigh home should be made so hopelessly unhappy for Mary. In this case her troubles with her father predispose her to listen to the lover's perjuries of Max Crossman, Mr. Raymond Lauzerte, who shows himself as clever here, in a different way, as he was in "Fanny's First Play."

Crossman soon lures Mary from home and takes her to "The House" which is run by Rose Legere, Miss Janette Steer. The next episode tells of the Rovington Settlement, an unconvincing affair which appears to be carried on by incompetent people for the benefit of girls who have met with such misfortunes as those of Mary. The Settlement, however, fails in being of the slightest value.

The later phases of the play recount the tragedy of Mary's attempt to gain her living honestly. We are inclined to think her miseries are over-stated, and that from the protagonist point of view such exaggerations are of little value.

Like other plays of the kind, "Daughters of Ishmael" became the medium for some admirable acting. Miss Nesbitt, Miss Patterson, Miss Steer, and Mr. Lauzerte were at their best, and there was a very

* *Peach Bloom: an original play in four acts.* By NORTHROP MORSE. ("Medical Review of Reviews," New York. \$1.)

successful new-comer in Mr. Geoffrey Goodhart, who gave considerable significance to a small part. It was the very good people of the Settlement who appeared so detached from humanity as we know it. We doubt if the general public are likely to see this play, or if it would interest them; for, apart from the first two scenes, there are many long and rather tedious episodes.

"And all Arabia Breathes . . ."

THE strong revival of interest in all the magnificence and beauty and all the treachery and passion which come with—

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest . . .

owes no small part of its origin to the loving care with which Mr. Edward Knoblauch composed his now classic play, "Kismet." He wrought it from the heart and soul of Eastern things which, to a great extent, he found enshrined in "The Thousand and One Nights." The present printed edition now before us is inscribed to the memory of Richard Burton, "without whom," the author says, "this play never could have been written." This strikes us as the pleasing hyperbole of a devoted student. On reading the play in book form, it seems as if the author has himself drunk deeply of the spirit of the East, and that many of the incidents, characters, and turns of phrase, although perfectly in the picture and the period, owe much to his own quick imagination. It is true, on the other hand, that hardly a speech in the play is without some allusion to Arab customs or thoughts, and occasionally the actual wording is that of the characters in the "Nights."

The Story-Teller in the prologue, for instance, practically speaks the opening lines of the famous "Entertainments," much as the Caliph makes use, later on, of the words with which all the important tales end. "In the name of Allah" is the conventional beginning of any story which a pious Mussulman tells; for without this form it would not be considered *fortunate*. Then Hajj's begging sing-song shows the entire Oriental attitude towards charity, and is carefully compounded of some thirty proverbs on the subject—ever popular in Eastern cities. We note, too, some quaint pieces of knowledge on almost every page: "La Yayhá! La Yayhá!" calls out Hajj to his beautiful daughter when he wants her to dance. This is the wild cry of a desert tribe during their gayest entertainments. Then there is a phrase of the Wazir Manzur, about his enemy, which is compact of various local ideas. Manzur calls him a "big-turban'd, bean-fed son of a sow": the first because such people pretend to be learned; the second because those who eat beans are supposed to be dull-witted; the last because it is the grossest insult the Orient can supply. Of course, the expression, "slice of the moon," which makes the audience laugh, is the regular

term for a young Eastern maiden, and should be familiar to all through the agency of the now well-worn "Omar."

These are but a very few of the thousand and one adaptations of Oriental phrases which Mr. Knoblauch uses throughout his play, the very dramatic character of which has to some extent withdrawn attention from its remarkable literary merits. To have made malleable for stage purposes the curious language of "The Arabian Nights" must, one sees on reading the printed play, have been no light task; but it is evidently one which the author enjoyed. We apprehend, too, that many readers will enjoy "Kismet" in this form as thoroughly as on the stage; for the scenery almost paints itself as one reads the vivid, rapid, and often sincerely poetic dialogue.

Scene iii of Act i, "The Courtyard of a Poor House," is the most effective and stylistic piece of writing in the drama. Here is a brief and complete play within the play. The love scene is full of beauty, and the episode in which the famous beggar Hajj revels in the great future which awaits his beautiful daughter Marsinah, and then suddenly falls into despair on his arrest, is filled with the spirit of a hundred old Eastern stories such as that of the man with the basket full of earthenware who counts his gains ahead of his business and then has the misfortune to smash his entire stock.

Such memories are recalled again and again by Mr. Knoblauch's work; but each incident bears the imprint of his own mind and the characteristics of his own curious knowledge. With cunning art he tells his often exciting story until at last the Caliph and the beggar's daughter are united and the musicians sing:

Seat high the maid and bridal throne,
To rule this night of nights alone;
Whilst kneels to her divinity,
The mightiest of monarchs prone.
Then draw the curtain sweet with spice,
On Lord of Lords and Pearl of Price—
He crowned by her virginity,
She by his manhood's Paradise.
And Allah the Uniter bless
Their love with joyance limitless!

But the great Hajj, the most inspired beggar of all time, is not forgotten. As the day of great events closes in, he murmurs: "Mine enemies dead—Marsinah wed—Meccah to-morrow. . . ."

We know of no other thoroughly romantic play, written within the last fifty years, that possesses the charm, excitement, and beauty and elemental quality of "Kismet." It is a delightful and fantastic piece of literary drama which Mr. Knoblauch has so deftly salvaged from the shores of old romance.

EGAN MEW.

The Sir Alfred East Memorial Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries will be succeeded to-day (Saturday) by an exhibition of the recent work in oils of one of the most distinguished landscape painters of the day, Mr. Oliver Hall. Four years have elapsed since a collection of this artist's works in this medium has been seen in London.

* *Kismet*. By EDWARD KNOBLAUCH. An "Arabian Night" in three acts. 3rd edition. (Methuen and Co. 2s. net.)

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

I HAVE known Pretyman a good many years, but I never saw him so pleased as I did on Wednesday last, the 4th instant, at question time. Mr. Justice Scrutton recently decided that the basis of valuation in regard to agricultural land and undeveloped land used for agricultural purposes was all wrong. This is a very serious thing, as thousands of valuations under the Finance Act of 1910 have already been made at huge expense, and if they are based on false premises, where are we now? Where is the Government and where are the owners?

Evelyn Cecil started the ball rolling by asking whether the Government intended to appeal. Lloyd George was not in the House, and Montagu, the Secretary for the Treasury, seemed rather gravelled. He was not in a position to make any statement on the subject.

"That's all very well," said Pretyman, in effect, "but are the Government proposing to levy duty on the same basis—making, in fact, valuations on assessments which have been legally proved to be inaccurate?"

"It only happened on Saturday," pleaded Montagu, "and it requires very careful consideration."

"In that case," said Fitzroy, "at the conclusion of questions, I shall ask leave to move the adjournment of the House."

As the question came within the rule that it was a matter of definite urgent public importance, it was felt that the Speaker could not refuse to grant the motion to adjourn. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, and the Unionists rubbed their hands in glee and waited to see what would happen. There must have been a hurried consultation in the Government room behind the Speaker's chair, for at a quarter to four Ponsonby was put up as a "bonnet" to formally ask the Attorney-General whether he intended to appeal.

The careful consideration mentioned by Montagu disappeared like a sea-mist in the sun, for Simon promptly said "Yes," and that in the meantime no valuation would be made inconsistent with Scrutton's decision.

This was a distinct score, and the appeal will be watched with interest. If the decision is upheld, we shall want to know what is going to be done with all the valuations which have already been made.

There is an air of unrest in the House. "It smells like dissolution," said one man in the smoking-room. "Yes," said another ghoulishly, "of corruption and decay."

Estimates were run through at a surprising rate. We did the business of the country, for which we are paid £400 a year, disgracefully. In a slipshod manner we passed thirteen Votes for the Navy, the Army, and the Civil Service in ninety-five seconds. We shall be up directly, everybody said, although it was only half-past six.

A Bill for Defective Children appeared, and it was criticised as grandmotherly by such opposite characters as Bob Cecil and Handel Booth, but it was forced through. Gulland, a Government Whip, moved the adjournment, but Ronald McNeill wanted to know why the National Insurance money should be paid over to the Erin Lodge of the Ancient Order of Hibernians—a friendly society whose oath of initiation, he declared, included disloyalty. "We cannot inquire into that," said Wedgwood Benn airily. Then John Ward raised again the awkward subject of the housing of the workmen at Rosyth which caused the storm yesterday. The talk went on, and, to the sorrow of the homing birds and the diners-out, lasted until 8.15, when all hope of a night off disappeared, for a private motion in favour of redistribution of seats came on. It was moved by little Edgar Jones, a Welsh Radical, and it let in two specialists on the subject—Morrison-Bell, who invented the pencil diagram which stood in the Strand, showing the inequalities of different constituencies, and Mackinder, who is a "dab" at proportional representation. Herbert Samuel accepted the motion, and handsomely admitted what is a patent fact, that Ireland is over-represented. As a remedy he advised the House to pass Home Rule, and then the Irish would only have forty-two members. He also suggested a Committee. Walter Long accepted the idea, but had little hope that it would do any good. Those who had basely fled and left us to do the work consoled themselves that there was no division, but the House did not rise until eleven after all.

Asquith during the Parliament Act had in my hearing pledged himself that not more than one Bill of first-class importance could be passed in one session. On Thursday a first reading was given to three—viz., the Home Rule Bill, the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, and the Plural Voting Bill.

We then went back to Supply, and "Worthy" Evans attacked the Chancellor for the shortcomings of his Insurance Act. There was no enthusiasm; the House was nearly empty, and Lloyd George found it difficult to answer Worthington Evans' searching questions. As Pretyman is to the Finance Act so is "W. E." to the Insurance Act; both are thoroughly up in their subjects. Bonar Law came on later, and in a sledge-hammer speech made Lloyd George writhe. He said, I believe, that the Act had broken down, and taunted the Government with trying to keep it secret until after the General Election. The Chancellor had tried to put the blame on the friendly societies. What about those which are admittedly well managed, and yet foresee that they will have to reduce the benefits?

"There may be a change of Government before long, and I want the country to understand that, if and when the Act is found to be bankrupt, they must not put the blame on the Unionists."

Handel Booth and Jonathan Samuel blamed the Opposition for slandering the societies and the Act. It would cause people to desert the friendly societies.

Clynes, the Labour man, thought that there was far too much spent in administration, which we pro-

phesied all along. Markham unexpectedly came to the rescue of the Government, and suggested that the State and employers should divide the burden between them. Where would the Opposition be then? The Ministerialists cheered, but many a Radical, thinking of the General Election, said in his heart: "This Act is a beastly nuisance." The Vote was carried by 68.

"You need not come down on Friday if you do not want to," said the Whips. It was a private members' day, and the *pièce de resistance* was a very slight dish: a small Bill to amend the Agricultural Holdings Bill by providing that, when a landlord gives notice to a tenant to quit, he shall give the tenant compensation for any improvements he has made on the land. Both sides were in favour of it. It protected tenants from bad landlords, and everybody agreed that bad landlords were a curse to the soil; so the Bill got its second reading quite early in the afternoon.

After that we had a Public Rights-of-Way Bill. Under the present law, where land is settled, the tenant for life, however willing, cannot dedicate a right-of-way to the public, although it may have been used for many years. The Bill enabled him to do this, and that the public should be entitled to a right-of-way over land, even under settlement, when forty years of uninterrupted use was proved. Everybody felt this was fair; Simon explained that it would prevent undoubted rights being defeated by a technicality.

Banbury was not convinced; there was no need for the Bill, and he moved its rejection, but all to no purpose. An ill-advised attempt was made to talk it out, but the closure was applied, and the Bill passed its second reading by 199 to 7.

There were over a hundred questions on the paper on Monday, but no one attempted to listen to the replies, for it was obviously futile to do so. The Ministers galloped through the answers, which were not heard above the low hum of excited conversation that went on all round; nobody cared.

When Asquith rose he was cheered by some of his own party, but I noticed that the Nationalists remained obstinately silent. Few men have been placed in a more difficult position, but he faced it with characteristic coolness and aplomb. I will not go into the details of the debate, because by the time this is in print the whole thing will have been discussed in all its bearings. The general feeling was that we had "got a move on." Asquith admitted the principle of exclusion, and that is a great advance on anything that has happened before. His safeguards were a referendum by the counties interested and a six years' exclusion.

I do not think Bonar Law was quite as effective as usual. In a prepared speech few can touch him, but at a sudden reply he is not at his best. He made it quite clear that the Unionist position is not altered; we are opposed to Home Rule altogether, and the only real solution is an appeal to the country. Ulster was now admitted to be strong; the Nationalists hoped to disarm her, and at the end of six years have her once again at their mercy.

Redmond said this was the limit of concession, and if it was not accepted—the Home Rule Bill must—he emphasised the word *must*, as if he were dictating to the Government—be pushed through.

Carson—evidently in acute physical pain—made a strong appeal. The Ulstermen loathed Home Rule, and we do not want a sentence of death with a stay of execution for six years. "Abolish the time limit and leave the matter to the decision of Parliament and I will consult my friends." When William O'Brien got up, everybody went into the lobby and the smoking-room to talk it over. The whole thing, when it came to be analysed, was rather misty; Asquith had cleverly left out the financial part, and promised to put it in a white paper the next day.

Some people rejoiced that the door was not yet closed, and applauded the moderate speech of Arnold Ward, one of our back-bench men; others, of all parties, said, "Home Rule is dead." You cannot amend the Bill. Take out one piece, and the whole jig-saw drops to pieces; and if it goes, of course the Parliament Bill is dead too. It is a curious fact that, if there had been no Parliament Act, Home Rule might have passed. Now and then the speakers in the House assumed that the last word had been said, but each time the remark was made I noticed a low hum of dissent. There was a feeling that the auctioneer was still waiting for a further bid. He had said, "Going—going," but was not prepared even now to let the hammer fall. The common sense of the British people, now face to face with realities, was beginning to reassert itself on both sides.

The debate was adjourned.

Macaulay tells us how Warren Hastings, after his terrible struggle with the Council and after he had hanged Newcomen, sat down and wrote a letter to Dr. Johnson on some literary question. It is characteristic of the House that, after its feelings had been so deeply stirred, it was able to devote the rest of the evening to a little Bill to protect wild birds. Edwin Cornwall made a strong protest against this being taken up as a Government measure at short notice; it would ruin the trade and throw thousands out of work; but the cruel story of how the aigrette is obtained had taken forcible possession of members, and the Bill was read a second time. If the Bill could be made international by agreement, a good night's work would have been done, but, as it is, it is one more hastily made handicap to British trade.

It is not considered good manners to call a man a liar anywhere, and it is distinctly out of order in the House, but Sir John Randle's motion went as near to it as anything I have known. Lloyd George had only himself to thank for the situation in which he found himself. Owing to his repeated and unwarrantable attacks on individuals and his appalling inaccuracies, several Unionists had determined, if they were successful in the ballot, to raise a question with regard to the Chancellor's methods, and on Tuesday night it came out in a crowded house.

Yesterday I was proud of the House of Commons and the lofty tone of the speeches that were made. To-night the spectacle was a shameful one, and yet few people seemed to see it. The very fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the United Kingdom was able to be attacked in this way was, in itself, a degradation.

He defended himself fiercely; few of us have ever seen him on the platform, but to-night he gave us a representation of his Limehouse style. With his back to the wall, he defended himself with all his might, and I am bound to say that he did it very skilfully. He attacked his opponents; he denied this; he asserted that; and did as much damage as he could amid the jeers of his foes and the cheers of his friends.

F. E. Smith wound up the debate in a speech that was almost too clever. It was brimful of sarcasm, and to a hide less pachydermatous than the Chancellor's would have made any man writhe—in fact, two or three shafts did get home, especially when he contended sarcastically that "the Chancellor never ran away, either in this House or in Birmingham."

He pointed out that, even in Mr. Lloyd George's closing sentence, he had been guilty of a gross inaccuracy, and that his recklessness was such that at one of his own meetings he had called a man a forger without the slightest warrant or excuse.

Cassel's was not such a good speech, but it was more serious in tone. However, the House was very pleased with the entertainment, and the result was a strict party division; 304 members decided that Lloyd George was not a liar, and 240 were convinced that he was.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN RUSSIA AND GERMANY

INTEREST and to some extent alarm have been stimulated throughout Europe by reason of the virulent attacks upon Russia contained in the German and Austrian press. The agitation first manifested itself in journals that make no pretensions to moderation, but was quickly taken up by others known to be officially inspired, as, for example, *The Cologne Gazette*, *The Lokalanzeiger*, and, in Austria, newspapers of similar standing. This outcry followed upon an article appearing in one of Berlin's popular journals, which occupied several columns in presentation of the startling idea that the moment had arrived when Germany must seize upon any pretext to wage war against the forces of the Triple Entente. We are now told that it is Russia who is the arch-fiend of European diplomacy, that she is making ready for a campaign against Germany, that the Slav policy in the Near East proved triumphant, and that now, in all parts of the world, this policy is developing along

lines that are dishonest and menacing. Were it not for the fact that Russia is the firm friend of both countries, England and France might perhaps welcome the diversion of a form of criticism which is usually levelled at themselves by the Germans. It is deplorable that such an exhibition of ill-feeling against a nation with whom we are on terms of exceptional friendship should have manifested itself just at the time when England and Germany were approaching a mutual understanding. The dictum of Sir Edward Grey that, while making new friends, we will sacrifice no old ones, cannot have been taken into sufficient account in Berlin. It is not reasonable to expect us to entertain warm feelings towards a country engaged in promoting a campaign of calumny against our ally. The evil consequence here implied would certainly attend the incidents we are discussing, were it not for our intimate knowledge of the peculiar ways of German diplomacy, which has not yet freed itself from the trammels of Bismarckian tradition.

Here let us say at once that the official denials of complicity which have been forthcoming are unacceptable. In the circumstances no other course than that of polite repudiation was open to the Wilhelmstrasse. The mere fact that nobody believes the denial, and that everybody is convinced that the German press, in matters of foreign policy, is officially directed, serves the purpose of German diplomacy. In this rather clumsy way the world is afforded an insight, and a very valuable one, into the trend of Germany's foreign policy. In other words, the attempt to obscure defeats its object and elucidates. Russia, no doubt, is actively engaged in the task of army reform. Her military establishment is being increased by something like half a million men, her artillery re-armed, and her facilities for mobilisation vastly improved. The defects to be remedied are serious and of long standing. The increase in numbers was decided upon some time ago, and at this stage cannot have taken Germany by surprise. Thus we are led to the conclusion, more especially when we reflect upon the measures already taken by Germany to meet developments along her eastern frontier, that the panic now raised has some new and definite objects in view. It need not be imagined that we are at last on the eve of the great European war. So cynical a policy as that which the German press advocates will not be followed by the responsible statesmen of the country. Sabre-rattling is merely a political ruse. So soon as the sabre be drawn, ignoring ethical warrant, finance enters into the question, and here Germany is confronted with her gravest problem. It is, indeed, this last that is seriously embarrassing her at present, and, if due regard be paid to such circumstance, the agitation of her press will be looked upon with tolerance rather than with active resentment. For this agitation is believed to have a twofold aim: in the first place, so to alarm the German people that they will pay not unwillingly for military expansion already agreed upon, as well as for further developments of a similar nature; and in the second place, as the date for the conclusion of the new commercial

treaty with Russia draws near, to create an atmosphere of menace.

Other factors also have contributed to this somewhat artificial demonstration of German ire. King George is shortly to visit Paris, and President Poincaré is due to undertake a like mission to St. Petersburg. All the signs go to show that the Triple Entente, far from weakening, is gathering strength and solidity. Then the Near Eastern situation has taken a turn unfavourable to the interests of the Triple Alliance, and Austria and Italy are showing a disposition to break away from the European Concert. Albania to-day presents a greater danger to the world's peace than was ever the case with Macedonia. The relations between Austria and Russia, though correct on the surface, are characterised by constant irritation. Again and again of late regrettable incidents between these two Powers, due to the detection of espionage, have arisen, and the prosecution instituted in Austria of Little Russians, or Ruthenes, on charges of high treason, adds fuel to the flame. Altogether, it will be seen, there is more than sufficient material available for the clever manipulation of German public opinion in the direction of Chauvinism. The success of this campaign may be judged from the statement of the *Times* correspondent in Berlin that "there are now in the field the gun-makers, the Army, to some extent the Navy, the Clericals, together with all those Germans whose sympathies are more Austrian than Prussian, and the Semitic business interests. There is little more to be desired, unless it be the adhesion of the Socialists, who hate Russia and all her works." The comprehensive nature of the agitation reflects an interesting forecast upon the future. It would seem that the forces of the Pan-Germanic movement are gathering shape against those of the Pan-Slavonic movement.

Notes and News

Mr. W. Russell Flint has just been made an associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society. Mr. Flint's illustrations to "The Canterbury Tales" have lately appeared, and he has recently returned from Sicily, where he has been at work upon a set of illustrations for "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus." These drawings will appear in the Riccardi Press Edition of the "Idylls," translated by Andrew Lang, which will be published in the autumn.

Mr. Charles Pears, well known for his humorous drawings in *Punch* and other journals, has written and illustrated another book in the style of his previous work, "From the Thames to the Seine." The new volume, describing the author's own yachting experiences, and including accounts of more than one adventurous exploit, is entitled "From the Thames to the Netherlands." It will be published immediately by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Mr. Bernard Quaritch announces for publication, on March 28, the first two volumes of Mrs. Perrin's and

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Professor Boulger's new book on the British Flowering Plants. It will be the most important work on the subject published since Sowerby's English Botany, and will contain 300 beautiful coloured plates from drawings by Mrs. Perrin. Her Majesty the Queen has expressed her intention to accept a copy when published, and H.R.H. the Princess Louise has given permission for the work to be dedicated to her. An exhibition of the original drawings of the book and other drawings by Mrs. Perrin will be held at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, from March 13 to March 27.

A general plan for the establishment of a laboratory or bureau to study the criminal, defective, and pauper classes has been formulated by Mr. Arthur MacDonald, of the Congressional, Washington, D.C., and is being brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for the Home Department in London. In a leaflet issued by Mr. MacDonald many interesting facts and conclusions are given in a lucid manner, and the project has the support of a large number of scientific, medical, legal, and religious societies. The author has written a great number of works on the subject of criminology, which can be obtained by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.

The office of President to the Children's Country Holidays Fund, held by its founder, Canon Barnett, for thirty years, and rendered vacant by his death last year, has been graciously accepted by H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck. The death of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton made it necessary for another trustee to be appointed, and this post has been accepted by Lord Loreburn. Mrs. S. A. Barnett has become a Vice-President. The work of the Fund is conducted by voluntary helpers, who are making arrangements for the coming season. Last year 47,000 children were provided with a fortnight's country holiday. The Earl of Arran is Treasurer, and 10s. sent to him at 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, will give a boy or a girl a holiday away from London's mean streets.

Forthcoming meetings at the Royal Society of Arts are as follows:—Mondays, March 16, 23, and 30, at 8 p.m., Professor W. A. Bone, D.Sc., F.R.S., "Surface Combustion"; Wednesday, March 18, at 8 p.m., E. H. Ross, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., "House Flies and Disease," Sir James Crichton-Browne, F.R.S., presiding; Thursday, March 19, at 4.30 p.m., Mrs. Patrick Villiers-Stuart, "Indian Water Gardens"; Wednesday, March 25, at 4.30 p.m., Sir Charles Waldstein, Litt.D., Ph.D., "Fashion in Art"; Tuesday, March 31, at 4.30 p.m., D. F. Mollwo Perkin, F.I.C., F.C.S., "The Oil Resources of the Empire"; Wednesday, April 1, at 8 p.m., Her Highness The Ranee of Sarawak, "Sarawak."

Goodrich House, Hatfield, the property of Mr. F. W. Speaight, whose own residence immediately adjoins, has just been acquired by the Court of Governors of the Hatfield Gallery of Antiques, and they purpose opening the house in April with an exhibition of early English furniture. The property acquires its name from Thomas Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor, the last Bishop of Ely to reside in the Old Hatfield Palace, previous to its surrender to Henry VIII, and Goodrich's Arms, quartered with those of the diocese of Ely, are carved on the east wall. The earliest

reference to the residence that can be found is in 1483, and in 1605 the owner was Sir John Leake. The work-people, during the recent reconstruction of the property, found a number of coins, also the remainder of a timber building that formerly stood on the site. This fine example of English domestic architecture is in itself well worth a visit.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

LAST week ended in almost a panic; indeed, Saturday was one of the most depressing days I remember. The rain came down steadily and prices fell faster than the rain. The fall was not altogether due to "bears"; nor can we blame the weather. The news from everywhere was really bad. Brazil reported a serious revolution in Ceara, and martial law in Rio. Mexico seemed to be going from bad to worse, and we were told that American citizens had been tortured. Paris sent the gloomiest tales of banking troubles. Ulster was stated to be armed to the teeth and spoiling for a fight. A universal strike was promised in England, and from the United States came the disquieting story of a collapse in Milwaukee. Altogether, the week ended in a most depressing manner, but on Monday people began to look more cheerful. As a matter of fact, this was a necessity; they could not long remain panic-stricken. As I have often said, there is nothing in the position of Great Britain to warrant pessimism, but as we are the money market of the world, disturbances in any other centre instantly react upon us. Here we are as sound as a bell. In most other countries over-trade and over-speculation have left dangerous marks which will take a long time to obliterate. The new issues show signs of falling away. I am not surprised, for such offers as we have had have gone badly. However, a few prospectuses have made their appearance, one of the most important being the British American Tobacco, which, through the International Financial Society, offered £1,400,000 5 per cent. preference. As the profits cover the preference interest nearly ten times over the shares are all right, but I should call them dear. Pacific Phosphate asked for £100,000 6 per cent. second preference. This is an extraordinary company, which makes large profits out of its islands in the Pacific, but the shares are held by a small group, and the public is not interested. Vancouver offered £425,700 4½ per cent. debentures through Brown, Shipley and Co., and the issue is sound and good. Budapest is also in the market, and London is asked to find a million 4½ per cent. bonds at 98. Thus the yield is over 5 per cent., and I think that we shall hardly get a better security, as there will be a market all over the Continent, and the capital of Hungary is hardly likely to default. Tough Oakes has at last made its appearance, but my Canadian friends warn me very strongly to have nothing whatever to do with the mine, and the report of Mr. Johnson only shows that enough ore has been developed to keep the mill running for six months. Therefore, those who follow the local advice will probably save money. People on the spot are much more likely to know about the value of the mine than we in London, who have only Mr. Johnson's rather optimistic statements.

MONEY.—Money is fairly steady, and the Stock Exchange had to pay 3 per cent. for the small sum that it needed at the settlement. There is not much chance of a rise, as trade is getting worse all over the world. Undoubtedly, we are in for a long period of cheap money, and a gradual appreciation in the value of gilt-edged securities. Consols are, however, held now by some very ragged speculators, and I am afraid that until these gentlemen have been shaken out no rise is possible.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market has been in a most depressed condition. Brazil, as I have often pointed out, is divided against itself. The North is preparing to proclaim one of the Braganza family its king and the South is determined to remain Republican. The proclamation of martial law has a much more serious import than people imagine. It is to the interest of all London financiers to allay the disquietude and keep up the price of Brazilian stocks; but we must not be deluded by the optimism of the Stock Exchange, and holders should certainly sell. The position in Paris does not grow any better, and the big banks are now in a worse state than they were some months ago. Whether an immediate issue of the national loan would help matters, no one seems to know; it was postponed to help the bankers, but its postponement destroyed public confidence and this reacted upon the banks, so that the policy is now proved wrong. I am afraid that until we have had a panic, the air will not clear.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market slumped badly. Prices are now at a very tempting level, and I have no hesitation in advising the investor to buy Great Western, London and North Western, and Great Central 1891. All these stocks yield 5 per cent., and are reasonably good markets. I see little or no chance of any further fall. We must not forget that with a long period of cheap money gilt-edged securities are bound to rise. There is no fear of any reduction in the yield. It is true that dividends for 1914 may not be as good as they were in 1913; but the loss in traffics will be offset by the reduced cost of coal and other materials, and even if the dividends drop $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., there is still sufficient margin to maintain the stocks on a 5 per cent. basis, which is really all that an investor can expect to get on a good security.

YANKEES.—The American market was hopelessly upset over the Inter-State Commerce Commission criticism of the Chicago, Milwaukee Railway. Of course, this is all ancient history as far as the railway itself is concerned; but people naturally ask whether other railways have not also over-stated their profits. We must hear what explanation the directors have to make. Chesapeake tumbled badly when the terms of the note issue were made public. The bankers have insisted upon very large sums being paid off each year; consequently, it seems almost impossible that Chesapeake can pay any dividend at all on its common stock. Rocks, Denvers and Missouris remain almost unsaleable. The Copper figures are said to be good, but how anyone can maintain this seems to me incredible considering that the exports do not in any way tally with the imports registered on this side. Clearly, the Copper magnates in New York are hiding away copper with the idea of making an apparent shortage in the metal; but so many people have seen through the manoeuvre that it has lost its efficacy.

RUBBER.—The Batu Caves report shows a decrease in the dividend, but the plantation is carefully managed and large sums have been placed to reserve. It is unlikely that the current year will give more than 50 per cent., at which price the shares yield 10 per cent. The Nordanal is another plantation that has placed big amounts to reserve, but this concern is very much over-capitalised and it does not seem probable that the dividend for 1914 can

HARRODS (BUENOS AIRES) LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1904 and 1913.)

Notice is hereby given that the above-named Company is issuing a Prospectus, dated 9th March, 1914, inviting Subscriptions for 300,000 10 per Cent. Ordinary Shares of £1 each at par. The said Prospectus states amongst other things:—

The Subscription List will open on Thursday, the 12th March, and will close on or before Saturday, the 14th March, 1914.

A Copy of the Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

CAPITAL - - £1,512,000,

DIVIDED INTO

600,000 6½ per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each.

900,000 10 per Cent. Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

240,000 Deferred Shares of 1s. each.

The first issue of Shares, consisting of 600,000 Preference Shares, 600,000 of the Ordinary Shares and 240,000 Deferred Shares, was offered for subscription at par in September, 1913, and subsequently allotted. The Deferred Shares have been fully paid up, and 10s. per Share has been paid on the said Preference and Ordinary Shares.

There are no Debentures.

DIRECTORS.

SIR ALFRED J. NEWTON, BART., Chairman of Harrod's Stores, Ltd. (Chairman), 17, Cumberland Terrace, London, N.W.
 RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., 51, Hans Mansions, London, S.W.
 HERBERT BENNETT, Director of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., Queen Anne's Mansions, London, S.W.
 EDGAR COHEN, Director of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., 8, Clarges Street, London, W.
 WILLIAM MENDEL, Director of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., Basildon House, Moorgate Street, E.C.
 H. K. NEWTON, M.P., Director of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., Cheshunts, Boxted, Essex.
 R. WOODMAN BURBIDGE, General Manager of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., 26, Hans Mansions, London, S.W.

BANKERS.

BARCLAY & CO., LTD., 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.
 LONDON & RIVER PLATE BANK, LTD., 7, Princes Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

McKENNA & CO., 31-34, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

COHEN, LAMING, GOSCHEN & CO., 14, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

GEORGE A. FOUCHE & CO., Basildon House, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

RICHARD H. GRIFFITH, 87-135, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

ISSUE AT PAR OF THE REMAINING

300,000 10 per cent. Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

Payable—1s. 0d. per Share on application.

4s. 0d. " " on allotment.

5s. 0d. " " one month after allotment.

and the balance as and when required in calls not exceeding 5s. per Share, and at intervals of not less than two months. The present issue of Shares will rank for dividend in respect of profits for the current financial year proportionately as from the 1st March, 1914, on the full amount of 10s. per Share.

Shareholders in this Company, Harrod's Stores, Limited, and in Harrod's Stores Founders' Shares Company, Limited, will have preferential allotment, provided application is made on special forms sent to them.

The Company was formed in September last for the purposes mentioned in its Memorandum of Association, and principally for the purpose of carrying on under the auspices of Harrod's Stores, Limited, the business of General Stores in Buenos Aires.

Since the formation of the Company the opportunity presented itself for the acquisition of a large plot of land facing Calle San Martin and also of acquiring other adjacent plots, which will enable the Company to add a considerable number of departments to those contemplated in first instance without curtailing their space. The plan issued with the said Prospectus shews:—

- the freehold land—about 24,000 square feet—being the original site on which the building facing Calle Florida is being erected by the Company (coloured Pink).
- the large plot of land above referred to and the adjacent plots—containing in all about 38,000 square feet—costing about £161,000 (coloured Red).
- the property occupied by Thompson Muebles, Limitada (shaded Black).

It will be seen that the new area forms not only a most important addition in size (considerably more than doubling the original area), but, what is also of great value, it provides an important frontage for the receipt and delivery of goods on the Company's own land without interfering with the traffic on the main frontage.

The average price for the new area is about \$390 m/n per square vara, and, having regard to the fact that it connects with the valuable Calle Florida site, it is considered by the Board a cheap and most valuable acquisition.

In order to provide the purchase price already paid and to be paid of the new area, and towards the requirements of the extended scope of the Company's enterprise generally, the 300,000 Ordinary Shares, originally reserved in view of this contingency, are now offered for public subscription.

Good progress has been made with the building facing Calle Florida, in spite of the very heavy rainfalls experienced in September and October last, and according to the latest cables the ground floor and first floor will be ready for trade about the end of this month in accordance with the original programme.

The whole of this issue has been underwritten at a commission of 5 per cent., and an over-riding commission of 1 per cent. payable by the Company.

The Company will pay a brokerage of 3d. per Share on all allotments made in respect of applications, other than those made in direct relief of underwriting, bearing the stamp of a broker or other recognised agent.

The Directors of this Company, in addition to the interest of Mr. W. Mendel and of Mr. R. W. Burbidge in the Contracts made with them as stated in the Prospectus, are interested by having sub-underwritten Shares of the present issue as follows:—

Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart.	has sub-underwritten	5,000	Shares	for a com.	of 5 p.c.
Mr. Richard Burbidge	"	5,000	"	"	"
" William Mendel	"	10,000	"	"	"
" Edgar Cohen	"	4,000	"	"	"
" R. Woodman Burbidge	"	3,000	"	"	"
" Herbert Bennett	"	1,000	"	"	"

Copies of the Prospectus and Application Forms can be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers of the Company, and from Harrod's Stores, Limited (Banking Department), Brompton Road, S.W.

This announcement is not an invitation to the public to subscribe for Shares, and applications for Shares must be made on the form issued with the said Prospectus

exceed $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; therefore the shares are over-valued to-day. The Rubber market looks weak.

OIL.—When will the Premier Oil and Pipe directors call the meeting of the ordinary shareholders? Everybody is asking this. The committee will insist upon the meeting being called and will then propose Mr. Miller, Mr. Norfolk, Mr. Kohler and the barrister who proposed the resolution at the last meeting and is conversant with Austrian law. These gentlemen are to replace Mr. Jackson, who has resigned, Mr. Perkins, and probably Mr. Max Byng, together with one of the Van den Berghs. The Oil market generally is dull, but North Caucasians keep hard, and the "bulls" of Maikop Premier are talking very big.

MINES.—The Mysore report shows slightly decreased profits, but the dividend of 125 per cent. is easily maintained. There is enough ore to keep the mill going nearly five years, and the directors are determined to go down nearly 5,000 feet. At present price, Mysore seems fully valued, as the yield is falling away at depth. The East Rand report was frankly bad, and the shares have fallen. Great Cobar seems to be getting into the hands of the debenture holders. They will certainly foreclose unless the reconstruction scheme is brought out immediately.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Electric Light companies have practically decided to have nothing to do with the proposed combine. This does not mean that they will not form a combine of their own, but only that they do not see why they should pay the promoters of the scheme a huge profit for doing what they might very well do themselves. I do not think anyone will blame them. John Dewar's report is magnificent, and White Label whisky is evidently as profitable as it is palatable. C. and E. Morton's figures show further increase, and the preference shares are a gilt-edged investment.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

DICTIONARIES AS HELPERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In one of the last issues of THE ACADEMY, you made some relevant remarks in connection with the helplessness of Dictionaries, when these guides are most urgently needed. To my mind, the best definition that can

be given of a dictionary as it has hitherto been conceived by lexicographers—so far as unaided students are concerned, is exactly that which Doctor Johnson gives of a patron, viz.: "One who looks with unconcern upon a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help."

Your remarks, sir, brought me back at once to the time when, after having acquired at school a thorough knowledge of English grammar, after having done countless translations from French into English, under an English master, and from English into French, under a French master, well read in English, I made up my mind to push my fortune in the world of English journalism. I may say that, although I had at the time within my reach the best dictionaries that could be had in England and in France, my first attempts at earning my bread through the medium of English were a complete failure.* From that moment, till I came to England, in 1907, I may as well say that I never held converse with an Englishman, as the time spent in this respect was, on an average, about *one hour every ten years*. In order, therefore, that I might not lose the good accent which my English master said I had acquired, I had to read aloud, over and over again, by myself, once a week, the books that I had studied under him. So far as the written language is concerned, I read during forty years as few foreigners have ever done. I used to examine every sentence of a good author's work, for instance, with that scrupulous attention with which a jeweller would examine the gems and precious stones that were offered for sale to him. I may say that, with the practical knowledge of English, which I have acquired here, since 1907, I might perhaps improve a little upon the English essay submitted to my readers further on;† but my object is to let them have some idea of the resources that one, scarcely acquainted with a foreign language, as actually spoken, can derive from a Phraseological Dictionary compiled on the same lines as the one I did compile for my own private use.

We will suppose a tourist to have lost his way on a wet evening in the country, to have had to put up at the first inn he could find, and to have afterwards to give a minute description of the persons and things that he met and saw at that inn.

The first thing that the young writer has to do is to find out the different points that are to be treated. In the following narrative, they come under three heads only: First, the wet evening and the kind of welcome that the tourist receives at the inn; secondly, his general impression of the persons and things he sees in the dining-room, into which he is ushered; thirdly, the description of the different objects that caught his eye.

For the first head, he has only to consult his phraseological dictionary—supposing one to have been published—under the letters *Wea* (weather); he will find all kinds of descriptions of Nature, in the morning, in the middle of the day and at night, throughout the different seasons. As he has to speak, here, only of a dark and very wet evening, in November, he will find a few dozen appropriate descriptions to choose from.

Under the second head, under the letters *Hou* (House),

* Some details in connection with my ordeals appeared in THE ACADEMY of July 3, 1907.

† That essay is but a kind of mental free translation of "Les Aventures d'un Touriste," which I read when I was a boy. I made it before 1907, in order to test the efficiency of the Phraseological Dictionary, which I have been compiling for my own private use, that is to say, for the use of a student of English who lived far away from an English-speaking community.

the book will also give him a good many descriptions of exteriors as well as interiors of houses, from the "stately palace" to the humblest peasant's cottage.

The third head refers to smokers and their habits and gestures. In the dictionary, under the letters *Smo* (smokers), he will find what he requires; but as he has to give portraits and gestures of the persons as well, he turns over the pages of the book and finds, under the letters *Por* (portraits), a gallery of portraits penned by the most skilful artists in the literary line. Regarding their *gestures*, under the letters *Ges*, he will have at his command a special chapter of gestures of persons of both sexes, from the gestures of old people to those of infants.

But I notice that there are two onomatopœias in the narrative—the *tinkling* of glasses, and the *fizzling* of the cigarette that has come into contact with some beer on the table. As the young writer might feel puzzled there, he is advised, under the circumstances, to look up his Phraseological Dictionary for the letters *Ono* (onomatopœia). The English language being one of the richest in respect of onomatopœias, the student is sure to find, in alphabetical order, what he requires, from the *quacking* of ducks, the *gobbling* of the turkey-cock, the *mooring* of the cow, etc., to the *scrooping* of a rope—when, for instance, a boat is lowered into the sea from a ship.

A TOURIST'S ADVENTURE.†

One dark cold evening, I had lost my way in the country, and could not meet a single soul to help me out of my difficulty. The chill damp wind, which, now and then, blew the rain heavily into my face, compelled me to seek a temporary shelter under a tree. As it continued to rain on, I decided to make for the light that I saw in the distance, in the hope of finding some accommodation there for the night, and well I might, as the lighted house proved to be an inn. I knocked. A maid-servant answered the door. I told her what I wanted. Whilst the maid was tripping off to communicate the object of my visit to the landlord, a strong smell of tobacco was stealing towards me on the heavy air of the passage. I heard a sound of tinkling glasses, which bespoke the presence of customers in the dining-room. The landlord at last came up. Seeing in what a sad plight I was, he made up his mind to take advantage of the situation; and, in order that I might agree at once to the exorbitant terms he subsequently enforced upon me, he hesitatingly, in appearance, pretended at first that he could not comply with my request, his house being already full of customers, and there being not a single available room in his "hotel," as he termed it; but, that, however, if I could be satisfied with a corner in the lumber-room with an arm-chair for bed-accommodation, my dinner and the next morning's breakfast—attendance included, would cost me *ten shillings*. I was compelled to conclude the bargain at the landlord's own price. I was then shown into the dining-room, where the waitress reached me a chair. That apartment was long, narrow, smoky and untidy. About a dozen persons of all sorts and conditions of men seemed literally to have taken possession of the place, and to have had their dinner. They were now smoking, drinking, playing or gambling at dominoes and at cards.

† The phraseology used in this narrative was chiefly borrowed from some of the works of the following authors: W. Scott, Ch. Lever, Dickens, Besant and Rice, W. Collins, Washington Irving, Lord Lytton, Conan Doyle, and a few others. I had only, so to speak, to shorten this sentence, to lengthen that, to dovetail those that required no shortening or lengthening to fit. In fact, I did what any student can do after a few years' theoretical study of a foreign language.

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A pianoforte, which, very likely had not been opened for years, judging from the use that was made of it, was in one corner, littered with half a dozen empty bottles, an old-fashioned cruet, a tray and tea-things, some glasses, and a heap of crockery, which the servant had not yet had time to clear.

Just in the middle of the room, on the right-hand side, was a bookcase, in pretty good condition; it was filled with a heap of magazines, thumbed to pieces; it contained besides a bible, a copy of Shakespeare's plays and a few of Dickens's novels, the bindings of some of which were actually dropping off the books from damp. A great pile of newspapers lay by, on a stool. On the walls were hung two or three landscapes that were intended to enliven the dismal appearance of the room. The table in the centre and the sideboard opposite the bookcase looked like mere monuments of neglected mahogany. Some of the chairs seemed to be fast succumbing to time.

ADOLPHE BERNON.

[The concluding portion of M. Bernon's letter will appear in our next issue.—Ed.]

THE MUSICAL AWAKENING IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your comment on my recent lecture at the Imperial Institute in to-day's issue, you appear to question the suggestion I put forth, to the effect, that music is the child of romanticism. The misapprehension of my true meaning is due to the limitations of a single lecture which rarely permit of the filling in of explanatory detail between the main lines of the argument, and—it may well be advanced—to my own imperfect mode of expression.

It is true that the earliest manifestations of music arise from the natural yearning for rhythmic form. But rhythm—in spite of its necessity in almost every phase of musical activity—is only one of the ingredients of the language of music; and it is possible to conceive a lengthened period in the evolution of national music practically restricted to the development of the rhythmic instinct. Before music is able to advance as an *art*, the mental and spiritual (using the word in its widest sense) atmosphere of a country must be such, that the real message of the art may be apprehended in all its significance. May it not be said to be the same with nations as with individuals? All, in some form or another, possess the desire of and the feeling for rhythm. But many never emerge from their primary rhythmic consciousness. Those, however, who allow the action of healthy imagination stimulated by liberal culture and generous thought to take possession of their lives, are in a position, if they are willing to take the plunge, to appreciate and to love the higher message enshrined in music. In this sense, therefore, I submit that music the *art*—as opposed to its elementary phases—is in truth the offspring of cultured romanticism.

Tulse Hill, S.W.
March 9, 1914.

Kindly yours,
ERNEST FOWLES.

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORD-BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The following phrases from "P. Wilkins" (published in 1751) ought to be added to those with which R. Paltock has already enriched *The Oxford Dictionary*.

Vol. I. CONGOVIAN = French *Congolais*, belonging to

Congo. p. 51.; "for there was a much larger Village of *Congovians* in our Way."

BIDDY. p. 204. "Like Barn-door Fowls to the Name of Biddy."

FLUCK=the flick, or fur, of a rabbit. p. 88., "tho' it had the perfect Fluck of a Rabbit."

BLACKISH. p. 130. "I caught a blackish Fish without Scales." The Dictionary gives no specimen of this word between 1803 and 1611.

CHECKER-WISE. p. 108. "., crossing one another checker-wise and tyed together."

TENTER. p. 269. "I was upon the Tenter whilst he spoke."

TRUMPS. p. 147. "But the Strangeness of her Dress put me to my Trumps to conceive either what it was, or how it was put on."

Vol. 2. HUSH. p. 133. "Perceiving the Ragam still hush." The Dictionary gives no instance between 1813 and 1702.

The Oxford Union Society, EDWARD S. DODGSON,
February 28, 1914.

EDUCATION CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the article "Education Controversy," last week, is a misprint, doubtless due to my indistinct writing. "Humorists of the Renaissance" should read "Humanists of the Renaissance."

P. A. M. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- The Bridge*. By Mark Somers. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
Marcelle the Lovable. By Auguste Macquet. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
The Way of Little Gidding. By E. K. Seth-Smith. (H. R. Allenson. 3s. 6d.)
In Search of a Husband. By Corra Harris. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Last English. By George Bartram. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)
The Tresleys. By Henry Cockburn. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
Belle Nairn: A Medley of Morals. By Roy Meldrum. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

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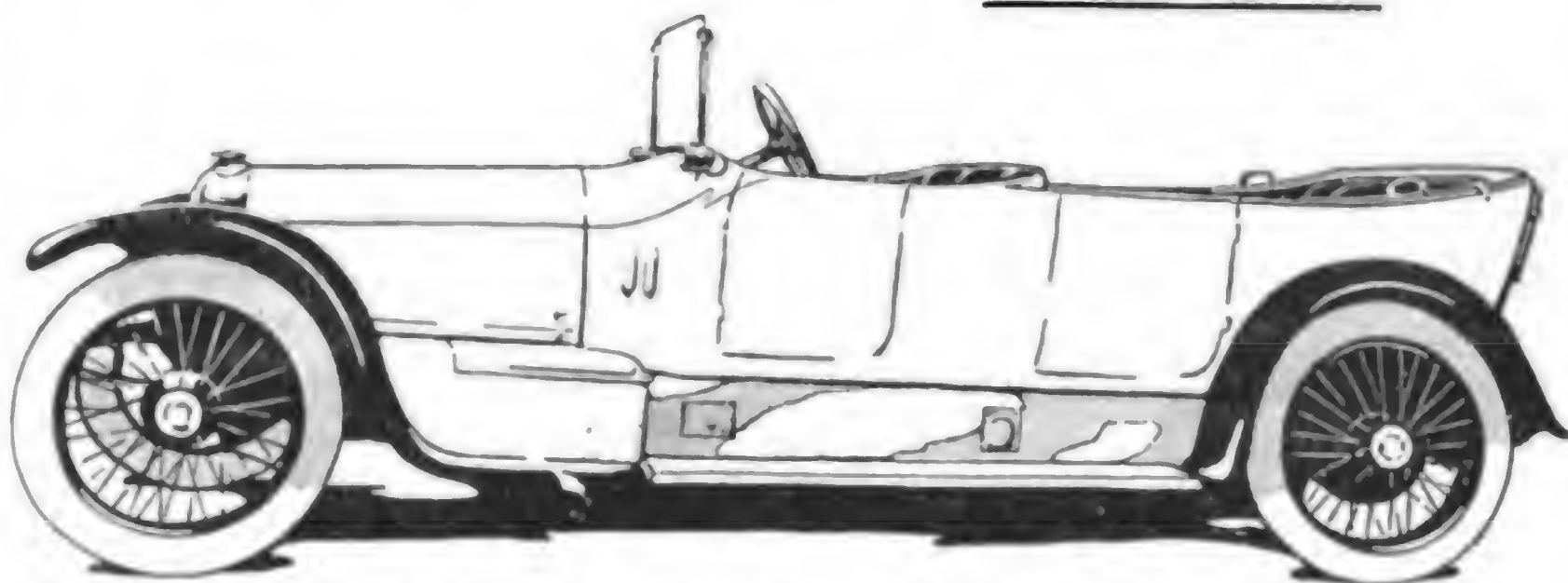
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Notes of the Week

NO one will accuse us of having ever admired the oratorical methods of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he is on the platform since he fell away from the standard of political decency on the occasion of his appearance at Limehouse. We must, however, admit that in the debate which recently took place in the House of Commons, calling attention to his proved mendacity and unscrupulous recklessness when addressing popular audiences, he certainly presented a more dignified figure than any of those who attacked him. His defence in the circumstances was necessarily inadequate, but at least it was put forward in a forcible and fairly weighty manner. His critics had an excellent case, if they had only known how to present it with a sense of responsibility. This saving quality was not shown in the speeches delivered from the Opposition side of the House; and the Chancellor's part in the debate, which should have been extremely damaging to him as a politician, who apparently is not aware of his own worth, and what it requires of him, undoubtedly created a better impression in his favour than the speeches of any of those who were ill-advised enough to imitate in some degree Mr. Lloyd George's worst characteristics.

The old antagonism between the Church and the Stage is rapidly giving way to a better and more natural condition of things, and the fact that Sir George Alexander on Monday last unveiled a memorial tablet to a

company of Elizabethan players, while it will delight many, will disturb none. The memorial was long overdue. Centuries ago St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, was familiarly known as "the actors' church," from a colony of players and playwrights who settled in the neighbouring Holywell Lane. They included, among others, James Burbage—the builder of the first English playhouse—and his two famous sons, Cuthbert and Richard; William Somers, Court Jester to Henry VIII; Gabriel Spencer, William Sly and Richard Cowley—players all. It is these names which have been commemorated in the tablet. The memorial, designed by Mr. W. H. Ansell, is worthy of the classic church in which it has been placed. The inscription slab is of Piastraccia marble set in a framing of Verd Antique. The design is simple, and accords well with the rather cold severity of its surroundings. The lettering is bold and decorative, while the careful massing of the inscription has obviously been adopted to avoid the auctioneer's sale-bill effect which is, unhappily, too characteristic of the vast majority of Victorian inscriptions. The service on Monday was largely attended, and among those present were the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of Shoreditch, Dr. Christopher Addison, M.P., the Chairman of the London County Council, and the Rev. Stewart Headlam. Sir George Alexander, who read his address standing in the midst of the north aisle, underneath the memorial, was distinctly heard in all parts of the building. The ceremony being over, and some prayers having been said, the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," was sung in procession, after which an eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter. So, in appropriate solemnity, another one was added to London's numberless memorials, and the parish church of Shoreditch—alas, it is not the church that Shakespeare knew!—now rightly takes its rank among our English shrines.

A controversy has been proceeding in the *Western Daily Press* regarding the associations of Baroness Nairne, the author of the famous "Land o' the Leal," with Clifton and the neighbourhood, and in a recent issue of that paper appears an article by Mr. G. Falconer King on the subject. The article is lengthy, and shows not only great care and patient research, but a fine sense of arrangement and literary taste; it should be of value to many students of the period opening the nineteenth century. It contains, also, much information concerning the poems of Lady Nairne's niece, Caroline Oliphant the Younger, unfortunately inaccessible to the public. No complete collection of these has ever been published; but Mr. King tells us that there is in existence at Gask, Strathearn, "a beautifully-written autograph volume containing all the verses that she penned"—most of them, it is interesting to note, composed at Clifton. In the compilation of his article—which, moreover, is a contribution to criticism as well as a compilation—Mr. King has had the assistance of the Marquis of Lansdowne, among many others.

Vesper

DAY-CLOSE and shades that creep
O'er grey fields wide and dim:
One last bird who will not sleep
Until his evening hymn
Find answer in the sky
From night's first-opened eye.

Silence and trailing cloud:
A white road stretching far:
Slumber for the sorrow bowed,
And dreams where no tears are:
Joy till the shadows wane
And day brings all things vain.

One word ere eyelids close:
One prayer, then no word said.
Softer than breath of rose,
And secret as the dead.
Whispered into the sky
Where stars write God's reply.

RONALD LEWIS CARTON.

Is Obstinacy The Best Policy?

WE are writing before the Vote of Censure on the Irish question and Mr. Asquith's proposals has occurred in the House of Commons. There may be an element of satisfaction to the one party or to the other in the result as shown in figures. To the mind of a student of constitutional history, no satisfaction is possible. Manœuvring for position is a favourite device of warfare—which is an actual and emotional condition of rivalry between nations of diverse thought and antagonistic aims. In such cases, whether or not the bounds of diplomacy are overstretched, which is not an improbable circumstance in the domain of international rivalries or jealousies, the issue is not always happy or favourable, but at least incompatibility of temper can more easily be pardoned where no tie stronger than that of comity between nations exists. It is, however, easy to admit such an argument when neighbours and partners can find no more profitable pastime than attacking their own friends, and leaving those friends and themselves naked to their enemies.

What are the facts of to-day? We have often attempted to explain them with a voice crying—as it were—in the wilderness. We are no longer obliged to do so. Mr. Churchill, who is not always a sane speaker, but who, with expert advice at hand, has recently shown strength and ability in handling the problems pertain-

ing to his own department, has obtained the Naval Estimates which he demanded. On what grounds did he obtain them, almost without a semblance of opposition? The answer is, with a clear and definite exposé of the international situation in Europe. Hardly a demonstration in force has been attempted against his proposals, and the First Lord will obtain nearly £52,000,000 for naval purposes. Why will he obtain those supplies thus easily? It is because he has been able to paint, and to paint truly, we fear, the ominous situation which prevails on the Continent. As prudent men, we must heed the warning of a Minister responsible for telling the truth about his department, when he declares that he needs an enormous sum in order to provide for national and Imperial safety.

As regards aspects of foreign policy, with which we are not unacquainted, we have no fault to find with the Government. They apparently are alive to their responsibilities, and they will insist on compliance in the grants which they think are necessary. So far, they are entitled to all the praise and honour which should be accorded to faithful and honourable Ministers.

But change the scene. An internal question of the utmost gravity is portrayed; a question which, if it is not treated with the finest attributes of statesmanship, will reduce the authority of Great Britain to a negligible quantity in the estimation of European Powers. The film—to use the hateful jargon of the picture theatre—shows Ireland. At once all sense of proportion, all dictates of responsible guidance are cast to the winds. What is the use of the big fleet, of what essential value is the weight of authority which Sir Edward Grey has secured for the country in the realm of international policy, when out of sheer obstinacy and suicidal fatuity those who are supposed to understand the science of statesmanship are prepared to provoke civil war, because they are unwilling—on the one side or the other—to arrive at a measurable accommodation, such as in private matters is not difficult—except in the case of extraordinarily futile and fatuous persons?

It is said that illegitimate pressure is being exerted on the two great parties in the State to prevent a reasonable settlement. Such pressure would certainly fail of its effect, if those who profess to rule for the people, by the people, and through the people would only be true to the trust which they claim has been imposed in them.

It is surely time that the dictates of faction, fraud, and intimidation should cease, and that the will of the people which abhors the idea of impotence in aid of their friends abroad, and detests the contemplation of a repetition of all the calamitous incidents of Irish history in the past, should prevail. Bargain and balderdash should cease, and honest and sane statesmanship should reign in their stead.

CECIL COWPER.

Writing as a Trade

THE author is apt to be sensitive about calling himself a tradesman; and his dislike of the mere word is natural enough. All of us really live upon trade: with the exception of the man who is spending his capital, every one of us lives by selling something—his labour; his skill, knowledge, or judgment; his looks, or his manners, or his social position; or the use of his land or capital. To the extent that we are engaged in some one of the innumerable varieties of barter we are all tradesmen, but we limit the use of the word to describe the man who sells services or commodities for the sake of the sale only, without putting his heart into the thing done, or doing it in any degree for its own sake. The true tradesman does not do a thing because he likes doing it, revels in his skill in it, or thinks it a thing worthy or necessary to be done, but merely because he judges it to be the readiest means of making money. His specific difference from those who live by trade, but are not tradesmen, lies in the fact that for him the amount of money to be made is the measure of the work to be put into what he does; so that, if men were really nothing but tradesmen, authors, members of Parliament, soldiers, and so forth, instead of being, as they are, complex creatures whose *differentia* refer only to a single one of the innumerable relations which they bear to their fellows, the contempt of the professional man for the tradesman would be perfectly just and moral. It is the belief—which may or may not be correct in any individual case—that the tradesman is apt to be a tradesman at heart as well as by calling, which makes the author hate the application of the word trade to the barter by which he lives.

But unlike the ordinary professional man, the author is apt also to be sensitive about the fact that he does sell his writings and lives upon the proceeds of the sale. It is curious and significant that those who are quite frank in the matter are in a majority of cases those who really are tradesmen, in that its saleable quality is their sole care in regard to their work, while among writers who refuse thus to prostitute themselves one finds all kinds of reticences, evasions, and inconsistencies in regard to the commercial aspect of their labour. The author who writes for the writing's sake too often feels it an indignity that he has to live like other people. He shrinks from realising that his material well-being is unavoidably dependent in some sense upon the quality of his writings: he resents his subjection to the universal necessity of barter, and allows himself to believe that there is some incurable disharmony between that which befits him as an author, and his obvious duty in the simply human relations of husband, parent, or son.

The result of these inconsistencies is always evil. They bring endless bitterness into the writer's life, they make him uncertain in his aims, they becloud the perceptions which are the very life of his art, and sometimes they lead him in the end into the very prostitution against they were originally a protest. For in

almost all cases the writer has to submit sooner or later to the logic of facts: he is forced to realise that he must trade like everyone else, and unless he has cleared up his mental confusion, stifled his mere vanity, and measured the material sacrifices which the service of his art really does demand of him, he is apt out of mere bitterness to plunge recklessly into the grossest forms of literary tradesmanship. Examples of writers who have abandoned their early ideals for popularity-hunting are familiar to all who know anything of the literary world of to-day. They would be less common but for the exaggerated fastidiousness with which the writer often starts his career, and his incapacity or unwillingness to make his account with the conditions under which he is required to live in the world.

The writer of tough and virile mind does of course plough his own way through the mass of inconsistencies, delusions, and vanities which assail him like an infection in his youth. He comes to realise quickly enough that he is not a mere writing machine, but, primarily, a man in a world of men; that he has to support his family if he has one, or at least keep himself in decency if he is alone, by some form of trade, and he soon finds that he can trade in his writings without being unduly tempted to tamper with their quality. He is modest enough to feel that he has no claim to be superior to the social law under which his fellow-men live; too courageous to shrink from the difficulty of bringing his duty as a man into harmony with the exacting demands of his art; and too sincere to shut his eyes to one or other of these conditions of his life. He may find refuge in certain old platitudes concerning the whole duty of man—but in these days the ability to face and accept a platitude without fear is coming to be not far short of a test of virility. As his literary talent grows to maturity he discovers that, however rare and refined it may be, he is not really alone in the world. There is a number, greater or smaller, of congenial souls who are to constitute his market. As a man, it is his business to get what he can for his work when once it is done. As a man, too, he has to refrain from repining if the nature of his talent is such that his audience must always be a small one. As an artist he learns that there is no discoverable relation, positive or negative, between popularity and merit: he is neither to shrink from popularity, nor to desire it so greatly as to be in danger of tampering with his work for its sake. His clear sight makes him proof against the sophistries by which both the popular and the unpopular endeavour to support their claims to superiority: he perceives that they are brothers, both obsessed in different ways by thoughts of the marketplace, to the confusion of their good sense. So he hammers out his own salvation, finding it possible to be both artist and man.

The tragedies of the life of art are too often due to the fact that artists are not virile or clear-sighted. It is true that the writer stands for his justification upon some mental superiority. He has perhaps some single faculty of the mind developed to an unusual degree—some originality of vision, some clear if

limited perception of beauty, some gift of humour. His faculty enables him to do work of value; but its very existence actually reduces the probability that his mind will be of average excellence in other respects. It is so with regard to all talents: if a man rises above the normal in some one particular, it is by so much the less likely that he will reach it in others. The world vaguely recognises this when it forgives the artist his immoralities, vanities, ingratiitudes, and absurdities more readily than it will forgive the same to common men. It does not realise that in fostering his vanity and too readily admitting his sometimes preposterous pretensions it is making harder for him that passage through the world for which in many a case he is already but ill-equipped.

The literary artist who protests with heat that it is an outrage to assess the value of his work in money usually couples the protest with a demand that he shall be liberally supplied with cash. His real desire is to be handsomely rewarded without having to submit the quality of his work to appraisal. In a sense this tenderness of his is fine and just; but his underlying notion that money is essentially base and sordid is merely absurd. It is a delusion that it is highly discreditable to his intellect, for money in its essence is the symbol of the social instinct in man: the emblem of his discovery of the use and morality of co-operation instead of egoism and strife. It is the outward and visible sign of the brotherhood of mankind: and in so far as he fails to recognise this the artist is a mere anarchist.

HENRY STACE.

The Ditties of Demos

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

SOME recent critics of the popular songs of the day have raised, by inference, the question whether universal education is doing anything perceptible towards the elevation of public taste. They have selected for derision one or two of the fatuously sentimental ditties which have lately enjoyed a prodigious vogue, and have used them as illustrations in support of the depressing conclusion that the people, as regards their taste in songs, are on the downward rather than on the upward grade.

In taking up that position, those who have wagged contemptuous heads over the inanity of "My Rosary" and the babble of "You Made Me Love You" have fallen into the mistake of protesting too much. That these and other songs that reach the democratic heart in this enlightened era are idiotic is true enough. What is not true is that they are more foolish, more maudlin, and more unflattering to the intelligence of their admirers than were their predecessors in the favour of the populace at any period within the memory of the elder generation. Even at the sacrifice of that pose of superiority which is so dear to the praiser of a past

time, those who are old enough to recall the popular ditties of three or more decades ago must in honesty admit that their standard of quality was, at the best, no higher than that which prevails to-day. Musically, indeed, their level was lower; and if it comes to a question of comparative foolishness, it is by no means certain that the present-day favourites which have been singled out for attack can fairly be regarded as "in it" with the songs of corresponding type which held the town in middle and late Victorian times.

Before he begins to bewail the lyrical degeneracy of the present age it would be just as well for the scornful denouncer of banal doggerel and sentiment to acquire more precise knowledge of the kind of stuff that tickled the ears and stirred the emotions of a sympathetic public in days when those now old or middle-aged were young. The very silliest thing in ragtime love-ditties that America has dumped upon us in recent years—what has it to fear in comparison with the imbecility of one of the most famous English opera-ballads of the nineteenth century?—

When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
'Twould break your own to see,
At such a moment I would ask
That you'll remember me!

Or, take the approved drawing-room ballads of a somewhat later period—what have we at the present day that surpasses or even rivals them in mawkishness? Does anyone remember "In the Gloaming," with its climax of exquisite bathos?—

In the gloaming, O my darling,
Think not bitterly of me—
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free:
For my heart was crushed with longing,
What had been could never be,
It were best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you—and best for me!

Or that appalling declaration of the passionate lover in another immensely popular ballad of the 'eighties?—

Ah, no! I could not bear the pain
Of never seeing thee again—
I cling to thee with might and main
For ever and for ever!

These, be it understood, are not exceptions, but very fair examples of their class and period. Nor was it only the love-songs of those "good old days" which consecrated to popular favour the unconsciously ridiculous and the gushingly inane. Side by side with them came into vogue a series of dreadful domestic ballads of the "Auntie," "Daddy," and "Darby and Joan" type, which triumphantly carried on into the 'nineties the sickliest Christy Minstrel traditions of the preceding generation. And—worst and most afflicting of all—there broke out that deadly epidemic of lyrical "religiosity" which expressed itself in an eruption of ecstatically sentimental ditties with organ *obbligato*,

wherein consumptive choristers, angel faces, pearly gates, and cities of gold were among the chief ingredients. To be compelled to attend a cycle of songs of that type, revived for their especial benefit, would be a wholesome discipline for those who have persuaded themselves that the standard of popular taste in these matters has declined within recent years.

If one turns from the amorous and sentimental class of popular songs to alleged humour, one finds an equal lack of evidence of any retrogression. With rare exceptions, the "comic" song is at all times a sorry sort of entertainment, and among recent specimens few can be allowed to have justified their existence. But at least it may be claimed for them, on the whole, that they mark a distinct advance upon some of the most popular of their forerunners of the music-hall "days that were earlier." They have ceased to be concerned exclusively with the affairs of bibulous hooligans, Don Juan lodgers, termagant wives, sleep-murdering infants, and mothers-in-law; and they seldom or never descend to the vulgarity of a "Champagne Charlie," a "Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle," or a "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." Our present-day "comic" songs are, often enough, no laughing matter; but, at their worst, they are several degrees less brain-soddening than those just recalled and others of their happily extinct type.

It has been made, perversely enough, a subject of complaint that the rampantly "patriotic" ditties which used to set the music-halls ringing in the later decades of last century have no successors to-day. We shall have a right to expect some advance upon the bathos of "We don't want to fight, but, by jingo! if we do," and the bombast of the Kipling aberration, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," whenever the martial ardour of the "variety" patron needs a fresh application of this form of stimulus. But in no direction is there reason to despair of a continued, though gradual, improvement in the quality of the people's songs. If Mr. G. K. Chesterton could bring himself to leave off harrying the Nonconformist conscience with hymns to "the rolling English drunkard on the rolling English road," and would give his remarkable lyric gift a wider scope, what might he not do towards the foundation of that new school of national folk-song which is surely among the artistic needs of the time?

Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to accept a copy of "South Africa," seven lectures prepared for the Visual Instruction Committee, H.M. Colonial Office, by A. J. Sargent, M.A., and published by Messrs. George Philip and Son.

REVIEWS

The Open Doors of Memory

Notes of a Son and Brother. By HENRY JAMES.
(Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.)

THE happy company of "A Small Boy and Others" which, about a year ago, gave us such pleasure, here becomes enlarged and concerned with wider issues; the small boy grows to manhood, and begins to give to the world, diffidently, yet conscious of a certain authority, the first fine results of that constant, unbroken habit of observation and thought which the author has acknowledged as his principal characteristic from his earliest years. How dull and profitless such revelations can be, those who have read many autobiographies will know; how delicate and beautiful this modest, intimate, earnest record is only those who know the author's life-work can guess.

It is a privilege to have read this book; for it brings with each grave, sincere chapter the sense of being admitted on terms of close friendship to one whose nobility of outlook, whose disdain of low ideals, is so great that the reader must needs grow the worthier for the confidence. So freely, so smilingly, does Mr. James set before us those years of happiness, the exquisite life of his father and mother and brothers and sister in which a misunderstanding, a breath of rebellion, or a rough word were a sheer absurd impossibility, that we are entranced. Surely never a father had such tact, such unerring wisdom in the guidance of his children as Henry James, the true philosopher, whose letters here reproduced are wonderful in their grace and humour and crystalline clearness of thought. Even his least important communications were interwoven with an old-world beauty; a request, for instance, to read "something he was writing" to a chosen company, he refused thus:—

Your charming note is irresistible at first sight, and I had almost uttered a profligate Yes!—that is a promise irrespective of a power to perform; when my good angel arrested me by the stern inquiry: What have you got to give them? And I could only say in reply to this intermeddling but blest spirit: Nothing, my dear friend, absolutely nothing! Whereupon the veracious one said again: Sit you down immediately therefore, and, confessing your literary indigence to this lovely lady, pray her to postpone the fulfilment of her desire to some future flood-tide in the little stream of your inspiration, when you will be ready to serve her.

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The impulse to quote must be severely checked, for the majority of these letters are fine flowers of expression, and some of them—one to Emerson, in particular—set forward briefly a philosophy of life and religion with which we are in entire sympathy.

Letters are given—selected with admirable aptness—from the two younger brothers who took part in the War; "Wilky" was with Sherman's force in 1865, and wrote of the anxious waiting for the sound of the musketry announcing him. "I was never in my life to wait for any such sound," says Mr. James; "but *how* at that juncture I hung about with privileged Wilky!" How, we are to understand, he regretted his compulsory absence, and still more his missing the "impressions" of the actual conflict which would have been so firmly stored and so finely drawn upon in the future! Of William James we hear much. Some of us knew and loved him through his books even before we recognised the value of his next brother's art; all the more, then, are these glimpses of his youth, his studies, his vivid personality, prized by us. "Whatever he played with or worked at," we are told, "entered at once into his intelligence, his talk, his humour, as with the action of colouring-matter dropped into water or that of the turning-on of a light within a window." His letters home from college are a joy to read.

Carefully choosing, passing here and there, Mr. James gives us just the perfect things that are needed for our mental visioning of the memories so clear to him. In a perfect metaphor he writes: "Upon these faint sparks in the night of time would I gently breathe, just to see them again distinguishably glow, rather than leave their momentary function uncommemorated." Many of the gleams thus recaptured have a personal light, betraying the young man so thoroughly equipped by his mere magnificent power of gathering "impressions" enjoying life to the full by the use of this same strong, quiet play of observation. We see Emerson drawing him near in the winter firelight; Dickens, giving him an economic, reserved, almost military "glare." We see, to our intense pleasure, Henry James himself, sending off his first literary work, fearing and hoping, drinking to the lees "the offered cup of editorial sweetness"; realising that "production, such as it was, floundered on" in spite of "difficulty and slowness of composition"; feeling the thrill of the beginnings of his splendid art; rejoicing in the encouragement of W. D. Howells, then just taking charge of the *Atlantic Monthly*. This part of the book is perhaps the most fascinating; although there is a series of letters from a cousin, Mary Temple, which bring tears to the heart and which we would not have missed, so brave and beautiful are they under the very shadow of death. On that note, that grave, ringing tone of sadness, the book ends. Praise would be impertinent in the face of such a gift as this. Afar off, we share to some extent the profound regrets and sorrows for the irrecoverable days, the vanished faces, and recognise with a lift of happiness that there must have been supreme joys in the golden memories so lovingly, so unweariedly unveiled. W. L. R.

Sardonic Romance

Five Plays. By LORD DUNSANY. With a Frontispiece by ILBENY LYNCH. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE bold, poetic fancy, the mastery of style, and the quality of originality, in Lord Dunsany's essays in dramatics always delight us. We have not seen all the present five plays on the stage, but we feel sure that the absolute disdain of ordinary theatrical conventions would, alone, make each of the dramas extremely interesting. Apart from the purely dramatic quality which is shown very definitely in at least three of the plays, there is one clear *motif* behind them all.

For most of us the futility of belief in any form of future happiness or paradise is the point which the author seems most anxious to demonstrate. False gods, false gods, he cries in effect. Hopelessness and irony and spiritual destitution for the minds of men are in his songs, but they are made beautiful by inspiration and cultivated art.

"The Glittering Gate" tells this story most simply and most exquisitely. We did not see this play when it was produced at the Abbey Theatre, and Mr. Norreys Connell, the playwright, acted one of the burglars, both of whom are dead; but we have no doubt that it affected the audience as deeply as it does the reader. Here we have one of the most icily cynical pictures of the gentle art of fishing in the air for future happiness which English literature can supply.

Bill and Jim have both been burglars; the former has recently been shot by a householder, the second, hanged long ago. Once upon a time, Jim had shown Bill how to make a living—what can a man do more for his friend?—and also invented a way of forcing safes. Their dialogue now they are both dead is compact of deductive criticism of life, but it is destructive criticism, of course. However, the play never loses its hold on one. The two persons of the play are on a lonely place strewn with rocks and corked, but empty, beer bottles which have to be opened before the hopelessness of the task is proved. Below is an abyss hung with stars; above, a granite wall higher than the eye can follow. In the wall is seen the golden gate of heaven.

Bill attempts to cheer Jim with the idea that they can enter, for he has brought with him the instrument for forcing locks which his pal had invented. Bill feels sure of seeing again his own mother, who always knew what he wanted, and Jane, who was at the Blue Boar at Wimbledon, and had not any harm in her. The safe-opener works with wonderful ease on the locks of the glittering gates. Eventually they swing open, revealing empty night and stars. . . .

Jim says as the curtain falls and the laughter which always howls about their disappointments rings out, "That's like them. That's very like them. Yes, they'd do that."

You will remember "The Gods of the Mountain," which was produced at the Haymarket. The first scene is outside an Eastern city, where the admirable beggars.

are complaining that the seven jade gods of the mountain are drowsy and that "all those things that are divine in man, such as benevolence, drunkenness, extravagance and song, have failed and died, and have not been replenished by the gods." To them comes Agmar, who possesses the great advantage of not only being a beggar, but an old beggar. He, with his servant, Slag, will put things right. After some dight arrangement, the beggars impersonate the gods of the mountain, and many citizens believe and many doubt. At last the green jade gods discover the things that are happening. They tramp down upon the city from Marma, and, unseen of the dwellers, transform the beggars into stone. Then, and not till then, all the people of the city acknowledge that the beggars were the true gods and worship them.

Such is the author's admirable humour; but we give little idea of the subtle and accomplished expression of his thoughts, the delicacy of his sardonic method, the touch of genius which gilds every point and pinnacle of his alluring fabric.

"King Argimēnēs and the Unknown Warrior" is in rather a different manner, but is none the less powerful and satiric. "The Golden Doom" we recently criticised as a stage play; well as it acted, perhaps it is even more pleasure to read—when one has the advantage of remembering Mr. Sime's mystic scenery with which it was originally surrounded.

In a totally different vein, but none the less a poetic criticism of life, is the light and amusing stage story of "The Lost Silk Hat." The plot is nothing; the telling is a gay delight. We have purposely done nothing more than hint of the charms of these "Five Plays"; it remains for the lover of stage literature to read them and, we hope, for the managers of our theatres to produce them again and again.

EGAN MEW.

Two Queens

Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. By FRANK ARTHUR MUMBY. (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT may be alleged that the Elizabethan period and the Reformation times have already received so great attention from divers historians that there is very little remaining to be said about this fascinating period of English history. Nevertheless, when it is remembered that, although the Brontë sisters lived so short a time ago, the authorship of "Wuthering Heights" is still a matter of dispute, that war still wages between Baconians and Shakespeareans because no manuscript has been discovered which will for ever silence one or the other party, it is not too much to say that there must still be scores of letters and a large amount of evidence awaiting research, which, if they do not require history to be rewritten, will, at any rate, force the generation which reads them very much to change its conception of theories unquestionably accepted by an earlier period.

Mr. Mumby's effort is an admirable one. Letters speak for themselves; and it is by the collection and arranging of contemporary letters that the reader is given an insight into the lives and methods of those who helped to shape the destiny of Tudor England. A century of intrigue within intrigue, it required all the cunning, cleverness, and diplomacy of which statesmen and the Queen herself were capable to combat and in any way get the better of the wily monarch of Spain and the astute Guises, to say nothing of gratifying the discontented factions left by the bungled Reformation, the Elizabethan settlement of which only complicating matters still further for future generations. Bishop Quadras, the Spanish Ambassador, in his many communications to Philip II, shows to what an extent duplicity flourished in the name of the Church, and that Rome was striving far more to gain Cæsar's heritage than to extend her Founder's kingdom.

Elizabeth, a match for them all, and apparently deceived by none, must ever remain a complex figure in history. What would have happened to England had a ruler as weak as Charles II been on the throne it is difficult to imagine. Both monarchs vacillated, and could not easily be brought to give a definite reply to a straightforward question; but whereas in Elizabeth there was method combined with a strong personality, and, despite all vanity and conceit, a great love of her country and its interests, the weak Stuart was utterly lacking in stability, not even grasping momentous, pressing affairs of the moment, much less taking into account future results from present actions.

The following letter shows well that the woman in Elizabeth was ready to shine forth when it pleased her Majesty to allow the brilliance to be seen. The Earl of Warwick was fighting in France, and Elizabeth's postscript, written in her own hand, runs thus:—

My dear Warwick,—

If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot that I would, I will do that I may, and will rather drink in an ashen cup than you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land, and that with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness it to them all.

Yours as my own,
E. R.

It must be admitted that Elizabeth was no lover of her own sex. Her treatment of Lady Catherine Grey and Mary, Queen of Scots, proves that the English Queen could brook no rival, either as monarch or woman. The present book only carries us as far as the disastrous Darnley marriage; so we take leave of Mary before her final tragedy. Elizabeth's attitude to the younger Queen has, of course, always been one of the strong points the former's detractors have held against her, and, although Mr. Mumby gives in full a letter of Randolph to the Earl of Leicester, there still seems no political reason why Elizabeth should have provoked and exasperated Mary as she did. If Mary

expressed her genuine feelings in her letters to Elizabeth, she was most anxious to please and even to be directed by her cousin in her choice of a husband; but, as with her own suitors, Elizabeth dallied and delayed, was vague and uncompromising, until Mary, all her pent-up passions breaking loose, and deeply resenting the slight offered to her by Leicester and the Queen, took the pitiable step of taking as her husband the ill-bred and foolish Darnley.

The book is exceedingly well done. Great care has been taken in the selection of the letters printed, while the author's few remarks as introduction to or as further explanation of the chosen epistle are apt and to the point; and while he in no way slurs over or shrinks from presenting the unhappy results of human frailty, they are not recounted as gossipy tit-bits of scandal, but as facts bearing their own relation to events. Mr. Mumby's work should therefore last, and, to many, his methods—the story of the times in contemporary letters—should make of history, if not already, a fascinating study.

“About it and About”—Shakespeare

The Sonnets of Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence. By the COUNTESS DE CHAMBRUN.
Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

PEOPLE who do not understand poetry; who mistake scandal for the bread of life; people whose minds are nothing but pits of information whence facts and fables are emptied by the dustmen of knowledge, often try to extract from poetry a sensational pleasure akin to that of Peeping Tom when he eyed the beautiful body of Lady Godiva. They are specialists in what is called “the human interest.” They would be bored to tears by “Endymion,” but are deeply concerned to know “What porridge ate John Keats.” They do not read Shelley, but are interested in his “misguided career” and grow maudlin over Harriet. They do not read Francis Thompson, but dote upon the tales of his misfortunes and poverty. The worst of them are no better than ghouls; for not content with peeping and botanising on a poet's grave, they dig up and dissect the dead body of his life with the same amount of concern for his immortal spirit as troubled an old body-snatcher. The least offensive prattle a jargon of scandal and platitude around a great man's reputation.

“Many readers,” says the Countess de Chambrun, “like to believe the fine sonnet No. 109 was written to the poet's own wife.”

Oh never say that I was false of heart
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify. . .

No doubt. And many people would like to believe that despite appearances Mr. X is a faithful and virtuous husband, since many people are highly inquisitive about matters that concern only Mr. X and Mrs. X and God.

We are more than a little tired of the Shakesporean criticism which finds the greatest of poets fair game for the titillating speculations of all the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of literary journalism. In fairness to the Countess de Chambrun we would make it clear that she is solely concerned with the truth about Shakespeare, and is purely and sincerely anxious to elucidate what have come to be called the “literary problems” of his life and art. But because she has, apparently, little or no understanding of the way in which poetry is written, and the reason why a poet writes, her book is one of the many given over to what we consider “vain questionings” upon the poet's life, morals and religion.

Some tiny circumstance in a poet's life is as a rift in the sky of a perhaps clouded imagination. Through this rift pour all the treasures of memory, fancy and pent-up emotion until the tiny circumstance has become a gateway of the poet's mind to the expression of some universal truth. The result is poetry. The cause may be—and most often is—entirely disproportionate to the effect. A poor Grecian urn, the glance of a coquette, have both been sufficient to open the flood-gates of a great poet's imagination, and to set free universal truths; but to pretend that our proper interest in these poems consists in knowing what urn it was, or who was the woman, is to invert the order of creation and make barren as a husk the work of creative art. The poet proceeds from the transient to the eternal: from the insignificant to the all-important. To invert his order and turn from the eternal, of which his poem is the image, to the insignificant, temporary circumstance which put him on his way is base materialism. Shakespeare himself gave the best possible rebuke to this materialism when he wrote:

The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

By the way, the Countess shows a unique understanding of the line, “The coward conquest of a wretch's knife” by illustrating it with a reproduction of Rembrandt's “Anatomy Lesson.”

We believe that it is pure gain to every lover of poetry to remain ignorant of the actual person or persons to whom the best of Shakespeare's sonnets were addressed. So long as the reader is content to participate in them as expressions of emotion which he himself has felt, they remain stars in his intellectual firmament; as soon as they are confined to the Dark Lady or the Fair Youth they are pulled out of the sky and set as jewels in extravagant crowns about comparatively worthless heads. Who gains by the Countess de Chambrun's grouping of the sonnets under subject headings? Even supposing that she were right, which we gravely doubt, what object is attained by guessing that the sonnet:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

was addressed to the Earl of Southampton; or by the labelling of "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame," and "Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments" as "Profane Love" and "Epithalamium"? It is time to make an end of this unworthy and fruitless curiosity. Our only consolation, after being harrowed by such a book as this, is that the light which shines from Shakespeare's poetry is so fierce that itching fingers and inquisitive eyes will always be burnt before they penetrate to its personal origins in his well-hid life.

M. P.

Advice and Criticism

A German Invasion. By HENRY SEWILL. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

THE number of pamphlets dealing with the topic of an invasion of England by Germany is so large that we have lost count even of those which have come to our notice.

Mr. Sewill's contribution to the discussion does not introduce any fresh matter or propound any new argument. He makes the old points in the old way, the difficulty of secrecy, transport, landing, and so forth. He seeks to prove that "the German General Staff will never seriously contemplate a descent on our shores so long as our means of defence remain approximately as they stand at present." The German General Staff, we should have imagined, might well be allowed to form its own judgment upon the matter. We do not wish to find serious fault with Mr. Sewill, because we feel that he is an unbiased and thoughtful observer, and that in these days of partisanship such rare qualities are to be encouraged and not suppressed. He appears, however, to have committed two grave errors of judgment. Firstly, he throughout presupposes that our Navy will be free to play a purely defensive part, and will have no other mission save that of lying in wait for the transports carrying the German invaders. Secondly, he makes the mistake, unfortunately all too common among laymen, of supposing that we can create a satisfactory army for home defence by the simple process of lumping together the remnants of our Regular Army after the departure of the Expeditionary Force, the Special Reserve, the Territorial Force, and the National Reserve.

This is precisely the supposition which makes the danger of invasion a real danger. Imagine the sardonic smile upon the countenances of a German General Staff which had the good fortune to be pitted against the commanders of such a rag-tag and bobtail medley! If military history demonstrates one proposition more than another, it is that troops fighting under such conditions are as sheep led to the slaughter. Mr. Sewill makes no allowance for the enormous wastage in the Expeditionary Force which is bound to take place. And when he descends from the throne

of generalisation to the matter-of-fact task of discussing details, he is scarcely to be taken seriously. We wonder what our own General Staff would say to the suggestion that amateur soldiers should form the bulk of the fighting line, whilst our professionals were kept in hand for the decisive counter-attack!

But, to return to ground which the author treads somewhat more firmly, it is not easy to agree with him even in what he lays down as axioms. In war the impossible often happens, the improbable always. It is untrue to say that "All are agreed that it would be necessary, first of all, to destroy our fleet, to blockade it effectually, or to decoy it so far away that it could not return and intervene in time." This is precisely the line of argument adopted by the Russian Admiralty in respect of a suggested Japanese landing on the mainland whilst the Russian Fleet was still unconquered, unblockaded, and not decoyed away. The argument, like all other *a priori* arguments in matters of warfare, broke down, with results disastrous to Russia.

The day is surely past when a nation's welfare is to be staked upon the soundness or unsoundness of an argument. There is one argument, and one only, which is to be trusted in a matter of national life and death such as this. It is that, if we are so well equipped on land and by sea that, with every conceivable circumstance in her favour, Germany could not put into the field upon the soil of England an army good enough to beat our Army of Defence, man for man—then, and not till then, can we truthfully dismiss the possibility of a German invasion from our minds. We agree heartily with Mr. Sewill that the impulse for national service should come from the well-to-do classes; also that Germany would fight, if at all, against a coalition of adversaries. The question of invasion is, however, one the importance of which is altogether overshadowed by the larger question of our preparedness for playing a part worthy of our past in any coming European struggle. It is no longer a Napoleon whom we have to meet, a Napoleon susceptible to the influences of human nature, but the monstrous spectre of a nation of soldiers in arms. Under present conditions the only safe course open to us would be to stay at home and await the development of events. So to do would not be the conduct of that Britain which we fear has become a thing of history-books. But, with our upper classes recking only of the game of golf, and our lower classes recking only of the game of football, the unfortunate British patriot to whom the word "Britain" is something more than a descriptive term has been, to use a vulgarism, "squeezed out."

R. E. N.

A remarkable drama, entitled "The Triumph of Peace," by Ivy M. Clayton, is published by R. E. Jones & Bros., of Conway. The young author has dealt with the subject in an entirely original way, and has provided something quite new for the public. Up to the present the play has not been submitted for stage production.

What's in a Name?

The Romance of Names. By ERNEST WEEKLEY, M.A.
(John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE subjects with which we are most familiar are those on which we expend least thought; we take them for granted, for they are as much a part of the nature of things as are air, water, and the other elements. We breathe unconsciously, without thinking why we breathe, how we breathe, or what we breathe. In the same manner we hear and use distinctive names every minute of the day, but very seldom does anyone pause to consider the origin or meaning of the name by which he or his friend is known. Yet every name has a meaning, and the least interesting one can throw a light on the ancestry of the present bearer. How fascinating the study of surnames can be is shown by Professor Weekley's little book, and there are few who will not look forward to the larger book which the author promises.

The present volume, despite its small size, will, however, if properly mastered, enable the reader to find an entirely new field of interest in the nomenclature of his friends and acquaintances. He will be able to separate them under the headings of native and alien—those whose names show a Saxon or Celtic origin, and those who owe their appellations to a foreign source. In most cases he will find that, judging by the names they now bear, very few have the right to claim an English ancestry. Discarding the test of national origin, he can classify his acquaintances as members of the gentle and of the lower classes, respectively, and he will probably be astonished to learn how large a proportion of the modern British aristocracy is, judging by their names, of plebeian ancestry.

Thus, for instance, Napier is derived from the title of that domestic whose duty it was to look after the napery; Seymour is not necessarily St. Maur. In most cases it is derived from Seamer, the equivalent of the very plebeian tailor. Curzon (Fr. *courson*, a stump) is the equivalent of the very ordinary Stubbs. Labouchere, if taken at face value, is the female butcher, and this origin Mr. Weekley claims for it, although the derivation seems too obvious to be true. The oldest names, those which show the earliest connection with this country, are as a rule the most ordinary in appearance. Bond is the Anglo-Saxon for agriculturist; Grieve, Graves and Greaves come from the Anglo-Saxon *ge-refa*, a local official whose title survives in Sheriff, port-reeve, etc. Gough, Goff, Gooch, Gutch (red), Gwynn, Wynne (white), Lloyd (grey), Sayce (Saxon or foreigner), Vaughan (little), are Welsh, and therefore Celtic. Sayce has its equivalent in its contemporary Walsh and Welch, which is derived from the Saxon term for foreigner.

Many well-known and often honourably known names which have become so thoroughly acclimatised as to pass for distinctively English are not only foreign, but are relatively recent arrivals. Bosanquet, Dalbiac, Delane, Durand, Gambier, Garrick, Layard, Martineau, Plimsoll, Romilly, were all introduced by

the Huguenots. Other names, more difficult to trace, were introduced at the same time. Colt is a translation of Poulain, Fish of Poisson; Lidley of Petitoeil, through Little-eye.

Mr. William Le Queux is, if his name be accepted as evidence, descended from a cook. Lord Acton derives his name and title from the oak. Asquith, a Scandinavian name, is the equivalent of the self-explanatory Ashwood or Ashford. The former half of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's name means wry mouth, the latter is self-explanatory. Beecham is the vulgarised form of Beauchamp, a French place name. Beerbohm in the Dutch means pear-tree. It or the German equivalent, Bimbaum, has been translated into Peartree. The egregious Mr. Bowdler derived his surname from an ancestor who puddled or luddled iron ore. Charles Bradlaugh, according to his name, was descended from a North of England family, the termination, "laugh," being the local term for a hill.

Sir Redvers Buller's family was once concerned with bull-baiting, and Mr. Marion Spielmann is apparently descended from a German player. Some names have no real connection with their meanings. Portwine is merely a corruption of Poitevin. On the other hand, Tipler denotes the keeper of an alehouse. Bacchus is Bakehouse, and Venus a place name from Venice. Homer is a slight modification of the old French Heaumier, a helmet-maker. Balaam is a local surname from Baylham. Pankhurst is a corruption of Pentecost. Gubbins and Mullins in their present form are not very attractive. Few of their present bearers are aware that they are descended from the families of Gobin (a Norman family contemporary with the Conquest) and Desmoulins.

The philological and antiquarian knowledge displayed by Mr. Weekley in the course of this book is very great. Nevertheless, he gives some derivations which seem far-fetched to the ordinary reader. For instance, Barnett is often from the Scandinavian, with the meaning of a child. As a Jewish name, it is essentially English, not German, and is, by a curious chain of reasons, the equivalent of Issachar. Selinger is far more frequently from the German *Selig* than from St. Leger, if it is ever derived from the latter. Winter is a place name derived from Deventer, in Holland, and has no connection with the seasons. Welch, Walsh, Wallis and also Waley are not always equal to Welsh. Sometimes they are equivalent to the German *Waelxh*, foreigner. Pollock is not by any means the only local surname derived from Poland. The very word Pool, which Mr. Weekley takes at its face value, a rare surname, frequently if not always has the same origin.

Rhodes is in no instance a Jewish name, and it is doubtful whether in any circumstances it is derived from the island of that name. The Jewish name, Myers, can hardly be said to come from the German Meyer. They are both, when borne by Jews, of Hebrew origin. Conyers may be derived from the old French *coigniers*, quince-trees, but it is also the descendant of le Convers, a convert to Christianity. Asher is a

Biblical name. Its relationship to an ash-tree may be said to be imaginary. Crawcour sometimes denotes an origin from Cracow in Galicia. Leveson need not be traced to an Anglo-Saxon origin. It denotes a son of Levi.

Of other derivations favoured by Mr. Weekley one feels chary of accepting Cœur de Lion as the origin of Codlin, MacNab and McPherson as denoting the son of an abbot and the son of a parson respectively, MacAlpine as equalling son of Halfpenny, or Snooks as Seven Oaks. The many names denoting the son of (a mother), instead of the usual form—son of (a father), also seem to call for some other explanation than the obvious one, which Mr. Weekley is generally ready to accept. He himself, however, in another connection, suggests a possible explanation. Such names as Monks and Parsons have often puzzled philologists. Mr. Weekly puts forward Monk's man, Parson's man, as an explanation. This is an excellent theory, and may well be applied to many names which are included in the class of metronymics. The attribution of Isard, Isitt, Izzard, Izod, etc., to Isolde, and Genever, Jennifer, Gaynor, Gilliver, Gulliver, and Juniper to Guinevere, however, justify, at the least, much hesitation.

Faith-healing

Spiritual Director and Physician. By the Rev. FR. V. RAYMOND, O.P. (R. and T. Washbourne. 5s. net.)

Some Principles of Spiritual Healing. By the Rev. H. LANE. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. net.)

THESE two books are written from a rather different standpoint, but the end is the same—namely, the application of faith to the healing of suffering. Fr. Raymond writes as an experienced confessor and spiritual director, and one thing is very clear from his clever book, that the business of a confessor should be entrusted only to men of real experience. For the diagnosis of mental and spiritual suffering is impossible to the inexperienced. Cases of conscience are often connected with neurotic tendencies, and one who lacks the ability to make a true diagnosis of the mental and physical state of the sufferer can give little help, and may, indeed, do much harm. The first part of this book is an elaborate examination of neurosis, hysteria, psycasthenia and obsession, with many remarkable examples of the cases of unfortunate sufferers. The second part deals with the nature, origin, and consequences of scrupulousness, a dangerous and deplorable spiritual disease; while the third discusses the treatment of neurosis—i.e., psychotherapy and physiotherapy—and also has several chapters on the value of religion and a sound and robust faith.

Father Raymond is chaplain to the Kneipp Institute at Wærishofen, in Bavaria, and we are told that in an experience of fifteen years he has been called upon to receive the confidence of thousands of nervous patients

coming from various parts of the world. The title of the French edition is "Le Guide des Nerveux et des Scrupuleux." Two learned doctors, specialists in neuropathics, have written their testimony to the value of this very remarkable book. One says: "It is clear that the writer understands perfectly the great moral cause of neurosis—namely, ignorance of the laws which govern human destiny"; adding that "parents are the first offenders in this respect, by making it a principle that they must spare the child even the slightest pain. The softness of modern training often stifles all individual initiative." This plain statement should be considered by our modern sentimentalists.

We can fully endorse Dr. Masquin's testimony to the great importance of this book for clergy and for medical men, "because it contains counsels of undoubted excellence, put forward with great breadth of view and perfect tolerance." Dr. Dubois, Professor of Neuropathics in the University of Berne, writes to the author: "You know that we start from quite different standpoints—you a religious of the Order of St. Dominic, and I a freethinker, brought up in Protestantism. But, in spite of this fundamental difference, I often find myself more in agreement with religious persons than with those non-thinking people who wrongly style themselves freethinkers. I shall make a point of placing your book in the hands of those of my patients who suffer from scruples." So Fr. Raymond's treatise may be regarded as "the adequate and comprehensive book," which Mr. H. Lane in his preface says that he hopes to see. Mr. Lane's brief work is thoughtfully written, and treats of the value of mind and will-power, of suggestion, of the importance of prayer and faith, in the healing of nervous disorders. His teaching may be summed up by saying that, when self-control is gone, it can be regained only by faith in the aid and guidance supplied by a higher Power.

Australia and the Public School Man

God's Own Country. An Appreciation of Australia. By C. E. JACOMB. (Max Goschen. 6s. net.)

THIS is the most depressing book we have read for a long time. From cover to cover it is an indictment of the land, the people, and the social conditions of Australia. At first sight this may seem an insufficient reason for succumbing to melancholy; we (personally) have never been to Australia, and there is no very obvious prospect of our ever going there. Many of our readers may be in the like case. At the root of our sadness is this consideration: in Australia have been tried, or are being tried, all the political and social experiments favoured by the most popular reformers of our day. If Mr. Jacomb's picture is at all a true one, and if similar causes bring similar effects, then heaven help the civilisation of the future!

Mr. Jacomb starts with a ritualistic warning against "the falsehood of extremes"—the glib official lie and private lyrical chauvinism on the one hand, and the philippics of malcontent immigrants, early transformed into remigrants, on the other. He has a good word for Mr. Foster Fraser, whose work, however, he considers to be too much of the "Haupt-und Staatsaktion" order to reach bed-rock truths. We have not read any of the diatribes Mr. Jacomb has in his mind, but we cannot imagine that their authors go much further than he has himself done.

Mr. Jacomb speaks somewhere of having tried to give the smooth with the rough, but, though we have carefully read "God's Own Country" from end to end, we cannot recall his praising anything Australian, except a certain type of men, National Service, the painstaking way in which dances are organised, and the high standard of proficiency displayed in certain games. Those are very small matters to be set on the credit side of the account, when on the other side we find such items as political dishonesty, commercial dishonesty, class hatred, absence of culture and civilisation, an ugly, featureless country, unbeautiful women, unmannerly men, impertinent and immoral children, a cruel climate, domestic squalor, and the penalisation of industry. Neither the natural nor the manufactured products of the country ever, it seems, reach a high degree of excellence.

We are not concerned to confirm or refute the accusations contained in this book. We will go only so far as to recommend it to all who are interested in Australia, to all who like a good concrete controversy to harden their teeth on, and especially to all those who like from time a piece of slashing criticism. These three classes of readers ought to provide Mr. Jacomb with a good public.

But though the accusations are general, they are made with a view to the eye-opening of a particular class. "To all English public school men . . . but especially to all Harrovians . . ." the author dedicates this book. What the Australian wants, he says emphatically, is the small capitalist. He will never get the big capitalist, and he repels the labourer. So he does all he can to attract this particular class; and when this particular class succumbs to the Australian siren, it either departs, soured but wiser, in a brief delay, or it stays and loses its soul and most of its body. Now there is no doubt, if Mr. Jacomb's facts are facts, that Australia is not the land of promise for the English public school man. The servant question, added to the other drawbacks, some of which we have mentioned, is quite decisive for that. There is no reason whatever why these things should not be written, given good faith, for the benefit of a particular class. Everybody needs, if everybody does not want, the truth, and, for many, Mr. Jacomb's truth will be truth enough. For the others, the adventurous ones, there are other books and sources of information, but they will do no harm by taking Mr. Jacomb's dose as well.

Australia is the paradise of the working man—the native working man, for it seems that immigration has to be content with lip-service, and that though hands are the one thing needful. Mr. Jacomb does not like the working man in his corporate aspect; he has no good to say of Australian experiments in Socialistic legislation; even the promiscuity of the schools, he thinks, makes for class hatred (it is not so everywhere, but we do not know Australia). Certainly one conclusion seems to stand out—when the eye of the legislator is fixed exclusively on one class, the labouring class, the class of labour performed tends to deteriorate.

The most surprising thing in the book is the assertion that the Australians are a decadent, a "worn-out" race. This is far from "the men of the younger nations" of the unlaurelled laureate. We are driven to the platitudes of optimism, to pointing out that old people frequently die of measles, children hardly ever, and that a nation in its teens may easily evolve something better than the life of Mildura, so fully and antipathetically described in the latter half of this book.

Educational

The University Tutorial Press has issued an annotated edition of Macaulay's famous Essay on Clive, edited by Mr. A. J. F. Collins, M.A., price 1s. 6d. The introduction to the volume comprises a Life of Macaulay, an appreciation of his works and his prose style, and an account of his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*. Dealing with the essay on Clive, Mr. Collins says: "It tells a fine story finely, with little prejudice or partiality." India and the Anglo-Indians of the present day are far different from what they were in the time of Clive, when that vast and fabulously wealthy country was the happy hunting-ground of a horde of penniless, unscrupulous and rapacious adventurers. The essayist shows no hesitation in castigating these so-called Nabobs with immense fortunes, tawny complexions, bad livers, and worse hearts. The Notes will prove eminently useful to the student, for they help to elucidate many passages, and give short accounts of the personages and places mentioned in the essay.

"Passages for French Dictation and Unseen Translation" (Blackie and Son, 6d.), consists of a very varied selection by Mr. D. A. Wynne Willson, M.A., of short extracts in prose and verse from the writings of some of the best French authors. A large proportion of these passages have been set at Army, Navy, and Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificate Examinations. It is a pity that the proof-sheets of this useful little volume were not more carefully read, for we notice here and there printer's errors which are likely to cause confusion to the student. Extracts XXVIII, XLIV, LXII are cases in point. Educational works dealing with foreign languages should most decidedly be printed accurately.

"Bamboula" (1s.), from the same firm, is a reader in simple French for pupils of the second year, prepared by A. S. Treves. An amusing story runs through it of a coloured dealer in ices and sweets and his boy

customers. "Contes de l'Heure Présente" (10d.), by Maurice Level and Charles Robert Dumas, forms one of Blackie's Copyright French Texts. It contains two short stories by the first author and six by the latter, annotated by J. S. Norman, M.A., and M. Dumas. There are in addition short biographical notices of the authors, set lessons, and a vocabulary. The stories are such as are likely to interest the student. "L'Oncle Scipion et sa Promesse" (8d.), by the late André Theuriet, French Academician, is a similar work and an addition to Blackie's Longer French Texts. Only the earlier part of the story is given in this small volume, which is edited by James P. Park. The same as "David Copperfield," the work is partly autobiographical, and Uncle Scipion is almost another Micawber. Unfortunately, the usefulness of these three French text-books is also somewhat marred by printer's errors.

"Heroines of European History," by A. R. Hope Moncrieff, and "Heroes of Exploration," by Alfred J. Ker and Charles H. Cleaver, B.A., are two eighteen-penny volumes of short illustrated biographies from the same firm. They record the brave deeds and the noble qualities of men and women of the past, and of present-day explorers also. These simple reading lessons are sure to interest all boys and girls, and likely to raise a spirit of emulation in their breasts. We could wish the binder had shown a little more discernment in the distribution of the plates. It is irritating, for instance, to have an episode in the life of Columbus illustrating St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and Cartier sailing up the St. Lawrence doing duty for the discovery of Peru. Otherwise, the illustrations and the maps are all that could be desired.

"Prinz Friedrich von Homburg" (2s. 6d.), a play by Heinrich von Kleist, is the latest addition to Siepmann's Advanced German Series published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It is edited by G. F. Bridge, M.A., with notes, words and phrases, various exercises, and a capital introduction dealing with the history and the argument of the play. "Gentle Jesus, a Book for His Little Children," by Gertrude Hollis, tells in simple language, with appropriate illustrations, the life of the Saviour; a short prayer concludes each division. It is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge at the price of 2s. net.

Lord Rosebery wrote an introduction to "The Windham Papers," a book that achieved success last spring. Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing, this week, a companion work in "The Wellesley Papers," the Life and Correspondence of Richard Colley Wellesley, who had the misfortune to have as a younger brother one of the most famous men in history, the Duke of Wellington. For the first time, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, full use is made of the mass of his unpublished correspondence, including letters to and from George III, George IV, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, Lords Palmerston, Grey, Melbourne, Brougham, Chatham, Castlereagh, Liverpool; Pitt, Canning, Peel, Spencer Perceval; Lady Blessington, Lady Hester Stanhope, and many others. The work is in two volumes, by the same editor and uniform with "The Windham Papers," and contains many illustrations.

Shorter Reviews

THE *Moslem World* (London) for January contains articles as varied, but perhaps hardly as forcible, as usual. The editor alludes to the changes in progress, especially in the greater independence of Moslem women and the rejection of polygamy. "Islam in Bengal" gives much condensed information regarding this province, in which the Mohammedans outnumber the Hindus, a fact not generally appreciated. The author claims that Moslem converts are to be found in nearly every district, and asks for more specialised effort in evangelisation. "Constitutional Government in Turkey," though poor and incomplete, is regarded at least as a partial success, and, at any rate, as an improvement upon the Sultan's rule. The traditions, prevalent in Persia, regarding Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, are interesting, and have taken such root that they render the Shiah's averse to Christianity. Dr. Zwemer writes of "The Dying Forces of Islam": "Its vital forces have been sapped, and moral and spiritual collapse are as inevitable as was the case in the Moslem world with politics." This is hardly borne out by the evidence of the progress of Islam in Africa as a faith which appeals to the African as the most accommodating of religions. The circumstances presumably differ in various regions. A writer from Bulgaria sets himself to clear the good name of the Bulgarian army, with respect to the alleged commission of atrocities in the late Balkan war. Religious animosities run high in those localities. This journal always collects the latest news about Musulmans in all parts of the world—even from Madagascar, Java, Borneo, China—which cannot be found readily elsewhere. It must be indispensable to missionary societies and their emissaries.

Man's Miracle. From the French of GÉRARD HARRY.
(Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the remarkable story of Helen Keller, the American blind and deaf mute. Many years ago, the teaching of Laura Bridgman, who could neither hear, speak, nor see, amazed Charles Dickens, Longfellow, and others. This was at the Perkins Institute at Boston, and from the same place came Miss Anna Sullivan, who undertook the tremendous task of transforming the afflicted child, Helen Keller, from "a ferocious animal" into a woman of accomplished learning. The account of the first steps, when Helen was only six years old, is interesting. The only means of effective communication was the sense of touch, so words such as *cake* or *doll* were traced on her hand, and the objects touched immediately afterwards. By slow degrees a vocabulary was acquired. A much longer process was the teaching of abstract and moral ideas. Many patient and painful years were passed. When Helen Keller was thirty-one years of age (in 1912) she was visited by Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, who found

her a literary scholar, with a knowledge of several languages, Latin, English, French, and German. She had been taught to speak, though with a somewhat trying articulation.

The only indication given of the method employed in teaching her to speak is in one short sentence. "She became more eager to learn by her hand the mechanism of the vocal chords of others, and the movement of the lips in emitting words and phrases." In fact, we are told very little in this book about the whole process of teaching, just that which we should most like to know. There are pages of more or less extraneous musings on instinct, intuition, evolution, and religious concepts, anthropomorphism, etc., but disappointing allusions only to the work of Helen Keller's patient teacher. Over and above that work, the one other important fact was simply that Helen Keller was endowed with remarkable brain-power. It was this that differentiated her case from that of other blind deaf mutes referred to in this book, making some allowance for the expense and time spent in her education. The title, "Man's Miracle," seems intended to be somewhat controversial; but the word "miracle" may be taken in the simple sense of "wonder."

Our Task in India: Shall We Proselytise Hindus or Evangelise India? By BERNARD LUCAS. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE author, who has worked as a missionary for a quarter of a century in India, frankly avows his object, to reiterate, even to the point of weariness, that our true task in India is not to proselytise Hindus, but to evangelise India; it needs, he admits, a delicate sensitiveness of soul to appreciate the real distinction between the two conceptions. While declining to define the terms, he describes them sufficiently. "The dominant idea of the Proselytist is the advancement of his own particular religion . . . to the Christian proselytist it is the Church to which he belongs, and the glory accruing to that Church." Evangelism is "the outflow of that Divine love for humanity which seeketh not her own . . . her separate concern is with the Divine life within the soul, ignoring all distinction of race, colour, and creed." Mr. Lucas is opposed to proselytising, ecclesiastical organisations, and the propagation of Western theological Christianity.

He hopes more from Evangelism, of which the aim is not the spread of Christianity, but the propagation of the Christian spiritual life. "The true missionary attitude is that of the true spiritual friend and helper of the Hindu, without any ulterior motive of inducing him necessarily to adopt what he regards as another religion, and that, viewed from the theological and ecclesiastical standpoint, is another and foreign religion." It is not easy to gather what practical attitude the author advocates towards heathen religions. Sympathy for religious feelings should not extend to compromise with heathenism. This book will appeal

to all interested in Eastern missions: it may jar upon those who look to the numbers of converts as proof of successful work in the mission field. "Our Task in India" is rather a question-begging title. The first task, though not the noblest, is to govern the country properly, for the good of both India and England.

Trial of John Jasper. Verbatim Report by J. W. T. LEY. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)

AN article on the "trial" of John Jasper, which was held in the King's Hall, Covent Garden, on January 7, was published in a recent issue of THE ACADEMY. Whatever may be the individual standpoint of readers on the problems raised by that trial, the experiment must be classed among the principal literary events of 1914. Those who were present will be glad to possess a permanent souvenir of the occasion. Many who were not there will be no less glad of the opportunity afforded them of reading a valuable contribution to a problem which has puzzled and fascinated all lovers of Dickens since the day when the pen fell from his hand. The remarks of the Judge, which were painfully inaudible on the evening in question, owing to the fact that Mr. Chesterton addressed himself exclusively to the jury, may now be said to be made public for the first time. Even the somewhat *banal* interruptions of Mr. Bernard Shaw have been deemed worthy of inclusion in this comprehensive report. The volume, which is of quarto size, and looks appropriately official in its dark blue cover is, among other things, a tribute to the industry and efficiency of the shorthand-writer, Mr. Ley.

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1914. Edited by A. G. M. HESILRIGE. (Dean and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

MESSRS. DEAN AND SON'S "House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" is one of those books that shows proof of good editing, and is therefore a reliable and useful guide for everyone interested in any way in parliamentary matters. The work is issued later than many reference books; consequently it is possible to bring it up to date and make it useful for the whole of the current year. In addition to parliamentary matters an abridged Peerage is included, together with a list of the Privy Council. Considering the amount of information given the price of 7s. 6d. is not an exorbitant figure.

The article on "The Irish Question," which appeared in the December number of *The Round Table*, will be published this week as a sixpenny pamphlet by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., with a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett. It is hoped that this impartial review of the whole Irish situation will, in this convenient form, reach a wider circle of readers.

Fiction

The Eight of Diamonds: The Story of a Week-End.
By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

MARY LANGTON is in serious danger of falling out of love with her merely ornamental husband, who is becoming more and more a "broken reed," and of falling into it with someone else. The threatened substitute, Maurice Spencer, is, however, a hero. When Gerald Langton, to retrieve his shattered fortunes, introduces a pleasant game of chance and skill to a house-party, which includes most of the characters of the novel, and when he supplements the advantage of previous knowledge of the game by a subtle but deliberate infraction of its rules, Spencer takes the crime on his own shoulders. Then he explains to Gerald that he has shielded him because he is in love with his wife. Thereupon the husband rises suddenly to heights of great moral grandeur, his wife comes back to him, and all ends happily. The dénouement is excellent, though the circumstance of a wife loving her husband with a kind of motherly love and because of his very weakness is not quite new. The game of chance and skill does not, fortunately, occupy much of our attention; it is difficult to follow a game of cards on a knowledge of two of its rules; and too close an examination might possibly set us wondering why the cheat was not discovered before. The subsidiary characters and incidents are mostly farcical, but sometimes genuinely amusing, and Mr. Hutchinson's style has an agreeable and friendly note.

The Custody of the Child. By PHILIP GIBBS.
(Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

It is a pity, we think, that Mr. Gibbs, having created Joan Darracott, a most charming, alive, and sympathetic girl, did not keep to her and weave a romance out of this most promising material. She simply rings with reality, while most of the other characters of the book never seem properly to open their eyes. We may be told that the author is flying at higher game. He is trying to tell the story of divorce as it affects the offspring of an unhappy marriage. Divorce is, no doubt, a disaster, particularly for the children concerned; but few divorces, we imagine, would involve such an oddly assorted trio as "Bristles," "Beauty" and the boy Nick Barton. Possibly Mr. Gibbs meant to give us nothing but types—most of the characters appear ordinarily under *noms de guerre*, such as the "Merman" and the "Lonely Lady"—it is certainly the effect he has produced. "Beauty" is the type of an actress, "Bristles" is the type of a literary man—he is "something in the City" to begin with, but that is only put in "to make it more difficult." Nick is

hardly a type; he is just a suffering soul—a soul with a capacity for extracting the greatest possible amount of suffering out of the circumstances, and without much protective body in the shape of ordinary judgment or knowledge of the world. Joan Darracott, who completes his rout by refusing him, after he has left first, in anger, his father, and then, in disgust, his mother, is certainly at one period of her career a typist, but otherwise, as we have already hinted, quite the reverse of a type. We cannot accept the situation; we do not accept the thesis of "Bristles," though we should have found it easier to discuss with less "typical" characters—"I would rather see you dead than married to a wife who pays for herself. It puts a man into a false position. It robs him of all authority." Nick does not marry at all, which, as things are, is rather a comfort. We wish that the Homeric phrase, "lady-mother," had been restricted to one character; used glibly by four or five of them, it begins to jar. There are one or two other tricks which spoil what is, apart from the thesis, an enjoyable book. It is not Mr. Gibbs at his best—not the Mr. Gibbs of the "Street of Adventure"—but it is, we repeat, an enjoyable book.

The Decoy: A Romance. By the COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE Countess of Cromartie, in this romance of Phœnician slave days, has come very near to achieving real success in what we should call the difficult art of the long-short story. Its theme is that of the love of Mathabal the Decoy, head of a gang of slavers, for Thalia, whom as a babe he bought from Hamilco, his father by adoption. The theme is not altogether a novelty, nor is there anything obtrusively original in the adventures which come to the Decoy and Thalia after they have been united by the Link of Fire in the Temple of Baal. But the story is told with an individuality of touch which establishes a claim to recognition. The Countess seems familiar with the atmosphere of the time and circumstances she has chosen for her background. Occasionally, it is true, she lapses into a modernism, as when she makes the Pict say, "He rages like a wolf, because his new slave has given him the slip." The general effect is so realistic that a touch of this sort is all the more obvious. She piques curiosity, she moves us to real emotion, she thrills us now and again as the knife flashes, and we pay her the compliment of not wishing to put the book down till we know what the end of Mathabal's and Thalia's adventures is to be. Both characters are excellently drawn. The Decoy said he was "the mistake" of a noble house of Carthage, and that it lay with him to turn the mistake into a curse, if it so pleased him. He was "as frankly evil, in the ancient sense, as only a Moloch-worshipping Phœnician of Carthage could be"; he could do cruel things, he

could astonish even his own kind by his acts of devilry, but animal or human who trusted him was assured of his sympathy—and Thalia, sweetest of babes sold into slavery, had thrown herself into his arms. When she had grown to womanhood in the slave-college of Tyre and their love was confessed, he cried. "Evil I may have done in the faces of the Gods, but never have I robbed any of a child since that hour." From the moment that she swears by "Baal!" and again "Baal!"—"the old, old cry of the women of her race"—he renounces his trade, only to experience for himself, when old Hamilco kidnaps Thalia, some of the anguish his work had carried in its train. Mr. H. J. Ford's richly-coloured frontispiece is admirably illustrative.

Shorter Notices

CLIPPED yew-trees in a country garden; Ilythe, Sandgate, and Dover in Cromwellian times, a stern Royalist parent refusing his lovely daughter permission to wed with her Puritan lover—thus opens the story of "Dorothea of Romsey Marsh" (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.), and before many pages have been turned, the lovely daughter's brother forces a challenge on the Puritan lover. From that point onward, adventures follow in bewildering succession, but their effect is weakened by Miss Alice Cunningham's practice of an ancient trick—that of leaving us suspended in the middle of one situation in order to follow another excitement in the succeeding chapter. It is seldom that we have to complain of the pace being too fast in a story of adventure, but such is the case here. Sufficient incident to make three books is packed between these covers, but we feel that it is flung at us carelessly; no character is sufficiently etched in to leave an impression of a distinct personality; no one scene grips the mind. The people might have been, and the events might have happened, but we are not so deeply impressed as to care much about either. This is a pity, for in the story itself is evidence of good and fairly original material, and we shall be interested in seeing how the author of such a book as this will manage the construction of her next work.

For a first novel, "The Bridge," by Mark Somers (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is an exceedingly well-written book; treating as it does a problem of sex relationship, its facts are presented with delicacy. The heroine, Margaret Denham, goes out to India to be married on the day of her arrival to her lover, after a four-years' separation. The actual facts of marriage so shock her that, from the day after the marriage, she and her husband live separate lives, and the "bridge" of the story is the mutual understanding and sympathy that must be attained in order to make marriage bearable for the woman—for the whole of the subject is handled, perhaps necessarily, from a woman's point of view. How Margaret comes to realise the true meaning of wifedom, and its dignity when accompanied by the love and friendship that

should be a part of every marriage, is worth reading. The story is obvious; we have met its like many times, for the cold aloofness of the newly-married wife and the puzzled exasperation of the husband are old themes. But so much lies in the way of the telling that we find real interest in following the perplexities of these two characters.

Miss Alice Perrin's books are always welcome for the glimpse they afford us of India, and "The Happy Hunting Ground" (Methuen and Co., 6s.) is no exception to the rule. Here we have an up-country station simply pictured and yet with sufficient detail to make it easy to realise the life of Service men and civilians, and the everyday happenings of their womenkind. The story tells of a young and pretty girl—Caroline Gordon—on a visit to Ranapore, determined not to leave India unmarried. She sets to work, on conquest bent, in cool, businesslike fashion, and she succeeds. Her troubles, however, leave us cold, and our sympathies are directed to the man she marries without loving him, and in ignorance of his true position. We wish it were possible to like Caroline better, but the elements of hardness and calculation in this very self-contained young person make it difficult. Through the gentler and more womanly character of her aunt, who acts as confidante and adviser throughout, we learn something of the hardships and heartbreaks common to most Anglo-Indian wives and mothers, and the author reveals to us how much "hidden and unconscious heroism" is to be found among Englishwomen in India.

A solitary farmhouse on the South African veld forms a picturesque setting for the life of Euretta Monkswell as told by F. E. Mills-Young in "The Purple Mists" (John Lane, 6s.). Her innocent charm and freshness, added to culture and refinement not often found in such an out-of-the-way spot, stimulate the fancy of the doctor from the neighbouring dorp, whom eventually she marries to escape from uncongenial relatives. Euretta is an unawakened girl to whom love and passion are but names, and her utter innocence and ignorance of convention are disarming when she comes to share her husband's life in the dorp. The doctor appears on the scene distinctively enough, but later on he becomes somewhat nebulous in character. He is always "in the picture," giving a sense of fitness and of ability to meet unusual circumstances. Yet one feels that he should have had sufficient discernment at the outset of their married life to recognise the necessity of plain-speaking at crucial moments, thus avoiding the well-nigh tragic complications that ensue. The result of this apparently ill-assorted match—loveless on the part of Euretta—is easy to understand; but we will not forestall the reader by detailing further, except to add that the end is happiness and reunion. The story is told with simplicity and charm, the background of local colour providing an interest all its own. The author is in her happiest vein, and we heartily commend her latest work to those in search of a pleasant book.

That veteran of story-telling, Tom Gallon, has put a strain on our credulity in "It Will be All Right" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.); for, in the first place, he asks us to believe that a very wealthy man grew so tired of his wealth that he voluntarily abandoned it by means of a pretended suicide from an Atlantic liner, and in the second place he tells us that the Cræsus, having left his way of life behind with his identity, found it impossible to get back. Very ingeniously is the idea carried through, but the little steward of the liner, who helped in the great man's disappearance, becomes a rather impossible figure as the story proceeds. The lesson of the story, as nearly as we can read it, is that wealth has very little relation to happiness, for at the end of things the nephew is forced to acknowledge that the fortune inherited from his uncle was the worst luck that could have befallen him. The story, though to a certain extent scrappily told, makes very interesting reading, but would be far more engrossing if we were not so convinced throughout of its impossibility. Here is one of the dramas that might, it is true, have happened in real life, but that are so incredible when they do happen that the novelist ought, as a rule, to avoid them in favour of probabilities.

Lord Newton presided at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, which was held recently at the Westminster Palace Hotel, S.W. There was a large attendance, including the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Somerset, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Sir A. Conan Doyle, and many others. The growth of the Society has been satisfactorily maintained, 46 fellows and 163 members having been elected during the year. Lord Newton, moving the adoption of the report, offered his hearty congratulations to the Society on the remarkable success they had achieved in persuading the Government to adopt their Plumage Prohibition Bill. There was a growing feeling of antagonism in regard to the fashion of wearing birds' feathers, which was so disastrous to bird life. His Lordship also referred to the success of the Prohibition Law in America. Mr. Montagu Sharpe, Mr. Page Croft, and Sir A. Conan Doyle also spoke, and the prizes awarded in connection with the educational competitions conducted by the Society were distributed by the Duchess of Portland, who was re-elected President on the proposition of Mr. Laurence Hardy, M.P.

According to a cablegram received from Ontario, Mr. H. V. Esmond and Miss Eva Moore, who are now touring in Canada, are negotiating for the lease of a West End theatre at which to produce a new play immediately upon their return to London in the spring; probably this will be Mr. Esmond's own comedy, "The Dear Fool," which met with great success when given for a special matinée at Edinburgh during Mr. Esmond's tour of the provinces last autumn.

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BELLES-LETTRES, HISTORY, &c.

Rt. Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL Selected Essays

CLEMENT SHORTER

The Brontës and their Circle

TRAVEL AND THE OPEN AIR, &c.

RICHARD JEFFERIES The Open Air

SEND FOR PRICE SPECIUS.

ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD ST., W.C.

Peace and Patriotism

IT is not at all surprising that the appalling expansion of European armaments, which is the distinguishing feature of contemporary history, should be accompanied by the growth of pacifist thought. The oppressiveness of militarism naturally stimulates reaction. The revulsion is not an unusual circumstance in itself. What is remarkable about the movement, however, must not be allowed to escape serious attention. There can be no mistaking the fact that it is a movement which has developed practical propaganda with practical ideals. To be quite truthful, there is no doubt that the old school of pacifists, of which Mr. Carnegie may be said to be the high priest, is altogether effete. This school depended largely upon spiritual fervour for its inspiration. It opposed war exclusively on ethical grounds. From the point of view of religion, no quarrel could be found with its creed. To be successful in actual practice it was necessary that this creed should have been accorded universal acceptance. Yet its teachers did not go beyond the limitations of dogma. They asserted that it was the duty of any one nation, no matter what the consequences might be, to set an example by laying down its arms. They made no attempt to appeal to reason, and their beautiful theories were met with widespread scorn and derision. In short, they became known as the peace-at-any-price men. Confined as it was to words, without plan or scheme of any kind, their amiable propaganda had no perceptible influence upon the political thought of our own times.

The doctrines of such stalwarts as Machiavelli, Clausewitz, and Bismarck held the field as strongly as ever. Force was a fact, peace among the nations merely an impossible ideal. Thus the pacifists came to be looked upon as a class of well-meaning cranks. Meanwhile, the economic consequences that quickly followed the keen competition in armaments had awakened reflection along practical lines. In other words, so severe has the disease become, that it is literally compelling a remedy. It is now universally recognised that the tremendous cost of maintaining armaments threatens the world with economic and moral bankruptcy. No longer is the subject one discussed solely by fervent theorists depending for the advancement of their cause upon appeal to conscience.

Profound thinkers and business-men who, however varying their motives may be, are deeply interested in the welfare of the world, have entered the controversy, employing as their method direct appeal to reason in its purest form. It is significant, but it is not to be wondered at, that these men are listened to with respect, that they are attracting to their circle many adherents, and that the cause which they advocate is not without its effect upon foreign policy throughout Europe. The success which they are achieving is due

in a large measure to their recognition of the realities of the international situation. It is not that they are inspired by motives less worthy intrinsically than those which animated the pacifists of the exclusively idealist school. Rather is it that they seek to attain their end by educational methods. In this case it cannot be urged against them, as it was against the peace-at-any-price propagandists, that they have no regard for the obligations of patriotism. Always their argument is prefaced with the plain statement that they advocate universal, not sectional, disarmament; and, indeed, they never fail strenuously to urge the necessity for national preparedness against aggression.

Immediately, then, they put themselves within the scope of common sense. One may even conceive that a soldier could belong to their movement. For, although in the circumstances that rule to-day a soldier can justify the existence of his profession and feel rightly proud of the heroism and devotion that it calls forth, he must, if he stops to think, deplore the cruelly destructive character of his work and the fact that it should be necessary at all.

Last week we dwelt upon some aspects of the propaganda which Mr. Norman Angell has originated. In expounding a new political philosophy that effectually demonstrates the futility of force, he is something more than the founder of what is commonly understood as a movement, and something infinitely more than a mere theorist. He is, in the true sense of the word, a discoverer, an original genius whose powerful reasoning marks one of those rare periods in history where men are compelled to change the very foundations of their political belief. His recognition will not be complete until his political philosophy is admitted as an educational text work.

It cannot be too clearly emphasised that, while Mr. Norman Angell's views gather tremendous force from the beauty and clarity of their expression, their logic is based essentially upon conditions of a material character already in existence, not only deep-rooted but rapidly growing and expanding day by day. Without his advocacy the facts with which he deals would doubtless have forced themselves to the front. For they are stupendous facts with the torrent of reality behind them. But there can be no denying that Mr. Angell's brilliant propaganda has accelerated the concentration of public opinion upon them, and it is no exaggeration to say that he merits a place in that illustrious companionship of men who by their individual perception have contributed to the sum of human progress.

Some such estimation of Mr. Norman Angell's work is required in order that confusion be avoided with the idea that has given rise to the organisation founded by Sir Max Waechter, and called by him the European Unity League. In spite of the ambitious aim revealed in this title, its distinguished founder has a policy to expound that is not at all unpractical. He does not advocate isolated disarmament, but rather seeks to promote universal concord. The object of the movement is frankly stated to be the federation of Europe,

* *The European Unity League: An Instrument for Carrying out the Greatest and Most Important Social Reform.* A Memorandum by SIR MAX WAECHTER, D.L., J.P.

from which, it is plain, would follow world-wide peace. Here the superficial thinker might interpose that Sir Max Waechter merits dismissal into the realm of unattainable idealism. But the author prescribes a policy to be pursued, and without disturbing existing friendships, he wishes to see brought about, in the first place, a cordial Anglo-German entente.

Naturally, his vision is large, but we are glad to observe that he is both painstaking and patient in the advocacy of his plan of campaign. No other alternative to the grouping of the Powers save federation presents itself. If the promotion of friendship among European nations, without favour of any kind, accompanies a movement such as that originated by Sir Max Waechter, then most certainly he deserves the support of practical politicians. The ultimate end in view cannot diminish, but, on the other hand, should give impetus to, propaganda with so lofty an aim. Indeed, it is only by such appreciation that in many great causes the idealism of to-day becomes the realism of to-morrow.

LANCELOT LAWTON.

Messrs. Willm. Doig and Co., of 10, New Bond Street, publishers to His Majesty, will shortly publish engravings of the two portraits of the King and Queen which attracted so much notice at the Royal Academy last season—the King in naval uniform and the Queen in Garter robes. The portraits were painted for the United Service Club, and the highest praise, it will be remembered, was bestowed on the artists—Mr. A. S. Cope, R.A., for the felicity of his portrait of the King, and Mr. Wm. Llewellyn for the charm of his portrait of the Queen, of whom, it was admitted, no better portrait had yet been painted. The artists' proofs, at six guineas each, are limited to 300 copies of each portrait.

Mr. John Lane will publish, this week, "French Novelists of To-day," by Winifred Stephens; a new edition, with a portrait and bibliographies, at 5s. net; and "Japanese Flower Arrangement Applied to Western Needs," by Mary Averill, with 88 illustrations, at 6s. net. Next Tuesday Mr. Lane issues "A Girl's Marriage," by Agnes Gordon Lennox.

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This year's Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon—which will occupy two weeks—will begin on Monday afternoon, April 20, when Sir Herbert Tree has kindly consented to produce and appear in "Othello." In addition to his own performance of the Moor, Mr. H. B. Irving has promised to appear as Iago, and Mr. Henry Ainley as Cassio. On the same evening Mr. Arthur Bouchier will play Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice"; on Thursday, April 23. Mr. Bouchier will play Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing" to the Beatrice of Miss Margaret Halstan. In the absence of Mr. Benson in America, the task of the general direction of the Festival has been placed in the hands of Mr. Patrick Kirwan, whose work in Shakespearean productions is well known.

March Magazines

IT is very difficult in a magazine, that is so often occupied with politics that are already out of date by the time it is published, to find any reference to the passing toll of literature. That is why we turn at once to Mme. de Longgarde's article on "Recent German fiction" in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. There is in this same magazine much talk of Home Rule, that, in view of recent changes, seems curiously remote and inapplicable; but to trace the present movements in the literature of a country brings one into touch with something of more permanent interest. Mme. Longgarde handles her subject competently and well. The fact that the names better known to readers on this side have not recently appeared in fiction lessens the appeal of the article; but it is an adequate summary of tendencies. Mr. J. B. Williams writes on "The First English Newspaper," and gives us an article that readers will do well to keep; additional value is given by a facsimile provided with it. Lady Byron writes on the desirability of "A Cabinet Minister for Women." It is a learned contribution; but it will not receive the attention it deserves. The article that appealed most to us, however, was by Professor Morgan on "Lord Morley's Reflections," in which he deals with Lord Morley's recent book. He attempts no survey of Lord Morley's work, though that is surely due; nor does he even let us see how Lord Morley's opinions and style have changed since the days when he was chiefly known as a philosopher. He depends mostly, too, on excerpts from Lord Morley's book; and that is one of the most excellent features of the article—though by that we mean no disrespect to Professor Morgan. A thoughtful and well-informed essay is "Vocationalism," by Sir Philip Magnus, dealing with the tendency of recent technical education, chiefly in London.

Following upon the recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Recent Poetry," the *Fortnightly Review* has one dealing with the same subject. Mr. Martin Armstrong confines himself to four poets, of whom he picks out Mr. Masefield as the most distinctive and full of power. The others are William Davies, W. W. Gibson, and Lascelles Abercrombie. It is noticeable that his interest is with the particular school of whom these are the four exemplars. Mr. W. L. Courtney himself writes "Some Notes on Balzac." One suggestive phrase he uses: "What we assuredly get in Balzac" is "a most curious, and sometimes helpless, entanglement of the man in his materials." That is very true; and it is also true of the man as an artist. The phrase at once suggests the best criticism that has yet been wrought on Balzac: M. Rodin's curious and tormented statue of him. An article that demands to be read is by I. Gardiner on "The Fight for the Birds." It is appalling to think that some hundreds of species of the humming bird in the West Indies have been absolutely blotted out, simply because of the desire of some syndicate to put up its dividends. And it is not only one case that is obliterated thus, but

some thousands of species in the area covered by a few islands. The mutilation of the Rokeby Venus, after all, is only a peccadillo beside so monstrous a crime.

In the *Cornhill*, Professor Jacks puts in a plea for New Brunswick, from whence he has recently come. The account he gives is excellent reading. Some there may be who will say, or think, that the physician should first heal himself—or at least show the way to the Earthly Paradise. Yet in his reluctance to do so lies the answer to the reluctance of others. Mr. Allen Brockington gives us some of his questions to Browning on his poems, and Browning's answers to them. "Robert Browning's Answers to Questions Concerning Some of his Poems" is the title of the brief article. To be frank, Browning's answers strike us as being more full of patience than Mr. Brockington's questions are full of intelligence. Professor Bryan writes on "The Piano and its Players," and Sir Henry Lucy continues his memories of "Sixty Years in the Wilderness."

The *Atlantic Monthly* (for February) begins with three important essays on Athletics as related to Morals, the School, and the College, which give, among other points, some curious instances of the code of honour prevalent in public games. Mr. Havelock Ellis writes with his unfailing insight upon "The Philosophy of Dancing," and "The Protestant in Italy," by Zephine Humphrey, is an interesting study of impressions. Many other excellent items are to be found in this issue. *Harper's* contains another instalment of Arnold Bennett's story, "The Price of Love"; an extremely interesting travel article, entitled "A Night in the Open," by Norman Duncan; and a hitherto unpublished essay by James Madison, fourth President of the United States, who died in 1836. The *Windsor* has contributions by Sir Rider Haggard, Edgar Wallace, Eden Phillpotts, and Halliwell Sutcliffe—a sufficient guarantee of good fare; and a finely illustrated article on Westminster School, with an exposition of some of the school slang.

The current number of *Poetry and Drama* has an article by William Archer on "The Repertory Theatre," an essay by Wilfrid Thorley, "On Translating Poetry," and contributions by Edward Thomas, Harold Monro, Gilbert Cannan, Maurice Hewlett, and others—poetical and otherwise. Mr. J. E. Flecker makes a good attempt at re-writing our national anthem, though we do not care for the "dolphined deep," or for "Doom thou and fling" as a last line for the second verse. The *Poetry Review* begins with a review by the editor, Stephen Phillips, and has a carefully reasoned article by Arthur Compton-Rickett on "Personal Equation in Modern Poetry."

Sir Max Waechter opens the *Empire Review* with a fine exposition of his project for a federated Europe, "Armaments and the Empire." He has studied the problems involved for many years, and his arguments are soundly based and cogent; his examples are wisely chosen, and his article should be read by all who are interested in the cause of peace and fraternity.

The Theatre

"Kismet" at the Globe Theatre

IT may be remembered that Mr. Knoblauch's "Arabian Night" play was withdrawn in the hey-day of its success some time ago because Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton had arranged a world-wide tour which they were obliged to carry out.

"Kismet" now returns to us with the freshness and charm of its first production. In all these months Mr. Asche as the wonderful beggar, Hajj, round whose fortunes the whole play revolves, has lost no spark of his admirable fire, no scintilla of his brilliancy, no smack of his splendid character, no fraction of his force and broad fun. So perfect is his performance and overwhelming the personality he puts into Hajj that one accepts the good qualities of the rest of the cast as a matter of course, and assumes the splendour of the old city of Baghdad as seen a thousand years ago to be but part of his natural environment.

It is the tale of his day of days that is related unto you, O auspicious reader, and we are again grateful that so complete and splendid a work is set before us. All is beauty and excitement, gaiety and passion, decorative surrounding and conventional exactitude. No touch of the brave, romantic feeling of the East is neglected. From the moment when the "brush" of dawn appears in the sky and Hajj, stretching himself, asks, "In the name of Allah—Day?" until dark, when, as he turns to sleep, he says, "I have lived to-day," he holds the willing audience in his iron grip.

Never were man and his part so well mated as the hero and Mr. Asche in "Kismet." As for the others, how excellent they are and yet how small beside the towering height of Hajj's personality and power! Miss Brayton is still the gracious and beautiful maiden of Baghdad; no note is forced, but all is sufficiently enthralling. Mr. Grimwood is still the abundantly wicked Wazir Mansur, the son of Hajj's life-long enemy, and plays the part with his old boldness and success.

Two newcomers are especially interesting. Miss Suzanne Sheldon, one of the most widely gifted actresses now on the English stage, is an inspired Kut-al-Kulub—the food of hearts, indeed. She is the wife of Mansur and would-be lover of Hajj. Her first scene with him is an exquisite antique Oriental picture. Miss Sheldon's intense playing whenever she is on the stage adds new life to the most lively of romantic modern dramas. Mr. Worlock, too, who now appears as the Caliph Abdulla, the lover of the beggar's daughter, is passionate and splendid. Mr. Webster, who played the part originally, made the Caliph more beautiful and cold. Now one is allowed to believe in the impatience and inextinguishable desire of Abdulla's words and actions; that is new.

We should like to name and praise each other member of the cast, only regretting that the singers before the curtain appeared a little out of voice when we heard

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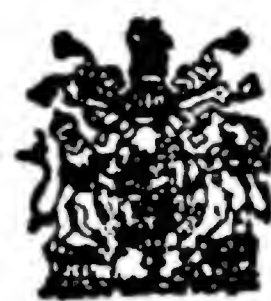
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them. On the other hand, Miss Nancy Denners danced more entrancingly than of old. If there be lovers of romance and beauty among playgoers, "Kismet" should run for at least a thousand and one nights.

"The Rest Cure" at the Vaudeville Theatre

IF the triumvirate of clever people—Mr. Richard Pryce as playwright, Mr. Arnold Bennett as source of the play, and Mr. Norman McKinnel as the protagonist of "Helen with the High Hand"—does not fill the Vaudeville to overflowing, we have no doubt that Miss Gertrude Jennings' lively and satiric one-act play, "The Rest Cure," will make the programme here an overwhelming success. Recently we were hunting the thesaurus for adjectives fully to inform the readers of THE ACADEMY that they must not miss the same author's "Acid Drops" at the Royalty; now we can only assure them of delight in "The Rest Cure."

The scene is a nursing-home in a noisy street. The patient, or victim, or hypochondriac, is a nervous author, Clarence Reed, Mr. Otho Stuart, who has made himself and his wife unhappy, and has been sentenced, as it were, to a month in bed. He is not very important to the play, except as the butt of the other characters and as a means for developing the lively wit of the accomplished Miss Jennings. She presents us with two admirable examples of the outwardly refreshing and inwardly distressing type of nursing-home nurse. The most brilliant and arch and bitter is May Williams, played with perfect mastery by Miss Mary Clare. She spares us nothing, and she amuses us all the time. From the tips of her rose-pink manicured fingers to the last note of assumed refinement in her voice, she forms a welcome satiric picture.

No less good is the older and less showy Alice Palmer of Miss Dora Gregory, quite perfect in her neat and exasperating way. Added to these is the young housemaid, Muriel, whom Miss Phyllis Stuckey would have made completely realistic, had not the general idea of the play demanded a rather broadly farcical treatment at her hands. Muriel is writing a book on her experiences in the home, the absurdities of the patients, the little ways of the nurses, the manner of the matron, and so forth. The account she gives of these affairs to Reed—to cheer him up, because she is under the impression he has heart disease—and the goading of his two exquisitely trained nurses, called by Muriel the Dark Cat and the Fair Cat—effect a rapid cure. But it is the cleverness of Muriel that enables the author to get away and to discover that his ills are imaginary, and that his charming wife, Miss Doris Norman Trevor, although she did once give him boiled mutton for dinner, is worth a thousand cats at the home.

Perhaps the irony with which this particular establishment is treated would be a little bitter but for the fact that the author imports a gay note of farce into the whole affair, and thus, while one is amused by the wit and

the acute observation of the weaknesses of others, the laughter is good-humoured, the fun by no means acid, and the whole play a delight from the first moment to the last.

EGAN MEW.

Religion for the People

IN these days, when one hears so much of the people at large drifting away from religion, we had the pleasure of an object-lesson in the other direction at Gloucester Cathedral on a Thursday in the present month, when the 246th free Recital of Organ and Vocal Music for the people took place. The recital was opened with prayer, and closed by a short prayer and the Blessing. Three thousand attended, of all sorts and conditions, and joined as a congregation in singing one hymn in unison. The organ solos opened with the "In Memoriam" overture of Sullivan, the minor lament of the early part and the joyful close being beautifully rendered. Then followed "With Verdure Clad" and "On Mighty Pens" from the "Creation," excellently sung by a lady; a chorus from Handel, "O Father Whose Almighty Power"; "Nearer My God to Thee" as a solo. The chorale "Crossing the Bar," unaccompanied and perfectly given, completed the programme. Not a seat was unoccupied at eight o'clock, and no moving was attempted until the end. This, to our minds, is a way of lifting the hearts of the people, particularly of those who would not go to a church to hear a dry-as-dust sermon on "Faith" or some kindred subject. All praise is due to those responsible for the care of our cathedrals who are wise enough to use them in this manner; the example thus set should be more widely followed.

W. N.

The *Vossische Zeitung* for March 6 emphatically advocates a direct telephone communication between Berlin and London. Referring to the statements made at the Reichstag by the Secretary of State, Herr Kraetke, *re* the difficulties to be overcome, the great expenses entailed, and the consequent high charges which would have to be made for a call, the writer proves that it would, at any rate, be less expensive than communication by telegraph. It has been calculated that within three minutes 250 words can be spoken; also, a telephone call does away with the necessity of a special reply, another point in favour of it; and in course of time charges will become less. The *Vossische Zeitung* states that financial and industrial circles quite fall in with the views expressed in this article.

The Drama Society will present at the new Rehearsal Theatre, 21, Maiden Lane, on Tuesday, March 31, at 3 o'clock, new English versions by Rathmell Wilson of "Un Caprice," by A. de Musset, "Le Petit Abbé," by H. Bocage and A. Liorat, and "Jean-Marie," by A. Theuriet. Tickets and all information may be obtained from Mr. Rathmell Wilson, International Club, 22a, Regent Street, S.W.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

IT is not the fault of any particular Secretary of War that we are never ready for any great emergency, but because the nation is never told how it stands." Johnny Baird quoted these words of Lord Wolseley on Wednesday afternoon when he moved the following resolution on the Army estimates:—

That this House regrets the serious shortage in the military forces of the Crown, and invites his Majesty's Government to state forthwith its concrete proposals for dealing with the situation.

Baird was in the Diplomatic Service, and is now Bonar Law's private secretary. He takes a great interest in foreign affairs, and has travelled much. He tried to burst the bladder of Seely's optimism and complacency, but without much success.

Pole-Carew followed, and made a remark which Seely hotly resented. What it was, no one seems to know, for even every reporter in the gallery failed to catch it. At any rate, Seely solemnly said that it was a statement which ought never to have been made by one officer of another, or by one gentleman of another. At the end of Seely's speech Pole-Carew rose to make a personal explanation, and added that in his humble opinion Seely was not a very good judge of a gentleman. The Speaker rebuked the fiery little soldier by saying that under the cover of a personal explanation he had no right to fire a dart at the right honourable gentleman. Seely can always avoid answering questions or making explanations by saying that it would not be for the welfare of the country. Last year he said that the whole of the expeditionary force would be able to leave the country at a moment's notice. Now, apparently, they cannot, and when Arthur Lee asked if there had been any change of policy Seely declined to answer the question. Rowland Hunt hit the nail on the head by asking: "What is the Army for?"

In the evening, on a private member's motion, there was a non-party discussion on the welfare of the blind.

On Thursday we again went on with the hopeless task of dragging information out of Seely on the subject of the Army. Boscawen said that the uniform of the Special Reserve was not attractive enough. The girls at Folkstone—where he happened to be in command—would not look at them, and recruiting suffered in consequence. The talk was very desultory. We asked about horses, aviation, and various things, while Tennant and Seely between them did their best to barge us off.

A series of private Bills came on at 8.15; they dealt with the County Councils and their attitude to two dangers, celluloid and massage establishments. These were all adjourned about 9.30, and then Worthy Evans got "back to the Army again." He moved a reduction of £100 as a protest to the way the War Office treat soldiers who commit the crime of marrying

off the strength, and gave some strong cases of grave hardship.

It ever there was a case where you would think that the Independent Labour Party would support a motion, here was one—the sufferings of wives and children of their own class. We were not disappointed; George Roberts warmly supported the amendment. Then a change came over the scene; the listlessness disappeared. Seely got up and promised all kinds of things. He claimed that he had initiated the inquiry into the state of the women off the strength. Mrs. Tennant had prepared an able report at his request, and he would see to it at once; but he warned the House that it might cost £60,000 or £80,000 a year.

Meanwhile it was nearing 11, and the House was filling rapidly. The Government Whips commenced to look uneasy. There were 60 Nationalists in the House, but, on the other hand, there were 20 Labour men; 20 on a division meant 40, if they voted as Roberts had spoken. There was no time to do anything; so they anxiously hoped for the best, and it ended in the Labour Party once more slinking at the last moment into the Government lobby.

The numbers ran down to 37, and the Government were saved this time by the Labour men; for, if they had voted for the private soldier, the Government would have been beaten by 3, and would on a question of this kind, have had to resign.

Fridays are devoted to private Bills which have been fortunate in the ballot; but the Government have got into an artful habit of getting their own members to put up Bills, and, if they are well received, annexing them and pushing them through by means of an asterisk which signifies that they become Government measures.

In 1911 a Scotch Law Bill was passed by the consent of both parties. Each side gave up something, and it was felt that the question of small holdings in Scotland had been settled for some years to come; but the Unionists reckoned without their Hogge. The anti-betting Hogge turned up on Friday with an amending Bill which put in all the Radical points struck out by agreement in 1911, and none of the Unionist points.

George Younger, the Scottish Unionist Whip, was very angry. He said that it was a breach of an honourable agreement. Major Hope said it was a window-dressing measure of the coming General Election. Tullibardine said he did not know which part of the Bill belonged to Mr. Hogge and which to the Secretary of Scotland, and told a rather broad tale of an old lady who turned the son of one of her crofters into a page-boy and provided him with a livery. One day there was a party, and the boy put his head into the door and asked: "Please, ma'm, am I to put on my ain breeks or yours?" The House laughed, and that Hackney Scotchman, McKinnon Wood, wound up the debate by blessing the Bill. We tried to talk it out, but the closure was given, and the Bill got a second reading by a majority of 58.

On Monday a change came over the scene. On Saturday night Winston had made a provocative speech in Yorkshire. He declared that there were "worse

things than bloodshed," and that the Government were not to be intimidated. In common parlance, if the Unionists did not accept the concessions of the Government, they could lump it. The pacific words which the Ministry had put into the King's Speech were all thrown to the winds, and the temper of the majority was shown when they cheered Winston vociferously as he entered the House on Tuesday afternoon.

The Prime Minister wanted arousing to a sense of duty to his party, and Winston felt he was the man to do it. To the amazement of the Unionists, Mr. Asquith failed to make his promised speech, giving the details of his offer. He answered the numerous questions dealing with the offer in bunches—in the affirmative to a group of two; "No" to the three following, and so on in the briefest possible way. You have only to turn to the *Westminster Gazette* for the afternoon to see that this was not expected even by a paper usually well informed of his own way of thinking. Bonar Law naturally asked if we were expected to debate the second reading of the Home Rule Bill whilst still in doubt as to changes to be made. Asquith said it would be a waste of time to go into details if the general proposal of the Government was to be rejected. He had not been much encouraged by the response. Carson came slowly to the table, and said, with bitter emphasis: "Does not the Prime Minister recognise that the proposals put forward last Monday were a hypocritical sham?" I have rarely seen the Prime Minister at a loss, but he looked so then, and refused to answer.

All three Cecils leapt to their feet at the same time, and the Speaker called them in the following order: Robert, Hugh, and Evelyn. Evelyn asked if the Prime Minister endorsed Winston's speech at Bradford, but received no reply. Bonar Law then quietly asked for a day to move a vote of censure on the Government, and Asquith, according to custom, promised to give the earliest possible day, which will probably be Thursday. We then went on with Supply, and Robert Cecil again held the field with the housing of the navvies at Rosyth. The more the matter is gone into, the worse it appears. John Ward, an ex-soldier and ex-navy, supported the reduction in the vote; but, as usual, the Independent Labour Party voted with the Government, who emerged with a majority of 67. The "independence" of the Labour Party is becoming a by-word in the House and throughout the country.

On Wednesday we had the Navy. Of course, there was no difficulty with the Opposition, but it was rather a tall order to have to persuade the Little Englanders that it was necessary to spend a million pounds a week on the Navy. However, Winston set to work with characteristic vigour and spoke for two and a half hours. Perhaps the most significant phrase in speaking of foreign navies was: "It is sport to them; it is life and death to us." He made a most interesting speech, but it dawned upon the House that they could now see the reason for his violent beating of the drum on Saturday at Bradford. After championing Home Rule so vigorously it was clear that the Radical Party could

not in decency mutiny on the Navy—hence they were very quiet.

The evening was devoted to private members' motions. Butcher, who had won the ballot, chose for his subject the question of Invasion. This was appropriate, coming after the Navy, and an interesting debate—which was, however, more or less academic—ensued. Pole-Carew had another brush with Seely and Winston. He is not much of a Parliamentary debater, but he hits hard. "It is evident that the Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty are worthy to sit on the same bench—as the Chancellor of the Exchequer," was his concluding shot.

Meanwhile there are gloomy rumours from Ulster.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE AWAKENING OF JAPAN

WE are justified in claiming for THE ACADEMY that it was the first English journal to draw attention to the internal upheaval in Japan. Indeed, in these columns, during the past few years, we have consistently predicted the coming of the great crisis with which Japan is now faced, and this during a period, let it be recalled, when the daily newspapers were insisting upon the financial and political stability of that country. Frequently our comments have been reproduced in the Japanese press, and have been quoted again and again by progressive parliamentarians in Tokyo. The average man, whose indifference to affairs other than those of domestic interest is proverbial, will perhaps interpose that it is a far cry to Japan. But we must ever bear in mind that Japan is our Ally; that this circumstance, as evidenced by Mr. Winston Churchill's speech on the Naval Estimates, largely determines our Imperial policy; and that many millions of British capital are locked up in that country.

It is noteworthy that this week the daily press has thought fit to perform the public duty of commenting in serious terms upon the difficulties which beset Japan. In particular, the *Times* is to be congratulated for its outspoken criticism. It is no exaggeration to say that this criticism will go a long way towards reassuring the readers of that distinguished organ as to the impartiality and patriotism of its views on Foreign Affairs. For ourselves, we find that nothing save good can come out of the frank recognition that Japan is now in a state of turmoil which has had no parallel since the time of the Restoration. With her, events are moving swiftly, but happily, in spite of disquieting features on the surface, they are moving in the right direction. This conclusion gives us cause for genuine gratification. For the sincere critic who finds that the evils to which he has objected are in process of extermination, cannot now do otherwise than lay aside the weapon of his attack and lend his sympathetic encouragement to a nation in travail.

That, since her war with Russia, Japan has undergone more trials and tribulations than any other Power, none will deny. She has been visited by famine, fire, and flood, by earthquake and volcanic eruption; her people have literally groaned beneath the weight of taxation; her national finances have approached the verge of bankruptcy; and her administrative system has exposed the sores of many unsavoury scandals. Nor does the tale of woe end here. The ravages of death have robbed the land of its foremost men—the Emperor Mutsuhito of imperishable fame; Ito, the father of the Constitution, whose work was justly compared with that of Bismarck and Cavour; Katsura, the soldier statesman who made both war and peace; Nogi, the gallant and chivalrous; Komura and Hayashi, the master-minds of Japan's diplomacy; and Kodama, the brain and nerve of the Manchurian hosts.

But the Japanese are a proud and an assertive people. It is from the people, with all their robust qualities, that hope for the future springs. Old customs and traditions which found their root in the days of the Shogunate are dying hard. In a political sense the masses are awakening to a consciousness of their own power, and clan government is rapidly passing to its early doom. From end to end Japan is seething with popular clamour. Everywhere demonstrations are being held and political organisations perfected. It is true, as must always be the case in national transition, that the inflammatory demagogue is much in evidence, as also the student suffering from the overheated effect of ill-digested knowledge, and the young man of education, with no occupation and a comprehensible distaste for manual labour.

At the same time the movement is not without capable leadership. Mr. Osaki, who is well known in England and who is destined to occupy a very high position in his own country, espouses the progressive cause, and with him are others belonging to the older school, eager to see the fruition of their long life's work. The struggle now being waged will certainly test, as no ordeal has done before, the stamina of the Japanese masses. Up to the present the bureaucracy has succeeded in keeping them in a state of quiescence by appeals to their loyalty and patriotism, with a not inconsiderable admixture of harsh repression. But at last Oriental stoicism has broken down, and essentially human characteristics have forced themselves uppermost. The people are weary of constantly recurring scandals. They are tired of bending their backs to the soil, day in and day out, that they may win the precious rice with which to pay the price of vast and ever-growing armaments. The parents of the nation are indignant at the demands which modern industrialism is exacting from the well-being of their children. Factory conditions in Japan, in spite even of recent legislation, are little short of loathsome.

The immediate crisis produced by the accidental and astounding discovery of corruption in the Navy is the culminating affliction. The source of all evil is now to be attacked by the Legislature. Really drastic reduction in armaments has been proposed. Naught save

this measure will enable Japan to escape national bankruptcy. Her population is head over ears in the morass of poverty. The imports are in excess of the exports. Annually there is a large drain of specie to meet interest and redemption on an enormous debt. In all the circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that foreign capitalists are shy of Japan. Little can be expected from increased development of resources in the early future. Retrenchment offers the only solution of the national problem. This means, of course, that Japan has received a check in her policy of Imperial expansion, and it is altogether evident that the grandiose programmes of her statesmen have never borne any relation to everyday realities. Nevertheless, as we have said, the movement is a good augury. The keen searchlight of public opinion is cast upon the dark corners of the bureaucracy. Above and apart, as serene and as strong as the risen sun, stands the throne of the Mikados, around which clusters the homage of a people whose loyalty is their worship.

MOTORING

A PRELIMINARY report issued by the Alcohol Motor Fuel Committee, which was appointed by the Imperial Motor Transport Council to investigate the possibilities of alcohol as the motor fuel of the future, tells us nothing that everybody does not already know, and contains no indication that its efforts so far have been of any practical value whatever. In fact, one cannot help noting a painful similarity between the results of its work up to the present and the abortive achievements of the Petrol Substitutes Joint Committee, from which so much was expected, and which seems to have done next to nothing at all. "Coal-tar products," it states, "have been proposed as substitutes for petrol, and there is no doubt as to their suitability. It does not appear justifiable to assume that substitutes of this kind will become available in sufficient quantities to afford any complete solution of the problem. If this be so, we are compelled to turn to alcohol as the only possible escape from the present difficulties. In view of the importance of rendering the British Empire independent of fuel supplies from foreign countries, it should be noted that crops from which alcohol can be obtained might be cultivated with great benefit to the agricultural community in many parts of the Empire."

. . .

Information is given as to the various sources from which alcohol can be obtained—potatoes, beetroot, grain, peat, wood pulp, sawdust, molasses, etc.—and a suggestion is made that prizes should be offered for the discovery of new methods of manufacture of methylated alcohol, and for other contributions to the solution of the question. This seems to represent the sum total

of the work of the Committee. As previously stated, there is nothing new in the report from the point of view of information, and the conclusions drawn are too vague and hypothetical to be of any practical value. It has long been admitted that alcohol can be made into a suitable petrol substitute, and that it can be made cheaply and in any quantities in our own Dominions. What the motorist wants is that some definite steps be taken without delay by his representative organisations to remove whatever fiscal and other obstacles there may be in the way of exploiting alcohol for motor fuel purposes.

* * *

In the interests of motorists generally, the Automobile Association and Motor Union has found it necessary to take action in connection with the erection of unauthorised speed limit warnings—a practice not at all uncommon in various parts of the country, and one which, if unchecked, will soon add very materially to the irksome restrictions under which motorists already labour. All such reduced speed limit notices should be authorised by the Local Government Board, but various local authorities take the liberty of erecting them without consulting anybody, and it does not seem that the central authority concerns itself much about the matter. Whether the Association will be able to put a stop to the practice remains to be seen, but in the meantime it is doing all it can to enable road users to discriminate between warning notices erected with the sanction of the L.G.B. and those which are not, and to deal with individual cases brought to its notice according to the circumstances and in the most expedient way. For example, its committee recently discovered that the local authorities had erected notices inferring that a six miles speed limit existed on the Chester road where it passes Birmingham. As this restriction was found to be unauthorised, the Association communicated with the surveyor on the matter, and ultimately succeeded in getting "cross-road" signs substituted for the offending "speed-limit" notices. By adopting this course, the importance of properly authorised speed-limit warnings is emphasised, while the proper desire of local authorities to curtail the speed of motor vehicles at dangerous places is adequately met by the provision of signs indicating the exact nature of the danger to be anticipated.

* * *

In making the fastest time of the day in the recent hill-climbing contest organised by the Cambridge Automobile Club, Mr. J. W. Read, who drove a 25 h.p. Vauxhall "Prince Henry" car, repeated his performance in the club's hill-climb last year. On both occasions the 'Varsity motorists turned out with some very fast machines. This success of the Vauxhall gives it the credit of securing honours in the first hill-climb of the year, and augurs well for a repetition of its remarkable achievements in 1913.

R. B. H.

Literary Competition

SECOND WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION II.

That honesty is the best policy is a maxim which we firmly believe to be generally correct, even with respect to the temporal interests of individuals; but with respect to societies, the rule is subject to still fewer exceptions, and that for this reason, that the life of societies is longer than the life of the individual. It is possible to mention men who have owed great worldly prosperity to breaches of private faith; but we doubt whether it is possible to mention a State which has on the whole been a gainer by a breach of public faith. The entire history of British India is an illustration of the great truth, that it is not prudent to oppose perfidy with perfidy, and that the most efficient weapon with which men can encounter falsehoods is truth. During a long course of years, the English rulers of India, surrounded by allies and enemies whom no engagement could bind, have generally acted with sincerity and uprightness; and the event has proved that sincerity and uprightness are wisdom. English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental Empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the frictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us is as nothing when compared with what we have gained by being the one Power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage, however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay," of a British envoy. No fastness, however strong, by art or nature, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name.....

Address

Coupon 2. March 21, 1914.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE markets remain dead; no one sells; no one buys. Some are afraid of Ulster; others of complications in Paris, and everybody interested in South America is receiving the gloomiest possible news; consequently, the stock markets remain depressed. When the Bank Rate fell to 3 per cent. we all hoped that gilt-edged securities would quickly rise. The best that we can say is that they are harder; but they have certainly not gone up as we expected. Those who have money to invest should certainly get rid of their speculative holdings, and reinvest in gilt-edged stocks. Trade is falling away all over the country; cheap money must prevail and gradually all the best things will go to a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis. To-day it is possible to buy Trustee stocks to pay 4 per cent. I do not think that this value will remain unchanged.

The New Issues have not gone well. Good as was the security offered by the town of Budapest, the public refused to apply, and we now see the bonds quoted at par in Vienna and at a discount in London. The British American Tobacco was also badly received. We were offered some Toronto Power debentures, but the price was not attractive, and it is clear that the public is not inclined to lend Canada any more money. The Nobel Dynamite Trust offers its ordinary shares at 15 $\frac{1}{4}$, the present quotation being 17 $\frac{1}{8}$. This is a very sound Industrial and shareholders will probably take it up. Tasmania offers 1,500,000 4 per cent. at 99, a sound Trustee security which should go well. London and Suburban Traction debentures, although moderately well secured, were not cheap, and it is unlikely that the public would subscribe.

MONEY.—Money remains hard. Most of the gold offering in the market is taken by Russia who overbid Germany, and paid a slight premium. As the stock of gold in the Imperial Bank, St. Petersburg, now largely exceeds the note issue, people are wondering why this country should be so eager to secure the yellow metal. Alarmists declare that there is more in the war scare than people imagine, and that the gold is needed for military purposes. I think we may disregard these tales.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market has been upset by the terrible tragedy in Paris. Whatever one may think of Caillaux, there can be no doubt that he was not only a bold financier, but also a man of immense political influence in the country. The storm has destroyed so many of the telephone wires that London has been cut off; consequently the foreign market has been idle. News from Brazil continues bad, and my advice to get out of Brazilians has been proved sound. The public are at last beginning to realise that the state of affairs in Japan is extremely serious; there has been a certain amount of selling by wise people. During the past few weeks Sir Edward Grey has changed his policy towards British enterprise in China. For some years he has refused to help anyone who was not supported by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. He is now giving a general support to all British traders, but in so half-hearted a manner that the Chinese do not understand his policy. Unless China gets an immediate loan, it is certain that a fresh revolution will break out. Affairs in Mexico show no change; no one should hold any Mexican security. The cheapest purchases in the foreign market are Egyptian Unified and Hungarian rentes. The Greek figures are unsatisfactory, and everyone in the City asks why the

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Council of Foreign Bond Holders should have chosen Tuesday to issue a statement that the interest would be reduced. It is well known that a new Greek loan is to be issued. I could not advise my readers to apply.

HOME RAILS.—Dealers in this market are again marking down prices. The public remains nervous. Great Western look ridiculously cheap at 113½ ex dividend, and the London and North Western at 130 are also under-valued, in spite of the fact that holders will have to wait another six months for a dividend. Underground Electric bonds are very weak. There has been continual selling during the past fortnight. The cheapest stock to-day is Great Central 1891 preference, which looks very much under-valued at 72. I am quite certain that those who invest their money in English Rails at their present level will see a 10 point profit within the next two months. The savings of the British nation are very large, and during the next few years they will certainly go into Home securities in preference to the one-time fashionable South American Republics.

YANKEES.—The Yankee market showed a harder tendency. But this is entirely due to the nervous "bears" who bought back. The actual news in regard to the railways is not good. Rock Island will need about fifty million dollars to put itself into good shape. Chesapeakes have been bought mainly because the president of the road has declared that he will be able to continue the 4 per cent. dividend. But it is quite clear that in order to do this, even in 1914, the road will have to earn equal to 7 per cent. on its common stock, and in the succeeding years will have to earn nearly 10½ per cent. on its common stock. It has never been able to do this in the past, and therefore I see no reason why people should purchase Chesapeake common at their present high price of 54. Steels have been bid up, for what reason I do not know. The Copper position is good on paper, but it will not bear analysis. Clearly, there is a rig on and Amalgamated have been bid for. They should be sold on any further advance. Canadas have been as low as 210. We might get a further rise now. Brazil common have been very weak, and all South American railways are dull. Traffics are likely to be bad.

RUBBER.—The Straits Rubber came out with an admirable report, but in spite of lower costs the dividend had to be reduced. The shares seem a shade over-valued. Labu and Cheviot, both from the Guthrie group, issue most disappointing figures. The Cheviot passes its dividend altogether. This has depressed the market. The best feature of the reports that are now appearing is the capacity of the plantations to cut down costs. Pataling showed good figures with very low working costs, but here the market slightly over-values the shares.

OIL.—Oil shares are dull. Spies are talked higher as the new ground is turning out extremely well, and it is expected that the next six months will show increased profits. It is also said that the company has made contracts at a very satisfactory price. Maikop Premier is talked higher, but the market here is too narrow for me to advise a purchase. The Venezuelan Oil Concessions rig looks like breaking down. No one should buy the shares.

MINES.—Very little business has been doing in the Mining market. The Brakpan report was not liked. Kaffirs and Rhodesians were dull; but there has been some business in the Russian group and Russo-Asiatics have been as high as 7½. Russian Minings were bid for and a circular has been issued by the company, clearly with the idea of making the market better. I am not disparaging the properties held by either company, but it is only fair to say that in most of the properties the ore is complex, and expen-

sive plant will have to be built in order to treat. Hence we shall get very long delays and large sums of money will have to be found.

MISCELLANEOUS.—D. H. Evans and Company have once again maintained the dividend of 17½ per cent., and the Founders' shares receive £10 5s. This admirably managed shop should write down its properties. The balance-sheet is rather weak. Jay's have had a good year, and in this company the directors write down every year. Consequently the preference shares are an admirable investment. Dickins and Jones also come out with a very strong balance-sheet. The preference shares in this company are a gilt-edged shop investment, as they are amply protected by a special reserve fund.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

DICTIONARIES AS HELPERS.

(CONCLUSION.)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

... When I entered the room, I mechanically, after the French fashion, bowed to the first group of men on my right. None of them, except a well-dressed person, took any notice of my salutation. That gentleman, so I must call him, on account of his courtesy, was smoking a Manilla when I sat near him. Lest the smoke of his cigar should incommode me, he very considerably took it out of his mouth, sent a puff of it into the air and looked at me. He was clean-shaven, as became a man with a beautifully modelled mouth; and his curling black hair, worn rather longer than is customary, led me to surmise that he was a well-off poet or some renowned artist. He appeared to me as if he were lost in thought, as all the time he was watching with a vacant eye the smoke from his cigar curl upwards.

The man on his right seemed to be rather old. His nose was deeply tinged with red; his mouth was tremulous; crow's feet lay under his eyes, which were small, bright, cunning and set beneath bushy eyebrows. He was a pipe-smoker. When I had sat down, he struck a light for his pipe, and sat smoking. The pipe did not draw at all, owing to the large quantity of tobacco that he had crammed into it. He then knocked the ashes off, tried again to light the pipe; and being unsuccessful, finally removed the tobacco and refilled the recipient, pressing the tobacco down gently this time with his thumb. He then struck another match, and his efforts were at last crowned with success. I could distinctly see his face, when it was illuminated for a few seconds by the glowing bowl of the pipe, which was a well-seasoned clay pipe that very badly needed a cleaning, as it bubbled a great deal whenever he gave it a pull.

The next man on his right looked like a sort of travelling-clerk. He appeared to enjoy himself, and to be used to that kind of life. He rolled a cigarette deftly, and after having inserted it in a meerschaum holder, seemed to be lost, for a minute or two, in the contemplation of the holder, which, indeed, was well coloured. The friend or acquaintance to whom he addressed himself occasionally, displaced each time his cigarette from his mouth and held it in abeyance, as a mark of deference to his interlocutor, who was a few years his senior. They seemed to be boon companions and quite comfortable at the inn. The first of the two men was an easy-going, hearty, good-humoured fellow, who seemed always to have walked on the sunny side of the way of life. Estimating him by years, he had

turned fifty; judging him by lightness of heart, strength of constitution and capacity for enjoyment, he was no older than most men who have only turned thirty. His friend was a stout man, with bright blue eyes and healthy florid complexion; his left hand, when I last looked at him, was thrust into his waistcoat pocket, whilst his right hand held a cigarette, which, from time to time, he struck on the edge of the ash-tray, to clear it of ashes. Then, after having smoked again for a few seconds, he put down his cigarette, which, coming into contact with some spilt beer on the table, fizzled for a moment and died out, whilst the owner was quite unconscious of what had occurred.

The most fidgety of all the group was a young man of gentlemanlike bearing, dressed in a grey suit of tweed, with a cloth cap. He wore gaiters and carried a heavy stick with a knob to it. He seemed to be between two or three and twenty. He was of slight proportions. He wore his fair hair rather longer than is usual, and a slight fringe adorned his upper lip. In order to give himself some importance, as is the case with some young men, he paced the room to and fro, not knowing what to do with himself. An idea seemed suddenly to have flashed across his mind. He rushed towards the spot where the landlord was busy giving orders to his subordinates. After a minute's conversation together, they both disappeared. When the young man came back, a moment after, he was in high glee, flourishing a briar-root pipe full of tobacco. He struck a light and began to smoke. By his clumsy handling of the pipe, it was easy for everyone to see that he was but a mere novice in the "art of smoking," as some persons term it. Obviously feeling unsettled after a few whiffs of his pipe, he put it away quietly, when he thought that nobody was looking at him; and pale as death, with a cold perspiration running down his temples, he left the room in somewhat of a hurry.*

Whilst I was trying to note in my memory, for further reference, in case of need, the features of a fifth customer, with his cap jammed down over his eyes, the landlord came up to me. Without uttering one word, but with an eloquent jerk of his thumb, he made me understand that my dinner was waiting for me in the adjoining room, which proved to be the pantry. I had then to postpone the continuation of my study of facial expressions to some other time.

* * *

It might now be urged by some of my readers that the hand of artifice is too often apparent in the above sketch. To these readers, if there were any, I would take the liberty to say: If a Park, the artificial work of men, will never rival, in point of beauty, the rustic charms of the work of nature, has it not for all that some utility and beauty of its own? If the hot house, let us say, of Kew Gardens cannot compare favourably with the imposing grandeur of a Brazilian forest, has it not all the same, in its modest exhibition of some of the wonderful works of Providence, spurred on many a young and timid student to greater and greater efforts towards the goal of success, in the study of botany? If these things are true, I hope my scheme may enlist the sympathy of a group of those men who are rich intellectually, pecuniarily and influentially, and induce them to turn out, on their own account, for the benefit of English and French students, a work like the one I suggest. For my part, I shall feel amply

* The vivid picture of the indisposition of the young smoker has been taken almost verbatim from a similar picture given by Dickens in his "Pickwick Papers," page 307. It is a faithful representation of a debutant smoker from the life, and like some of Shakespeare's and Molière's immortal sketches, will remain unsurpassed for its realism.

rewarded for my long and patient labour if such a decision is come to. I will then cheerfully put away my rudimentary tools, in order to watch, with a new kind of interest, the riveting, by more skilful hands than mine, of the unbreakable link that will for ever bind in friendship England and France—these two countries which I have grown to love and esteem through their respective literatures. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W. ADOLPHE BERNON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- Fine Clay.* By Isabel C. Clarke. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
A Changed Man; The Waiting Supper; and Other Tales. By Thomas Hardy. With Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
And Afterwards the Judgment. By Richardson Catt. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
The Reconnaissance. By Gordon Gardiner. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
Oh, Mr. Bidgood! A Nautical Comedy. By Peter Blundell. (John Lane. 6s.)
Sunshine: The Story of a Pure Heart. By Mary Openshaw. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)
Phœbe Maroon. By Mary F. Raphael. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)
The Ulsterman: A Story of To-Day. By F. Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

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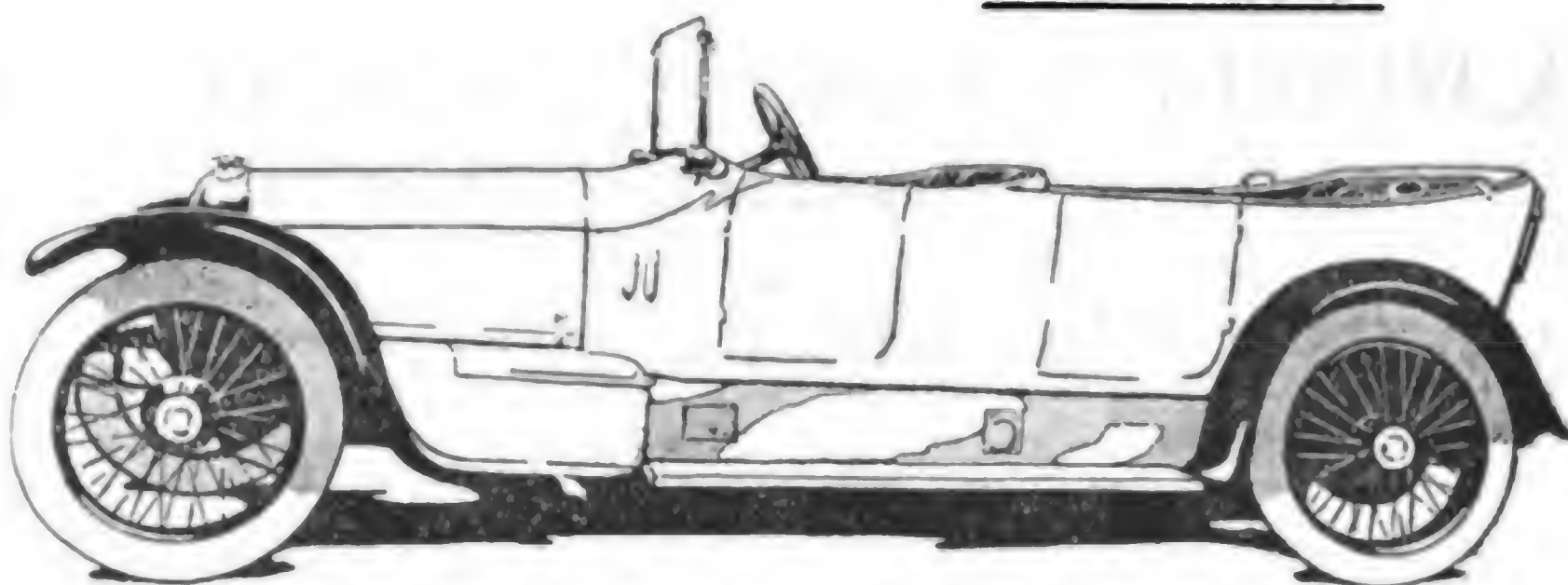
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Notes of the Week

THE inaugural lecture of Professor Wilbraham Trench at Trinity College, Dublin, on his accession to the Chair of English Literature, was entitled "An Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance," and, in its printed form, is clear in thought, forceful in style, and happy in illustration. Professor Trench began with a graceful reference to Dr. Edward Dowden, his distinguished predecessor; then, proceeding to his theme, explained most lucidly the origin and path of the great impulse which swept over Europe four or five hundred years ago. The best point in his discourse, perhaps, was the exposition of the far-reaching principle of reaction; the Renaissance, itself a reaction, presently involved or became the cause of a fresh wave, the "Romantic Revival." Thus, says Professor Trench, "the movement which started by a repudiation of the conventional actually came to be itself repudiated upon the ground of its own conventionalism." Drawing his examples from politics and literature, he pointed out that, as there was an interval of a hundred years between the "English Revolution" in 1689 and the French Revolution in 1789, so there was a similar interval between the highest period of English literature in the latter part of the sixteenth century and the corresponding period of French literature in the latter part of the seventeenth

century, and showed the causes of this in a most illuminating manner. The whole lecture, in fact, was a worthy opening to what will be undoubtedly a remarkably fine series.

It must often have happened to all readers that a particular story, or incident, or poem, which they feel certain is contained in the works of an author whose name they remember, refuses to be traced—especially if the author in question has a lengthy list of books to his credit. In the case of Mr. Kipling this predicament has occurred to us many times; he has been so prolific with short stories and those charming little sets of verses which of late have taken a page to themselves between each tale, that it is very difficult indeed, unless one has a remarkable memory, to trace them quickly. In future this minor trouble may be avoided, for Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have issued a handy and exhaustive "Kipling Index," giving a list of all the books and their contents, an alphabetical index to all the stories and poems, with the particular volume in which each is to be found, and an index to the first lines of the poems. This has been prepared "for the convenience of journalists, librarians, and booksellers" chiefly, but it will undoubtedly appeal in a large measure to the ordinary reader.

A firm friendship with an animal, or with several animals, even though they be dogs—universally known as man's especial friend—seems to infer the lack of congenial human companionship; and this was the case with Ouida, whose extravagance in this matter is well known. She was lonely, and she made the best of the temperament which condemned her to what was really a solitary life in spite of many acquaintances, by demanding affection from the lower orders of creation. Such "friendship," however, if we must give it that name, is in its nature unsatisfactory. No interchange of idea, none of that vivid play of mind upon mind, in which lies the beauty and joy of human society, is possible; the whole emotion is set on a lower plane. Friends are not easy to find, and, when found, not always true or worthy; but there can be no comparison, in spite of all Mr. Galsworthy has written, between the invigoration of a human association and the doubtless beautiful but infinitely narrower feeling which rises between man and the dumb animal.

The humorous side of a librarian's life is to be dealt with, we believe for the first time, in a book by Mr. Henry T. Coutts, President of the Library Assistants' Association, entitled "Library Jokes and Jottings." We hear that it is full of good stories about books and readers, and will be issued next week by Messrs. Grafton and Co., of Great Russell Street, W.C.

In My Garden

TELL me, thou lovely flower,
 Dream of a summer hour,
 Since here thou wilt not stay,
 Whither so swift away?
 Alas, how brief a while
 Have I beheld thy smile,
 Thy tears too fair to last,
 Thy light so soon o'ercast.
 Now, now thy petals fall,
 And must lie withered all,
 A poor abandoned heap,
 Upon the earth to sleep.

The shadows come and go
 In the soft evening glow,
 Hints of a mystery
 I welcome tenderly—
 Dreaming I understand
 How in another land,
 Whither thy soul has flown,
 Thy primal seed was sown.

GWENDOLEN TALBOT.

Ah! that White Heaven

Ah! that white Heaven that your dreams explore,
 Where never lips may meet nor arms entwine,
 Lady of Lilies, wins no praise of mine.
 I want you, soul and body, to adore:
 Your hands to hold, your hair to wander o'er,
 And love the flakes of gold that hide and shine:
 I want your voice for charm and anodyne:
 I want you—you—for ever and evermore.

It may not be. Then let the things that are
 Masters of us, yield me a little space:
 Thought, laughter, kisses: earth, and me, and
 you:
 Then let it fall, love, the dark scimitar:
 Shut the long silence in upon my face,
 And, when the grass comes, drop some tears for
 dew.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

The Camorra—Forsooth!

WE have been indisposed to believe the depth of infamy to which the secret and corrupt society which now poses as the Government of this country was capable of descending. We waited patiently for all the explanations which its members were able to produce in their own defence. We have waited even for the White Paper. It is now in our hands, and no doubt it is white in the sense that a leper is white. It is remarkable for a complete absence of every attribute which belongs to wholesome mankind. As a

masterpiece of the *suggestio falsi* and the *suppressio veri* it is, we think, unsurpassed.

The present is no time for paltering, and therefore we choose to make definite charges against Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George of a seditious conspiracy to wreck the Commonwealth. If they do not like the charges, the courts of law are open to them. We are quite content to rely upon the scarcely sober utterances of Mr. Churchill at Bradford, and the ravings of Mr. Lloyd George at Huddersfield, to support our case. Any responsible statesman, if he had in a moment of aberration been guilty of such monstrous incitements to breaches of the Common Law, and incitement to bloodshed, would, on the return of sanity, have at once realised that he was unfit to take any further part in public affairs—even if he had not the wisdom to confide his personal welfare to the hands of a committee, as is usual in cases of mental deficiency.

We have a certain amount of sympathy with the poor old man who cannot be disabused of the idea that he is head of the Government and directs its policy. He has an outrageous team to control, several of whom have shown that they would stop at nothing short of homicide to get his place. These *condottiere*, bereft of every sense of political honour and decency, make sport of the honourable but weak old man who poses as head of the Government.

But, faugh! Why waste words on *canaille* such as these? To what have their followers been brought—the slavish sycophants who still desire to be called Englishmen? What are they proclaiming to-day? It is that the officers who refused to take part in a nefarious and murderous plot ought to have been shot, and private soldiers placed in their positions. We put it to some of these specimens of all that an Englishman should not be, whether they did not believe that honest and honourable men were to be found in the ranks of the Army who would refuse to do the butchers' work prescribed by corrupt and venal politicians. So far, they have offered no reply.

We have no hesitation in saying that every man in the Army and in the Navy, and, for that matter, everyone occupying any position under the State, is amply justified in refusing to continue the work of administration, whether executive or judicial, whilst the country is governed by a set of men who plot against its vital interests, and at the behest of paid and professedly alien politicians who openly boast of their disloyalty to our Constitution, and their hatred of everything which contributes to the welfare and maintenance of a State which they desire to see cast down into everlasting limbo. CECIL COWPER.

Since writing the above article, we note that it is publicly stated that Colonel Seely has seen fit to resign. We think that this act atones for much that has occurred while Colonel Seely has been head of the War Office. He will no doubt be remembered in history as the most inept, fatuous, and misleading Minister for War who has ever presided over that department. C. C.

The Power of Suggestion

BY BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

IT is a popular error that suggestion is practised only by medical men and chiefly as hypnotic suggestion. As a matter of fact, everyone's life is full of suggestion. We cannot escape its influence. We are constantly influencing others, or influenced by them. The feelings of affection, esteem, awe, or fear, which those who are talking to us inspire in us, surreptitiously prepare the paths of our understanding, and our reason is often taken in a trap. Somebody's optimistic reflection can give us strength, and, on the other hand, his ill-humour can take away all our enthusiasm and energy. Some individuals seem to have a "winning way" about them, and are able to induce others to fall into their way of thinking, and to do for them what they wish done. Even the most resolute characters are influenced by suggestion. It only requires that the suggestion should be made artfully, so that the subject is not conscious of his views being modified.

The training of children is almost wholly by suggestion. Next to the parental influence, the suggestions received during school life have the greatest influence on the formation of the future character. Suggestion lies at the bottom of all forms of moral and religious teaching. It has been practised on all of us, sometimes reinforced by the application of more or less violent bodily stimuli, which help to impress the suggestion more deeply on our minds.

Some masters can give their orders and directions and see their employees flying to fulfil them; others can shout themselves hoarse and even use the whip, and still they are disobeyed. Again, some servants are so easily influenced that they serve almost any master well, while others cannot keep their position more than twenty-four hours in any one place.

The attachment of social life depends to a great extent on the degree of power of making and receiving suggestions, and the firmest friends and happiest couples in life are frequently those who are in this respect well matched. Indeed, the best example of the effects of suggestion is that of a person who has fallen in love. It is as powerful in its mental and bodily effects as hypnotism.

The measure of pleasure we get from life depends more on our suggestibility than on any other factor. Some people can be happy even in misery, and millionaires have been known to commit suicide because of some trifling misfortune. Books are often bought because of their suggestive titles; fashionable clothes are worn because of the suggestion of wealth and respectability. Certain foods, the habit of open or closed windows, and other idiosyncrasies and hobbies, often create the pleasures of comfort, or displeasures and discomforts, not because of the actual effects, but by suggestion.

There are certain classes of persons whose intellectual labours are characterised by suggestibility in a very marked degree. Poets and artists are the most con-

spicuous examples. An artist's greatness depends to some extent on his powers to create particular feelings in those who contemplate his work; and what can flatter any author more than to hear that his novel made men and women laugh or weep? And what is the object of the dramatist and actor but to suggest certain thoughts and feelings to the audience, to make them think, laugh, or cry? Although the transferred emotion may be suppressed and is usually not lasting, with a few it is sometimes strong enough to prevent their enjoying their supper and sleep that night.

Even in business, suggestion plays an important part. The best salesman is he who can dispose of goods that the purchaser had no intention to buy. The best buyer is he who can make a man part with his goods at a figure which he regrets as soon as the other leaves his presence. The art of advertising depends almost entirely on its power of suggestion.

Politics act by suggestion. Think of the extraordinary influence of a strong personality like Napoleon, Bismarck, or Gladstone. A few cleverly chosen words may suggest to a whole mass of people a political truth or untruth.

Practical psychology reveals the fact that the mind is largely subconscious, and that this subconscious mind is capable both of receiving and giving suggestions. It receives suggestions not only from external sources but from the conscious mind itself, and it gives suggestions not only from our own past experiences but the transmitted experience from our forefathers. The auto-suggestion from our sub-consciousness accounts for much self-deception. For instance, the wine which we pour out of a dusty bottle bearing the label of a celebrated vineyard always seems better than it really is; a connoisseur among smokers will let his judgment be influenced if he recognises the make of the cigar that he is smoking. Some people feel already sea-sick when the ship is lying still in the harbour.

Suggestibility is the characteristic of all human beings, but there are various methods which increase that suggestibility. The principal effect they all aim at is the fixation of attention. Men who are able in their speech and gestures to fix the attention of the lookers-on to such an extent that no other impression can enter their minds possess the power of authority, and their suggestions will be carried into action. At the same time, no man has that power unless the subject gives him the power, and gives it to him by the affection, awe, esteem, or fear, with which he regards him, and the attention he pays to him. When these conditions are fulfilled, even the strongest person in will and bodily vigour will be influenced. Even the feeblest person, if indifferent, inattentive, or mentally preoccupied, will make a bad subject.

Medical men have come to recognise that there is a psychical as well as a physical factor in all disease, and that therefore mental influences are as important as purely physical measures for the recovery of the patient. The man who can be convinced that he will get well eats better and sleeps better, and even the

action of the heart is promoted by his hopeful and contented attitude. Suggestion finds its field chiefly in the domain of functional nervous disorders, and is of immense value in the cure of neurasthenia, obsessions, drink and drug habits, loss of self-confidence and will-power, stammering, muscular tremors, headache, and neuralgia; but it may be used also advantageously for the relief of insomnia and pain incident to organic disease. By suggestion treatment we can restore the power of self-control to those who have lost it, and thus it can be utilised in the treatment of the early stages of insanity and for the moral restoration of those who, through neglect or faulty education, have fallen on evil ways.

The Naval Crisis within the Empire

THAT part of Mr. Churchill's important speech on the Naval Estimates in which he dealt at length with the position in the Pacific has attracted little attention at home. It would seem that the view prevails in England that he made out an effective case in favour of concentration in the North Sea. In the Overseas Dominions, however, which are more intimately concerned with the arguments he adduced, an altogether different note is sounded. Everywhere his contentions are challenged. In Canada the agitation against the policy of Mr. Borden has been renewed; from Australia the authoritative announcement is forthcoming that in no circumstances will the Government consent to any surrender of the principle of a local navy; while in New Zealand, the political sagacity of whose community Mr. Churchill went out of his way to extol, the Prime Minister declared that as the Pacific would one day be the storm-centre, Great Britain must have an adequate Navy in these waters, and stated his intention of asking Parliament forthwith for authorisation to build a cruiser of the *Bristol* type for the protection of the Dominion's harbours and trade routes. It is clear, then, from the hostile reception accorded Mr. Churchill's pronouncement of policy, that a crisis of serious moment within the Empire is shaping itself. The Overseas Dominions are demanding that another Naval Conference be held. It is difficult to see how this demand can be resisted. Yet, unless the Home Government is prepared to alter, or in secret justify more fully than Mr. Churchill found himself able to do in public, its policy, no good purpose can be served by an Imperial gathering such as is suggested. At present the position is one of deadlock. But the question involved so vitally affects the well-being of Empire that it presses for an early and a satisfactory settlement.

The case presented by the Dominions requires patient examination. To ascribe their attitude to inexperience in matters relating to High Policy and strategy, which in turn produces a too narrow purview,

would constitute exactly that form of superior criticism so damaging to the cause of Imperial harmony, and, moreover, would expose ourselves in a similar way to a charge of superficiality. The Admiralty attaches considerable importance to the necessity for encouraging the growth of naval sentiment in the Colonies. Mr. Churchill himself alluded with appreciation to their natural desire to see with their own eyes and have under their own control tangible evidences of the fruition of this sentiment. He believes, however, that the object may best be achieved if the Dominions provide the smaller craft together with bases, depôts, etc., that will serve, whenever necessary, the convenience of a squadron of the Imperial Navy. Having in view the Anglo-Japanese Alliance he holds that such plan makes adequate provision for the Pacific. This agreement will remain in force until 1921, and in the opinion of the First Lord of the Admiralty the reasons that led Japan to enter upon the engagement, rather than diminishing, will gather in strength as the termination of the period approaches. The benefit which Japan derives is the knowledge that Great Britain possesses a navy superior to any other in European waters and that she will allow no European fleet to depart for the Far East with hostile intent. On the other hand, the advantage which Great Britain enjoys lies in the assurance afforded by the Treaty of the maintenance of the status quo in the Far East.

Mr. Churchill rightly points out that were the British Navy to be defeated in the North Sea then nothing could save the Colonies. The whole of his arguments are based upon this obvious deduction. The question then instantly arises: Why are the Colonies reluctant to give unqualified support to the policy of concentration in the North Sea, and why are they determined to secure their own squadrons for the protection of their own waters? It is because they do not share the optimism of Mr. Churchill in regard to the position in the Pacific. Local patriotism doubtless plays its part in their decision, but the ruling motive is certainly one of apprehension. They know enough of high strategy, and repose sufficient reliance upon the efficiency of the British Navy, to realise that danger need not be feared from Europe. Also they are so placed as to be able to appreciate as well as ourselves the cordiality of the relations existing between England and the United States. It is not the United States they fear. Rather do they look towards this kindred Power for practical support in the future. By the simple process of elimination, therefore, we are led to the conclusion that Japan is the country which has stimulated their demand for British Naval strength in the Pacific.

It is evident from the trend of his remarks that Mr. Churchill cannot share the apprehension of the Overseas Dominions. It is equally evident that the case which he made out has been completely rejected by them. Whatever may be thought at home of the wisdom and moderation of the Japanese Government, and of the automatic safeguards in the Treaty of Alliance, the fact remains that Japan has built up a navy which

already dominates the Pacific. The present impoverished state of her finances does not alter that simple and significant circumstance. Moreover, her embarrassment in this direction must of sheer necessity remedy itself unless at an early date she be declared a bankrupt among the nations. Experience shows that the mere existence of a Treaty in itself offers no effective guarantee for the maintenance of peace. An Alliance such as that existing between England and Japan based solely upon the expediency of the moment, and having no reciprocal sentiment or regard to act as a binding force, is at best a precarious relationship. That we may appreciate properly the attitude of the Colonies in this matter we must put ourselves in their place, just in the same way that we ask of them that they on their part should fix their attention upon the North Sea. Naturally they expect us to realise that Japan has a navy vastly superior to that of any nation in the Pacific, vastly superior, let it be remembered, to the naval strength of Great Britain, and indeed to any conceivable combination of Powers, in Eastern seas.

This state of affairs we cannot alter, for our strength must be concentrated in home waters. In these days, when political opportunism is conducted on a grand scale, the Oversea Dominions are entitled to entertain every imaginable contingency. They may even contemplate the possibility, remote though it might be, that were Great Britain to become embarrassed in the European sphere Japan would cynically allow the Alliance to go by the board. Here it must be borne in mind that although perfect harmony may be said at present to exist between the British and Japanese Governments, the same contentment does not characterise the relations of the Japanese Government with the Anglo-Saxon communities in the Pacific. Situated far from the scene as we are in England we cannot grasp the immovable determination of these communities to maintain at all costs their white status; and, from the other side, how intense is the resentment of the Japanese people at their consequent exclusion. Conceding for the sake of argument that the interests of Japan are not identical with those of the British Empire, the same certainly cannot be said in regard to the United States. Possibly Mr. Churchill, placed as he is in high position, has some reassuring information on this aspect not available to the public.

It may be, also, that his deductions are drawn in part from intimate knowledge of the internal condition of Japan and the resultant probability that for many years to come she will be compelled to remain quiescent. All these things, however, the Dominions cannot be expected to appreciate unless they are constantly admitted to the highest Councils of the Empire. Their demand for a Conference, therefore, becomes quite intelligible. As the situation is at present, the Admiralty have failed to convince them that its policy is safe in their interests, and unless further explanation is given they will pursue their own aims in their own way with a sequel disastrous to Imperial integrity.

L. L.

REVIEWS

The Poetry of Moods

The Living Chalice, and Other Poems. By SUSAN L. MITCHELL. (Maunsell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Odd Numbers. By ROBERT CALIGNOC. (G. Bell and Sons.)

Moods of the Inner Voice. By J. H. TWELLS, JUN. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Overlander and Other Verses. By WILL OGILVIE. (Fraser, Asher and Co.)

More Rhodesian Rhymes. By CULLEN GOULDSBURY. (Philpott and Collins, Bulawayo. 5s. net.)

ONE of the reasons why the greater part of modern poetry meets with so poor a public reception is that it is the poetry of moods. In saying this we certainly do not wish to disparage modern poetry, because we believe that more good poetry is being written to-day than ever before. But its small popularity is largely due to the fact that, generally speaking, poetry has abandoned the stage, the pulpit, and the political platform, and has become an almost exclusively personal expression, as though written from one friend to another. After Tennyson, such a reaction was inevitable. From the pontifical the pendulum has swung to the almost anarchical. Instead of being concerned with British foreign policy, the extremists of to-day describe their personal afflictions under the toothache and seasickness. Of course, the poetry of foreign politics was not the best poetry of its age, any more than the seasick-lovesick poetry is of our day, being only an extreme symptom of our fierce individualism; but the exaggeration may be permitted to emphasise the truth. There are still those who think that poetry's chief concern should be with foreign politics; while, on the other hand, there is a small band of modern poets who seem to think poetry is painfully circumscribed by their own skins. The first are of those who like platitudes in rhyme, and they should learn that poetry must always be intensely individual. The second are of those who think the careless expression of their commonplace emotions will be of lasting interest, and they might, for humility's sake, study the difference between great and minor poets.

Great poets think and feel so deeply that they touch the core of any experience. That core is the heart of life, common to and recognisable by us all. Minor poets only feel the surface impressions of life's emotions, recording them, as it were, literally and automatically. Hence it is only by a kind of substitution that we appreciate their poetry at all. We recognise objectively their individual moods and personal idiosyncrasies, but we know that if they were capable of deeper feeling and profounder thought they would not rest satisfied with the records of transience, but would go on, in Blake's words, "Seeking the eternal which is always present to the wise." We are at least on the right road nowadays in our insistence that poetry is an

individual expression of personal vision: not a verbal collection of impressions gained by observation, as Tennyson sometimes seemed to think; but the modern poet must see to it that he does not stop there. He must go in sympathy and sincerity until, by a natural process of growth, his work becomes, all unwittingly to him, synthetic. And this it will become, not by "the will of the flesh" (which represents the pontifical attitude), nor by the immorality of careless abandon (which represents the anarchical), but by intensity of feeling and imaginative power.

Miss Susan Mitchell provides an apt illustration of our theme. In a number of her poems she expresses emotions that are like milestones on a journey. Every grown person knows them, and has left many behind. Indeed, they are sometimes contradictory, just as moods are contradictory: just as an unformed soul trying its strength in the making of character is contradictory. At one time the heart cries, "O Earth, I will have none of thee"; at another time the same voice says, "Break down my outposts, Earth, with clash of war," and we can sympathise with both cries, or withhold our sympathy at will. But when Miss Mitchell writes a poem like "Love's Mendicant," we know she has gone down to the living fountain and made her poem what Shelley said it ought to be, "the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth." The depth of her sincerity has taken her to an emotion that is universal, because it lies at the heart of life:—

What do I want of thee?
No gift of smile or tear
Nor casual company,
But in still speech to me
Only thy heart to hear.

Others contentedly
Go lonely here and there;
I cannot pass thee by,
Love's mendicant am I
Who meet thee everywhere.

No merchandise I make;
Thou mayst not give to me
The counterfeits they take.
I claim Him for Love's sake
The Hidden One in thee.

Only one word would we see altered in that otherwise perfect poem, and that is "mendicant." He who "claims" for Love's sake is no "mendicant."

Lovers of poetry should buy this book. It is full of beautiful things. Here and there the thought is obscure, hiding in its own symbolism, but in verses like "The Living Chalice," "The Heart's Low Door," "Incompleteness," and one or two others, Miss Mitchell shows the power of sincerity.

Mr. Calignoc is also a poet of moods. If Miss Mitchell's moods are Irish, Mr. Calignoc's are characteristically English. The first half of "Odd Numbers" is satiric, and the author makes good merriment out of his critics and the foibles of his countrymen. The second half of the book is too much like a poet's rag-bag. There is good stuff in it (to retain the metaphor), for Mr. Calignoc is a poet, though insufficiently self-

castigated. We wonder how he could bring himself to put this kind of thought into this kind of verse:—

There lives but One Soul
In Existence's Whole,
"I," "Myself," and the Being That mates Them;
And These Three are One,
While man, planet, and sun,
Are subsumed in the God That relates them.

It is ludicrously unworthy of the poet of "O Sons of Men," which we wish we had space to quote in full. We give the second and fifth verses of a fine poem:—

O sons of men, O warrior-line,
Life's trodden paths are all divine,
Then do not idly say them "nay"
Who do not tread the martial way. . . .

O sons of men, one fight prepares,
One iron call, one scaling-stairs;
But yesterday the suburbs fell,
To-night we seek the citadel.

American moods are the tribute of Mr. J. H. Twells, Jun. They are not very profound, but Mr. Twells is thinking for himself, and when he has thought more he will doubtless be less prone to mix his thought with the echoes of other people's, which are always platitudes to the poet. At present he is much too prolix, being led a pretty dance by such metres as this:—

Mock, and the truth escapes you;
Seek, and you'll find a hand
Whose touch will relieve the troubles that grieve
And enable your spirit to stand

Of all the afflictions that puzzle and vex
Our mortal conditions, the strangest is sex!

From Africa and Australia come the moods of the coloniser. Mr. Will Ogilvie's verses are well known. He can tell a rattling story in verse, and his sentiment is always pretty. In "The Overlander" he seems to have remembered Mr. Masfield to disadvantage, but the poems are redolent of the Bush, and the author has succeeded in his aim, which is to bring the sound and colour of distant lands within the covers of a book. "A Summer Evening," which begins,

Dusk o' the night comes down like wings;
Silent are birds that the day found blithe,
The soft low breeze of the evening brings
The far-off chime of a hone on scythe

is perhaps the most charming in this book.

Mr. Gouldsbury does not aim as high, but he gives us clear impressions of Rhodesia. "It's a rough, tough life out here," he says in effect, and after reading his book we are content to take his word for it. Mr. Gouldsbury reciprocates in "An Open Letter," addressed to John Brown, Esq., Little Slushem, England:—

Dear Mr. Brown, I know you well,
Although I've never met you—
I spent some years in Smugdom's hell,
And never shall forget you.

Memories of a Veteran

The Church Revival: Thoughts Thereon and Reminiscences. By SABINE BARING-GOULD. (Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. BARING-GOULD is one of the latest survivors of the forlorn hope which opened the way to the great Church Revival of the Victorian era, and it is fitting that he should give the world his recollections of that stirring time. The movement produced not a few sweet singers, hymn-writers and translators of a high order, but none of them so captured the popular ear as did Mr. Baring-Gould with his ringing battle-songs "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" and "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow," which are now part of the general heritage of the Church. He witnessed at its zenith that old order which a noisy section of Protestants still regards with affection as the golden age of Anglicanism—the age of ruinous church fabrics, mouldy furniture and fittings, infrequent services and all-but-forgotten Sacraments; he lived through the long struggle which has culminated in the improved order with which we are familiar to-day, though bishops and statesmen might denounce it and send its confessors to prison, and mobs break through and wreck its churches and interrupt its services with blasphemings. All these things are being forgotten, not least by the more impatient of the younger men—and women—who lightly go over to the ranks of the enemy on the slightest hint that they cannot have things quite their own way; and it is to them that this veteran of earlier and sterner battles makes his appeal. The mischiefs of a century and a half of studied swamping of the Church with time-servers cannot be mended in a day, but enough has been accomplished to show what patient persistence in well-doing may effect, and he bids the waverers take heart and hold on.

Such battles as he describes cannot be fought without heat, and Mr. Baring-Gould, who was ever a fighter and wields a mordant pen, has not always chosen his words with a view to conciliating opponents. As regards the age of persecution especially, he singles out and denounces those responsible for that action (which nobody now defends) explicitly and with uncompromising frankness. History was sure to do this sooner or later—perhaps he has done it a little too soon, having regard to the fact that there are many living to whom his judgments will give acute pain. But the essential justice of his judgments is beyond question. What, perhaps, he does not sufficiently allow for is the habit of mind gendered by easy prosperity and an essentially unspiritual outlook in every concern of life. Evangelicalism had in it from the first, as Mr. Baring-Gould points out, the elements of serious mischief, and in its decay it was a grievously unlovely thing; its phraseology had degenerated into a cant and its practice into hypocrisy. Many pages of the book are given up to portraying the condition of the Church, its fabrics and its "pastors," as he is old enough to remember them; and those who know anything from other sources of Mr.

Baring-Gould's experiences will say, with the Queen of Sheba, that the half of them were not told.

Dartmoor was always a wild corner of the country, and it alone would furnish a fresh chapter of stories if needful. We read, as it is, of church buildings ruinous and unclean, of services perfunctorily rendered or hardly rendered at all, of Sacraments contemptuously disregarded, of clergy sunk in sloth and ignorance, of bishops without dignity or any sense of it, who drew fat incomes and did little else to justify their existence. How any sane man can be found to labour for the resuscitation of this state of things, or to regard the reforming movement and its martyrs as an achievement to be deprecated and reversed, is a thing that "no fellow can understand."

Mr. Baring-Gould does well to trace back the roots of the trouble to those exceedingly undesirable people, the Puritan Conformists of 1662. Latter-day Dissenters are fond of dwelling with unction upon the "two thousand martyrs" who gave up everything at the call of conscience; but the few folk who appear to have studied Clarendon's "Life," published as a continuation of his famous "History"—and Mr. Baring-Gould appears to be among that number—know that the facts were quite otherwise. The ejection on "Black Bartholomew" took the malcontents by surprise, as they imagined that the Government were merely "bluffing"; but having arranged for a dramatic exit, printing their farewell sermons with their portraits prefixed and the like, they lost no time in subsequently conforming and getting other livings, and so did many of their leaders, "and the number was very small, and of very weak and inconsiderable men, that continued refractory." But, adds Clarendon with justice, "It may, without breach of charity, be believed that many who did subscribe had the same malignity to the Church, and to the government of it; and, it may be, did more harm than if they had continued in their inconformity." As the event proved, and Mr. Baring-Gould brings out, Clarendon was perfectly right, and we are suffering from that bad tradition to this day. He might, however, have estimated more highly the quiet influence of the Non-jurors in keeping alive a sense of religion in the country during the dark century or more that followed, though he does well to give due credit to the old orthodox party in the Church, which held on upon its disregarded way, looking for the dawn which came in due course, though not without storm and stress.

The Broad Churchmen of our day, lineal descendants of the Georgian prelates who lived on the Church's moneys while denying the truths which they were commissioned to teach, come in for some bitter words from our author. The man in the street will probably agree with him. Nobody desires in these days to fetter opinion, but it is still regarded as dishonest to profess disbelief in that which you are taking money to teach; and the present attitude of ordained ministers of the Church, not a few of them in high position, who seem thus to be trifling with their consciences, is an exceedingly ugly and dangerous feature of the age—and the

world is not slow to take account of it. The man in the street hesitates rightly to accept as moral teachers men whose honour is thus in question, and one need not be an obscurantist to desire in these matters at least as high a standard of dealing as men of the world would demand in an established club. In regard to secessions to the Church of Rome, too, Mr. Baring-Gould has a good deal to say, both as regards causes and the facts of the case, especially in respect of figures. Into this we need not go; the statistics of the Roman Catholic Church are, to put it quite mildly, unconvincing. We take leave of Mr. Baring-Gould with gratitude for a book which, though marred by not a few lapses of taste, is the utterance of an honest and warm-hearted man, and is withal excellent reading.

After Metz and Sedan

My Days of Adventure. By ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY. With Portrait. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

AT the close of "My Days of Adventure," Mr. Vizetelly says—"I know not if I should say farewell or *au revoir* to my readers." Constituting ourselves, somewhat arbitrarily, the spokesman of the "reading public," we call unhesitatingly for the latter formula. Mr. Vizetelly's next volume, we now proceed to announce, will deal with the Commune, a business of which he is qualified to speak at first hand. The Commune is the most exciting and—to anyone but a Frenchman—the most incomprehensible episode within living memory. We have begun looking forward to Mr. Vizetelly's "Commune."

The present volume deals, and deals excellently, with two admirable subjects—Paris and the last great European War. We owe perhaps a slight apology to Bulgaria, Servia, and the other States who are recovering their breath after their recent excitements, but we think they would admit that their differences, however sanguinary, were of a vastly less important and striking matter than the Franco-Prussian War. That war is, and we hope long will be, the type of a modern European war. The Crimea seems already to belong to ancient history, the Sadowa campaign was merely a campaign, and the Italian wars lacked most of the impressive features of Bismarck's *chef d'œuvre*. The only real alternative for the amateur of first-class European struggles lies in prophetic fiction, which indeed he can have in abundance. Mr. Vizetelly is keenly alive to the fact that he is dealing with the last real precedent for the thing that haunts the dreams of statesmen and soldiers. He is fond of seeking the application of features of the Franco-Prussian War to the case of a hypothetical invasion of England. Marshal Niel and the Garde Mobile are compared to Lord Haldane and the Territorials. Commenting on the requisitions at Versailles, he says—"After all, however, that was a mere trifle in comparison with what the present Kaiser's

forces would probably demand on landing at Hull or Grimsby or Harwich, should they some day do so." Similar observations are frequent throughout the book, and the case against military retrenchment is powerfully summarised in the preface, thus supplying a work of mere reminiscence with a moral.

Mr. Vizetelly must have been the youngest war-correspondent on record. He was less than seventeen years old when the war broke out, and, after an experience of the inconveniences of a siege, during which he sent articles to various London papers, he attached himself to the "Army of Brittany" as a free-lance. He distinguished himself by getting in the first account of the battle of Le Mans, where Chanzy's gallant effort was rendered fruitless.

The war reminiscences come under two heads—the siege of Paris and the war in the provinces. To those who may object that the former subject has been worn thread-bare our answer is—"read Mr. Vizetelly." A matured war-correspondent is a seasoned specialist. Mr. Vizetelly, when he witnessed the events he has now set down in order, was a boy, with all the insatiable curiosity of youth. This meeting of the club of the Rue Pierre Levée, that sortie of the National Guard, may have been, to the practised chronicler, mere irrelevant episodes, to him they were the substance of life and experience. As he looks back at them now, they shrink to their true proportions as mere factors in a world-shaking event, but the fact that they were once seen and lived exempts them from Time's proscription of the trivial. The Paris streets of the Terrible Year live in these pages as they have never lived before—as far as our reading goes—except perhaps in the reminiscences of M. Emile Bergerat.

Mr. Vizetelly, who has written on Anarchism and is going to write on the Commune, is always on the alert to catch any manifestation of political Destructivism. During the siege he frequented the clubs, where new schemes and conceptions were mooted, and he notes all the stages in the growing unpopularity of General Trochu and his colleagues. The Commune was not yet, but the Commune was preparing.

The Paris of the siege was an ill place to leave. Mr. Vizetelly managed it during a benevolent "Xenelasia," when facilities were granted to a large number of foreigners for escaping from the beleaguered city. The "Anabasis" of those foreigners who availed themselves of the opportunity, particularly of those of English nationality, was a painful and long-drawn-out process. The British Embassy seems to have behaved with extraordinary negligence, and the Gladstone-Granville Government with criminal supineness. For the officer at Versailles who was entrusted with funds to help the fugitives on the way Mr. Vizetelly has no words strong enough. "It would not surprise me to learn that the bulk of the money voted by Parliament was ultimately returned to the Treasury—which circumstance would probably account for the 'full approval' which the Government bestowed on the Colonel's conduct at this period." Without the American Minister, the English

contingent would probably never have got out of Paris at all.

After a short rest, Mr. Vizetelly attached himself to the "Army of Brittany," nominally as a member of the ambulance. He had had time to grasp the essential features of the siege of Paris; there was nothing further to record there but the weakening resistance and the growing murmurs of sedition. To the French patriot—and Mr. Vizetelly, as we have remarked on another occasion, combines a French with an English patriotism—the really important part of the war was the war in the provinces. For ourselves, we admit that we have hitherto found the first part of the war—up to the capitulation of Sedan—the most interesting. It has unity and dramatic impressiveness. For the last part of the war it is hard to focus our attention; the centre of interest is "un peu partout." We have had the same feeling about "Treasure Island." But Mr. Vizetelly shows us that the provincial armies were real armies and capable of a serious and even hopeful effort. But for the ill-luck that perpetually dogged them, and but for the too early collapse of the first-line forces, they might easily have gained better terms for their country. They suffered incalculable hardships, and they fought magnificently; Le Mans might have proved quite a different affair if the important Tuileries position had not been manned at the crucial moment by a stop-gap force of raw levies, who succumbed to panic.

Mr. Vizetelly by no means believes in the forbearance of the German soldier. The affair of Châteaudun was, according to him, as bad as could be. It could not be explained away; "the proofs were too numerous and the reality was too dreadful. Two hundred and thirty-five of the devoted little town's houses were committed to the flames . . . women were deliberately assaulted." The writer saw with his own eyes the wanton damage that had been committed in Mantes station, and reflected: "Dear, nice, placid German soldiers, baulked, for a few minutes, of some of the wine of France!" He pauses to marvel over Bismarck's passion for clocks, and he accuses the German authorities of something like treachery in their treatment of the Versailles.

Off the main stream of the narrative there are plenty of interesting observations and incidents. The attempts to form corps of Amazons are playfully described, but the actual military services rendered by women—in the East particularly—get just acknowledgment. The translator of "La Débâcle" passes a very sound criticism on Zola; he was a novelist who had never seen service, and his psychology of the fighter is a psychology of guess-work; besides, he has selected for his medium a soldier who was and always must be utterly untypical. Here is an illustration of that well-known characteristic of the Frenchman, his love for his mother: "Whenever letters were found on the bodies of men who fell during the Franco-German War, they were, if this man was a Frenchman, more usually letters from his mother, and, if he was a German, more usually letters from his sweetheart."

Shorter Reviews

Village Silhouettes. By CHARLES L. MARSON.
Illustrated. (The Society of SS. Peter and Paul.
2s. 6d. net.)

THESE charming little sketches with pen and scissors have acquired a pathetic interest in that the talented author passed to rest on March 3. Mr. C. L. Marson was a versatile writer, well known for his vigorous criticisms on matters ecclesiastical and social. He was an occasional contributor to THE ACADEMY. He collaborated with Mr. Cecil Sharp in the recovery and preservation of many old folk-songs. To this work he refers in the preface to "Silhouettes": "People were once kind enough to applaud the writer for his discovery of a great goldmine of beautiful song in Somerset. . . . Now the prospector wishes to proclaim a far greater discovery . . . the greatness, the sweetness, the unexpectedness, and the cleverness of God's common people, in the green of the world." Many, too many, country clergy know little of the real mind and character of the country folk. But Mr. Marson was not of that type. He was a genuine student of human nature. He looked below the surface. He endeavoured to find, with no little success, the real gold ore, by sifting the sands of mere superficial impressions. Herein lay his special gift, and here lies the value of his sketches of country folk. He believed in Carlyle's words—which he quotes at the conclusion of his delightful picture of John Moore, the village musician: "Sublimar in this world, I know nothing than a peasant saint. Such an one will take thee back to Nazareth itself." Civilisation and materialism tend to destroy even village saints. But readers of this little book will rejoice to find that such may still be discovered. Doubtless there is a sordid side of village life, which some writers have exploited, not wisely but too well. It is a pleasant change for once *audire alteram partem*.

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Notable Women in History. By WILLIS J. ABBOT.
Illustrated. (Greening and Co. 16s. net.)

SEVENTY-THREE "Notable Women" are described briefly in this curious book, and we are tempted to regard it as a specially fine example of "hustled history." The author dates his preface from Washington, and takes very decided views, as may be gathered from this sentence: "Driven from point to point by the irresistible logic of the facts and by the development of a more intelligent public sentiment, the stubborn Conservatives of to-day, who would deny to women a share equal to that of man in the government of her nation, make their final forlorn stand on the plea that, because women cannot fight the battles of their country with sword and gun, they should have no share in guiding its political destinies." His sketchy biographies seem pointed with the thought that, "Whatever man has done, woman can do," if we may alter the familiar motto. No new material is exhibited, and the phrases are not always in the best of taste—page 199, in the note on Queen Victoria, is a glaring instance. From Aspasia to Mary Baker Eddy, from Lady Jane Grey to Sarah Bernhardt, from the Empress Josephine to "Frances Trollope, whose Book on America Enraged a Nation," the author takes his readers. His book is worthless to the student, but may be of interest to those whose education has not been of the best, and whose inclinations lie in the direction of tit-bits from the lives of women who in some way or another have earned fame or notoriety. The illustrations are good; the arrangement of the titles is amusing: "Madame de la Ramée, the 'Ouida' Beloved of School Girls"; "Mary Lamb, the Gentle Humorist's Adoring Sister"; "Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Little Woman who Caused a Big War"—these are three of the funniest, and we are almost persuaded to rank Mr. Abbot among the exponents of American humour.

Architecture. By MRS. ARTHUR BELL. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. net.)

THIS little handbook is certainly quite up to the standard of value reached by its predecessors in "The People's Books." Before making any detailed criticism—a hard task when one considers the very small price—we would point out one or two possible improvements. In the first instance, some photographs, even if only of a few of the principal buildings described, would add greatly to the interest, especially from the view of that enigmatic personage, the man in the street, for whose benefit the book is produced; and we are sure he would also appreciate a few elevations of the English cathedrals, instead of plans only—for, to tell the truth, he does not understand the latter, as a rule. Some of the sketches are very small, not dimensioned, and not too well drawn, and give the book rather an old-fashioned appearance. Indeed, this matter of

illustrating is the book's chief defect, its letterpress being admirable.

It would give the general reader a much better idea of the vastness of some of the old buildings if, instead of giving their sizes in yards or feet, they had been compared with modern erections. For example, the Great Pyramid is some 764 feet square, but one can realise its immensity much better by saying that its base covered an area quite as big as Lincoln's Inn Fields; while in the case of the huge Baths of Caracalla, at Rome—in which, by the way, the author is greatly at variance with other authorities as to size—they were actually larger than the British Museum. A few errors must be noticed. On page 6, "Trabeated" surely comes from "Trabs," a beam, and not "Trabea," a toga; page 26, the Pantheon dome is brick, not concrete; page 39, the overall length of the nave of Santa Sophia is 250 feet, not 225 feet; page 65, Amiens Cathedral is generally considered to have been completed in 1288, not 1272. On other pages "long" should not be used instead of "high" or "tall"; in many cases a window is described as "long" when "high" is meant. And on page 75 the first sketch is more typical of Late Norman than Early English.

Practically no mention is made of those refinements that the Greeks introduced into their architecture, to correct optical illusion, which are the wonder of the world to-day; and more notice should have been taken of the Roman orders and their modification from the Greek. The sketch on page 27 of the three "Orders" does not indicate at all well their difference in proportion, the columns appearing the same height, whereas the Doric was about 8 diameters high, the Ionic $8\frac{3}{4}$, Corinthian $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 10.

Despite these few errors, however, the little book is excellent value, and should have a ready sale, which will probably be much increased if the suggested improvements are made in any future edition.

Animal Sculpture: Suggestions for Greater Realism in Modelling. By WALTER WINANS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE distinction in the art of sculpture which has been gained by Mr. Walter Winans, as attested by the long list of his honours and awards that figures on the title-page of this book, gives him an undoubted right to be heard with attention when he sets forth his theories with regard to that branch of the art to which his talent has been more particularly devoted. It is his avowed experience that animal sculptors "get very little help from sculptors of other subjects"; he has therefore been moved to do what he can to supply the deficiency, and to prepare, for the benefit of other workers in this department of the art, a manual of the principles and governing rules by which he himself is guided.

If one desired to condense Mr. Winans' whole theory

of animal sculpture into half a dozen words, one could not do it better than by the quotation of his own terse and pregnant sentence, "We must go direct to Nature." He is, in fact, an artistic realist in the most absolute sense of the term. In his view, any striving after decorative effect that involves neglect of the duty of copying Nature with the most rigid fidelity is not only unpardonable in principle, but inevitably disastrous in result. The sculptor, according to his code, must not only be in perfect sympathy with an animal that he undertakes to model, but must possess an accurate knowledge of its anatomy, in order that his modelled imitation of the real thing may be in every point scrupulously and minutely exact. From this it will be gathered that "impressionism" is to him the unforgivable sin; he tells us, indeed, in an amusingly contemptuous aphorism, that "impressionism and near-sightedness are identical."

Having followed Mr. Winans with respectful patience while he lays down the law regarding Proportion, Planes, Balance, and Anatomy—all honoured with capital letters as his four "absolute essentials"—it may possibly occur to some of us to wonder what place can be left for inspiration, or for individuality of expression, in an art thus rendered so mechanically imitative, and so severely circumscribed by rule-of-thumb. We may be content, however, to leave Mr. Winans to fight out that question with the despised "impressionists," and with others who are not prepared to limit the sphere of art to mere slavishly accurate reproduction of carefully observed detail. Meanwhile, he may be congratulated on the clearness and vivacity with which he has propounded his theories in this ably-written volume, to the interest of which the numerous and excellent illustrations from photographs make very material contribution.

Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings. By MARY F SANDARS. With an Introduction by W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

WE congratulate Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. on having acquired Miss Sandars's work for inclusion in their popular Essex Library. It was first published some ten years ago by Mr. John Murray, at which time it was favourably reviewed by Dr. Richard Garnett in the columns of THE ACADEMY, who said: "The book, on its own modest but sufficient scale, appears to leave little if any room for improvement." This reprint does not, therefore, call for any extended notice now. It has the advantage of a scholarly introduction from the pen of Mr. W. L. Courtney, who describes the book as "a valuable piece of work." The volume is tastefully bound, and the illustrations include authentic portraits of the great writer at different periods of his chequered career.

Fiction

The End of Her Honeymoon. By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THERE is no doubt that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will sustain the reader's interest until the last page of her story is finished; but, at the same time, it seems a pity that an author with the ability of character-drawing which Mrs. Belloc Lowndes undoubtedly possesses should turn her attention to detective stories, however well developed those stories may be. Plots, counter-plots, desperate chasing and hunting down of criminals, derive their keenest interest from exciting incidents, thereby placing careful character-study in a secondary position—in a position, in fact, where a careless retailer of similar wares might learn to dispense with it altogether. This, of course, cannot apply to the present author.

Strange to say, the honeymoon in question ends before the first chapter is finished, the whole of the remaining pages being taken up with the search for the disappearing bridegroom. The scene takes place in Paris during the time of a state visit from the Russian monarchs. French police methods are severely criticised, and the whole of the story seems feasible until the final disclosure and clearing up of the mystery. From the very beginning the police officials of Paris had known the fate of the missing man, but on account of the imperial visit, secrecy was maintained. For a year the young bride and her energetic American friends sought by every means in their power a solution of the problem. The police told them nothing, although all the time assuring them of their devoted zeal on their behalf. Yet the whole ghastly affair is related by the Prefect himself to a Major Dallas, who happens to be in Paris on business. It is told quite casually, as an incident, among others, of the manner in which Parisian police officials can on occasion muzzle their Press. With this exception, the story is good; but we trust that in her next book Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will give policemen and detectives a little rest.

The Fortunate Youth. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (John Lane. 6s.)

SO long as the silver spoon is in one's mouth it seems to matter little whether the birth takes place in humble cottage or royal castle. Certainly Paul Kegworthy's star shone very brightly as it guided him from a noisome Lancashire slum ultimately to—but that must be the reader's business. We first know the child as a ragged, dirty little schoolboy; at home, a drunken stepfather and a mother who, when she was not quarrelling with her husband and attending to her other offsprings, was ill-treating little Paul. To escape from

his loathsome home the child passed his time sprawling on a rubbish-heap, reading any old books or papers he came across. Romantically inclined, he absorbed all he read, seized the first opportunity that offered, and escaped to London in quest of high-born parents and adventure; for he felt convinced that the woman who called herself his mother could in no way belong to him. This first part of the story is excellent; Paul, young as he is and sordid as are his surroundings, has ideals, faith in himself and his ability to reach great heights, achieve mighty aims. Mr. Locke draws him well; his gradual development, the same influences at work when he is a man as when merely a gutter urchin—a high notion of the kingdom he would one day inherit, and the character necessary to enter the sphere in a manner befitting a person of great importance. After seizing every opportunity to satisfy his gnawing ambition, Paul's many years of strenuous efforts seem for the time wasted; his father is disclosed to him. Not a prince, not an aristocrat; but a Zionist preacher, a director of numerous fried-fish shops, and a man who has been imprisoned for the attempted murder of Paul's mother, the Lancashire slut. Here is disillusion for the proud, idealistic youth. But the author has instilled Paul's character so clearly into the reader's mind that he knows that the ambitious man will not for long be crushed beneath the blow. He rises a stronger, a more perfect idealist than he was before, helped to his final destiny by the two women to whom he is everything that life holds dear.

Perhaps Mr. Locke has drawn an impossible youth, as well as a fortunate one. The ideal is high, and high ideals are not fashionable in fiction just now. But the story is refreshing, and we would not have it altered. It is fair, too, that "The Fortunate Youth" should see the light of day and take its place on the same shelf as that charming maiden, "Stella Maris."

EIGHT new sixpenny editions of popular novels have just been issued by Messrs. John Long: "Traitor and True," by John Bloundelle-Burton; "The Turnpike House," by Fergus Hume; "Something in the City," by Florence Warden; "The Sin of Hagar," by Helen Mathers; "Mrs. Musgrave and Her Husband," by Richard Marsh; "The Other Mrs. Jacobs," by Mrs. Campbell Praed; "Delphine," by Curtis Yorke; and "Midsummer Madness," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron. A variety is here, indeed: mystery, adventure and romance. And towards the end of April two more are promised, after which the volumes "will appear fortnightly, two at a time, until July 27." So the publishers' announcement reads; and in addition to the sixpenny series, it must not be forgotten that Messrs. John Long issue copyright novels, nicely bound in cloth, at 7d. each. From the three-volume novel to the one-volume six-shilling one was thought to be a great stride some years ago. Is the cheap edition in time going to supersede its six-shilling forerunner?

Shorter Notices

A NOVEL that should not be missed is Mrs. Horace Tremlett's amusing story, "Curing Christopher" (John Lane, 6s.). There is nothing to show whether the book is a first effort or not; if it is, it is a most creditable performance for a novice in the art and deserving of all praise. We have not come across the author's name before, and we have a vague suspicion, only a little one, that Mrs. Tremlett may be a man who is trying to deceive us. The language put into the mouths of some of the characters seems at times too virile for the pen of a lady. However, whether "Curing Christopher" was evolved in a male or female brain it is none the less full of entertainment from cover to cover. The writer displays a pretty wit throughout, and occasionally a caustic one. One thing is certain, the author is no suffragist, for Kit's wife makes this remarkable statement—remarkable in these days of the W.S.P.U.—to her husband: "I never think about anything but you, and the children, and the house. Some women do, I know; but I never did. All my life, everything I have is given to you; and I like it to be so, it's what I was made for, and I don't want anything else." Who could have written such a passage but a mere man crying out in the wilderness for the domesticity of the days of his forefathers? We can imagine Christabel reading it with a snort of contempt.

Another novel which we can heartily recommend is "The Princes of the Stock Exchange" (Holden and Hardingham, 6s.), by a Russian author, Nemirovich-Danchenko, who is scarcely, if at all, known in this country, and the translation has been made by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. It is a powerful story dealing with Russian *haute finance* and the life and morals of St. Petersburg society, somewhat after the manner of Zola's "L'Argent." As the translator says in a note, "The author mercilessly lashes the rapacious financiers, hard-hearted and unscrupulous, who recognise no moral principle." He terms them the "brood of Cain." Towards the end of the story, Nadja, the heroine, who is about to sacrifice herself to the multi-millionaire Velinski, who is ruining her father in order to secure her, goes to her artist lover's studio with the same object as that with which Mr. Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" went to her lover at dead of night. In the hands of the Russian novelist, however, virtue triumphs as virtue should. A curious slip occurs on page 33: "His face assumed the expression of the mother of God washing the feet of the Lord."

In "Father O'Flynn" (Hutchinson and Co., 1s. net) Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole gives us a capital story of life in the West of Ireland. It contains many amusing episodes, and some almost tragic ones also. There is no mention of Home Rule throughout its pages, for which we are grateful, though there is a meeting of cattle-driving United Patriots, one of whom Father O'Flynn cures of his lawlessness by the aid of a good stout whip. The conclusion of the story is thrilling

indeed. The author might write a little more carefully. On page 7, Corkran is fifty-three, on page 87 he has miraculously dropped back to only forty years of age; and there is some impossible juggling with a lantern on page 180; while the same thing occurs with a watch on pages 179 and 241. But these are only slight blemishes, and the little volume is sure to entertain the reader for an hour or two.

"It was the Time of Roses" (Holden and Hardingham, 6s.) is, the publishers state, one of Miss Dolf Wyllarde's earlier works; it appeared originally as a serial, and is now issued for the first time in book form. The title is, of course, derived from the sillily sentimental song that enraptured lovesick swains and maidens years ago. Roses and verses are scattered through the book, but they really have little to do with the story, which would be much improved if the poetic effusions were weeded out of any future edition. When Digby told Barbara he loved her, she did not answer, but "into her grey eyes had flashed a look—

As of a wild thing taken in a trap

That sees the trapper coming through the wood."

He was holding her hands at this interesting psychological moment—

'Twas twilight and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast,

as she had sung to him earlier that eventful evening. But Barbara was not to be won on that occasion anyhow, and, as Mrs. Grundy objects to philandering in a rose-garden all night, Digby had perforce to loosen his hold, and the damsel escaped indoors. It is the same old story of the course of true love never running smooth. It opens in the West Indies and ends happily in the Homeland. The author gives a good description of the little island of St. Alousie, and of the life led there by the natives, the few white planters, and the small garrison. Her personages are all well portrayed, especially the old priest, Father Anselm, the Colonel's wife, and Eulalie, the French Creole girl. There are also, naturally, a devastating hurricane and an Obeah man, and, less naturally, a stolen will, which is brought to light under strange circumstances. The pathetic account of the death of Kiddie will bring tears to the eyes of many readers.

"Phœbe Maroon," by Mary F. Raphael (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.), is a very slender story indeed concerning an artist's model. The girl is very ordinary and becomes merely an incident in the career of the artist for whom she poses. She keeps his house for a time and eventually marries a young Irishman. Phœbe has curious characteristics; for while she evinces scruples at dining with a gentleman friend at a public restaurant she has none at becoming another's mistress. The artist is not very interesting; neither is the fair lady with whom he finally falls in love. Miss Raphael would perhaps be more successful in writing a story of people who move away from artistic circles. The "naughty" Bohemian effect, evidently striven after by the author, has eluded her pen entirely and made of the story a very poor affair.

On Sighting Land

FIRST impressions of a land so romantic as North America, cut off from our own by all the uncertainties of ocean—"the rolling foam"—that until comparatively modern times offered long and hazardous resistance to the intrepid voyager, would seem to have inspired many word-pictures worthy of remembrance. This, however, appears to be the exception—at least, during the nineteenth century.

In the winter of 1827, that interesting woman and forceful writer, Mrs. Trollope, whose "Domestic Manners of the Americans" is as much a curiosity to-day as Dickens' "American Notes," arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi, after a voyage from London of seven weeks.

The first indication of our approach to land was the appearance of this mighty river pouring forth its muddy mass of waters, and mingling with the deep blue of the Mexican Gulf. . . . Large flights of pelicans were seen standing upon the long masses of mud which rose above the surface of the waters, and a pilot came to guide us over the bar, long before any other indication of land was visible. . . . As we advanced, however, we were cheered, notwithstanding the season, by the bright tints of southern vegetation. The banks continue invariably flat, but a succession of planless villas, sometimes merely a residence, and sometimes surrounded by their sugar grounds and negro huts, varied the scene. . . . We were, however, impatient to touch as well as to see land; but the navigation from the Balize to New Orleans is difficult and tedious, and the two days that it occupied appeared longer than any we had passed on board.

Her book, though devoted mainly to life in Cincinnati, makes no reference to "The Bazaar" she erected there in 1828; nor do we find the recent biographer of Anthony Trollope doing more than hinting at a store for fancy-goods at some provincial capital like the city in question. Ford, the local historian, gives a picture of the building, which stood on Third Street, near Broadway, and seems to have been a fashionable resort at that early date, combining bazaar, restaurant, and dancing-hall, with an observation turret in the rear. The glass front appears to have formed two storeys, a basement rising above street-level, and flights of stone steps descended from the first floor around the entrance below. Ornamental coping stones bordered the flat roof, above which peeped the small dome of the rotunda. In later years "The Bazaar" fell into disrepute, and was demolished early in the 'eighties. Mrs. Trollope's crossing of the Alleghany Mountains, and visits to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, are full of interest, as also is her journey through the Mohawk Valley, and her first sight of Niagara Falls.

Dickens, who sailed from Liverpool to Boston in January, 1842, reached Halifax Harbour on the fifteenth night, when the ship incontinently ran aground. His subsequent impressions of the New England coast, though familiar, may well be recalled.

The indescribable interest with which I strained my eyes, as the first patches of American soil peeped like molehills from the green sea, and followed them, as they swelled, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, into a continuous line of coast, can hardly be exaggerated. A sharp keen wind blew dead against us; a hard frost prevailed on shore; and the cold was most severe. Yet the air was so intensely clear, and dry, and bright, that the temperature was not only endurable, but delicious.

Another traveller from Liverpool (February, 1855), the Rev. William Ferguson, F.L.S., author of "America by River and Rail," thus describes his first sight of the Massachusetts coast:

The distance was too great to enable us to distinguish accurately the peculiar character of the shores. They are not marked by any bold feature, but present an undulating line of seemingly low cliffs, covered with wood. . . . As we neared Boston, about two in the afternoon, the features of interest multiply. We can discern the white houses of the coast towns, and presently we are sailing among the numerous islands of the magnificent harbour.

On landing at East Boston, Mr. Ferguson proceeded by coach and ferry, and "so through several streets teeming with what to us were novelties, till we reached the great hotel of Boston, 'The Revere.'" In the course of an evening walk he describes the Boston Museum lighted up. "We afterwards learnt," he says, "that until lately Boston had no regular theatre; that theatrical representations were gradually introduced under the name of 'spectacles' in connection with museums. . . . The piece which was acting when we entered was called 'The Magic Mirror, or the Spirit of the Age.'"

In 1887-88 a series of letters appeared in the *Times* from the special correspondent, under the general heading, "A Visit to the States," which for charm of style and store of learning has not been excelled. The Atlantic States, as far south as Virginia, and westwards to Chicago, were described, and a second series dealt with New England. The collection was afterwards reprinted in two little grey, yellow-edged volumes, now out of print. From the first letter, "Entering New York Harbour," we cull these effective lines:

Then, as the night wore on, anxious eyes were on the look-out for land, and ultimately it was sighted just at the dawning—a far-away flashing white light off to the north-west, seen above a long low sand strip, known as Fire Island beach, on the coast of Long Island. Then, as the morning broke, was seen ahead, gradually rising, as if from the sea and mist, the Highlands of the Navesink, a part of the New Jersey shore, their colour slowly developing as approached from hazy blue to a deep green, with a pair of twin lighthouses perched upon their slopes. As the sunlight came across the water, there could be seen stretching northward from these Highlands, and apparently right across the steamer's path, a long strip of yellow sand, partly wooded and having another lighthouse on its outer end. This was the goal of the ocean voyage, the narrow peninsula of Sandy Hook protecting the harbour of New York.

Eight years later, in the pages of the *Queen*, a lady

writer—since identified with the "Court of Nature" columns of that journal—contributed several vivacious articles on a trip to the States, sufficiently distinguished for further extract:

When the morning comes in a pale pink glory, and the engines, that have throbbed unceasingly for more than a week, suddenly stop, there are many on deck to welcome the pilot, and get the newspapers he brings. They are anxious also to see the first glimpse of land. "We shall get in by one o'clock after all," says one of the college boys, handing me his glasses. And through them I see what look like shadows rising from the sea—the houses at Fire Island and Far Rockaway.

That evening in New York one of the then newly-opened roof-gardens is visited. "We wander round the promenade that is decorated with palms and flowering shrubs, and look down upon the wonderful view over the city. Across Madison Square, with its dark trees and electric lights, we see against a Broadway building the continually changing colours of an illumination, 'Swept by Ocean Breezes'—'Buy Your Homes on Long Island.' Far below us can be seen the street-cars and passers-by. From the windows of neighbouring houses people are looking up at the gaiety on the roof-garden, and occasionally the evening air wafts over to them the sounds of music."

It has always seemed to the present writer that of all euphonious place-names on either side of the wide Atlantic—bearing in mind the numerous ocean-breathing names, some of Indian origin, in the neighbourhood of Boston Harbour, and the many musical names along our own shores—there is nothing comparable to the poetic suggestion of "Far Rockaway" above referred to. How far this may be in reality justified need not trouble us, but, for this reason, he has refrained from visiting the spot while "on the other side."

Coming East and seeking "first impressions" by American writers of the shores of Britain, we find still less material to serve. There is, of course, Washington Irving in "The Sketch Book," writing in the year 1820:

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "Land!" was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. . . . From that time, until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest.

We turn to Emerson, who came to England, via Boulogne, in 1833, and with entire absence of preliminary view, landed in London at the Tower stairs.

It was a dark Sunday morning; there were few people in the streets; and I remember the pleasure of that first walk on English ground, with my companion, an American artist, from the Tower up through Cheapside and the Strand, to a house in Russell Square, whither we had been recommended to good chambers.

It is to William Winter, however, the accomplished

poet and dramatic critic, that we are most indebted, and of his two accounts—the one via Queenstown, in “Shakespeare’s England” (1877); the other, via Southampton, in “Old Shrines and Ivy” (1892)—we will give the latter:

Early in the morning of a brilliant July day the Scilly islands came into view, a little to the south of our course, and we could see the great waves breaking into flying masses and long wreaths of silver foam, on their grim shores and in their rock-bound chasms. Yet a little while and the steep cliffs of Cornwall glimmered into the prospect, and then came the double towers of the Lizard Light, and we knew that our voyage was accomplished. The rest of the way is the familiar panorama of the Channel coast—lonely Eddystone, keeping its sentinel watch in solitude and danger; the green pasture lands of Devon; the crags of Portland, grey and emerald and gold, shining, changing, and fading in silver mist; the shelving fringes of the Solent; the sandy coves and green hills of the beautiful Isle of Wight; and placid Southampton Water with its little lighthouses and its crescent town, vital with the incessant enterprise of the present, and rich with splendid associations of the past. The gloaming had begun to die into night when we landed, and in the sleepy stillness of the vacant streets, and of the quiet inn, we were soon conscious of that feeling of peace and comfort which is the first sensation of the old traveller who comes again into England.

These, then, are gleanings from an abundant and promising literature of travel to and from the States during last century; and though since those days Arnold Bennett and Theodore Dreiser have to be reckoned with, their views—as with others at this late date—are mainly concerned with *terra firma*.

H. H.

Wild Beasts Seen from a Train

By F. G. AFLALO.

Nairobi, British East Africa.
February, 1914.

OF scenic railways, from Switzerland to the U.S.A., some of us have retained varied memories, mostly of alpine effects and zigzag trips into the clouds and back to sapphire lakes; but the naturalist, with an eye for wild life rather than landscape, is as a rule poorly served by the train, since such birds and beasts as live in regions along the railroad usually give the noisy intruder a wide berth and seek safety in adjacent jungle, or at least so far distant on the plains as to be undistinguishable.

The Uganda Railway has a different tale to tell, and, miles of its track lying through a Game Reserve, from which white and black poachers are alike sternly excluded (unless the former happen to be distinguished foreigners), it can still show its passengers on the daily train from Mombasa a collection of wild animals roaming at large in amazing profusion up to the very outskirts of Nairobi.

Frankly, I came to the play in a cynical mood of kindly determination not to be disappointed if the spectacle should fall short of the promise held out in word and picture, having too often realised how far the actual is apt to fall short of the ideal. I came, in short, to smile, but I stayed to marvel.

True, the *pièces de résistance* of the *menu* were not served on this occasion. I saw neither a rhinoceros, that

large, but peevish pachyderm,
which, as Mr. Belloc tells us,

... though commonly herbivorous,
Is eminently dangerous.

Nor was I favoured by the sight of a lion, though one had actually galloped for some distance beside a goods train two days earlier, and the presence of these destructive, but majestic brutes very near the track was sufficiently demonstrated on the following day by the hurried departure of one of the game-rangers with instructions to shoot some that were harrying an ostrich *boma* in the vicinity.

What I did see, however, surpassed all my fondest expectations. Anxious to miss nothing, I was on the lookout before the first grey of the dawn lit up the country round Sultan Hamud. Wild country it is, and just the setting for big game. Almost the first sight to reward my patience was an old giraffe standing close beside the line. For a moment it stared at me and then trotted slowly away, disappearing in some scrub. The next object to attract attention was a small flock of six ostriches, superb birds which might, for all the notice they took of the train, have been on a farm.

After this, on either side of the line, the game came not in hundreds, but in thousands; hartebeeste, zebras, gazelles of more than one species, wildebeeste—those extraordinary blends of antelope and cattle which indulge in antics wholly unsuited to their ungainly build—with a number of interesting birds, from great bustards to fluttering spurfowl. So great was the profusion of game that I confess, not without remorse, since I may never have the opportunity again, that long before arriving at Nairobi, I had tired of the sight and took no more notice of zebras and antelopes than if they had been the sheep and cows that we see along our railways at home.

Yet this extraordinary panorama of big game is a notable sight, preserving as it does, if one can for an hour or two forget the semi-artificial conditions inseparable from a Reserve, a memory of Africa as it must have looked in the days of Gordon-Cumming and Speke. It is a sad truth that the difference of the modern veldt is the work not of either native hunters or lions, but of the Boers—and of some other white men who were not Boers—who ruthlessly exterminated the game as wastefully as wolves.

Comfort comes in the contemplation of what forethought has effected, not only protecting the wild herds from their natural and unnatural enemies, but actually inspiring them with absolute fearlessness of passing trains, of which, indeed, they take less notice than our farm animals at home.

It was a real joy to me to see all these beasts without the trouble of stalking them, for I realise, not without a chastening sense of inferiority in this land of Nimrods, that I am no hunter of big game. So long as I may enjoy such fights as I had a few days ago at the coast with a fish of sixty-four pounds, I shall never have the ambition to kill anything on four feet. The Uganda Railway confers a wholly delightful feeling of intimacy with these creatures which leaves no room for thoughts of murder.

In the Learned World

DR. NAVILLE'S letters to the *Times*, giving details of his discovery at Abydos, establish him as the most successful as well as the most learned of the Egyptian excavators working under the English flag. For the benefit of those who may have missed them, it may be as well to say that, by burrowing at the back of Seti I's magnificent temple, he has laid bare a subterranean building, constructed, as he believes, for the legendary "tomb of Osiris," and made out of huge blocks of granite measuring over 15 ft. in length. The tomb or room in question was perfectly empty, but on pressing his search further he came upon a vast pool of water or subterranean lake, the source of which is a great puzzle. As rain falls at Abydos once in a century, it can hardly be filled by soakage from the soil (which is, moreover, loose sand), and its distance of more than twelve miles from Baliana, the nearest point on the Nile bank, precludes the idea of it being fed from the river, as Strabo, who had evidently heard of it, seems to think. The use of the pool is also a mystery, but it is quite possible that it may have been connected with the "secret rites" at Abydos, of which Iamblichus and other Greek writers speak. That these had something to do with water seems evident from the texts of the XIIth Dynasty, which speak of the festival of Osiris in the Temple of Abydos. They seem to have included the journeying in a boat of the partisans of the dead god to a place called Nadit, which was evidently in the neighbourhood of Abydos, the finding of the body on the shore, and a great fight with his murderers ending in the placing of the corpse in the bark and its subsequent burial. That such a performance, which must have been acted like a mediæval mystery-play, could ever have been described as "secret," if enacted on the Nile, is unthinkable; but it may very well have been performed in a subterranean pool such as M. Naville has just discovered, where the dim light, and the fact that it must have been many feet below the public part of the temple, must have added much "religious awe" to the spectacle. M. Naville thinks that the huge blocks of the construction he has unearthed were placed there in the age of the Pyramids, and Sir Gaston Maspero, who describes M. Naville's find as one of the most important that have ever occurred in the history of

Egyptian excavation, seems to agree with him in this. For the secret rites themselves, those curious in the matter can be recommended to read M. Moret's "Mystères Egyptiens," a lecture delivered at the Musée Guimet two years ago, and republished in the excellent Bibliothèque de Vulgarisation issued by that institution.

Another point with regard to M. Naville's excavations deserves notice. The number of excavators of all nationalities now engaged in Egypt in obtaining objects for museums, or what is profanely called "loot-digging," is considerable; but almost alone of English excavators, Dr. Naville has refused to join them. In his work on the Festival Hall of Osorkon at Bubastis, the clearance of the great temples at Deir el-Bahari, and at Abydos itself—all which works he has executed for and on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund—he has devoted himself to the laying bare and restoring of great buildings, and has thereby thrown light on the history and religion of the ancient Egyptians which would never have been obtained by those engaged in securing portable objects for exhibition in European or American museums. In this respect he has been followed at some distance by Mr. Theodore Davis, whose excellent restoration of the Royal Tombs at Thebes and their equipment with electric light form one of the brightest spots in the history of excavation. These works compare very favourably with those of other and greedier excavators who have been reproached by Sir Gaston Maspero for destroying, in their haste to obtain tangible results, more evidence than they collected. It is to be hoped in this connection that the Egypt Exploration Fund will see their way to secure M. Naville's services for a further term as the superintendent of their excavations, even if he is forced by failing health to confine them to the general direction of the scheme without actually visiting the spot. The termination of his connection with the Fund, which was announced last year as being probable, would, if carried into effect, be little short of a national misfortune.

Mr. Leonard King, of the British Museum, gives in the current number of the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archæology a further fragment of the Epic of Gilgamesh, who is sometimes called the Babylonian Hercules, and who was one of those legendary heroes, half-god and half-man, of whom the mythology of most nations is full. The present fragment seems to describe how Gilgamesh, sore wounded in some fight of which we have lost the trace, is induced to trust himself to the guidance of the monster, Enkidu or Ea-bani, who leads the wounded hero through the difficult path of the Cedar Wood to the palace of the goddess Ninsun, to whom Gilgamesh recounts his adventures, and is presumably advised as to the cure of his wound. The cuneiform tablet on which it is written, and which was acquired by the Museum in the course of their latest excavations at Kuyunjik, is unfortunately much broken; and it is only by the care-

ful collation of such fragments that the whole legend can be made out. It suggests, however, that these stories may have been written down by the earliest inhabitants of Babylonia, not so much as history or for edification, but as spells for the cure of disease according to the well-known rule of magic, which teaches that the solemn repetition of the story of the healing of a wound or other ailment in the case of a divine person will work a similar cure on the worshipper repeating it with the proper ceremonies. Such spells are still in use in (among others) the Balkan countries, and there generally take the form of stories relating to the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus.

Magic of another kind is illustrated by a small leaden figure of a naked man with his hands tied behind his back, enclosed in a leaden box, which M. Cumont has just described in a communication to the Académie des Inscriptions. It was found apparently at Athens, and was evidently made for an *envoûtement* or enchantment of the kind described by Gilbert as "melting a rich uncle in wax." M. Cumont shows that the tying of the hands behind the back was held to produce paralysis or immobility in the person of whom the leaden figure was an effigy, and in days when the nature of rheumatism and other similar diseases was imperfectly understood, no doubt had sometimes an apparent effect. Such figures were very common during the early Christian centuries, and were frequently made for the incapacitating or "nobbling" of the charioteers of the opposite faction in the races in the Hippodrome at Constantinople and elsewhere. It looks, therefore, as if the rage for looking-on (for interested motives) at games and sports were not so modern as our omniscient Press would have us believe. The Catholic Church is often reproached for the violent means which it used to suppress such practices. But if we consider that their doers sought to bring about the death or injury of a fellow-creature for no higher motive than the winning of a bet, it will be seen that they were, in fact, murderers in intention, and therefore deserved some punishment.

F. L.

Some Reflections on the Twentieth-Century Renaissance

SOME two and a half centuries ago, the restless men of the North and West started to conquer the East, and, riding roughshod over what they regarded as lifeless social and ethical systems, began to implant their ideas of superior culture, which consisted in an attempt to stir up the passive Oriental to share in the industrial system of Europe.

In India they succeeded in subduing a number of more or less effete and mutually hostile civilisations, uniting them under one rule. Other nations they conquered by force of arms; China they found to be unassailable, because unresisting. But the East hardly troubled to rouse itself from its habitual state of

dreamy contemplation, to observe these, the latest of so many conquerors; for, to men who think in centuries, the coming of the Northmen was but a little thing.

The conquerors, absorbed in the affairs of the moment, looking neither ahead to the future nor back to the ages of their ancestors, called the Oriental inscrutable, and regarded his manifold metaphysical systems as so much child's play, for in their superior wisdom they thought that all happiness lay in action and in the gathering of riches. So the man of the West toiled on, growing ever richer and richer, and conquering ever more and more of the world. He threw bridges across great rivers, and built ships that could cross the ocean at the speed of express trains. He wooed unwilling Nature with a rough hand, ravishing her choicest secrets and turning them to his own ends. He tunnelled the bowels of the earth for precious metals and fuel, and conquered even the depths of the sea and the air above. And father was armed against son and brother against brother, to guard the treasure that man had heaped up for himself upon earth.

As the man of the West grew richer, he found that he had more and more leisure, which he had always desired, but which he now found to be a torment to him; for great restlessness had taken hold of his soul. He became a prey to violent and transitory obsessions; nor could he remain long in the same place, so he took to travelling recklessly and frantically round the globe, like one who is pursued by fear, tarrying here awhile and there awhile, but ever dashing on again in search of the mirage of happiness that danced before his eyes. His travels led him to the East, where he saw with pity countries whose face was hardly soiled with the grime of his industrialism. He travelled for miles and miles without seeing the smoke of a single factory chimney; he gazed from the window of a dining-car in his express train at peasants who tilled the soil with ploughs a thousand years old, and lived just as they had always lived since the memory of man. He looked with scorn on these people who toiled hard and were clothed in rags, until one day he noticed great happiness in their eyes. So he said to his Eastern brother: "How is it that you, who have no gold, are happy, while I, who have enough to buy all your foolish gods, can find no contentment?"

Whereupon the man of the East smiled in his quiet confident way before making answer: "Put all thy riches from thee, and learn to know thine own heart, for therein lies the secret of all happiness."

We stand to-day on the threshold of a renaissance of thought as great probably as that which rejuvenated Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then the intelligence of Europe found its stimulus in the learning and art of Greece and Rome, which had been forgotten in the chaos of previous ages. To-day the dawn is breaking in the East; the great sleepy East, which the Occidental thought in his pride to have conquered by the might of arms and industry, is conquering him by the subtlety of its metaphysics.

Ever since the passing of the Victorian era of thought, our beliefs have been in a fluid state. Before they were rigid. Men did not look about them and reason, but were governed by dogmas, which they accepted without question. Then came the cynics, those moral housebreakers, who destroyed our little paradise of accepted beliefs and left our minds in a state of anarchy. Once enfranchised, we started to search for the fetters of a new creed, kneeling in our ignorance to the golden calf, and there began an age of extravagance and sensual luxury unequalled in any period of the world's history. An age glorious in invention, but barren in thought, which despises its poets, scientists, and other men of intellect, and lauds Croesus to the skies—for gold is the only standard of value by which it knows how to measure a man's personal value.

We have the spectacle of women of gentle birth parading the streets in dresses worth a king's ransom, which would have been banned as indecorous in any other period of the Christian era. We hear of twenty thousand pounds being spent upon a single pearl to adorn the faded neck of some successful pork-butcher's wife. Our young girls dance erotic Negroid and Spanish-American dances that would make a nautsch girl blush if she could. Complexity is substituted for art and not too scrupulous niceness for the drama. To please the jaded senses of those who are too effete to think, we have invented those cacophonous hotchpotches of stupidity which we call "revues," and which have driven the serious drama from the boards to starve among the other beggars of art. In our barrenness we have gone to the East for inspiration. We see a score of manifestations all round us. Plays from the Arabian Nights; Debussy, an oriental child of Chopin; our women in their dress imitating fashions of the harem. The voluptuous magnificence of the pseudo-Oriental Russian ballet made its entry amid a blare of trumpets, decked out in the vivid ugliness of Bakstian costumes. But while the eyes of the multitude have been fixed on these manifestations of all that is worst in the Orient, there has crept in among us, unnoticed and uncared for, like a beggar maid who veils her face for shame of her rags, the spiritualism of the East. She may be found, in the words of Tagore, "Among the poorest and the lowliest and the lost," and her song, though simple, is deeper than the sea, for she has wandered amid many faiths, choosing here a note and there a note, until, her melody completed, she has come to entrance the weary hearts of the West with its music. So, while the gaudy cortège of wealth and luxury is dancing to its ruin, the dawn is breaking over the Eastern hills.

SEABURY ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

Mr. Murray is about to publish a new volume in the "Wisdom of the East" series, entitled "The Religion of the Sikhs." The author, Miss Dorothy Field, was a pupil of the late M. A. Macauliffe, the great authority on Sikhism.

The Blackmailer

WHAT the sorcerer is to a savage society the blackmailer is to a civilised community. He lives and battens on the weaknesses of his fellows—their fears of having some event in their lives, which they would sooner were buried in oblivion, proclaimed for the benefit of their enemies; their terrors of the unknown into which they may plunge if they dare challenge his powers; or their abject credulity. He is usually a coward of the poorest type, selecting for his victims those who for one reason or another he properly judges will "part" rather than fight. The highwayman was a hero and an estimable character beside him: he, at least, took serious risks to gain his nefarious end, knowing that the gallows might be his portion if he were caught. He did not work like a snake in the grass. The blackmailer—and the City of London is infested with his kind—takes a minimum of risk even as to his personal liberty, because he attacks only where there is a reasonable certainty that hands will go up at the first challenge. Occasionally he falls into a trap cleverly laid, oversteps the border-line of prudence, or wholly misjudges his man, and then there is trouble. A case in point was that disposed of last week before Mr. Justice Darling, when Edward Beal, or Boyle, or whatever the name might be, was sent to penal servitude for five years for a long series of some of the worst examples of financial bloodsucking we ever remember. There are others who are fit subjects for a similar fate. It is only necessary for one who values his future peace of mind and his fair fame more than he fears any possible consequences to his business to lay his lines skilfully, and creatures who go about the world posing as journalists will find themselves in the dock as did the notorious ex-solicitor of many aliases. Sooner or later they must surely be laid by the heels.

The energy and enterprise which are put into the running of some of these blackmailing organs are amazing—even more amazing than the same qualities in certain organs of the bucket shops. The blackmailing sheet is the very antithesis of the bucket shop journal: the latter exists to "boost" up shares in which its proprietors are interested; it is an obvious advertisement medium, mostly, of course, of goods which cannot be disposed of through legitimate channels, and it succeeds in fooling the public sufficiently to make it worth while to go on, or it would be dropped. The bucket shop organ sells a few copies to a public with an itch for speculation: the blackmailing sheet may not sell a copy, though it is part of the blackmailer's craft ostentatiously to offer it for sale as near the doorstep of the intended victim as possible. The blackmailer's methods are insidious as they are simple. He is not out, like any mere scribe of the bucket shop, to tell people how to make money, but to warn them to clear out while anything is to be saved from what he would, of course, describe as "a sheer ramp." One

fine morning one finds on the breakfast table a paper which has been sent through the post, addressed apparently by somebody who has not merely got one's name from the local directory. The paper contains a crushing criticism of a concern in which one has invested a few pounds of hard-earned savings. The disquiet one feels is qualified only by a certain curiosity as to the unknown friend to whom one is indebted for the paper. When it is realised that it comes from the office of the journal itself, and has probably been sent out broadcast, one is apt innocently to wonder why all this trouble should be taken on one's behalf by an office to which one is a complete stranger. Here surely is the very acme of philanthropy! The first food of the blackmailer is probably carrion. He seizes upon some person or company whose antecedents will not bear examination. His rag is able to show a confiding circle of gratuitous readers what a benefactor it is: it inspires confidence, and if in future any doubt is cast on its bona-fides there is always the memory that it exposed So-and-So. After this, the blackmailer can turn with assurance to some concern with which perhaps a director who has been unfortunate—and there are few greater sins than bad luck unless it be to be found out—is associated: it proceeds to suggest doubts, and to set forth the record of Mr. Timothy Tompkins Jones, a record of which he may have no real need to be ashamed, but which can be stated in terms of base insinuation. The paper containing the attack is addressed to every shareholder in the company; directors and secretary are besieged with more or less anxious and inconvenient inquiries; and those shareholders who do not think they had better clear out at any sacrifice probably start an agitation which ends disastrously.

It is all very well to say that, unless there is something against a director or a company, the attack must fail. That is a superior view which is not borne out by the observation of those who have been in a position to study the operations of the blackmailing fraternity. Unfortunately it is not always the case that, as someone has said, "Knavery is supple and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright and yields not." There is no more timorous flock of sheep, as a rule, than a body of shareholders, and directors are seldom much better than the leaders of the flock. Nor is directorial timorousness altogether unnatural. The credit of an individual or a business is as sensitive a thing as the credit of a bank. It is only necessary to set the ball of suspicion rolling, and it will accumulate mud every hour. That, at any rate, is the argument. Only bitter experience teaches that hush-money is the most fatal and the feeblest of all expedients to be adopted in the hope of warding off trouble. It is a ghastly reflection on our vaunted civilisation that the blackmailer can continue to exist for an hour. He is a social viper for whom no punishment could be too great or too ignominious. Five years' penal servitude only cages the reptile for a period; it does nothing to remove his fangs, and render him harmless when he is restored to freedom. The "cat" alone would fit the crime.

E. S.

The Theatre

Old Victories Revived

"SEALED ORDERS" AT DRURY LANE

THERE are many theatrical successes in London at present, but, as usual, when this happens, they are, like the treatment of the young lady of the cautionary story, who made so much noise, "most emphatic."

Thus the autumn drama of Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton furnishes an excellent feast for the early spring season at Drury Lane. The elaborate and exciting plot, in which spies and counter-spies, love, larceny, and romance go hand in hand, had not been seen by half the enormous public there is for this sort of thing, when it was withdrawn to admit of the pantomime being made ready. "Sealed Orders" has once more been received with enthusiastic delight. Almost the same clever company appears again, and Miss Madge Fabian, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mr. Julian Royce—ah, how wicked he is!—are as welcome as ever. Mr. Kenneth Douglas is, we believe, new to Drury Lane; his personality is so powerful, yet light, that his joining of the cast alone would give fresh life, if it were required, to this admirable example of the Raleigh-Hamilton drama of to-day.

"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

WE regret the sudden disappearance of "Thank Your Ladyship," but Miss Tempest provides us with a delightful compensation. Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox's version of the comedy by M. de Grésac and M. de Croisset is fast crystallising into a classic. So long as Miss Tempest plays, "The Marriage of Kitty" will always be one of her sure things of the theatre.

On the present occasion Mr. Graham Browne acts the part of the curious husband, Sir Reginald Belsize, who is eventually won by the wise and witty Kitty. When we saw it, he played with an amount of restlessness and rather pointless humour very unusual in this accomplished actor; but perhaps that has now passed, and the excellent piece of comedy is run easily and to constant laughter. Almost everybody has seen "The Marriage," but only those who now go to the Playhouse can realise the fullness and depth of art with which Miss Tempest is enabled to endow the leading character. The passage of time has immensely improved her reading of the part; each time we see her Kitty the subtlety and cunning of her art is redoubled.

"A SOCIAL SUCCESS" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

THIS delicious satire on modern life, by Mr. Max Beerbohm, which had altogether too short a run at the Palace Theatre, is just the thing to put one in the right mood to see "The Two Virtues" at the St. James's. Sir George Alexander has given up his part

of the amusing Tommy, who cheats a little at cards with the view of escaping from his social friends, only to find himself forgiven again and again and involved in all sorts of awkward intrigues. Mr. Reginald Owen now plays the part with perfect ease and success, and all the other characters prove to be as delightfully comic, in their delicate satiric ways, as when we first welcomed this one-act play of wit and fancy all compact.

"THE EVER OPEN DOOR" AT THE ALDWYCH

THAT there should still be a large public anxious to see such a work as this by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. H. H. Herbert is one of the deeper mysteries of the history of the modern stage. "The Ever Open Door" dates in a most candid way from twenty and thirty and forty years ago, and, judging by the brave way in which all the characters are acted and the artificial lines spoken, it is proud of its qualities of eld. Miss Hilda Spong and Mr. Ernest Selig are in their old—ah, how old!—parts, but there are some blithe new-comers, all of whom fit into the antique mosaic that has been arranged for them with infinite exactitude.

Many Plays in a Little Space

MISS WILLOUGHBY'S PRODUCTIONS AT COSMOPOLIS

AMONG the four short plays produced here the other day, mid snow and ice, "The Choice," by Mrs. Aston, proved to be by far the most attractive. The author is, perhaps, new to this kind of work, so that it is only natural that she should have chosen an old theme and treated it in a conventional way. But for those who have not seen very many plays there is much that is neat and effective in "The Choice" which a brilliant young barrister has to make between the mistress he loves and his career which greatly interests him. His wife, whom he has rather forgotten, happens to be bound up in his career.

As Jack Vayne, the hero, Mr. Heath Haviland gave a distinguished and highly interesting sketch of the lawyer who has to make a hurried choice and plumps for his career in a moment. The lady who loved him was just a little bit conventional in Miss Willoughby's hands, but the wife of Miss Edith Carter and the servant of Miss Virginia Seagrave were highly admirable performances. Miss Inez Bensusan, who is so clever as the old Jewess in "The Melting Pot," presented us with a little play, "The Prodigal Passes," which failed to interest us. The other short pieces are not, we fear, likely to be of much use to the many people who are looking out for something of this sort that will succeed.

AT THE COURT THEATRE

MRS. WALDEMAR-LEVERTON has produced lately a large number of one-act plays, many of which have proved

very successful. Unfortunately, the three we saw recently were not remarkably engaging or fresh. "Susan's Mother," by Miss Dorothea Cross, in which Miss Muriel Martin Harvey played one Susan, and a small Pekingese played another lady of the same name, was neither very fresh in idea nor brilliantly acted.

"Per Pro Simon," by Mr. Herbert Spence, had some amusing moments, and gave an excellent opportunity to Mr. Cyril Ashford, who, as a rather foolish old manservant, tries to help forward the fortunes of his master, the unsuccessful Dr. John Barford, Mr. Lacey Mills.

"A Writer of Plays," by Miss E. Notrevel, showed us a rather poor version of that old friend of playgoers, "A Pantomime Rehearsal." However, it appeared to give a good deal of pleasure to the several ladies and gentlemen who took part in its long-drawn humours.

We look forward to happier afternoons with the "Leverton Players"; for they are certainly an earnest company, who come freshly and with enthusiasm to the difficult art of the stage.

Also at the Court Theatre we recently saw two plays by Mr. Arthur Applin. The first, "Le Rêve," gave us Miss Edith Olive as Ninon, a lady of the town who in a dream receives her once-devoted lover of other days. She is the only actor on the stage, although the audience understands that the concierge of her flat, a Man, and Another man call to her from without. After her passionate scene with her imaginary visitor she awakes and with due explanation ends her own life. It is not a very purposeful or entertaining affair, but it gives Miss Olive the chance of displaying her mastery of a very difficult piece of stage work.

This rather uphill attempt to transform a sort of recitation into a play was followed by a comedy in three acts, which the author calls—

"RAGS."

There is much good work in this and much that the clever writer will, we fancy, make even better. Miss Gillian Scaiffe as Lady Hetty Loring, who goes down to the depths of poverty in the hope of helping the world, gave a wonderfully sustained and powerful performance. As her father, the Earl of Borneham, Mr. Fred Lewis amused us with a lively improvement on his character of the duke in Mr. Chesterton's play.

But the most real and valuable work in "Rags" was done by Mr. Edmund Breon as Billy, an East-end bully and burglar, with some pleasant impulses. The play is just good enough to make us wish that it were a trifle better, in which case it would, we believe, have a very good chance of a run in town.

EGAN MEW.

The Social Research Prize of £100, offered through the Governors of the London School of Economics by an anonymous donor, has been awarded to Reginald Vivian Lennard, M.A. (Oxford), for an essay on the question: "Whether, and if so under what circumstances and to what extent, the agricultural industry as it is or as it might be carried on in Great Britain could afford higher wages to those engaged in it."

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

A VERY able member of the House of Commons, who had a vile temper, and who could be very rude on occasions, was once described by a friend as a perfect encyclopædia of information. "Yes," said a colleague who stood by, "but very roughly bound." Winston is very roughly bound; he also can be very rude on occasions, and he does not take any trouble to find out the names of his supporters. Once, when he first attempted to enter Parliament, he was staying at a country house during an election, and was usually late for all meals. He excused himself in an airy way to his hostess by explaining "that unpunctuality was the impertinence of politicians." This was on a par with his insolent description of a lie as "a terminological inexactitude." Winston's best friends could not say that his manners are polished.

On Wednesday he deliberately went out of his way to be rude to Lord Charles Beresford, who, when all is said and done, is the only admiral we have in the House, who is in the autumn of his days and has fought for his country and spent the whole of his life in and for the Navy.

Churchill went out as Beresford rose. The latter, by the way, is not bound in velvet himself when nettled, and naturally complained.

"I do not think it civil either to the House or myself," said Beresford. "Why, I was here before he was born! In 1879 I was fighting for better conditions for men on the lower deck when he was at the business end of a feeding-bottle!" Lambert was sent to look for Churchill, who came back looking very ill-tempered.

Lord Charles cut Winston's speech to pieces; he bluntly said that he did not believe that the Admiralty had the oil stored that he pretended; or that Germany was using coal and not oil; it was all balderdash. Lord Charles wanted an Imperial Committee to be called together to consider a scheme of defence for the Empire, to examine what we have, what we want, why we want it, and what it will cost.

Winston yawned ostentatiously more than once, until Lord Charles said he and some of his friends had been able to see a long way down the right honourable gentleman's throat.

Philip Snowden made a long and cutting speech on the armaments ring, giving names, dates, and figures, and accusing well-known firms of employing ex-confidential servants of the State for the sake of their inside knowledge, and supplying warships and guns to our possible foes. It was an able indictment.

In the evening there was a motion about our naval policy in the Mediterranean.

Thursday, the 19th, will possibly prove one of the most historic nights in the House of Commons. It was the day granted by the Government for the vote of censure of the Opposition. The House was crowded, and there were signs at question time

that the temper of the Opposition was rising; it was felt that a spark might fire the gunpowder at any moment.

The complaint we had against Asquith was this: when he made his offer about the six years' exclusion, he promised to supply further details. This we contend he never did. The White Paper he laid upon the table was what Hope called "a stump."

Bonar Law was studiously moderate in his opening speech. He said that, as it was obvious that the Government would not or could not accept the arbitrament of a General Election, he therefore deliberately offered to refer the question to a referendum of the United Kingdom and abide by the result. He said this with the approval of Lord Lansdowne and the other leaders of the Opposition.

Asquith slowly rose to reply. He asked the House to make allowance for his indisposition. He admitted the reasonable and moderate tone of Bonar Law, then, leaning over the table, he subjected Bonar Law to a searching cross-examination.

The House watched the duel with a strained eagerness, not to miss a word or a gesture. Consider for a moment how the antagonists were matched. On one side was the Prime Minister, who was the elder of the two, a lawyer of renown, skilled in cross-examination, with nearly thirty years' experience of the House of Commons, and who was a member of a Ministry over twenty years ago.

Facing him was a Glasgow iron merchant who only entered the House fourteen years ago, whose brilliant ability had recently placed him at the head of his party, but who had never had the opportunity of Cabinet experience.

Beside Bonar Law sat his trusty henchmen, Carson, Long, and Austin, but he could not turn to any of them; he had to answer on the spur of the moment, "Yea" or "Nay." I would not have been in his place for the crown of England.

Asquith took hold of one point in his speech as to the possible action of the Army: "Who was to be the judge; the soldier, the officer, or the general? Such a proposition as that seems to strike at the very root of society."

It seemed a poser, and we waited breathlessly for the reply. Bonar Law made answer:

"The question, surely, whether it is or is not a civil war is generally decided by both combatants. For instance, in the American War the South was regarded not as rebels, but as combatants. That is the distinction."

"Did the right hon. gentleman mean the Bill as it stood, or the Bill plus the offer of the six-years' exclusion?"

Bonar Law said the latter.

"If the Referendum proved in favour of Home Rule, did it carry with it the authority, if necessary, to coerce Ulster?"

There was another pause. My mouth went suddenly dry. How much further was he going?

Bonar nodded assent.

Asquith, with a light of triumph in his eyes, went on: "Should the referendum be taken on single or plural voting?"

We gasped again as the singular *viva-voce* examination proceeded. Bonar Law said he would be quite willing to accept it without any plural voting. How much further was he going? There were half-stifled exclamations all round.

Asquith then swung round to Carson. "Would Ulster accept?" The answer came back like a flash of lightning.

"Let the prime Minister make a firm offer, and I will answer." And a tremendous roar went up from the Opposition.

"It is not my offer," said Asquith, rather discomfited. "No," said Carson, quoting a favourite answer of the Prime Minister at question time; "it is a hypothetical question."

In the end Asquith declined the offer. He was shuffling as he had shuffled over the details of his compromise, and when he asked those questions he had no intention of accepting the offer; he only hoped to try to make Bonar Law hesitate and look foolish, and he failed; and I never admired Bonar Law so much. He had made up his mind, shown broad generosity and masterful statesmanship at a moment's notice.

Carson made a farewell speech, saying, "I am of no further use here; my place is in Belfast."

Joe Devlin followed, and accused Carson of once being a Home Ruler, and abandoning it because he thought he could make more at the Bar as a Unionist.

"It is an infamous lie," said Carson. It was quite a minute and a half before the Speaker could intervene on account of the uproar. In deference to the Speaker Carson withdrew, and substituted for his description that of "wilful falsehood," which the Speaker wisely let pass, at the same time asking members on both sides to avoid personalities, as "they were approaching," he added; very, very gravely, "a serious climax in the affairs of our country."

We all stood and cheered Carson when he left.

The rest of the debate is not worth recording, even if I had the space. The division was a bad one for us, but many Ulstermen and others were absent who had not taken the trouble to pair.

Archer-Shee had a row with Flavin in the Lobby, and nearly came to blows.

To keep up my character as a regular devotee, I attended on Friday, but it was difficult to turn aside from Home Rule even to discuss such an urgent question as housing. Griffiths Boscawen again brought forward his Bill, which is a carefully thought-out measure drafted by the Unionist Social Reformers.

Boscawen proved that Lloyd George's legislation had killed all building enterprise, and hence there was an enormous shortage of cottages, with all the attendant horrors of overcrowding and immorality.

But, bless you, the Radicals were not having any! They were not going to be such fools as to allow the

Unionists the credit of trying to settle this question. Not a bit of it; they refused to give any money.

Samuel promised Forster he would only speak for five-and-twenty minutes, and allow him half an hour in which to wind up; but he spoke for an hour, and the handsome member for Sevenoaks had only three minutes left for his speech.

However, he got in one or two good body blows. "You have given our Bill lip-service and stabbed it in the back." "If you believe all you say, why don't you vote against the Bill here and now? But you daren't."

And they did not. The Bill was read a second time, but everybody knew it was dead. It will be deliberately overlaid by the Radicals, who prefer to talk about the bad housing conditions rather than allow the Opposition the credit of trying to remedy them.

On Monday a fresh scene was set in the absorbing drama now being enacted before our eyes at Westminster.

During the week-end it had come out that a large number of officers of the Army in Ireland had declined to serve against Ulster, and that they had been told to resign.

Seely began by reading out a bald statement saying it was all due to a misunderstanding that had now been put right. Explanations had been given and all the officers had returned to duty.

Bonar Law took the almost unprecedented course of demanding that ordinary business should be set aside and the matter considered forthwith; this was agreed to. Sir Arthur Paget, the brother of our Almeric, had called his officers together, and one of them had taken down in writing what he said. He said he had "received instructions from Col. Seely which he expected would put the country in a blaze by Saturday." Bonar Law pushed the quarto piece of paper on which the type-written report appeared across to the Prime Minister for his inspection.

The sensation caused in the House can scarcely be described; Seely spoke rapidly under his breath to the Prime Minister, whose face assumed a leaden colour. Bonar Law calmly went on with his indictment. General Gough, one of the chief recalcitrants, had been summoned to London and a successor appointed; after the interview he had been reinstated. Asquith replied, and he had never been in a tighter corner. He reiterated the "misunderstanding" explanation. Valuable stores, guns, cartridges, etc., had been left unprotected, and it was natural that these should be guarded; it was merely a peace movement. It was true certain officers whose families resided in the disaffected provinces had asked to be relieved of their duties, and he thought it a very good idea.

This rallied the Labour men to his side. "No more soldiers to be sent to shoot down strikers in the district where they live." Certainly not, Asquith agreed. A successor had been appointed to General Gough in case he did not return. The whole speech sounded most unconvincing; everything pointed to the fact that what

had been intended was not police work, but the coercion of Ulster by force, and but for the fact that the Generals had refused, it is clear to us it would have been attempted. Then Balfour rose like a tower; he seemed to look taller and more graceful than ever. With an air of detachment he described the recent events. He backed up Bonar Law's view of the rights of soldiers in a situation so unparalleled. Gough resigned because he would not fight against Ulster—he resigned, and a successor was appointed, "in case he did not come back"; and yet he was allowed to go back in spite of his declaration that he would not fight against Ulster! The Government had failed in the attempt, and the faces of the Ministers showed it more clearly than any words. Some of the Little Englanders had something to say, but the majority turned into the Lobby to talk over the amazing events of the afternoon, and the House adjourned early.

Gough comes of a family of soldiers; more than one of his brothers has won the V.C., and he himself is one of the bravest of the brave. It is lucky there was such a man resolute enough to grasp the nettle and dare all. It may be proved in years to come that his gallant stand saved the situation and prevented civil war.

On Tuesday the scene was like a country dance. It was "sides to the middle" with a vengeance. The plot having failed, everybody attacked everybody else. As the Army Vote was down for the day, we naturally suggested it would be a good opportunity to discuss the whole situation, but Asquith was much too wary to do this. He said he did not want any more "mis-understandings"; he would lay the whole papers on the table by Wednesday morning, and the matter could be just as easily discussed on the Consolidated Vote in the afternoon. He was deluged with questions—asked for everything—written instructions—oral instructions—instructions by Seely and instructions by Winston. He declined to give oral instructions, because oral instructions could not be put into the document; at which we shouted, "Why not?" I think he cynically intended to suggest we would not believe the document prepared under such circumstances.

Ward got up and blazed away, attacking the King in a very daring manner for interfering, but, as Lord Robert Cecil caustically put it, "although John Ward may shout, he has not the courage to vote," and "revolutionaries are not made of that kind of clay." There is no doubt about it—the Radical Party are now bent upon trying to drag his Majesty into the affair. Last week it was Home Rule; this week it is the Army; and next week, if I mistake not, in their frantic efforts to escape from the errors they have made, it will be the Monarchy.

Dr. Bradley's preface to the second half of Vol. VIII of the "Oxford English Dictionary," to be published this week, announces that Mr. C. T. Onions will edit independently the words beginning with SU-SZ. Mr. Onions has served about twenty years on the dictionary under Sir James Murray and Dr. Bradley.

Literary Competition

THIRD WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION III.

The vagrancy laws of the late reign were said to have failed from over-severity. Although whipping, branding, or even hanging were not considered penalties in themselves too heavy for the sturdy and valiant rascal who refused to be reformed; yet through "foolish pity of them that should have seen the laws executed," there had been no hanging and very little whipping, and vagrancy was more troublesome than ever. Granting that it was permissible to treat the vagabond as a criminal in an age when transportation did not exist, and when public works on which he could be employed at the cost of government were undertaken but rarely, the question what to do with him in such a capacity was a hard one. The compulsory idleness of a life in gaol was at once expensive and useless; and practically the choice lay between no punishment at all, the cart's tail, and the gallows. The Protector, although his scheme proved a failure, may be excused, therefore, for having invented an arrangement, the worst feature of which was an offensive name; and which, in fact, resembled the system which, till lately, was in general use in our own penal colonies.

The object was, if possible, to utilise the rascal part of the population, who were held to have forfeited, if not their lives, yet their liberties. A servant determinately idle, leaving his work, or an able-bodied vagrant, roaming the country without means of honest self-support and without seeking employment, was to be brought before the two nearest magistrates. "On proof of the idle living of the said person," he was to be branded on the breast, where the mark would be concealed by his clothes, with the letter V, and adjudged to some honest neighbour as "a slave," "to have and to hold the said slave for the space of two years then next following"; "and to order the said slave as follows": that is to say, "To take such person adjudged as slave with him, and only giving the said slave bread and water, or small drink, and such refuse of meat as he shall think meet, to cause the said slave to work." If mild measures failed, if the slave was still idle or ran away, he was to be marked on the cheek or forehead with an S, and be adjudged a slave for life. If finally refractory, then and then only he might be tried and sentenced as a felon.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name.....

Address

Coupon 3, March 28, 1914.

* * Copies of the issues dated March 14 and 21, containing the first two quotations, may be obtained (price 7d. post free) by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

Notes and News

Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes this week the first six volumes of a new and cheap edition of the "Pseudonym Library." This library was started by Mr. Unwin some thirty years ago to contain the mass of good material too short to be issued in novel form, and too long for the "short story," which was continually passing through his hands. For many years the slim volumes were very familiar, and fifty-five of them in all were issued before the supply of good material seemed to have been exhausted.

Interest will be taken in the début at Bechstein Hall, on the afternoon of March 31, of Miss Gabrielle Vallings, a great-niece of Charles and Henry Kingsley and a cousin of Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison). Though barely twenty, Miss Vallings is an exceptionally clever dancer, a talented dramatic actress, and the possessor of a well-trained soprano voice. Miss Vallings is an enthusiastic admirer of the modern school of music, especially of Debussy and of Carpentier, and she believes that music and literature are becoming more and more closely allied.

In the Fine Art Palace of the Anglo-American Exposition at Shepherd's Bush, which is to be open from May to October, there will be three sections devoted to the Fine Art of America. These will be made up of exhibits by American artists residing in the United States, Paris, and London. The committee for those in London is composed of Messrs. Paul W. Bartlett, J. McClure Hamilton, Joseph Pennell, and J. S. Sargent, R.A. The honorary secretary, Mr. Joseph Pennell, desires it to be made known that any American artists in London, not having received an invitation to exhibit, can receive full information as to conditions on application by post to him at 3, Adelphi Terrace House, Robert Street, Strand, W.C.

For some numbers past, *Science Progress* has been asking for information regarding the emoluments of scientific workers, and the April number will begin with a strong article entitled "Sweating the Scientist." It compares the rate of payment for science with similar rates for other professions, and attacks abuses such as the giving of university honours for work unconnected with science, art, or learning, and the trick by which Governments obtain scientific advice for nothing. An editorial note deals equally strongly with party politicians and the sale of State honours. The body of the number contains important reviews, several papers on physics, an interesting biography of Professor John Milne, the seismologist, a paper on "The Influence of Science in Modern Poetry," and a polemic on psychical research.

The *Hamburger Echo* (Social Democratic) for March 11 has a long article on "The Conflict of British-German Interests," severely condemning the parties responsible for the promulgation of "this most errone-

ous notion," which is responsible for the enormous increase in armaments, the constant political crises, the intrigues between the Great Powers, and the continuous check to economic development which follows in their train. Referring to the recent official report on the British-German Conference in London last spring, and in especial to Professor Rathgen's speech delivered on that occasion, the *Hamburger Echo* avers that his clear and concise statements must convince even the most ardent supporter of the "theory of a conflict of interests between Germany and England" of the fallaciousness of this theory.

The Manchester University Press will publish on March 31 "Chronica Johannis de Reading et Anonymi Cantuariensis," edited, with an introduction and copious notes, by Professor James Tait. Although both these chronicles of the reign of Edward III are known to historians, they have not previously been printed *in extenso*. Reading has often been consulted, and its importance recognised for some time as one of the sources of the St. Albans chronicle of Thomas Walsingham and of the continuation of the English Brut, but the full extent of the indebtedness of subsequent compilers to it and the value of the messages which they ignored have not hitherto been appreciated. The Canterbury Chronicle has not attracted the attention of any historian since Wharton's time, and, although less interesting than Reading as a source of other chronicles, this to a certain extent is compensated by the greater novelty of its matter.

Mr. William Barnes Steveni, a well-known authority on Russia and its resources, gave a lecture on "England's Early Trade Relation with Scandinavia, Russia, and Central Asia in Saxon Times," at the March meeting of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, Imperial Institute. Mr. E. A. Cazalet, the president, occupied the chair. The lecturer, who had resided for over a quarter of a century in various parts of the Russian Empire, showed what extensive trade was carried on, by means of the River Volga, between Anglo-Saxon England, Scandinavia, Russia, and Central Asia with the aid of the "Osterlings," the Arabs from Bagdad, and the countries east of the Caspian Sea. The Island of Gothland, in the Baltic Sea, with its capital Wisby, now in decay, was then the commercial London of Europe, before its trade was finally superseded by the Hanseatic League. Mr. Steveni traced the old trade routes by means of the great number of coins, both Anglo-Saxon and Arabic, discovered along the lines of commerce, viz., South Sweden, Gothland, Petersburg, Ladoga, Novgorod the Great, the Upper Volga, Old Bulgaria on the same river, and the towns along the Caspian Sea. The lecture was a revelation to many who had no idea that there existed such an extensive trade with Russia and the East prior to the Conquest. The so-called free commercial republics in Russia, Novgorod, Pskov, etc., originally founded by the Vikings of the North, who even gave Russia her name, were in later times ruthlessly destroyed by Ivan the Terrible, scores of thousands of people being drowned in the rivers.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

ALLIANCE OR ENTENTE?

IN the course of a recent utterance in the House of Commons Sir Edward Grey made it clear that Great Britain was perfectly satisfied with the present system of grouping the Powers, and that she did not intend to convert any existing Ententes into Alliances. Thus once again he has subscribed to the traditional policy of Downing Street, which has always aimed at maintaining unimpaired the balance of power in Europe. It was not to be denied that a very strong school of political thought, with adherents not only in England but also in the countries friendly to ourselves, persistently advocate the wisdom of converting the Triple Entente into an alliance. The arguments advanced in support of this plan are weighty, but, let us say at the outset, not sufficiently so to warrant the desired change. For example, it is asserted that the Entente lacks the force of cohesion, that it has no clearly defined scheme of diplomacy, and that, as a consequence, whenever questions of European concern arise, its action is only determined at the last moment. So soon as negotiations are set on foot between the Chancelleries of Europe, these drawbacks, it is contended, manifest themselves to a serious extent; and were a crisis calling for prompt military co-operation to occur, then the confusion would be little short of calamitous. The blame for the deficiencies here described is laid almost exclusively at the door of Great Britain. We are told that our friends cannot wholly depend upon our support in any and all circumstances that may present themselves. In other words, we are accused of claiming the full advantages of friendship, while proffering in return an altogether non-committal promise that we will lend our aid only in cases where we approve of the cause.

It is no secret that the highest authorities, both in France and Russia, would like to see the Triple Entente become an alliance. We must recognise that their motives originate in patriotism of the purest kind. But we are bound to follow their example and regard the question from our own point of view. France and Russia are Continental countries, with ideas of government altogether different from those prevailing in England, maintaining vast conscript armies, and having land frontiers conterminous with those of Germany, who is reputed to be the strongest military Power in Europe. France and Russia are therefore indispensable to each other. By reason of geographical situation and political irreconcilabilities of a fundamental nature, it is open to considerable doubt whether the two Powers alluded to will ever be on terms of real cordiality with their great neighbour and her Ally, Austria. Bosnia and Herzegovina have proved to be to Russia very much what Alsace and Lorraine are to the French. Viewing world policy as a whole, it is apparent that the interests of Great Britain are in the main consistent with the aims of the Triple Entente. To understand the truth of this statement it is neces-

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sary to proceed further and define the interests of Great Britain. Primarily, of course, we are concerned with securing the peace. By going to war we have nothing to gain and everything to lose. We believe that our end may best be served by preserving the equilibrium of power in Europe, and, as questions of international disagreement become evident, examining these calmly and judiciously so that our weight may be thrown into the right side of the scales, either in the form of wise counsel to our friends or of firm representation to the Powers in the opposing camp.

The advocates of alliance should pause to contemplate the actual consequences that would attend the realisation of their hopes. An alliance, to be effective, must be offensive as well as defensive. An alliance, moreover, such as that wished for, cannot be restricted in character; its scope must embrace the whole world. To attempt the creation of an instrument of this kind, which would necessarily involve an explicit definition of the interests of all three contracting parties in every part of the globe, would constitute a stupendous task, one which the writer ventures to think would baffle even the greatest intellects contemporary statesmanship can command. For all three Powers are in the strictest sense of the term World Powers, a designation the significance of which does not apply, so far as the Triple Alliance is concerned, to Italy and Austria. England's Treaty with Japan was only made possible because its practical operations were limited to the Far East. France and Russia, as we have said, are tied together because of mutual interests intimately connected with their Continental situation. Whatever help they may lend us in time of crisis will, no doubt, be of tremendous utility. But as an Island Power, dependent solely for existence upon supremacy at sea, we cannot, and ought not to count the assistance of others in the development of High Strategy.

We are forced, then, to the conclusion that to oppose the existing Triple Alliance with another Triple Alliance could not have results other than disastrous. For it would virtually mean the division of the nations into two antagonistic Powers with no mediatory bridge to span their differences. In that event every issue that arose between individual nations would become the cause of the group to which they belonged; and, what is no less important, the individual Powers composing the two groups would be compelled to pool all their interests with those of their friends while having no right of assertion against them, just in the same way as they would not be able to enter into isolated negotiation with their diplomatic opponents. The first sign of any movement in this direction would naturally stiffen the existing Triple Alliance. England then would not be able to come to a friendly arrangement with Germany as she is doing at present. Viewed from another aspect, also, the suggested strengthening of the Entente appears to be impracticable. An alliance such as has been proposed would argue mutual confidence of the closest description. The separate foreign policies of the three Powers concerned would have to be merged into one

common policy, and in the present state of parliamentary institutions in this country we cannot see how it would be possible to conclude an effective arrangement on these lines.

England, on her part, clearly cannot permit the issue of peace and war, in which is bound up her own existence, to be even partially in the keeping of other Powers. Again, the further question arises as to how it would be possible to get complete agreement among the Allies at all times. In what way would a decision be arrived at as to whether any set of circumstances constituted *casus belli*? For instance, would England be prepared to defend exclusively Russian interests in the Balkans, or French interests in Africa? On the other hand, could we reasonably expect Russia and France to come to our aid were we to have a difference with Germany in regard to which they looked upon our policy as provocative? Yet were Germany to seize upon some problem that concerned one Power, but was remote from the other two Powers composing the group now known as the Triple Entente, her ultimate object being to win for herself the hegemony of Europe, then common action against a common foe would obviously be justified. To that extent an alliance of interest already exists in the Entente, and Germany is well aware of the fact. Any extension of the principle thus expressed might well have evil result of a twofold nature: both groups would be encouraged to indulge in assertive diplomacy, and conceivably any one Power might be induced to embark upon an adventurous policy, thus compelling friendly nations to come into its service.

If England is to maintain her influence in Europe she must at all costs preserve her liberty of action. But in doing so there is no reason why she *should* not lean towards France and Russia, nations whose declared policy, generally speaking, is in accord with her own. So far, in spite of criticism, we may say that the Entente has not been without its tangible benefits to our friends. France is firmly established in Morocco, Russia in Mongolia and Northern Persia; while the Slav cause is in the ascendant in the Near East. Throughout the prolonged crisis only recently terminated Great Britain, by reason of the disinterested, though none the less active, part she played, received the gratitude of the whole world. Perhaps to-morrow other Powers will find themselves so placed as to be able to confer a similar benefit upon mankind. Why, then, should we abandon a tried system that has upheld peace, in favour of an experimental arrangement which would divide Europe into two permanently hostile groups? It is nowhere pretended, apart from the idea of alliance, that any better alternative to the Entente can be devised. The Entente has stood the test of experience. It is founded, much in the same way as any alliance would be, exclusively upon a community of interests, and it will remain in being so long as these interests endure, not a day longer. The question of military co-operation in certain contingencies, which has been raised, may well be left to the foresight of the General Staffs of the nations concerned.

MOTORING

IT is frequently remarked that touring by motor-cycle is not so popular as it was a few years ago. If this is true it is to be regretted, as there is no more enjoyable or cheaper means of exploring the country than by the mechanically-propelled two-wheeler. And it should not be overlooked that touring by motor-cycle is vastly easier and more pleasant than it used to be—lighter and quieter machines, stouter tyres and improved roads have all conduced to eliminate or modify the drawbacks which were undoubtedly associated with the sport in the earlier days of motor cycling. With the modern machine and an adequate up-to-date equipment, every contingency—except the weather—can be provided against, and there is little doubt that this year the motor cycle will be more in evidence on the roads than ever. The time is now ripe for those who contemplate spending the Easter holidays a-wheel to begin their preparations—to map out the route, and to overhaul the machine if an old one, or adjust it if new. In this work, the latest edition of "All about Dunlop Tyres," a well-illustrated booklet of 64 pages, which has just been issued by the Dunlop Rubber Company, will be found helpful. It gives all necessary information about tyres and accessories, and "speed" cyclists will find it particularly useful. A copy may be had free on application at any Dunlop depot.

The forthcoming Light Car Reliability Trial, the rules for which have just been issued, should prove of exceptional interest and value, inasmuch as it will show what advances have been made in the direction of removing the main point of criticism with regard to this type of motor vehicle—the inability to withstand prolonged hard work without mechanical trouble. The trial is confined to cars weighing not more than 1,500 lbs., and of an engine cylinder capacity not exceeding 1,400 c.c. There will be four classes—A, B, C, and D—cost price being the basis of classification. Those in Class A are to be listed at not more than 150 guineas, in Class B 175 guineas, Class C 200 guineas, and Class D any price over 200 guineas. The trial is to extend over six days, and the whole will be a non-stop event, no car being eligible for award unless it completes the 12 non-stop runs—six before lunch and six after lunch—in the six days. Particulars will be taken of the time occupied in the replenishing of petrol and oil tanks, washing, etc., and of the time taken in the hill climbs. The entrance fee up to noon on Saturday, April 11, is ten guineas per car for all classes, and after that 15 guineas up to noon on the following Saturday—the latest time any entry will be received.

Sooner or later "self-starters" for motor-cars are bound to supersede the clumsy and to some extent dangerous handle-turning method, and it will surprise many motorists to learn to what a degree of practical utility and reliability these devices have attained. The R.A.C. has just issued a "certificate of performance," summing up the results of an official test of one of these devices—the North-East Starter and Lighter—

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which proves that American ingenuity has overcome whatever difficulties there were in employing electricity for starting the engine from the driver's seat. The main facts embodied in the official report are that on six consecutive days the tested device started the engine from cold in the morning, the maximum time on any one of these occasions being under 15 seconds, and that on each of these days a further 249 consecutive self-starts were made, the total maximum time occupied in making 250 starts being 13½ minutes. This means that all the starts were practically instantaneous. The entrants of the invention are to be congratulated on having succeeded in demonstrating beyond a doubt that their device can be relied upon to do its work at all times and under any conditions. A big step has been made in the way of removing almost the last important drawback associated with the modern car.

Many motorists are at a loss to understand why the ban placed by the R.A.C. upon Victor tyres at the time of the unfortunate controversy over the memorable test was not removed long ago, and there is considerable indignation—even in the ranks of the Club itself—at what unprejudiced outsiders must regard as grossly unfair treatment. The following letter, addressed to us by Col. Templer—a well-known member of the R.A.C. and of the Test Committee—is representative of the feeling entertained by many members of the Club with regard to this matter:—

I am very much concerned to note that Victor tyres are still banned by the R.A.C. As a member of the Test Committee, the progress of the controversy between the Victor Tyre Company was of profound interest to me, and I distinctly remember the Chairman and the Secretary of the R.A.C. inviting Mr. Yarworth Jones to a luncheon to "bury the hatchet." Later, a statement was published over the name of the editor and proprietor of a well-known motoring paper, who was also present at the luncheon, that Mr. Yarworth Jones had generously agreed to write a certain letter to the Club, which was to be read at its Annual General Meeting to soothe the unrest of many of the members, who were very far from satisfied with the action of the executive. Mr. Orde, the Secretary of the R.A.C., was reported to have said at the luncheon that the test was a "perfectly fair and splendidly organised trial." In my recollection it was distinctly understood that the ban would be removed from Victor tyres when the much-wished-for letter had been received, and I concluded therefore that the Club had accepted the opportunity of gracefully and with dignity withdrawing from a position which was so illogical, unreasonable, and unfair. Why is such a condition of things allowed to continue? Is the "premier motoring organisation of the world" losing its sap? Are the tango teas, etc., undermining its constitution?

Without entering into the merits of the original dispute between the Club and the Victor Company, it may be said at once that there cannot be any valid reason for the continued banning of a tyre which has abundantly demonstrated its right to rank as one of the very best on the market, and until the Club abandons its present policy it must expect criticism of a very unpleasant nature.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE stock market thinks that the politician is bluffing; that a general election must come, and that the Conservatives will return to office; therefore the dealers have marked up prices. Everyone is short; there is no "bull" account, and the market is ripe for a rise. Whether it will come depends upon many things, and to prophesy a boom would be rash; but it seems quite certain that quotations will keep hard for some days. The public does not buy, but it does not sell. The Belgian loan has come out, and the lists were closed in an hour, the issue being largely over-subscribed. The Greek loan is promised for next week. Whether the People's Trust went is perhaps doubtful, and in spite of the excellent Board, it is doubtful whether the Papua Company got any money. Various new issues are on the tapis. A strange Cuban concern will offer its shares, but certainly no one should subscribe; those at the back of it are not to my taste. The Dominion Trust now offer 5 per cent. guaranteed investment certificates; this is one of the biggest Trust companies in Canada. The City of Winnipeg also offer £1,150,000 4½ per cent. inscribed stock at 98.

MONEY.—Once again the bulk of the gold in the market has gone to Russia and Germany. These two countries are building up an enormous gold reserve; if they continue to buy all the gold in the market, the City will become nervous. On March 15, 1912, the Reichsbank held £45,000,000; this year on the same date the amount was £66,000,000. Russia in 1912 only had £148,373,000; this year her stock of gold was £178,689,000. France in 1912 had about £130,000,000; she now holds £145,000,000. The increases are really serious, especially as our own bank does not increase at anything like the same ratio. No one knows what our Joint Stock banks hold; the figures are never published. Great Britain should certainly strengthen her gold position. There is little chance of the bank rate moving either one way or the other. Some people believe that money will be very much easier in April, but I see no prospect of a fall, especially if the Continent continues to take gold so greedily.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market remains dull. Neither Paris nor Berlin seems inclined to make any move. The French have been very hard hit both in Mexico and Brazil, and enormous sums have been lost in both countries. It is now stated that the Argentine will discontinue the issue of cedulas. These mortgage bonds are very largely dealt in in Paris, but the price has been steadily falling; there is no doubt that they are well secured on Argentine land. But there is a limit to the absorbing power of the French nation, and the Argentine Government has acted very wisely. The Brazilian exchange has steadied, and as a result Brazilian Fives have hardened; but the public is still inclined to sell. The Budapest loan has risen a point, probably because people realise that it is below the prices quoted in Vienna. Tintos are also harder on the rise in Copper. The whole Foreign market certainly looks healthier, Japanese being one of the few weak exceptions.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market began the week well, and on Tuesday showed signs of an incipient

boom. Everything went up. The fact is, dealers are very short of stock and they are afraid that if the public come in and buy they may be caught out. Now that most of the stocks are quoted *ex dividend* they look remarkably cheap, and this entices the country buyer. Even Underground Electric have been bid for, and Great Western are now recovering rapidly. There is rather bad news from Scotland, the Scotch mine owners having put up a fund of £250,000 for the purpose of fighting the miners in the event of the long-talked-of reduction in wages producing a strike. Perhaps the men will give in peaceably, but the employers do not think that they will. In view of this, I cannot advise the purchase of Scotch Railway stocks.

YANKES.—The American market has hardened considerably. Both New York and London are short, and the New Haven settlement gave the "bears" a shock. The position of trade in the United States is certainly against any boom in American Rails; but prices are low. Wall Street still continues to discuss the extraordinary "cooking" of the figures in the Chicago and Milwaukee, and the Pennsylvania directors are now accused of the same irregularities. The Wilson Government seem inclined to make things as disagreeable as they possibly can; nevertheless, I think that the present rise is likely to continue for a few days. Even Canadian Pacifics are much better. The *Times* telegram from Canada foreshadows some very stringent legislation in regard to Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern. Both roads require large sums to complete their Trans-Continental routes, and both have asked the Canadian Government to guarantee the interest on the bonds; this gives the Government the opportunity they have been looking for. The matter will not affect Grand Trunk Pacific as seriously as Canadian Northern, as the English road has been well constructed, whereas the Mackenzie and Mann road has been carelessly laid.

RUBBER.—Rubber has hardened to 2s. 6d. a pound, but fine hard cured Para remains at 3s. About 1,000 tons of rubber will have to be sold at the auction, and, if the sale goes well, we may see higher prices. The Chersonese report is fairly satisfactory; the Gula-Kalumpong is also quite as good as can be expected, but Edinburgh reduces its dividend from 45 per cent. to 25 per cent., and Sheldford pays 15 per cent. for the year. Bah Lias and Wampoe are not very satisfactory. On the whole most of the reports that have been issued show a capacity to cut down working costs. Therefore, Rubber shareholders feel easier in their minds, for if costs go down and the price goes up, the present quotations for shares are not unreasonable.

OIL.—The Oil market has been steady, the principal move having been in North Caucasians, which have been bid up to 44s. There is no doubt that this company is now making a handsome profit. Spies have also hardened, and there is some talk of a move being made in New Caucasians; but on the whole the Oil market has been one of the duller in the Stock Exchange.

MINES.—In the Mining market very little business has been done, but the Russian section has improved slightly and the Latilla crowd have been trying to hold up Kirkland Lakes and Tough Oakes. An attempt is being made to put up the Nigerian mines, and Ropps have jumped to over 7. The Cobalt group, however, has been very weak, the combine not being liked by anyone. There is very little business in either Kaffirs or Rhodesians, but the jobbers are short and have been buying back Chartered and Tanganyika. Most of the Copper shares are a shade better, and the Broken Hill group are also hard.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market even Brazil Traction and Mexico Trams have hardened, and it is stated that there is a big firm interested in supporting

Brazil Traction. Marconis are a shade harder. Whiteley's show improved profits, but the Waring and Gillow figures disappointed the market. The Savoy Hotel makes a record profit for the year, and this well-managed business may be congratulated. British Aluminium manages to pay a dividend on its ordinary shares. Cammell Laird and Vickers both had good years. Indeed, all the reports that have been issued during the past week may be considered highly satisfactory.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

W. R. BOWLES ON THE "CATALOG" OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—On the Catalog of the British Museum, in the Supplement, one finds "Bowles (W. R.). Letters from a Portuguese Nun"; 1808, and again 1817. The Bodleian Library possesses "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia. Translated from the French of Madame Cottin, by W. R. Bowles, Esq. With historical, explanatory, and geographical notes. Second Edition. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster-Row. 1815." This edition is not mentioned on the Catalog of the B.M.; nor is Bowles recorded as the translator of this work of Sophie Ristaud there, or in the other editions announced on that of the Bodleian Library. Is there any reason for thinking that there was more than one W. R. Bowles at those dates, known as a translator of Continental books? This note will shew his title to another place on the catalogs for the future. I remain, sir, yours truly,

St. Patricks Day, 1914.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

SAMUEL GARDINER IN THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the "Dictionary of National Biography" we read that Samuel Gardiner flourished in the year 1606, was an angler, and the author of seven books there enumerated, and that "All that is known of him is that he was D.D. and chaplain to Archbishop Abbot." On March 14, 1914, it was my luck to find, and add to the Bodleian Library, a volume of 36, and 411, and vii pages, entitled: "The Devotions of the Dying Man, that desireth to Die well. Devised and divulged by SAMUEL GARDINER Doctor of Divinitie, and Minister of the Church of great St. Peters in Norwich. (Quotations from Revel. 14. 13. and Bernard) London, Printed by Iohn Bill, Printer to the

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Kings most Excellent Maiestie. 1627." It begins with "The Epistle Dedicatory to The Right Honovrable Sir Iohn Svckling Knight, . . . ; And to his Vertuous Wife Iane, Ladie Svckling", to whom "Samuel Gardiner wisheth the blessing of both lives": followed by another "To the Right Worshipful Sir Peter Gleane Knight; and to his vertuous Wife Mawde Lady Gleane," and this by verses from William Rant, Doctor of Medicine; and Mr. Lawrence Howlet, late Minister of Saint Andrewes Parish in Norwich, sent to the Author *four daies before his Death*; and Mr. William Allison, Minister of the Word at Norwich." The words in the Epistle Dedicatory: "The great engagement of my father for more than thirtie yeares together to your Father" point to a long-standing intimacy between the authors family and that of the Sucklings. In the letter to the Gleanes he says: "It remaineth that I give hearty thanks to you both, for the great kindnesse you have shewed me in my native Citie, vnto which I was called a Preacher in the chiefe Parish thereof" ("six yeares" ago). Hence it is clear that, if the Samuel Gardiner, D.D., of St. Peters in Norwich, was the individual commemorated in the D.N.B., we may add this information about him; namely, that he was born in Norwich, held his cure there for six years, wrote at least eight books, and was dead in 1627. These notes will probably draw from the antiquaries and historians of Norwich still further details about him. In the Epistle Dedicatory he tells us that "The Points in this *Portesse* are from the text of Isaiah to Ezechiah." In the great, unfinished, Oxford Dictionary one finds under "Portas" that the same word occurs in the Translators Preface to the English Bible of the year 1611. I remain, sir, yours truly,

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Oxford Union Society, Oxford.

LADY FRANCES PENNOYER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the History of the Rod by the Rev. W. M. Cooper, there are several extracts from the Diary of Lady Frances Pennoyer of Bullingdon Court, Herefordshire. The diary evidently is not genuine and Mr. Cooper does not state when or by whom it was published. Possibly he had it only in manuscript. Can any of your readers give me information about it? Was Lady Frances a real character, while the diary was forged, or is the whole thing fiction? The date of the extracts is 1760, but the diary is often a year wrong. Truly yours,

Royal Dublin Society.

QUERIST.

PREMATURE BURIAL: A REAL PERIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—With reference to the able and instructive article by Dr. Hollander on "Is Death Painless?" may I venture to remark that the question whether death is real or only apparent is much more important? Medical authorities, such as Professor Paul Brouardel, M.D., Lénormand, etc., have shown that it is quite possible for a person to be immured for some time in a closed coffin without being suffocated. The difficulties in the way of exhumation are often ignored by shallow writers, who assume, apparently on the ground that we do not hear of cases of actual premature burial in these islands, that such tragedies never or very rarely happen. How can it be possible to hear of these cases when the needful evidence is legally barred to

us? Not more than two corpses in one hundred thousand are exhumed, the Home Secretary being the only authority, except in certain cases, a coroner, who can order the disinterment of a body. Statements as to the rarity of premature burial are not only unwarranted by the direct evidence available, but are diametrically opposed to the inference which the indirect evidence justifies. We know by numerous well-authenticated cases that living persons may be, and are, mistaken for dead; we know that, unless considerable care be taken, the consequence of such errors must be the burial of persons alive; and we know, moreover, that no care whatever is required by law, nor is care, as a matter of common knowledge, customarily taken to distinguish apparent from real death. A medical certificate is not even legally requisite prior to interment, and some 9,000 burials annually in England and Wales, and a much larger proportion in Scotland and Ireland, take place without it. And when a death certificate is given it is nearly always on the information supplied by relatives or friends, who have had no medical training, and without the doctor taking the trouble to inspect the supposed or alleged corpse, that very possibly may be in a condition of apparent death, from trance, catalepsy, or other forms of suspended animation.

The Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial has a Bill, entitled the "Deaths and Burials Bill," before Parliament every session in order to remedy these glaring and dangerous defects in the law. If any of your readers desire more information on the subject, literature relating to it will be sent free of charge by the writer on receipt of an envelope, stamped and addressed. Thanking you for your kindness. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

100, Chedington Road, Upper Edmonton,

London, N., March 17, 1914.

[We insert the above communication, but we must not be supposed to accept the statements in it as accurate.—
ED. ACADEMY.]

PERIODICALS.

Literary Digest; *Knowledge*, 1913; *Constitution Papers*; *La Revue*; *Wild Life*; *Lawn Tennis Almanack*, 1914; *Poetry and Drama*; *Cambridge University Reporter*; *Irish Review*; *L'Action Nationale*; *Revue Bleue*; *Revue Critique*; *Publishers' Circular*; *Wednesday Review*.

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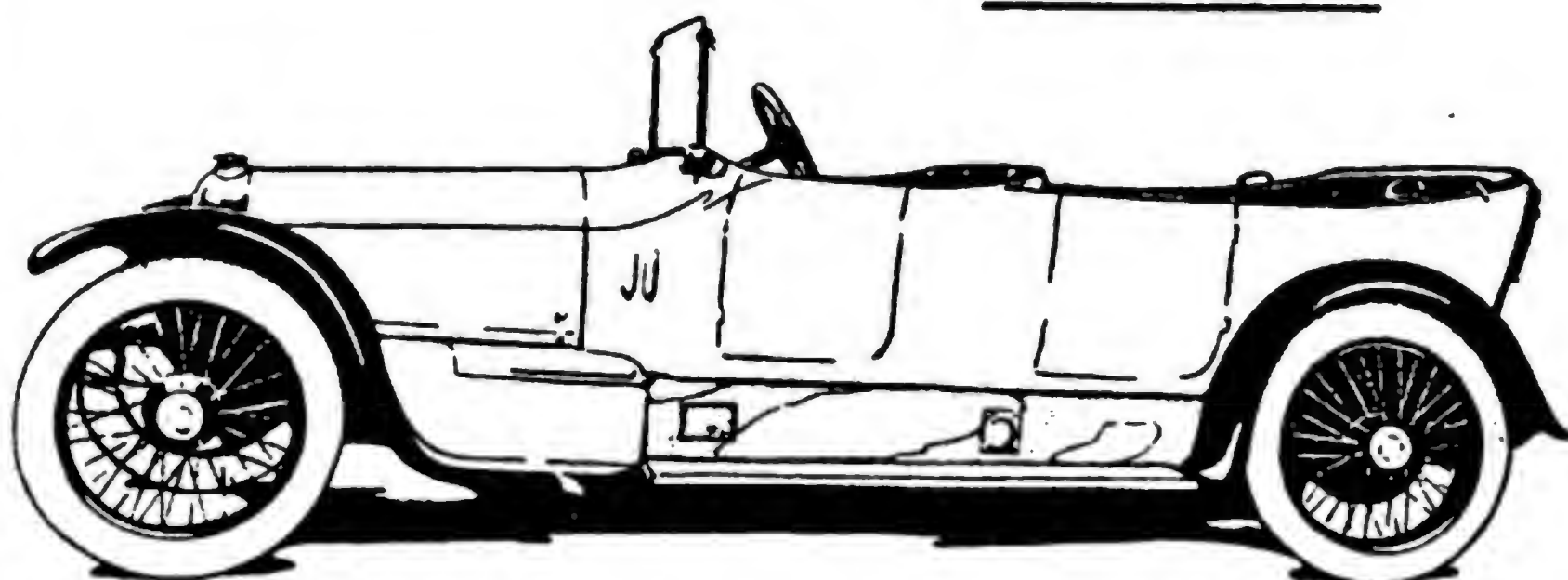
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the other side that we have reason to believe is the expression of a very general feeling. It stands beside the fact that Professor MacNeill has always, in enrolling the National Volunteers, called for cheers for

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Notes of the Week

A VERY significant incident happened quite recently in Ireland, which has altogether escaped mention on this side of the water. Immediately prior to the instructions of the Government to the Army at the Curragh, a rumour spread abroad that it was their intention to suppress the Ulster Volunteers. At that time a Nationalist County Council—the Leitrim County Council, as it chanced—was sitting, and it passed at once a resolution to the following effect:—"We learn that it is the intention of the Government forcibly to suppress the Ulster Volunteers. We therefore call upon you to resist this attempt to the utmost, and to unite with us against the common enemy of our country." This resolution was forwarded to all the Protestant County Councils of Ulster. Now we may not—we need not say we do not—agree with the terms of this resolution; but we do not hesitate to call it a very significant happening. Many of Sir Edward Carson's words and speeches have shown a very cordial feeling towards the other parts of Ireland, with which he has been supposed to have a very scant sympathy. He has always made it apparent that he regards himself, and is proud to regard himself, primarily as an Irishman, whose first sympathy is with his own nation. And here we have a response from

WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO GET GARVIN OUT OF these columns, expressed our opinion of him with some frankness; and we say now that he seems to have no primary consideration either for the interests of the Tory Party or for those of Ireland, England, or the Empire at large. He seems—in his case "obsessed" is the proper word—to trade on his position as London's Leading Scare Journalist and Harmsworth's apostle. He has won this position with some ease; and we do not envy him his reputation. We are not at all anxious to emulate his unquestioned feats in this capacity, which, we believe, is all to the bad for the just influence of the Press. At the moment, however, we are concerned with another matter.

Mr. Garvin was, we know, at one time a Fenian Nationalist of the most pronounced type. His sudden conversion to Unionism drives us to the reluctant opinion that he may have exploited Nationalism for his own advancement. Similarly we believe that he may be exploiting Unionism on the same lines. We are anxious to rid ourselves of purely party considerations in this matter. The Empire, and England and Ireland as parts of the Empire, is the issue; and all these interests are being jeopardised by the quite senseless deference which Mr. Bonar Law shows towards this journalist's encyclicals. We make an appeal to our leaders on two heads: first, we insist that Mr. Garvin be altogether ignored in Tory councils, and that he be left to comfort himself with his unenviable fame in Yellow Journalism; and secondly, that the present situation be bravely and honestly faced, with a view to a solution which the calm and healthy attitude of Ireland throughout all the distractions which have lately occurred makes us believe will not really be difficult to find. In that way the interests of the Empire will best be conserved, and the reign of the time-server and spouting ranter—whether on the platform or in the Press—will, to the universal benefit, be closed.

The "Vindicators" of Shakespeare

TO GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P.

When, Greenwood, you assert that those who write
On Shakespeare's Life invariably place
A heavy structure on a narrow base,
And finding that the facts are few and slight
Indulge conjecture in unmeasured flight—
You state the simple truth, and prove your case.
Indeed, biographers must now efface
The fabulous, and bring the truth to light.

But though you are unable to believe
The author of the plays and poems made
The hasty marriage and the philistine will,
And stalked the sawdust stage, I cannot cleave
In twain Ben Jonson's gentle friend who played
In his own comedy of Bobadill.

G. H. RADFORD.

The Return

A SUN-SWEET day in the sundown time
Where the great hills dip to the dusking dale,
And no sound breaking the silent climb
But a lonely wheeling curlew's wail.
And the far bird's scream, and the glittering shine
Of a star on the far dim eastern line
Bring back far days and a dream once mine
Where the great hills dip to the dale.

For the world-call came even here, even here
Where the great hills dip to the dusking dale,
And the old road laughed at a young heart's fear
And lured young feet to its wonder-trail,
And drew young eyes to the rosy sky. . . .
And the world grew wide as the feet climbed high,
But the young heart's dream was a dream gone by
With the hills dipping down to the dale.

O the world was strange and the years less kind
Than the years with the hills and the dusking dale,
And the dale's deep calm that none shall find
While the long road lures and the heart is hale.
And now in the chill of a wild bird's scream
I linger alone where the gloom is the gleam
Of a still, far star, with a far, far dream
And the hills dipping down to the dale.

THOMAS MOULT.

The Drum and Fife Band

LAST week we thought it necessary to speak with
unusual plainness and directness of the position
politically in which the country found itself. As persons
who desire the good of the Commonwealth—which
includes His Majesty's dominions in every part of the

world—we delight, this week, to acknowledge that the
responsible leaders in the Ministry have at last asserted
themselves, and brought back political sanity into the
conduct of the nation's affairs. It would be quite easy to
carp at, and even to ridicule, the change of front which
has occurred in the attitude of the Government. The
times are too hazardous, and the risks are too enormous,
both at home and abroad, for any responsible journal-
ist to try to make capital out of errors which the
Government practically acknowledge by the course
which they are tardily—all too tardily—adopting.

Once more the War Office is directed by a lawyer; a
man of high ability and great integrity. In the critical
situation in which we live to-day no wiser step could
have been taken. The House of Commons is being led
by Sir Edward Grey; no wiser step could have been
taken. Mr. Lloyd George is suffering in Surrey from
diplomatic loss of voice, for which every decent citizen
must be profoundly thankful. Mr. Churchill, who has
been worsted badly by his Cambrian colleague in the
competition for vulgar Limehouse, is now devoting his
attention to the department which we willingly acknow-
ledge he is conducting very ably.

In relation to this matter we should like to say that
we think the First Lord should moderate his zeal for
flying—on this occasion we purposely spell the word
with an "f." We do not wish to say anything which
would be disagreeable to Mr. Asquith in the present
disastrous state of affairs, which he is so ably trying
to repair, but we think that his answer in the House of
Commons relative to Mr. Churchill's predilection for
flying was singularly maladroit. He said: "If distin-
guished men will insist on risking their lives he could
not help it." How about the Royal Flying Corps? We
know the baser sort of Radical at the present time is
willing to vent his spleen in abuse of the Army—in
which he is very careful not to enrol himself, because
his precious skin might suffer damage. Of course we
shall take no notice of the vapourings of that Larkin-
esque crowd; but we do think that the Prime Minister
will be easily able to convince himself, on reflection,
that he should make the *amende honorable* to the mem-
bers of the Royal Flying Corps on the earliest oppor-
tunity of which he is able to avail himself.

We desire to-day to avoid all rancour. The outlook
is hopeful. It was useless formerly for Falkland to
cry, "Peace, Peace!" where there was no peace possible
at the time; to-day we hope and think that peace on
decent lines—"peace with honour"—is possible if those
who hold divergent views will show a sweet reasonableness,
and, if they cannot get the final solution which
they believe to be the best, will at least accept that
which the conditions of the moment render realisable
and capable of universal acceptance amongst honest
and responsible citizens.

CECIL COWPER.

Races on the Thames

BY BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

I SUPPOSE the first "eight" on record was that composed of tributary princes, which rowed King Edgar on the river Dee, over nine hundred years ago. Like all old traditions which have a human touch about them, this one has been subjected to the sceptical analysis of later days; but I do not know that it has been found capable of disproof, and we have Stow's warranty for the fact that the monarch himself "tooke the rule of the helme," as well as for the names of the vassals who pulled the boat. The course, the antiquary tells us, was from Chester to St. John's Church, and thence to the royal palace; and the list of authorities he quotes for his statement, among them being Richard of Cirencester and Roger of Hovendon, ought to silence the questionings of the credulous.

Unfortunately we have no legend connecting the Thames with such an early exhibition of aquatic activity. When the river was used as a highway during the Middle Ages, and for long after, it seems almost a foregone conclusion that the energy of the citizens must have been, at least sometimes, expended in matches of skill of this kind. If this were so no record of the fact is extant, and the "shows" which then enlivened the river would seem to have been chiefly confined to those water tournaments in which tilting from boats between rival crews, or at the Quintain, were the chief "events." The fact was that there was then so much busy life on the stream; so many water carnivals took place; the river was so thronged, that a boat race would have had as much chance of a good course as would a horse race down Fleet Street to-day. Nothing of the kind appears to have been attempted, on a systematic scale at any rate, till the year 1716, when the coat and badge given by the ex-actor Doggett, were first rowed for. Doggett provided funds for this race to be held annually on August 1 for ever; and as it is yet in full vigour, one may hope that no "reformer" will arise to try to put an end to one of the few early Georgian customs surviving. It is still rowed over the same course, from the "Swan" at London Bridge to the "Swan" at Chelsea—alas, these old hostelries exist no longer!—as it was when George I was king.

Regattas and river fêtes of varying degrees of splendour and importance were for many years the only rivals to Doggett's race; but in 1818 we hear of the boys of Westminster School challenging the students of the Temple to a contest, and winning the event gloriously. This seems to have given an impetus to rowing on the Thames, for a few years later a race, not against rivals, but against time, took place. This was the famous feat, performed by an eight, of rowing from London to Oxford—a distance of nearly one hundred and forty miles, in a day. It was a stupendous task, but was successfully accomplished; although we are not surprised to learn that most of the men had to be carried ashore, in an almost inanimate condition, at the finish.

The Westminster boys did not rest on their laurels, and annual races took place in which they distinguished themselves as more than the equals of the Etonians of the day. Other boat clubs soon sprang into existence, and in 1829 the first race between the 'Varsities was rowed—Cambridge being the challengers. That first race was unique, for it took place on June 10, and over a course extending from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge. An eye-witness wrote an account of the contest, and from this we learn that it was rowed towards evening, and that Oxford was distinguished by blue "favours," Cambridge by pink. At starting the Cambridge men were fouled by weeds, and a second attempt was made; at least that is one version; another says the foul occurred between the two boats. However, they got away at last, and Oxford won easily. The craft then used, as shown in an old print, were more akin to life-boats than to the frail outriggers of to-day.

The Cambridge crew won the next contest, which was not, however, held till 1836, and then over the Westminster Bridge to Putney Bridge course; this course was used for the three following races, i.e., in 1839-40-41. In 1845 the race was first rowed on the now historic waters from Putney to Mortlake, and although on three subsequent occasions the starting and winning-posts were reversed—as happened in 1846, when outriggers were first used, 1856, and 1863—it is this stretch on the Thames that has witnessed the classic contest which since 1856 has been a regular annual fixture. Started in a friendly rivalry, as, to be sure, it still continues, the Boat Race has become a national event—an aquatic Derby as it were. The river to-day witnesses many other shows—innumerable regattas throughout its length, and that orgy of flannels and gay colouring at Henley, but it is the "Race" that seems specially to link up, for at least one day in the year, Father Thames with all classes of Englishmen.

"Accredited Fallacies"

BY WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S.

I N science, as in politics, the "accredited fallacy" dies hard. I do not use Butler's excellent phrase to denote the popular superstitions and scraps of folklore which the world keeps on repeating simply because it likes to repeat them. Scores of these "vulgar errors" were wittily attacked, not without success, by Sir Thomas Browne, who, however, contrived, during the process, to introduce a few blunders of his own. That quartz is merely ice firmly congealed; that men weigh heavier dead than alive; that there were no rainbows before the Flood; that an empty pot will hold no more water than the same pot full of ashes; that storks will live only in Republics and Free States—these absurdities, though rampant in Browne's day, are no longer countenanced by intelligent persons.

But there are other errors, deep-rooted and vigorous, which can be expelled only with great difficulty,

because they continue to receive a measure of support from scientific men. We still encounter, for instance, too frequently and in places where it should not occur, the statement that granite is the oldest rock. Seeing, however, that granite has an igneous origin, and has been thrust upwards by volcanic force through various other rocks, it must of necessity be newer than the strata which it invades, bursts through, and alters. Theoretically, therefore, granite may be of any age, and, in fact, we find in Chili and Jamaica granites which plainly belong to the Tertiary Period. Take, again, the current idea that chalk is mainly composed of the tiny but beautiful organisms known as foraminifera. The mistake originated so far back as the "Challenger" expedition of the last generation. The material then dredged up from the ocean floor was believed to supply a close analogy to the ingredients which were interspersed throughout the ancient Chalk Sea, and it became fashionable to press the illustration to its furthest limit with respect to the organic constituents of chalk. But let the student, after using all recognised precautions, examine his "washed residue" of chalk under the microscope, and he will find that the ground mass consists of amorphous particles with minute fragments of fossils and a moderate percentage only of foraminifera, and even this small proportion does not reach the standard of beauty shown in the diagram of the text-books.

Within the last twelvemonth there has appeared a volume written by a well-known author, wherein is depicted a fossil reptile which is stated to be the ancestor of the bird tribe. This is a manifest error, for while it is generally agreed that birds and reptiles at some early but undefined period were differentiated from a common ancestral stock, it is likewise true that no one has yet been able to prove the bird's descent from any known reptile, living or extinct. Yet the fallacy endures.

One of the most widespread and well-supported fallacies—for I venture, in default of good evidence, so to call it—is the belief that a person at the bottom of a coal-mine can see the stars during the daytime. A statement of this kind, unlike the old assertion that the sun puts out the kitchen fire, can be directly tested, and the verdict should be unequivocal. For this express purpose a friend recently descended a coal-mine 1,200 feet deep. He could see no stars. "Of course," said the listeners to whom he related his experiences, "you would see nothing, because the view would be obstructed by the staging and the machinery for hoisting the coal." "Not at all," he replied, "for this was an open shaft, and there was nothing to block the way; the bucket was simply suspended by a wire cable." Looking upwards, the experimenter found that a mere speck of light was visible at the top of the shaft, a speck "about the size of a five-shilling piece held at arm's length." Hence, if the popular theory were true, any given star would occupy a fair proportion of the illuminated space. The little patch would also probably be too bright to furnish a background for a star. Moreover, before one could well verify any impression

which might be made on the retina, the motion of the earth would have carried any possible star out of the field of vision. It would be well for observers to re-check the familiar dictum, which has received the authority of the late Sir Robert Ball, who explained the supposed phenomenon on the hypothesis that the deep shaft completely screens from the eye the direct light of the sun. In the case of a shorter shaft the alleged feat might be possible, but has anyone performed it?

We will take an example from the animal kingdom. The life-history of the mole provides a capital instance. The hoary fallacy that the creature is blind may be at once dismissed, but there is a more subtle danger connected with the accepted ideas respecting the mole's mounds and burrows. The amateur naturalist is familiar with the beautiful text-book diagram of the mole's fortress. A rounded hillock is shown, within which is a series of concentric rings representing galleries. These communicate with an elaborate system of tunnels which interlace in a most curious manner. The complicated internal arrangements were supposed to indicate the animal's highly-developed instinct or intelligence—whichever one chooses to term it. Unfortunately, the facts are not in accord with the theory. Some years ago Mr. Lionel E. Adams carefully investigated the whole matter, and prepared plans of the mole's nesting hillock. He found that, while the plans varied in complexity, not one out of about a hundred which were plotted quite resembled the time-honoured figure. He also came to the conclusion that the galleries within the mounds are the natural and inevitable outcome of the work of excavating the nest-cavity and piling up the overlying material. If the reader wishes to get a true conception of the mole-hill with its contained nest he should visit the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. There he will find an actual hillock, cut through vertically. The parts are lettered and described on a label. The typical mound is indeed comparatively simple. There are two or three passages only—inlets, outlets, and "bolt-runs"—and one or two upwardly-directed galleries which have blind terminations, and which were produced naturally by the animals in heaping up the earth.

The mistake was first made, says Mr. Adams, by Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire more than a century ago. It was elaborated by a later author, and from that day to this the diagram has been faithfully copied by almost every subsequent writer without the slightest attempt at verification. It is almost too late now, perhaps, to cope with this and many similar "accredited fallacies," for—

Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Mr. W. L. George, author of "A Bed of Roses" and other novels, will publish through Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, next week, a volume entitled "Dramatic Actualities," being essays dealing with modern plays and theatrical conditions.

REVIEWS

'The Mahometan Woman

La Condition de la Femme dans la Tradition et l'Évolution de l'Islamisme. By MANSOUR FAHMY. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 4 fr. 50.)

HISTORY is a series of accidents. Some of the accidents have had very lasting effects. That is to say, when the historical accident has been big enough, the consequences, which belong rather to political science than to history itself, in the popular sense, come to have a logical and wholly unaccidental appearance.

Mahomet was a man of strong passions, and the result was the most remarkable system of class-legislation the world has ever seen. We are here using the phrase rather loosely; the "class" legislated against or about is an imposing one; it comprises a whole sex—the female sex. Moreover, the mature fruits of the system were the result quite as much of tradition and convention as of specific legislation. But class-legislation was, as M. Fahmy clearly shows, at the root of the whole matter. The wives of the Prophet had to be distinguished from the wives of the faithful, and the wives of the faithful had to be distinguished from the women of pagan or conquered races.

Mahomet was married nine or ten times, and most of his marriages had a more or less direct influence on subsequent social legislation. "Son Dieu, qui mettait toujours tous ses soins à *satisfaire sans retard les passions de son prophète*, selon le mot spirituel d'Aïcha que nous rapporte la tradition," made laws of exception to suit the various circumstances that attended Mahomet's wooings. These laws of exception became the type and mirror for general rules binding the ruling class. The tradition that traces the sequestration of Mahometan women to the embarrassment shown by the Prophet at one of his numerous wedding-feasts because his guests showed no haste to leave him alone with his bride is essentially if not literally true.

Before the Hegira the inter-sexual relations of the Arabs were marked by a freedom and equality that have seldom been approached. With Mahometan Imperialism began the slavery of the Arab woman. Till long after the Hegira the veil, the symbol of this degradation, was unknown, at least in its specific form. M. Fahmy quotes M. Dozy—"Jusqu'ici" [about the end of the first century of the Hegira] "nous n'avons rencontré aucun terme servant à désigner un voile de

femme, dans lequel on a pratiqué deux trous à l'endroit des yeux. Un tel voile doit cependant avoir été en usage, car les voyageurs en parlent." But the pre-Mahometan veil was a fashion, and nothing more. The existing fashion was developed and made into a symbol.

It is strange that Mahomet, who was the mildest and most tactful of husbands in his harem, and undoubtedly cherished ideals in the matter of love, should have originated the system that distinguished his religion. M. Fahmy, by the way, pleads for a distinction between the religion and the social system of Mahomet, but the distinction is hard to make. We can find no better instance of Mahomet's forbearance than his silence before Aïcha's taunt—"Prétends-tu être un Prophète, toi qui, en un jour qui m'appartient, causes avec la fille d'un juif?"

Mahomet was driven by circumstances, and, after all, it was only under his successor, Omar, that the oppressive system began to gain impetus. The conquests, the peculiar favours shown to slaves, and the desire for an increased population—these are among the driving forces enumerated by M. Fahmy.

Conquest and slavery were cause and effect. Both reacted on the position of women. M. Fahmy remarks that the rules about seclusion only affected the higher classes. The women of the *vieille roche* were cut off from all formative influences. The effect must have been disastrous to the ruling races, were it not for the continual admission of slaves into their ranks. The concubine was perpetually becoming the privileged wife. Her qualities had a chance of being tested in advance. Under the Abbassides at Bagdad there was a veritable "carrière ouverte aux talents." Once caged, the captive would willingly pay the penalty of social distinction, but she would have brought something with her to save the race.

The legislation which admitted slaves to the feminine place of honour in the Mahometan household reminds us of the process by which the rigidity of the ancient Roman law was broken down by the extension of the "plebeian" marriage. An oppressive cast-iron system demands its victims, but the majority of mankind will always find a way to live happily within or without it. But there are still the victims: the question of woman has become a burning one in most Mahometan countries, and a sound historical examination of it, such as M. Fahmy has made, is a most necessary prelude to a solution.

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A Strange Personality

Ouida: A Memoir. By ELIZABETH LEE. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

AN entry in Ouida's childish diary when she was eleven years old runs thus: "I must study, or I shall know nothing when I am a woman." The girl was quick and clever, and easily assimilated knowledge. When she wished to understand, to retain an impression, one explanation, one glance was sufficient; she combined the bright intelligence and quick wit of her French father with the greater retention of her English mother.

There is comparatively little related of either parent in Miss Lee's memoir of Ouida. Louis Ramé was an erratic person; when living with his wife and daughter he taught French in the schools at Bury St. Edmunds, but the greater part of his time was taken up in mysterious journeys to France, from one of which he never returned. Mme. Ramé lived with her daughter and accompanied her on most of the journeys the novelist undertook; but the older lady's occupations appear to have consisted chiefly in endeavouring to cope with increasing household expenses and in acting as a foil to her brilliant daughter.

Florence may be said to have been Ouida's real home; for it was here that many of her happiest and most successful years were passed. She had the entrée to the best houses in the city and at one time her receptions were the talk of social Florence. Miss Lee thinks it strange that a person of Ouida's literary tastes should have preferred to court the society of people high in the social sphere rather than the intercourse of her fellow craftsmen. Considering Ouida's insatiable ambition, her jealousy and suspicion of other authors—many of whom she openly accused of plagiarising her own works—this choice is not to be wondered at. Distinctive, talented, and a favourite as she was, she was not sufficiently great to brook any possible rivalry with other writers, to suffer any *littérateur* to claim the attention she intended to be riveted on herself. Some idea of the novelist's personality may be gathered from the description of her appearance:

She dressed extravagantly, and in that way attracted attention, for to many she appeared plain and without charm, a fact she never seems to have realised. . . . She was of medium height, and had beautifully shaped, very small hands and feet. . . . She always wore her sleeves and skirts short in order to display the one beauty she possessed. She wore her hair . . . hanging down till she was long past middle age. . . . She liked to receive guests dressed in white satin, seated in a red satin arm-chair, her feet stretched out to show their beautiful proportions. She usually made her mother dress in black by way of contrast.

So that Mlle. Ramé cannot be said to pass Lord Macaulay's test for greatness; no simplicity of character was here, no unaffected demeanour. Everything was in order for the reception, all things made ostentatiously and monotonously ready for the feast.

Her love for animals need not here be dwelt upon; the subject was referred to in last week's issue of THE ACADEMY. To her credit it must be stated that everybody and everything suffering in any way claimed Ouida's attention, and she wrote passionately and pleadingly against injustice and oppression. Children, too, cared for her, and she was eager to write to them, particularly if they showed any love or sympathy towards her dumb friends.

Ouida's reputation has rested largely upon her works of fiction, but it must not be forgotten that she was eminently successful as a critic. She had read much, had gained a considerable amount of experience, and was often discriminating in her judgment with regard to literary matters. In a letter to Mrs. Huntingdon in 1896, she sums up Oscar Wilde thus:

I do not think he is a clever man; he was a successful poseur and plagiarist; he was essentially the *cabotin*.

Her political views were independent, and generally bitterly opposed to anyone who thought a war necessary or could not immediately remedy a grievance or remove an obstruction. In view of the present political situation, it is amusing to note that in 1887 Ouida wrote:—

The Cabinet is a troop of unruly horses with no master mind amongst them. There is not *one* man who is a statesman or anything like it.

The great poverty from which Ouida is popularly supposed to have suffered towards the end of her life, Miss Lee says is exaggerated. Always extravagant and generally in debt, Ouida yet found numerous friends who undertook financial responsibilities for her. Once when she was stranded in London, Lady Dorothy Nevill paid the hotel bill and her fare back to Florence. Her German publishers and friends, Baron Tauchnitz and his son, from time to time advanced considerable sums of money; while in Italy the Tassinaris were equally good to her. This would not have been the case if the benefactors had not liked or seen some good in their worried client; or could a woman entirely superficial have retained so many friends or entertained again and again the same willing guests at her house. The truth probably is that again she combined the two characteristics of her parents; she had her father's gracious and fascinating manner when it pleased her to display it, and the English aloofness when she was not particularly pleased or satisfied with her companion.

As a biographer Miss Lee is cautiously impartial. We are given many of the letters Ouida sent and received, and several quotations from the books and reviews written by her; but, apart from these and the carefully and well prepared information Miss Lee gives the reader, there is no enthusiasm and very little real hint of the inner feelings of the woman who played an important part in her time, and whose works still influence other writers. In her great desire to show no bias, Miss Lee has tended to make her book a little too cold and unimaginative, although the information is extremely valuable and well ordered.

Dartmoor and Some Devon Stories

The Heart of the Moor. By BEATRICE CHASE. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

Down in Devon. Told by UNCLE TOM COBLEIGH. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 3s. 6d. net.)

"TAKE the advice of a thoroughly experienced sinner and write a Dartmoor book. No woman has yet done this, and, until one does, some aspects of the moor cannot be shown," wrote "Jemmy," a successful novelist, to Miss Beatrice Chase. It was on the strength of this excellent advice that Miss Chase decided to burn the manuscript of "Lady Agatha's Fate," with its "turret chambers" and "fair ladies." Once again we must quote from Jemmy's letter. He writes: "You love the moor, the people, and all beauty, material and spiritual, with every nerve and heart-beat. Your letters are alive with love and beauty. They make one glow with the worship of the hills. And they make one faint with hill-sickness. Devon is the loveliest county in England, and Dartmoor is the heart of Devon. Give it us in a book." So Miss Chase not only burnt "Lady Agatha's Fate," but wrote a book about Dartmoor and Dartmoor people, such as Granny Caunter and Farmer Coombe, Thirza and Avis, that is in some respects the best volume that has ever been written on the subject.

No one who knows the Moor well, from Ashburton to Bellever, and from Bellever to Cranmere Pool, can afford to leave these pages unread, for they seem to breathe forth the peat-scented wind, the blaze of gorse, the song of the Dart, and the rolling stretches of purple heather. But that is not all, for Miss Chase has done something more than write a charming Nature book imbued with a sense of tragedy and comedy. She has stood on Dream Tor and looked into the very heart of the Moor, and something of the mystic joy of that vision has left an almost magical impression, rare and subtle, upon her work. Only those who love the Moor, with a love that is akin to worship, will realise how true and far-seeing that vision is. It is Dartmoor seen through the eyes of a woman who is essentially feminine, sometimes over-emotional and too self-conscious, perhaps, but a woman whose joy of life is so real, whose spiritual insight is so deep, that she has written a book as sweet and haunting as "A Bachelor in Arcady." Perhaps some day "Jemmy" will write again to Miss Chase and beg her to give us another book about Dartmoor. If he does, we earnestly hope that she will comply with his request. In the meantime we shall keep "The Heart of the Moor" within easy reach, and frequently return to its pages with a feeling of gratitude.

It appears that Uncle Tom Cobleigh is not exclusively associated with that roaring old song, "Widdicombe Fair," for in "Down in Devon" he has given us twelve short stories, reprinted from an Exeter newspaper, that make excellent reading. With the exception of a farcical yarn, entitled "The Reverend

Tarvey's Testimonial," which is sadly over-done, the author's humour is of a quiet and subtle kind, and, because it happens to be of this quality, the book should make a strong appeal to the reader who is not exacting in regard to style, so long as the stories make him laugh. The characterisation is fairly good, and it has not been attained by merely dragging in various dialect words. We like Jabez, the Parson's man, who always came in with loud "Amens" at church, at the wrong time owing to deafness, till his wife had the excellent idea of raising her umbrella as a signal. The best stories in the book are "Mrs. Crump's Craze," "Choosing a Wife," "The Miss Creaker Pottses," and "The King of Muddlecombe." We shall look out for Uncle Tom Cobleigh again—"ess, fay!" To leave Paddington for the West with some of his characters for travelling-companions would make the journey doubly pleasant. But when we look out of the carriage-window and see "incomparable Dawlish, with her red cliffs standing knee-deep in sapphire sea," it is Miss Chase, and not Uncle Tom Cobleigh, who can understand our feeling when we reach the little kingdom where the earth is red and where the tors are lusty gods brooding over the Moor.

In Club Land

Club Makers and Club Members. By T. H. S. ESCOTT. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

MAN is a gregarious animal, though not indiscriminately so. His clubs prove that in his capacity as a clubman he seldom fails to illustrate the adage, "birds of a feather flock together." However much he may object to "shop" in a general way, he usually joins a club because there he will find a collection of individuals supposed to have a creed or interests in common with his own. Club life appeals to the perfectly natural instinct, and satisfies the perfectly natural desires, of the wholly natural man. There are, of course, clubs and clubs. In the best sense of the term, an institution like the National Liberal is not a club at all: it is a meeting-house of men, calling themselves Radicals it is true, who prefer to take their meals, their wines, their cigars, their coffee and liqueurs, just as though they were mere Tories, with never a thought of the needs and the wrongs of the poor. Not that the National Liberal is peculiar in this lack of what we regard as the true spirit of club life. It is in that respect very much the same as the Constitutional, the Junior Constitutional, or any other of the mammoth associations which have sprung into existence in the last thirty or forty years. The real clubs of London are such as the Army and Navy—otherwise "the Rag"—the Arts, the Savage, and a few others, where members are hail fellow well met, and where two will not sit at the same table, even though unknown to each other, without exchanging a word. A man's club should not be a private restaurant; it ought to be to

him a temporary home, where in boon companionship he can throw off the worries of his vocation. In no place in the world are men seen more as their natural selves than in the clubroom: there, if anywhere, they may be just schoolboys again, serious and frivolous by turns.

It therefore follows that anyone who is in a position to tell the story of the rise, the growth, and the personalia of clubs is able to throw a good deal of valuable light on social history. Mr. Escott has certain excellent qualifications for the task. He has always been a student of men and manners; he was for years Mr. Edmund Yates's chief contributor on the *World*; he has probably seen the inside of more clubs than most so-called clubmen, and he has the faculty of memorising any anecdote or good story he may have heard from the lips of, or about, those who influence affairs. In a word, the *vie intime* of clubland is an open book to him, and he draws unsparingly on both his own and his friends' fund of recollections for the purpose of his very entertaining chapters. It is not always easy to check his facts: only the encyclopædic knowledge of which the volume seems to be the sum would enable the reviewer to say what is *ben trovato* and what is not. A book which describes "the colonial administrator who wears the title inherited from our greatest poet laureate, the second Baron Tennyson," as "the first Governor of the Australian Commonwealth" is not, perhaps, to be taken as an infallible guide in matters less easy of verification. Nor is the book crystal-clear in all its references: for instance, "The" Club is talked of throughout with no hint, so far as we can recall, that "The" Club is the lineal descendant of the Literary Club founded by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds: when St. Stephen's Club is referred to, we are never sure whether Parliament or the Club is meant; and we wonder what Mr. Douglas Almond will feel when he sees his admirable menu card of an Irving Saturday night at the Savage Club attributed to Mr. W. H. Pike—a slip the more absurd because the artist's name is on the picture. These are, no doubt, small things, but they, at least, serve to show that there has not been too nice a regard for literal accuracy.

Whatever criticism on either the style in which the book is written or its occasional want of lucidity may invite, Mr. Escott is, nevertheless, to be congratulated on the series of pictures he has given us of the stages from "pub." and coffee-house to clubs of the most exclusive type through which the institution has passed. "The evolution of the club may be summed up in a sentence as the progress from a house of call to a centre of interest, a school of character, and a social training ground. As this line of advance is followed, the representative club of the period will be found a monument, a reflection, and an epitome of the virtues, the vices, the social forces or foibles, and tendencies which mark the time." Who that knows the Cocoa Tree to-day will not be much edified to learn how in its early days men retired within its precincts to arrange duels. On one

occasion a captain and a pugilistic editor settled a dispute with their fists. "In one of the clubrooms they went at it hammer and tongs till, less than a quarter of an hour later, in the best prize-ring fashion, the editor had bruised the captain into a jelly." Pen and sword at fisticuffs did not disprove the time-worn dictum that the one is mightier than the other!

In the early eighteenth century, coteries, in the habit of foregathering in coffee-house corners, began to realise the need of more privacy than the public room afforded, and club-founding became a trade, or, to put it more accurately, an adjunct to the business of running a tavern: it was, in any case, an extremely valuable advertisement. How real club life began with White's, "whose occupants, conversation, and pursuits have ever made it the microcosm and mirror of the contemporary world outside its walls," we must leave Mr. Escott to tell. Among the most remarkable of clubs is Grillion's, started with the special object of providing a meeting-place where rival politicians might forget their rivalries. It has often been a resort where men like Gladstone and Stratford de Redcliffe could take a solitary repast! Of the activities of the purely political clubs, the Reform and the Carlton and the rest, Mr. Escott has much to say, and we rather wonder that he does not tell the story of the Reform's narrow escape in 1876 from being arraigned before Parliament for breach of privilege: Disraeli was in office, and the Club was spared the advertisement, which we are sure it did not solicit, by the intervention of Disraeli himself. Mr. Escott has many good stories, but he does not give his readers the benefit of one told by Mountstuart Grant-Duff in his *Diary*. The Athenæum was on a visit to the United Service: an old general lost his umbrella, and exclaimed in his annoyance, "Oh, yes, I knew how it would be when we admitted those damned Bishops!"

Vanished Paths

The Old Transport Road. By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.
Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.)

"FROM the very first day I set foot on it, the road appealed to me as nothing had ever done before," says the author in his first chapter, and, before one has read very far into the book, one realises the call of the old veld road that the railway has made only a memory. For to-day the road of the old-time transport riders is no more; it has given place to shining miles of metal track, and in place of trek oxen moving leisurely but surely across the open, a little procession of corridor-cars runs daily up-country according to time-table. Romance has gone from the land, and the spans of oxen serve more practical uses—in the narrow sense of the adjective, for the practicality of the road is attested in that it made the railway a possibility.

In the days of which the writer tells there were few

of the conditions of these days along the stretch of country through which the great transport roads led. Where the settler now has his home was a native kraal, from which the transport rider obtained fresh cattle for his span, voorloopers, and other necessities as they were counted in those days. On the long treks that transport work involved men got out of touch with civilisation for weeks and even months together, for, especially in what is now Rhodesia, towns of these days had no existence or were but names and tin shanties in a wilderness—the capitalist had not arrived to the extent that he has now. There was, consequently, far more of romance, and in the stories of the road that romance is centred. In this book one may find it.

For here is no dry record of journeys accomplished between point and point, but the road lies open before us, yielding up its dustclouds, its flies and tinned foods, its bad cooking—all its drawbacks, and with them a fascination that few parts of the world have ever equalled. Here we meet and know Biffel and Appel, the master-bulls of the ox span, doing their work alongside the düsselboom, or conducting the bullfights of the veld with dignity befitting their station as masters of the herd, when the day's work is done and the oxen are kraaled. One who knows nothing of the sub-continent may realise its power over men, its lasting call to them, from these pages, while for those to whom South Africa is a memory rather than a name the book is poignant with scenes that live and move: one goes back to the "Wu-uk, Ahnow!" of the black boys on the road, the sound of creaking wheels and jarring brakes, and the smoke of the camp fires rising into light clearer than any that shines at an English sunset. The spell of the high veld is on us again as we read, for the author has put into words the call of Africa at its best.

Not that he ignores the practical and the worse sides. For one thing—and in this we are in full agreement with him—he pays full tribute to the folly which carried out a war at such tremendous cost, only to "do what we have done in South Africa, meekly hand back the spoils of victory to the vanquished." He realises the character of the Afrikaner as well as any writer of to-day—he is conversant with his subject to the last degree, in every one of its many aspects; and because he is just in his judgment there are some pages of the book which will make sorry reading for any Englishman to whom patriotism in the true sense of the word is of greater moment than the quibbles of Insurance Acts and other measures of a Government actuated by a merely municipal spirit. The romance of the land is here, but here is also the monumental folly of its rulers. In a matter of three hundred pages—for the publisher has given us short measure for our money—is condensed a record of the good days of the road, and by way of comment we are shown the country that the road traverses, as well as its sport and story. There are, by the way, a number of illustrations in the book, adequately realising the spirit of the text, and, as a whole, it is a volume of more than common interest.

Some Reflections on the Twentieth Century Renaissance

II.—(CONCLUSION).

IT is a confused message that the East is sending to us. It bears the stamp of no particular creed, but bids us above all seek happiness not from the objective world around us, but in our own hearts. The building within us of a temple of refuge where we may sing our songs to the great maker of all music. In the words of Hwai Nan Tzu, the Taoist philosopher: "Men are vexed and miserable because they do not use their hearts in the enjoyment of outward things, but turn to outward things as a means of delighting their hearts." It bids us also to seek for harmony with nature, and to strive after a knowledge of our own hearts so that we may attune them to the melody of the universe, and in every forest flower and in the men around us feel the divine spirit that permeates all creation.

Ever since emerging from the darkness of the Middle Ages, we of the West have been pioneers, busy exploring the unknown vastnesses of the globe, bringing fertility to the desert, building towns in the waste places of the earth, and destroying space by means of mechanical transport, so that each man has been a master and a law unto himself, developing that fierce spirit of individualism which is the dominant trait of the pioneer's character. We had no time to think, until science, by increasing the facility with which we conquer nature, gave us leisure. Now, looking inward, we are appalled by the barrenness of our minds, that have become like photographic films, sensitive to external impressions, but without illumination from within. Individualism, which is a virtue in the pioneer, is apt to become a self-consuming, devastating egotism in the man of leisure, for it denotes a turning of the mind from all other minds and from the harmony of the universe, to wallow in a prison of introspection and petty worries.

In his agony the egotist has heard a still small voice calling to him in words of comfort from India, and the voice, which was that of Tagore, said: "A fool to try to carry thyself on thy own shoulders! O beggar to come to beg at thy own door! Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all, and never look behind or regret." And again:

"Prisoner, tell me who was it that bound you?"

"It was my master," said the prisoner. "I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my King. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my Lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house."

"Prisoner, tell me, Who was it that forged this unbreakable chain?"

"It was I," said the prisoner, "who forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive, leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at

last the work was done, and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip."

It is all shadowed forth in our own Scriptures. "The Kingdom of God is within you," and a thousand other passages, point the way of man's real happiness and development, but we of the North have always accepted Christianity as part of a political system, troubling but little about its spiritual message, but clothing ourselves in the priest-forged armour of dogma to fight about trivialities of ritual. Prophets have arisen who have tried to point its real message; Tolstoi was the last of them, and to him we lent an unwilling ear. He was too close to us: our novelty-loving minds craved for some more exotic fruit. Now that by the medium of translations the vast treasure-house of Eastern metaphysics is slowly opening its doors to us, we are beginning to listen, not realising that all the time the key of happiness has been rusting at our girdle.

We are told in the Scriptures "that all things are possible to him that believeth." Yet we have neglected the science of mind, and made of our intellect the slave of the body instead of making the body an obedient servant of the mind. In the East, it is true, the desire for the control of mind, and for the attainment of harmony with the master-spirit of all, has led too often to quietism and a life of self-contemplation divorced from the workaday world. This is climatic. The Upanishads, for example, preached originally a doctrine of action: "Only in the midst of activity," it is written, "wilt thou wish to live to a hundred years." The message, also, of Tagore is inspired with a love of life and action. Our northern climes, with their restless cloudy skies and biting winds, preclude the possibility of quietism or inertia, demanding rather that we should infuse new life into the drooping blossoms gathered in the garden of Oriental metaphysics.

We are as children playing upon the threshold of the unexplored world of mind. Already we have learned that by faith a man may send from his brain messages to all the thousand nerve-centres the sum of which constitutes his intelligence, dominating thereby every part of his physical being, and triumphing over fatigue and disease. We are beginning to free ourselves from the tyranny of the doctors, who have fostered in our minds the belief that all disease is physical in origin, reacting from our bodies upon our brain, and to say with Aristotle that "Every man is either a fool or his own physician at the age of thirty." We are realising, also, that frugality and mental science can do more for us than all the waters of Baden-Baden and Contrexéville.

What if we are at the beginning of an age when man, pausing awhile in his struggle for the domination of nature by science and physical force, shall seek for the domination of matter by mind, winning his way to freedom, by means of the God that sits enthroned in his own heart? This thought gives us a motive for belief in the collective purpose of humanity. The building up of our Western civilisation of science and action was to wake the sleeping philosophies of

the East, and start a new cycle in the history of man. It gives a purpose, too, to the ugly monster of our social system, in which tens of millions are condemned to lives of drudgery and privation; for it is only by suffering that we are impelled to progress, and if from the misery of tens of millions there arises one who can point the way a little closer to the stars, their lives will not have been in vain.

There will spring up among us a sense of perspective and a spaciousness of view that will teach us to think in centuries where we now think in weeks. We shall learn to despise the morbid materialism of an age that ministers to the senses alone and leaves the mind to be tortured by a bloated and festering body, and learn by contemplation and abstinence that truth is beauty, and beauty the simplicity which is born of sincerity. Then shall we reject the elaborate self-consciousness which now passes as art, and admire the simplicity of those into whose heart the master-spirit has entered like the spring that creeps unseen into the garden.

SEABURY ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

On Saturday afternoon, April 11, the Matinee Holiday Theatre Season will open at the Little Theatre with "Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox," a musical frolic by Mrs. Percy Dearmer, founded on the immortal stories told by old Uncle Remus to the Little Boy. The music is by Martin Shaw. Cecil Sharp is rehearsing the children in plantation dances, and Pamela Colman-Smith designs the dresses. The scenery is by Paul Shelving. Children under twelve years of age will be admitted half-price, except to 2s. 6d. seats. Schools and large parties should apply for special terms to the box-office.

Mr. Franz de Jessen, the author of "Katya," a romance of modern Russia, was invited to give a lecture on Albania at the Anglo-Hellenic League, 22, Albemarle Street, on March 30; and he has addressed the Danish Club, 68, Russell Square, on the same theme. He also lectured in Liverpool on March 31, when the chair was taken by Sir Edward Ranell.

LYING

By Canon Hannay

(George A. Birmingham)

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Shorter Reviews

Some Plain Words to the English People. By ARTHUR BENNETT. (Sunrise Publishing Company, Warrington. 2s. 6d. net.)

WHEN the author of this little book declares himself, in its opening chapter, much concerned about the future of his country, he expresses a sentiment which must be shared to-day by every thinking Englishman who is not a stone-blind optimist. Politically, socially, and economically, there is quite enough in the present outlook to justify a feeling of patriotic anxiety with regard to the future that lies in store for our nation and our Empire. With growing unrest and ever-deepening discontent on the one hand, selfish indifference to the claims of public duty on the other, and political charlatanism cynically sacrificing the welfare of the body politic to the interests of party, one need be no Jeremiah to be troubled with disquieting visions in contemplating the possibilities of the climax to which these evils are only too surely tending.

Unfortunately, it is easier to diagnose the ugly symptoms than to suggest means of ensuring the application of the necessary remedies. This little work by Mr. Bennett, written from an entirely detached standpoint, is full of wholesome doctrine and timely common sense. On such questions as the mischievous tyranny of party, the needed reformation of Parliament, the problems of labour, and the vital duty of national defence, these thoughtful papers say with quiet force just what needs to be said at the present critical time. But how the abolition of the party system and his other suggested reforms are to be practically realised in any near future Mr. Bennett is, of course, unable to tell us. While observant onlookers like himself are preaching in the wilderness, the old abuses remain, to all appearance, as firmly rooted as ever. Yet we would be the last to discourage a writer so patriotic and sincere from doing what in him lies to dispel the disastrous apathy with which vast masses of our people to-day regard all questions of national and imperial moment. Such influence as his book exerts must needs be for good; and it deserves the widest possible circulation.

The Year-book of the Universities of the Empire, 1914. Edited by W. H. DAWSON, I.C.S., and published for the Universities Bureau of the British Empire. (Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d.)

AT the final meeting of the Congress which met in London in July, 1912, and which was attended by delegates from all the fifty-three Universities under British rule, it was resolved that a Bureau should be established for the purpose of "disseminating information upon all matters of common interest." One of the duties assigned to this Bureau was the preparation of

a Year-book, and the book now published is the handsome result of its labours. Its six hundred pages, embracing the University centres and colleges from London to Saskatoon, from Oxford to Hong Kong, from Dublin to Madras, contain an enormous amount of detail which can only have been gathered by assiduous efforts on the part of those responsible; and by far the greater part of the statements have been verified. All recent important events in each University during the academic year which has recently closed are chronicled, together with any changes in the staffs; particulars are given which will be of especial use to students who are on the look-out for opportunities of research; and full lists appear of all the professors, lecturers and assistants engaged on every subject. No book, we imagine, could cover the same ground so capably, and in subsequent issues it is proposed to extend the appendices in which information is given relating to the careers open to university men and the regulations which govern admission to the Army, the Church, and other professions both at home and in the Colonies. Even at present, however, this fine work of reference is surprisingly complete, and the price can only be termed exceedingly moderate in view of the value of its contents.

A Dickens Pilgrimage. (John Murray. 1s.)

LOVERS of the famous novelist will no doubt welcome this little handbook to Dickens-land, which is the latest addition to "The Times Series." It does not profess to cover the whole ground, but Rochester, Bath, Dover, Canterbury and Broadstairs, Ipswich and Bury, and the Inns of Court are all interestingly dealt with. At the end of the volume are some letters contributed to *The Times*, whilst the articles which form this booklet were appearing in that paper; they throw still further light on some of the characters and places immortalised by Dickens. The author supplies a fund of information in a pleasing gossip style.

Johnson's Life of Dryden. Edited by A. J. F. COLLINS, M.A. (University Tutorial Press. 2s.)

WITHOUT the aid of some such volume as this, the student is often at a loss when engaged in reading the work of the older critics whose allusions, if not extremely abstruse, dealt with matters which, topical at the time, are now over-powered. Dr. Johnson's use of words is occasionally slightly bewildering to the reader of the present day—another reason why the capable expositor and editor may be of great assistance to the beginner. In this handy booklet the possible difficulties are overcome by more than twenty pages of notes at the end, and the arrangement of the pages into numbered paragraphs, though not pleasant for the reader, makes the use of the notes easier. A brief explanatory and biographical introduction completes this excellent little student's edition.

Fiction

The Ulsterman: A Story of To-day. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has taken an acute political crisis for the background of this novel. If it cannot be said that he is at his best as a story-teller, he is certainly not far from his best in his characterisation and his manipulation of the atmosphere, without which no fiction can hope to carry the impress of verisimilitude. Mr. Moore we feel has in these pages thrown real light on the conditions which have been generated in Ulster by a British Government's subservience to the Nationalist party. Something greater than Ulster has been put into a state of tension by the Home Rule Bill. Cupid himself has good cause to complain that such a measure was ever made the price of a political bargain. "Sweet love were slain" between Protestant man and Roman Catholic maiden. James Alexander puts the trouble in a nutshell when he explains how the difficulty arising from his marriage with Sarah O'Neill was occasioned: "I felt mean. But you know how it was. It would not have mattered in my father's eyes if I had been an Atheist, or if I had committed a murder—nothing compared with marrying a Catholic. That is what we have come to in Ulster. I thought we were learning sense and toleration: and so we were until this Home Rule nonsense aroused all the old ill-feeling and made us what—what—what my father is this day." The *Ulsterman* is compounded of stern stuff—how stern the story Mr. Moore has to tell admirably illustrates. The softer social virtues are not his. "To achieve anything by the exercise of such arts as tact, sympathy, politeness, or personal charm, he regards as trickery and chicanery: and one who habitually sets himself out to be agreeable is referred to as a charlatan." If his Majesty's Government has any shred of policy left to explain away by the time these lines appear in print, we recommend Mr. Asquith and his colleagues to run their eyes rapidly through this novel. It will afford them an excellent and quite bloodless means of understanding the kind of thing Ulster "bluff" is. Mr. Moore might usefully have given us this story earlier.

Shepherdless Sheep. By ESSEX SMITH. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

IN this novel Miss Essex Smith breaks new ground. The lonely souls who haunt the streets of London or crowd its lecture-halls in search of some new gospel have hitherto been as much neglected by the novelist as they appear to be by their own spiritual pastors and masters. Yet their name is legion. "Shepherdless Sheep" Miss Smith calls them. You may find them any afternoon at the Marble Arch. It was there—and then—that Mark Cassidy found them, and so arrived at the

turning-point in his career. A consumptive evangelist was addressing a jeering crowd. He broke down. Cassidy took his place, and discovered that he was an orator. Among his audience was Mr. Parkington Porter, who was both an organiser and a rogue. Parkington Porter "ran" the "League of Lonely Souls," which languished just then for lack of oratory. He endeavoured to book Cassidy for the League. Reluctantly, and almost in spite of himself, Cassidy was caught up into the web which had been spun for him by the master spider. He becomes the presiding genius of the League of Lonely Souls. Fashionable women flock to hear him. Mayfair is at his feet. But, in spite of his success, he knows himself to be a hypocrite, for he has no real belief in the gospel which he so elegantly proclaims. Ultimately he is saved by his love for a woman. To the League he explains how cruelly he has deceived them. No shepherd, he; but a wolf in sheep's clothing. Nevertheless, the League had become a necessity to these unfortunate people. Cassidy realises that it has to go on, and that it cannot go on without him. So it is re-formed on an entirely new basis, and Cassidy—presumably—marries the girl with whom he has fallen in love. The whole book is a biting commentary on the weakness and credulity of human nature, but there are flashes here and there of genuine sympathy. Li Forbes, in particular, is a character who walks straight into our hearts, and in Ann Graham we have a moving study of the lonely, tempted spinster—by no means an uncommon type in the great, wicked wilderness of London.

Shorter Notices

WITTILY and vivaciously told, "Frivole" (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.) is a refutation of the statement that it is impossible to find a good comedy among the novels of the present day; for here is a book light and amusing, yet written with feeling and a sense of the realities of life. The author, Miss Kate Horn, a woman of insight, has made herself, as the teller of the story, the most attractive figure of the book, but that is due to her personal qualities rather than to any intention in the matter. Frivole, daughter of wealthy and highly placed parents, falls in love with a Socialist who desires her money, and the story is made up of attempts by the parents, and incidentally by the only servant they take with them when they bury themselves and Frivole in the country, to wean the girl from her attachment. Various things contribute to the success of the plan, for we are glad to say that it is successful, though it would not be fair to say more. Very gracefully and tenderly is the little love story of the book told, for on the serious side the author is capable of delicate, engrossing work. In the matter of humour she is no less successful. Jane, the younger daughter, is one whose acquaintance all should make, for her escapades yield a laugh for almost every line; she is a creation, and one whom it would be a pity to miss.

The life of a six-shilling novel is but a short one, yet there may yet be a number of library subscribers who will remember the escapades and adventures of Mr. Blee, who helped to make the reading public joyous last year. Mr. Peter Blundell, the creator of Harold Blee, in "Oh! Mr. Bidgood" (John Lane, 6s), has attempted to fill a larger canvas, and has also abandoned the Eurasian to take up the sea-going Englishman: we have in this book the work, to a certain extent, of a deep-sea W. W. Jacobs, for in some of its passages the story is as irresistibly funny as anything that Jacobs has done. There are plots, there is a comic-opera mutiny on board ship, and there is a cargo of gunpowder and arms destined for the Russian fleet in Eastern waters. Surreptitiously, the captain of the vessel conveying these articles to their destination introduces two ladies as passengers, and later on two gentlemen are introduced as South American spies, attempting to capture the ship and its cargo in order to assist a Philippine revolution—and then the owner of the craft steps aboard. Here is all the material for a delightful "mix-up" or a tragedy; the author very kindly gives us the former, with Mr. Bidgood, chief engineer, as comic "lead." If there is not a laugh on every page, there is enough of merriment of a good, healthy sort to make an engrossing story, and we recommend it to all in search of a really entertaining novel.

Pathos is the keynote to the history of "Belle Nairn," by Roy Meldrum (Andrew Melrose, 6s). In pursuit of her muse, Terpsichore, her artistic temperament led her into devious ways, and made her pervert her divine gift. The struggles of a tortured soul to evade temptation, its pathetic weakness, and efforts to act rightly, filled with pity all her friends—and they were many, for the wild Scotch lassie won the hearts of all who crossed her path. We see her cast adrift, and set among a family to whose members convention is a fetish; yet the spell cast over them by her is such that they vie with each other to do her service. We see her charm, we acknowledge her spell, but the way in which she and the various persons in the story are presented detracts from the interest of the work. The author would have given us far more pleasure if he had refrained from disconnected, jerky attempts at style, and trusted to simple English for his effects.

Mr. J. Elroy Flecker, in one of his chapter headings, anticipates criticism of "The King of Alsander" (Max Goschen, 6s) on the score of improbability, but we have no grumble to make against him on this point. Rather would we point out that he has worn a rut deeper in a much-travelled track, for there were Ruritania, Kravonia, and almost countless imitations of these two imaginary States before Alsander came to interest us. There is much in the book that is interesting, much that is new and fresh, while there is as well a note of decadence, of attempt at epigram—not always successful—and of pretentiousness. His discursive meanderings are rather boring; we would that he got on with the story and left philosophising to essayists, of which company, most decidedly, he is not. We can bear even a grocer

as King of Alsander; we accept the mad monarch and the throne going begging, but we resent the intrusion of Mr. Flecker among these personages—the author should let his story tell itself, and should not try to explain it in the way of this book. It is a pity, also, that the best of the work should be kept back so long; the epilogue to the story is of such fine quality that we wish the remainder of the book were like it.

The skill of Mr. R. E. Salwey is best shown in "The Education of Oliver Hyde" (Digby, Long and Co., 6s.) by the fact that he has made a very old and improbable story seem credible, for surely the story of a substituted heir to a baronetcy is as old as the hills. Oliver, in reality, is the son of a gamekeeper, and Barnaby, the real heir, has an uncanny gift for painting—there is an extremely weak point in the book in that Barnaby is credited with getting two pictures in the Academy with practically no training in his art, a thing that might possibly happen in fact, but is far too improbable for fiction. The book is almost overburdened with incident, and suffers, to a certain extent, from the fact that the author has evidently changed his mind, in the course of constructing the story, over the significance of some of the characters. Allowing this as a drawback, there remain a number of extremely well-drawn and interesting characters, many of whom command our sympathy, though the tutor, evidently intended for hero, strikes us as being rather priggish. Still, on the whole, it is a fresh and unusually interesting story, and we look forward to more work from the same author, trusting that experience will, in a measure, modify his enthusiasms. For here, in spite of considerable skill in writing, is too little of critical spirit and too much of eulogy for the created characters: a good fault, but still a fault.

"The Gates of Doom," by Rafael Sabatini (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.), is a stirring story of Jacobite plotters and Government spies shortly after the time when the South Sea Bubble had burst. Into the mouths of most of the characters is placed the highfalutin language which is supposed to appertain to that and other past periods. This, of course, is required to accentuate the local colour of which every writer of romance is so lavish. In all respects but one Mr. Sabatini's story is similar to scores of others that have preceded it, from "Rob Roy" and "The Three Musketeers" downwards. But there is this exception in the author's favour—he brings the dead to life again, and thus evolves a plot which necessitates a pretty wit in the unravelling. Mr. Sabatini handles it skilfully, and creates a most dramatic situation when the supposed dead man suddenly reappears, to the joy of friends and the consternation and discomfiture of foes. He had apparently been turned off at Tyburn, but Jack Ketch had not done his work as efficiently as usual; so that, thanks to body-snatchers and an anatomist, he cheated the sinister triple beam of its harvest for the Stygian ferry. "The Gates of Doom" will no doubt find many readers who will thoroughly enjoy the story.

Streams of the Welsh Border

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

NOT all who fish in rivers give much thought to the mountains in which they have their birth. Indeed, the artist who catches trout in the clear and sluggish chalk streams of Hampshire, at Winchester or Stockbridge, sees little to remind him of the higher beginnings from which Itchen and Test have come down to the water-meadows; but the swifter waters of the West Country bear throughout their course unmistakable traces of their mountain or moorland origin. Those who seek their sport in the Welsh Border streams—the Wye, unrivalled for its salmon, but indifferent in the matter of trout; the Usk, with alternate years of plenty of one fish or the other, but never of both together; the Monnow, with no salmon at any time, but some of the most lovable trout in England—can always rest their eyes on the friendly profile of mountains. The ardent angler is not usually an eager climber. He is content to worship mountains from the lower levels at which the gathering waters breed sizeable trouts. The peaks, with their rare, exalting atmosphere, the

Liebliche Kühle und uellengemurmelt . . .

that uplifted Heine, gazing on sunrise from the Brocken, are too remote. His desires stop short a little lower in the region of fishable pools. Yet mountains on a near horizon are inspiring neighbours, and many a good trout I have lost by looking up at a sunbeam lighting the Welsh hills, thereby forgetting the business in hand and striking a fraction of a second too late.

About the stately, spacious Wye, where it comes winding down from Ross, past Symond's Yat and Monmouth, sweeping majestically on its way to meet the Severn beyond Chepstow, there is something of historic significance, for here, as in the valley of the Tweed, we see a noble river setting the boundary between Plantagenet England and its wild and turbulent neighbours. It cannot, perhaps, be claimed that the Wye has ever been a racial frontier in the same degree as the Rhine or Danube, yet the Welsh were ever as apart and aloof as the Basques or the Bretons. Here and there, though over no great distances, the Wye is a glorious stream for boating, but there are many treacherous interludes of broken water like that just above the Yat, where I once narrowly escaped drowning when, in the act of netting a trout, I stumbled on a loose boulder and lost my footing. From hereabouts to Ross is some of the finest salmon water in England, with a present reputation for heavy fish that it owes entirely to a liberal policy of buying out the nets at the mouth. The apotheosis of Wye scenery is reached above and below Monmouth, and, at its best, there is no other river in England—and very few in Europe—to compare with it, though American sightseers are sometimes more interested in watching its tidal bore at Chepstow. Seen at its best, under favouring conditions of wind and tide, I prefer this as a spectacle to the more celebrated bore of the Bay

of Fundy at Moncton, though the waters of the Petitcodiac are piled half as high again as those of the Severn. The truth is that the Moncton "lion" suffers from overmuch advertisement. The tourist is sure to be conducted to the scene with ceremony by enthusiastic residents, who are as proud of the bore as if they had invented it; and he comes away disillusioned. At Chepstow, the tide rushes in unnoticed by the residents, and is not treated as a side-show.

I love the Wye for its memories rather than for its fish, for its trout are fewer than its roach and dace, and the only salmon that I ever hooked in the Crown water below Ross was loved and lost within two or three minutes. In its little tributary, the Monnow, I have done better, and there are still happy nights on which I dream of two unforgettable days at Skenfrith, during which, by the kindness of the owner of the water, I enjoyed such sport with the mayfly as I had never tasted elsewhere. The dash and plumpness of these Monnow trout were a delight. Several of them weighed close on a pound, and they leapt like little tarpon. The Monnow, which sings through bowers of shady leaves, must be one of the most effectually preserved trout streams in the kingdom. Under the benevolent sway of a few owners, every detail of protection and improvement is arranged with what Stevenson called "amorous precision"; and I counted myself fortunate to be given a mile of that beautiful water to myself for two whole days of midsummer. It was here that I first practised, by way of experiment and with wholly unlooked-for success, upstream casting with a dry mayfly when not a trout was moving. While this searching of still water undeniably misses the higher satisfaction of casting over a feeding fish, and may even, for aught I know, stand condemned by the purists for a trick worthy only of poachers, it certainly put some very pretty trout in my way during an hour of quiescence that I should have wasted reluctantly in the knowledge that another sunrise would see me driven forth from my Eveless Eden.

The Usk, or rather a stretch of it above and below the Anglo-Welsh town of Abergavenny, I know best of all. What the river may be like in the hills of Brecon, or in the lowlands at Usk, I have no idea; but in its middle reaches I have, thanks to the generosity of friends, fished among its trout these many seasons, and it would be difficult to name a more agreeable variety of trout water than that which flows from the town golf links down to the Clytha Arms. If my enjoyment has been greater than my execution, no one is the worse, the trout least of all. Its trout are many and good, though in a good salmon season the river holds too much water for the humbler sport, and in a good trout year it is too low between its banks for the Jock Scott (or the prawn) to do much execution.

From the beginning of March to the ending of May, the trout fisherman can be busy all day long; but after midsummer local experts care only for the evening rise, during which, about nine o'clock, when it is coming dark, a Cinnamon or Dirty Yellow should take well. The angler wades slowly down the middle of the river,

casting a short line under either bank, and where, as below the Weavers, the water is very heavy, large trout sometimes break away by sheer weight on the cast. Personally, while appreciating its diversion after an idle day of waiting, I have no more than a moderate affection for this night fishing. Nor is the Usk everywhere safe for such nocturnal prowling. There is, it is true, a considerable stretch of level bottom below Pantygoitre Bridge that may be trusted, but elsewhere, down by the Weavers, or up in the hotel water, there are pitfalls for the careless. Twice in the course of one week, at Easter time, with the river very high and discoloured, I walked straight out of my depth into salmon holes, assuming in my waders a helpless, horizontal position that, when I was safe on the bank again, recalled the song sung by the shepherd in "Pilgrim's Progress":—

He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride. . . .
I am content with what I have. . . .

I was. My waders were full of water, and so was my throat. Every effort had been concentrated on saving a favourite trout-rod from annihilation, and the business had kept me longer in the river than I cared for so early in the season, with snow still thick on the Holy Mountain. Fortunately, my humiliation was on each occasion achieved in broad daylight. Had it been at night, I might, with the river so high and strong, have been carried down to Newport in the darkness and so out into the Bristol Channel.

The Usk is a river that, for its volume, rises and falls rapidly. The salmon-fisherman must therefore be on the spot to take advantage of the right height and colour, and even those in humbler quest of trout may, even if the water should be hopelessly out of order in the morning, find their persistence rewarded if they stay on the bank till sunset. It is not disagreeably full of coarse fish, thus differing from the Wye, in which roach and chub are so plentiful that hundreds of day tickets are sold to working men from Ross and Hereford. Yet even in the Usk there is a reach, just above Rookery Pool, in which I infallibly catch dace instead of trout. Enthusiastic admirers of the dace are eloquent in praise of the spirited fight which that fish makes on a fly-rod. I imagine that much of the fisherman's appreciation of dace depends on whether he is fishing for them. In the mood for trout only, I have caught more than one Usk dace that must have weighed over a pound, yet without being powerfully impressed by its mettle. In fact, the only less welcome sensation of the kind that I can recall possessed me one misty June morning on the bank of a placid river in the Ardennes. I had been told of some large trout that were said to dwell alongside a line of alders below an old bridge, and for them I was peacefully fishing with Stewart tackle and a worm that Boniface had dug in his potato patch. Of a sudden, I hooked something lusty and got it to the surface. It was an immense eel, and so loathsome did it look that I incontinently cut the line just above the cast and fled back to the inn, intent on breakfast and the first train that would carry me elsewhere.

F. G. A.

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JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, W.

The Royal Society of British Artists

THE death of the late President of this Society, Sir Alfred East, left the road open for some necessary reforms, and with the election of Mr. Frank Brangwyn to the Chair changes have supervened. Some eager spirits looked for reform, for a rejection of the poor work which has so frequently marred its shows, and for a general raising of the character of the whole exhibition. The first of these objects has been achieved; very little poor work has been admitted, and the average level is distinctly higher than in previous years; while the names of several familiar contributors and members of the Society are absent. But works of outstanding merit are as few as ever. The new President has for some time past been the centre of an admiring coterie of friends, who see genius in all he does, and his art has suffered in consequence. Indeed, when one considers the promise of his golden prime, one can feel little but disappointment for his later achievements. The picture which he himself contributes to the exhibition is big and scenic, rough in execution, and coarse in colour. The subject is the Bridge at Avignon, and there is no doubt that a certain massiveness of effect has been realised and rendered. But the parts somehow do not hang together, and it is hard to be enthusiastic about it, even looking forward to its finished state, for it is here described as unfinished. The

trouble, therefore, is that the standard set by the President must of necessity be—at least to some extent—the touchstone for admission, and the exhibition is thus handicapped at the outset. One change for the better, however, is the hanging of the walls with brown paper, which shows up the pictures to much greater advantage.

Coming to particular pictures, we commend Mr. Ince's pleasant autumn study, "Sunshine and Breeze," and close to it Mr. Murray Smith's picture of "Penarth Head," with its pleasant distant light. Miss Dorothea Sharp has two or three of her characteristic pictures, with their clever studies of children in movement, and their faulty—though this year less faulty than usual—handling of grass and herbage. The models are in most cases the same, and their attraction lies in their life and in the suggestion of bright sunshine and luminous shadow. Among portraits, that by Mr. Young Hunter of "J. Scott Skinner, Esq.," takes a high place. A realistic picture is that by Mr. Hely Smith, entitled "Richmond, Surrey, in Winter," in which the snow-covered bridge and the swirl of the grey flood are rendered with rare skill. Mr. John Muirhead has several characteristic pieces, among which the view of "The River of London, at Greenhithe," stands out most vividly, and "Morning Light, Picardy," leaves a pleasant impression of clear light rendered in broad, bold touches. Mr. Carruthers Gould makes steady progress, and contributes year by year conscientious work, which somehow stops short of inspiration, though it never fails to be pleasing and interesting. His clever study of "A Gala Night, Stockholm," though lacking somewhat in coherence, is rich in fine colour and imagination; we like, too, his less ambitious study, "In the Sun"—two girls lying on a rock overhanging the broad expanse of a still bay under summer sunshine. Among the statuettes exhibited in this room, one notices particularly "The Dancer," by Mr. Hibbert Binney, a wonderfully graceful and well-balanced figure.

An innovation is the introduction of two large screens upon which are hung a number of water-colours and etchings. Among these we notice particularly Mr. Cecil King's "Evening," a delicate and harmonious composition, and Mr. Finnemore's clever "Shadows on the Wall," a study of two children throwing shadows against firelight. Mr. Vivian Rolt's "Newhaven" is a charming bit of clear English landscape; so is "Beddingham," by the same artist. A noticeable figure-study is "A Little Maori Poi Dancer"; and a charming water-colour is Mr. Burleigh Bruhl's "At Maldon"; very characteristic, too, is Mr. Hawksworth's study of shipping at Great Yarmouth (291). Coming to the South-East Gallery, one is struck by Mr. Brougier's powerful picture, "The Forge," in which the familiar, but difficult problem of rendering cross effects of firelight and daylight is cleverly handled. Mr. Silvester Blunt contributes one of the best pictures in the exhibition: "A Dorset Landscape"; and Mr. de Laszlo a wonderful "Portrait Study of my Mother," certainly the best thing in the

exhibition, marked by all his delicacy and brilliance and breadth of handling, with an added touch of affectionate insight, which gives it a special charm. Perhaps this has been exhibited before, but the fact, if it is so, detracts nothing from its merit. In the South-West Gallery the most noticeable thing is Mr. Palin's "Boys Bathing," a splendid study somewhat in the manner of Mr. Tuke, brilliant with summer light, the figures and attitudes of the bathers full of life and natural grace.

The North-West and North-East Galleries are given up mainly to water-colours, and contain some delightful work. Mr. Shoosmith has a highly meritorious picture of "Kew Bridge," easy in handling, and with no straining after effect; a delightful crowd of ducks in a state of excitement is portrayed in "The Meal," by Mr. Edwin Noble; Mr. Haslehust has three or four really exquisite water-colours, marked by delicate rendering of atmosphere, upon which we should like to dwell at greater length did space permit. Mr. R. G. Eves has a couple of gloriously translucent and pearly studies of the coast at Petites Dalles under conditions of morning and evening light, and Mr. John Nickal's picture, "A Square in St. Malo," is also very good. Miss Dorothy Roberts contributes some excellent tinted pencil portraits, and Mr. W. Walcot sends an original and rather powerful sketch of Dean's Yard. Mr. J. Eyre's view of St. Olave's, Hart Street, is a careful and detailed piece of work; and there are pictures by Mr. C. W. Simpson and Mr. E. Gouldsmith upon which we should like to dwell longer, but here our notice must close.

The Study of Surnames

BY PROFESSOR E. WEEKLEY

A VERY friendly reviewer, in THE ACADEMY of March 21, concludes his notice of a little book of mine by expressing doubt as to the correctness of some of the views I have put forward. As a very large number of people appear to be interested in this subject, while hardly any seem to have any notion of the phonetic processes involved in name-formation, I should like to explain, with regard to some of the special cases in question, the nature of the evidence on which I have built up whatever is original in my *opuscule*. I may say that no one can be so conscious of its imperfections as I am myself, and that I am very grateful for all criticism and suggestions. In dealing with three or four thousand names, some of which have a very obscure history, errors are bound to occur; but many etymologies which seem fanciful to the layman are transparently clear to the philologist, while what seems natural and likely to the former is often known to be impossible by the latter. Thus few philologists would hesitate to derive *Pogson* from *Margaret* (*Meggy*, *Peggy*; *Moggy*, *Poggy*), although they have not now a single letter in common; but the suggestion that *Conyers* could come from *le Convers*, though involving

only the change of one letter, runs counter to all phonetic theory. Nor can *le Convers* mean a convert to Christianity, for our ancestors were christianised many centuries before French was spoken in the land. It means, both in French and Middle English, a lay-brother. *Selinger* can hardly come from *Selig*, for, though we often shorten names, we seldom lengthen them. Moreover, such German names as *Selig* are quite modern in England and would be sought in vain at a time when the *Selingers* or *St. Legers* were fairly numerous. This matter of chronology is important. Many people persist in "deriving" good old English names from German, just as, to the exasperation of the late Professor Skeat, lexicographers used to "derive" common English words from the German cognates. The contribution of German both to the vocabulary and the surname list is, before the nineteenth century, trifling. At the present day English surnames are disappearing from many parts of London to make way for the conquering race. The London Directory now has half a column for *Freedman* (i.e., *Friedemann*), a name which does not occur at all in the edition of 1842.

Crawcour may sometimes have been adopted in modern times for *Cracow*, but *Crèveœur*, a common surname in England from the twelfth century onward, is its true origin. So also we need not consider the German *Wälsch*, a foreigner, especially an Italian, when dealing with our own *Wallis* and *Welsh*, which occur by the hundred in mediæval rolls as Anglo-French *le waleis*, and Middle English *welisc*, *welsc*. These are of course ultimately identical with the German word. *Pool*, which the reviewer calls a rare surname, seems to me a very common one, nor can I accept the suggestion that it has to do with Poland. I do not think the Polack was ever called a Pole in mediæval England, but I could quote *at le pool*, *de la pole*, *pool*, *poole*, etc., by the dozen. The name also comes specifically from *Poole* (Dorset), formerly called *la pool*. Another origin of *Pool* is the Anglo-Norman name *Pool*, for French *Pol*, English *Paul*. The font-name is regularly thus spelt in Bozon's *Contes Moralises*. I agree that *Asher* has nothing to do with the tree, but I cannot admit that it is a Biblical name. We find about a dozen of the best known Hebrew names in common use in the Middle Ages, e.g., *David*, *Abel*, *Michael*, *Matthew*, *Jacob*, etc., but the less important ones were quite unknown. The most usual origin of *Asher* is the Anglo-Saxon personal name *Æschere*, of which there are examples in Searle's *Onomasticon*. As for the identity of *Codlin*, earlier *Quodling*, *Querding*, *Querdlyoun*, with *Cœur de Lion*, the etymology is not mine, but Bardsley's, and seems to me to be proved up to the hilt in his *Dictionary*. The *codlin* apple was also formerly *quodling*, *querding*, and was possibly named in the same way, from its hardness. That *MacNab* and *MacPherson* mean the son of the abbot and of the parson respectively is the view of MacBain in his *Gaelic Dictionary*, and I have never seen this questioned. As to the names derived from *Isolt* and *Guinevere*, Jenner's *Handbook of the Cornish Language* leaves no doubt

that these names must have had many descendants in the west, while Halliwell, s.v.v., *Gaynor* and *Gilliver*, accounts for some of the variants. Some modern *Winters* may be Dutch, but *Winter*, the faithful comrade of the champion erroneously described as Hereward the Wake, was either an East Anglian or a Norseman, and bore a common Norse nickname which can only be taken from the season.

Some Magazines and Serials

"WILD LIFE" for February and March maintains the high standard of its letterpress and the excellence of its illustrations. In the first of these two numbers, Mr. Douglas English, the editor, discusses Mr. Hobhouse's Plumage Bill, and points out some humorous possibilities in connection with it should it become law in its present form; and he argues that any legislation in this connection should be of an international character, as otherwise he considers it will actually increase the evil against which the Bill is directed. Other interesting articles are "The Great Grey Seal of the Scillies," which Mr. C. J. King, the author, has snapshotted in practically every conceivable position; and "The Tiger Beetle and its Larva," by K. G. Blair. The Hairy-armed Bat and various rodents are also dealt with. The principle item in the March number is a selection from one of the most remarkable collections of Natural History photographs in the world. Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the photographer, frequently risked his life in securing pictures of big game in their native haunts in the African wilds and Northernmost America. The photograph of a charging Rhinoceros was taken when the animal was within fifteen yards of him; the charge was only turned by a shot from his companion in the nick of time. A flash-light picture of a lioness approaching her kill by night was taken at a distance of about nine yards. "Some Common European Toads," by E. G. Boulenger, is quite an interesting article on a genus which only the superstitious and the ignorant regard with fear and loathing. Let any such turn to the touching picture of a male midwife toad carrying the female's eggs; he eventually becomes foster-mother also. The lovely eyes of the most charming woman in the world cannot for a moment compete with the beauty of those of the despised toad. Here, indeed, is a subject for Mrs. Leo Hunter's sympathetic pen.

A sad note is struck on the opening page of that excellent work "A History of British Mammals," Part XV (Gurney and Jackson, 2s. 6d. net), which records with deep regret the death of the talented author Major Barrett-Hamilton, J.P., who died in South Georgia last January. It was only to the previous issue that he had contributed a beautiful appreciation of Edward A. Wilson, the artist and companion in death of Captain Scott. Mr. Martin A. C. Hinton, of the British Museum, has undertaken the completion of the work. The present

part continues the rodents, and comprises the various Bank Mice and Grass Mice, with a page plate in colour by Mr. E. A. Wilson, and other illustrations in black and white. A portrait of the deceased author, with autograph, appears as a frontispiece.

Two more parts—Nos. III and IV—of Hutchinson's "History of the Nations" have now appeared. These continue the story of the East, with all its gorgeous display well represented by the illustrations. One of the most beautiful of these is that of a "Corner of the Hoysalesvara Temple at Dwarasamudra (Haleebid), A.D. 1244," the carving upon which edifice is superb. We have praised the illustrations of this work because they are attractive and prove that much time and trouble must have been taken by the artists to make them so realistic. At the same time it would have given greater authority to the series if more actual photographs could have been taken similar to the one mentioned above and others depicting objects of art in various museums. Possibly, however, if the illustrations had been confined to this class very few could have been included, and it was desirable to make the work popular.

Foreign Reviews

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

MARCH.—This is an admirable number, and nearly all the items appeal for notice. Herr Alois Brandl has a temperate and thoughtful article entitled "Deutsche Charakterköpfe in englischer Beleuchtung"; he very properly leaves out of account the newspapers and the newspaper-fed part of the public. Herr Fromme discusses the relations of Germany towards the Scandinavian kingdoms. Herr F. Hirth communicates some correspondence between friends of Heine, relating to a succession, and the rough draft of a poem by Heine. A lecture by Professor Benno Erdmann, delivered in Berlin University, on modern Monism, is printed. Herr Burdach's article on the origins of Humanism, continued from the last number, contains the refutation of many vulgar errors, and is full of suggestion.

LA REVUE.

Feb. 1.—Princess Radziwill shows us some of the salons, the *corps diplomatique* (including Disraeli), and the intellectuals of Berlin about 1870-80; also the Radziwill family. M. Maire makes much of the distinction between Bergson and "Bergsoniens." The destitution of the professor Emile Deschanel in 1859 for anti-clericalism is commented, in the light of fresh documents, by M. Paul Raffael.

Feb. 15.—M. Faguet gives us some of the juvenilia and "gamineries" of Musset. M. Fino shows how impoverished intellectuals have been saved from anarchism by an institution for teaching them practical engineering; he would like to see the idea developed.

M. Chuquet identifies the personages in a little family drama recorded by Goethe in his "Campaign." M. Dauzat wishes for a frank understanding between France and Italy. M. P. Bayle has a highly interesting article on the formation of the national collections at the Louvre.

March 1.—Baron du Roure de Paulin deals with some time-honoured fallacies about the relation between nobility and commerce in France at various epochs. Princess Radziwill's "Souvenirs" include Bismarck and Moltke. M. d'Ivray writes of "Bonaparte et les femmes d'Egypte," and gives the tragic but obscure episode of Zénab, daughter of the Sheikh el-Backry. Professor H. Beaunis is interesting on subconscious plagiarism, and M. Ch. de Beaumont rends "la Légende du Canada."

MERCURE DE FRANCE.

Feb. 1.—The "Réflexions sur Richard Wagner" of Nietzsche, which, translated by M. H. Albert, appear in this and the following numbers, are of extraordinary interest. "Parsifal," which Nietzsche considered the work of a "vaincu," is the opera with which the reflexions principally deal. MM. de Miomandre and Dauville write respectively of Max Elskamp and Positivism.

Feb. 16.—M. Vielé-Griffin's lecture on Verhaeren is reprinted, and M. Paterne Berrichon shows Rimbaud gun-running for the Emperor Menelek.

March 1.—M. Porché discusses Péguy and the "Cahiers de la Quinzaine," and M. Deschames Feinaigle, inventor of a *memoria technica*, satirised in "Bouvard et Pécuchet." M. L. Thomas gives police reports about Chateaubriand, who was always under the supervision of the Government, even when he was a Minister. M. Coulon has his say on the eternal "Problème de Rimbaud."

REVUE BLEUE.

Jan. 31.—The Vigny correspondence runs through five more numbers. M. Joseph Reinach has recollections of Thiers at some interesting moments. M. Boulengers discusses the "Fuite en Espagne" of the Frondeuse Duchesse de Chevreuse.

Feb. 7.—An inaugural lecture at the Collège de France on "le Régime du Sacrifice dans les Différentes Religions," by M. Loisy, is printed. M. Flat discusses M. Paul Deschanel. M. Prunières, in two numbers, describes "les Fêtes de Cour en France" in the 15th and 16th centuries.

Feb. 14.—The University troubles of 1814 and Fontanes' regulations made to meet them are discussed by M. J. Gautier. M. Marion's lecture on the history of finance, given at the Collège de France, is reprinted in two numbers; the lecturer draws a parallel between the difficulties of to-day and those of 1789; he is also concerned to rehabilitate the Abbé Terray—the "dissolute financier" of Carlyle—and his associates, including Mme. du Barry.

Museums as an Amusement

THE national store-houses of art throughout all Europe are the, often unintentional, residuary legatees of the collections of princes.

Families of collectors and connoisseurs may enjoy and labour at their artistic pursuits for half a dozen generations, or, as with the Chinese, for a thousand years, only finally to provide in the end of time a passing show for the proletariat, or, with good fortune, a happy hunting-ground for the enthusiast and the student.

Until the coming of our own enlightened generation, now some years ago, the museum *per se* was treated with contumely as the home of stuffy ideals and the warehouse of almost dark glass cases, nearly impenetrable to the human eye. We have heard that shortly before our time the British Museum was a dreary desert as far as the eye could reach; but that just beyond the line of vision—

Daphnis and Chloë still were there:
He bound bright myrtle in her hair.
No whisper came of carking care,
Of cold heart slaying . . .

so to speak. There is, we fancy, none of that pleasant dalliance now. For if museums have become amusing, they have ceased to be the old, cool, secretive places, beloved, for a few brief inarticulate moments, of our grandparents. We doubt if that acute observer of things as they are, Mr. Henry James, would place the shy, delightful meeting between a man and a woman of the world—in "A London Life," is it not?—even in the Soane Museum of the present day, although that is one of the few collections that still retains something of its old mystery.

When Thackeray wished to give a satiric touch to the name of a paper in regard to which Mr. Bachelor, of "Lovel, the Widower," had been grievously cheated, he called it the *Museum*. As the novelist was describing an early experience of his own—namely, the purchase of the *National Standard*, about 1860—he meant to be particularly bitter and chose a name which should convey something *passé* and uninteresting.

Such a point of view would be absurd to-day. We have known the gayest parties in the splendid modern halls of South Kensington, the most charming hours in the frequently rearranged galleries at the British Museum—to speak only of those places that are nearest our own doors.

The enormous interest which all grades of society now show in the wonderful collections which the industrious ages have brought together has been widely exhibited here by the number of visitors to the newly-placed London Museum, and it is even more broadly demonstrated every season by the admirable books which are written on the history and contents of many museums.

Recently the story of the old Château of the

My Days of Adventure

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"A most interesting and, for English readers, highly instructive history of a great invasion."—*Daily Telegraph*.

CHATTO & WINDUS

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Condés* has been made delightful to us. There are many reasons for enjoying this admirable work on the history and art of the château at Chantilly; but the most engaging is to be found in the evident and leisurely pleasure that Mrs. Richter has taken in her heavy task. She is the true appreciator of such a museum. It is for her, and the other millions of her kind, who do not happen to have her happy art of expression or her industry, that such collections have been brought together. For those whose minds turn naturally to the reproduction of historic periods of the past—necessary enough to those who would understand the present—Chantilly, like our own Windsor, is the happiest of hunting-fields.

As is well known, of course, it was the late Henri D'Orléans, Duc D'Aumale, who, in his long exile and on his return to France, brought together, for the benefit of his countrymen and the world at large, the vast musée Condé which is now at our service. Mrs. Richter justly says: "When the visitor passes through these apartments to-day, he can feel that they are in the same state as when the Grand Condé dwelt there." Although the history of the Château goes back to the days of the Romans, and the house itself was built by the famous Anne de Montmorency, it is the Condés who have left the most definite characteristics upon Chantilly.

Of the very many museums throughout Europe,

* Chantilly, in History and in Art." By Louise M. Richter. Illustrated. (John Murray. 21s. net.)

Chantilly approaches in many ways our own long-cherished ideal. It at least presents to our time a continuity of life and a sequence of the processes of art which in themselves enable the student or the mere, and enviable, amateur of the beautiful to feast for a few hours among the heaped-up treasures of the things which are more excellent among the long histories of the past. To our eyes, at least, the psychological acts of men and women pass; but their practical arts remain for our information and amusement.

The first part of Mrs. Richter's work is devoted, with clear and admirable results, to the historic past of the château; in the second, she tells the almost romantic story of how the art treasures were again brought back to the house of Condé and the museum now named after that famous family. Thus from first to last this volume is of intense interest, both to those who know Chantilly well, if not so well as Mrs. Richter, and those who are content to read of its many engaging possessions. From Clouet to Corot, from Jeanne D'Albert, Queen of Navarre, to the donor of the *musée*, the gifted and splendid Duc D'Aumale, all are fully considered, and many are shown as seen by contemporary artists in the eighty or so beautiful plates with which the volume is illustrated. Personally, we are not quite ready to enjoy our museums in an easy chair, but for those who happen to have attained that restful and unambitious period Mrs. Richter's volume will be, indeed, a comfortable delight.

EGAN MEW.

The Theatre

"The One Thing Needful" at the Court Theatre

AMONG the multitude of matinees there is not found a wealth of wisdom or of wit. Thus we pass over those many short plays we have seen lately which have made a tentative appearance at various theatres, and would rather draw attention to the excellent work of Miss Estelle Burney and Mr. Herbert Swears.

Like most three-act plays produced for a single matinée, "The One Thing Needful" does not, of course, run with the smoothness and bravery of an elaborate production, but notwithstanding its faults of omission as regards movement and scenery and its sins of commission in the matter of some rather long speeches which might well be broken up or retired from active service, it is well worthy of consideration. The spirit of the whole comedy is excellent. The general point of view and the attitude of mind displayed by the various characters in the play make it throughout engrossing and entertaining in the highest degree.

The Society of Play Actors, which has given us several interesting dramatic pieces this season, is responsible for the present production. The Society appears to have at its command competent and often brilliant

companies of actors. In the present case no one could be better than Mr. Cooke Beresford, who by a fortunate chance has bought and developed a harmless and apparently necessary medicine called "Leete's Leettle Pill." As Hylton Leveson, he appears as a charming man of the world, good-natured, clever, with strongly marked artistic tastes and an absolute freedom from the sort of humbug which is conventionally associated with the successful commercial man. His son, St. John Leveson, Mr. Hargreaves, is given the ordinary education of an Englishman of means, and develops into a whole-hearted and enthusiastic Socialist. He knows nothing of the source of his father's wealth, but chance brings him into close connection with the original Leete, a commonplace and rather stupid chemist, made very real and amusing by Mr. Jackson Wilcox. After drifting into bankruptcy, and having sold his quite possible pill, he has a grievance against society and is greatly befriended by St. John who, of course, loves his simple-minded and agreeable daughter, who is very real, also, in the hands of Miss Sybil Noble. Soon St. John starts his crusade against the man he believes to have taken advantage of Leete, and the plot develops apace. The enthusiast's failure to set the world in order is explained by the authors in a very satiric and amusing manner.

In the first and last acts it seems that Miss Burney and Mr. Swears have produced a completely successful acting play, but there are some weaknesses in the second act, which may possibly be put right, in which case, we believe, "The One Thing Needful" would prove very welcome. For the whole idea is instinct with generous feeling, a profound sense of character, and plentiful wit. The acting throughout the comedy is refreshingly sincere and interesting, clearly cut, and compact of observation and human feeling. No doubt, under even more accomplished management than one expects to find at a single matinée, this suggestive and lively picture of life as it is to-day could be made into a theatrical success. We hope that we may see "The One Thing Needful" take its place in a carefully arranged evening bill, and be rewarded by the appreciation of large audiences.

EGAN MEW.

It was an excellent idea on the part of the Rev. J. Leon Thomas to compile a neat and attractive motto book for scouts, arranged under the days of the month, and therefore available for any year. The "Scout and Red Cross Motto Book" will be ready for publication by the Religious Tract Society at an early date, at the price of one shilling net.

Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Granville Barker will suspend the run of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" during the entire course of Holy Week. The Savoy Theatre, therefore, will be closed after the performance of Saturday evening, April 4, until the evening of Easter Monday, April 13, after which the run of the play will be continued.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

"WHENEVER a witness goes into the box, and begins his evidence by saying, 'I am now going to tell the whole truth,' I always doubt him at once," said an eminent K.C. who has had a brilliant career at the Common Law Bar. He was sitting beside me on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 25th, watching the animated scene.

The Ministry, huddled together, had evaded and fenced with numbers of questions about the instructions given to the Navy and Army, and Winston had designated an insinuation of Amery's as "hellish" and been called to order.

Seely had just risen to make a statement, and over and over again he declared that he was going to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in a way which evoked the comment of the K.C. The Minister for War went on to assure us, on his honour, that the measures taken were all precautionary; General Paget had never said that Ulster would be in a blaze. What he said was that "the newspapers would be in a blaze." He explained how busy he (Seely) had been, how he had to see the King—a rough draft of instructions to the Army had been left behind. He did not know that in his absence the Cabinet had considered and settled it. And then he committed his great error: he added the two paragraphs which gave General Gough what he demanded. He did it honestly; he did it innocently; but he could now see how wrong he had been, and therefore he had placed his resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister. There was silence for a second or two.

Some of the younger Members on our side felt quite sorry for the fallen Minister; he was so calm under so crushing a misfortune; he held himself so well; he looked so manly. No attempt to palliate the offence, to mitigate the blame, or to throw it on to others. "No! I alone did it, and I am to blame."

Asquith got up next, and began by defending the King, in words which are worth recording, from the "most unfair, inconsiderate, and improper attempts to bring the name of the King into this controversy. These attempts are not made on one side of the House only. They proceed, I regret to say, from different quarters. But I take, as I am entitled to do as the chief responsible Minister of the Crown, occasion to say, and I say it with the fullest conviction and assurance, that from first to last in regard to all these matters—I say it with all respect and humility—his Majesty has preserved every rule that comports with the dignity and the position of a constitutional Sovereign. (Cheers.) However strenuous and excited our debates may be, we shall continue in all quarters to recognise that the Crown in a constitutional country is beyond the range of party controversy."

Then Balfour got up. His air of innocent concern was delicious to some of us who have known him for years.

Everyone must have listened with sympathy to a Minister who so frankly confesses to an error of judgment, and our sympathy must be redoubled when the speech ends with the fact that he has handed in his resignation to the Prime Minister, but he was a little in doubt as to the position of the Minister now.

"Is he——" he began gently. Asquith and Seely blushed in unison.

"I asked the Prime Minister to accept my resignation," said Seely lamely.

"I am still in doubt," Balfour pressed; it seemed cruel, but it was necessary to know if the right honourable gentleman was for all practical purposes a Minister of the Crown or not.

"He is," said Asquith shortly. The bubble was pricked by those two words.

"It is a put-up job!" shouted the Opposition, especially when we learned that Asquith had determined to repudiate the memorandum.

Bonar Law, who followed, gave a subject to the cartoonists. "I have heard," he said, "of a man being thrown to the wolves; but never a bargain on the part of the wolves that they undertook not to eat him if he were so thrown to them." Bonar Law read out a letter sent by a young officer to whom the following words were said: "The idea of provoking Ulster is hellish. Steps have been taken in Ulster so that any aggression must come from Ulster, and they will have to shed first blood." Curiously enough, he missed the point that, an hour before, Winston had used the word "hellish" to describe the accusation of provocation.

Austen made a fresh point. Lord Morley had apparently said in the House of Lords that he had helped to concoct the two fatal paragraphs; the two statements could not both be true. Seely had said; "Alone I did it, and I alone am to blame." Morley said: "I helped."

Lord Melbourne once said to his Cabinet: "It does not matter much what we say so long as we all say the same thing." The wisdom of this cynical adage was apparent now. Winston wound up; it was clear he had very little to say, and courted interruption to cover his deficiency. He suggested that Lord Morley had acted chivalrously in taking on part of the blame, that the fleet would remain at Lamlash over Easter as a precautionary measure; that Bonar Law had raised the question of the Army versus Parliament, and the Army versus the People. Bonar Law had tried to make out that it was right to shoot down a Radical or a Labour man.

There was great uproar, which Winston wanted, until the division bell rang.

On Thursday the Ministry were given no rest. The Cabinet had sneaked out of responsibility by Seely saying that it was his fault, but what about the two distinguished officers who had also initialled the memorandum with him. A Chinaman's word is taken as his bond, but apparently General Gough could not take the word of a British Minister of War, and refused to withdraw his resignation or leave the War Office until he had seen the announcement in writing.

General Gough is as astute as he is brave. These reflections expressed by the Opposition made it all the more imperative that we should know what General French and General Ewart, the two distinguished heads of the War Office, were doing.

Had they resigned, had they also been thrown to the wolves and pulled into the sledge again, or what?

Asquith was absent from the babel; he had gone to Buckingham Palace to see the King.

"To resign?" asked a score of mocking voices. This was not answered, but Lloyd George promised that Asquith would make a statement on the adjournment at 11.

There was a debate on the Insurance Act and a private bill about county boroughs; but all interest died when it was announced that Asquith would not be ready to make his statement at 11, but would do so at noon on the morrow.

So the morrow being Friday, we all trooped down at 11.45 to get a good seat. Friday is a private Members' day, and usually there are not a baker's dozen at prayers; to-day there were hundreds of devotees.

No Ministers were present. Pole-Carew got up to ask his question for the second or third time: "Have the Generals resigned?"

Gulland, a second-class whip who had recently behaved so badly at Wick, was the spokesman of the Government. The Cabinet was still sitting, and Mr. Asquith would make his statement at 5.

"What guarantee have we that this promise will be kept then?" burly Ronnie McNeill wanted to know.

It appeared we could not debate it then—the Labour men were in possession of the House with a private Bill about making the feeding of school children compulsory, and unless we let them have the second reading without debate they were not willing to give way.

Bonar Law said the position was nothing less than a public scandal.

At five the Prime Minister appeared, looking very troubled, and Polly Carey put his question again. Asquith apologised for his absence; it was true the two officers had wanted to resign, but, he specifically added, "not because of any difference between their view and that of the Government." They were being urged not to resign, and the Government were still awaiting their final reply. He then read out three new Articles of War of a declaratory nature:

(1) No officer shall be asked what he shall do in hypothetical contingencies.

(2) No officer is to ask for assurances as to orders he may be given.

(3) All officers are to obey all lawful commands.

The Unionists cheered these lustily. "Closely" Bell made an excited speech, in which he declared the new Articles were an insult to the Army and quite unnecessary.

The House adjourned at 5.30 and the battered Ministry went away for the week-end to recuperate, and in the meantime respectfully to wait for the answer to their humble prayer that the two officers would not resign.

Was ever a powerful Government placed in such a humiliating position before?

Events follow each other nowadays so rapidly that this record will soon be merely a statement of plain facts, without any room for comment or description. On Monday the House was kept in a whirl of excitement. The Prime Minister announced that Field-Marshal French and General Ewart had insisted on resigning. If rumour is to be believed, no one was more down on General Gough than French, but when he received a memorandum which he had every reason to believe was the settled view of the Cabinet he had no alternative but to shrug his shoulders and initial it. To be asked to repudiate that official act was more than this plain soldier could stand; so, in spite of abject entreaties from the Government, lasting over the week-end, he and his colleague resigned, and thus the Government have lost by their cowardice and folly the services of two of the best soldiers in the Empire.

After this, there was, of course, nothing left for Seely to do but to resign also, and to-day he appeared on the second bench.

The House listened with deep attention to the Prime Minister's statement. He then paused and said slowly and impressively, "In the circumstances, after much consideration, I have felt it my duty to assume the office of Secretary of State for War." Our French friends say, "Nothing is more possible than the impossible." It was obvious that few, if any, were in the secret. The House was dumbfounded, and it was only after a perceptible pause that the Ministerialists cheered.

It was a master-stroke, to be followed immediately after by another; and in assuming a second office of profit under the Crown the Premier felt it his duty to retire and seek the sanction of his electors. He did not intend to take the double salary; and although, following Gladstone's precedent, it was pointed out to him that he need not resign, it was no good—resign he would.

"Would the second reading of the Home Rule Bill be postponed?" asked Bonar Law. "No," said Asquith; "I see no need; I shall not be far off." It sounded very daring, very dashing and heroic. In one instant it got the Government out of a mess; but, after all, Unionists reflected, was it so daring? Already very popular in his constituency, where he had sat for nearly thirty years, will not his constituents under the peculiar circumstances rally round him? Won't he be returned with a larger majority than ever? Of course he will. Again, he will be absent during a very awkward fortnight. Yes, we all agreed, it was very clever!

Then "F. E." got up. "F. E." is really a wonderful man; people say he is burning the candle at both ends and in the middle as well; he is all day busy in the Courts, on his feet, leading either for one side or another in all the greatest cases of the day; he plays tennis well; he hunts; he speaks at public dinners; he sits up to all hours of the night; and goes away from the House on Friday afternoon with a big

box of half-a-crown cigars under his arm, and brings it back empty on Monday. He is always fresh, he is never bustled, and is put up to speak on every great occasion; and yet they say he does not work hard. The secret of it is his superb confidence in himself and the fact that he is never perturbed. He seizes on the main and picturesque facts in a brief or in a situation, and has a command of language which is given to few. He showed clearly and convincingly that the majority of the Cabinet must have been in the secret—that there was a plot to invade Ulster and to irritate the Loyalists into shooting a few soldiers. No wonder they did not want Seely to resign. It was because all of them ought to have been in the dock that they wanted to keep him out. Another striking phrase was: "The scheme was Napoleonic—but there was no Napoleon."

His friend and crony Churchill replied. He pleaded that everything had been done to avoid a collision. He didn't blame the Army; he blamed the Unionist leaders, who first tried to create a rebellion and then tried to paralyse the Army when dealing with it. Bonar Law dealt with the new cry of "The Army against the People." Last week the cry had been "The Army against the Parliament," but the Radical papers soon saw "that cock would not fight," so changed it to the above. Bonar Law said he was not afraid of it in the least; the real question would be, was the Army to be used to coerce the Loyalists of Ulster? He quoted Lord Morley, who had said: "I did not perceive then, and I do not perceive now, that those paragraphs differed in spirit and substance either from the previous paragraphs already sanctioned by the Cabinet or from the words that I had myself used in this House."

Simon wound up the debate: "If you won't believe the Prime Minister, we won't argue with you further." "A nice easy way of getting out of it," shouted a Unionist as the division bell rang. The Consolidated Fund Bill was then read a third time, and the division showed that the Government had a majority of 78.

Asquith's double master-stroke carries the Government safely over Easter, but they are by no means out of the wood.

On Tuesday some more surprising things happened. Contrary to expectation, Lord Morley declined to resign. He said, rather quaintly, that he had often heard of people being asked why they resigned, but surely it was unusual to ask why he did not resign. He had nothing to conceal or be ashamed of. He helped Seely to correct the two "peccant paragraphs" because he was under the impression that they represented the views of the Cabinet, and he was still of opinion that they conveyed the same idea which was contained in the paragraphs the Prime Minister struck out. He did not know that General Gough had written a letter or that the memorandum was in answer to it—hence he was no party to the bargain, and he did not see why he should not continue in the ornamental office of Lord President of the Council.

In the Commons the second reading of the third Home Rule Bill came on for the third time of asking. The common sense of the British people is beginning

to assert itself. Sir Edward Grey was distinctly out for compromise, and he suggested that during the proposed six years' limit a scheme might be put forward for a Federal system for the whole of the Kingdom. He also suggested that the "conversations" might be renewed, but the general opinion was dead against this.

There are two parties now in the Unionist camp—one is strongly in favour of trying to compromise, and the other is for not yielding an inch, but reaping the reward of victory and determined resistance.

The writ for Fife was moved, and a keen contest will be the result. To complicate matters, it is suggested that Jim Larkin is going to be put up, whilst, of course, the Suffragettes also will be on the spot.

Notes and News

Mr. Heinemann publishes this week "Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook," at 3s. 6d. net, so that it will be available to all teachers and students. In it will be found many explanations of points that have become obscured during the active discussions which have lately been going on in this country. The book is well illustrated.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins will publish this week Miss Buchanan's new book entitled "Tania: A Story of Russian Life," the scene of which is laid in St. Petersburg. As the daughter of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, the author has had peculiar opportunities of studying the social life of Russia about which she writes so convincingly.

A new form of two-shilling novel has just been inaugurated by Mr. Max Goschen with a re-issue of "The Adventuress and Other Stories," by Mr. George Willoughby. The book will be bound in all respects like the ordinary French novel, in the familiar yellow covers, and, if the idea proves popular, Mr. Goschen intends to issue new novels in the same style and at the same price.

The Fifth International Printing, Paper, Stationery, Bookbinding, Boxmaking, and Allied Trades Exhibition will take place at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, from May 13 to May 30, inclusive. Arrangements have also been completed by which the Exhibition will be open for sixteen working days, including three "week-ends." The advantages of this will be seen when it is remembered that the visitors in 1910 reached 20,000 on both Saturdays.

The London County Council will be prepared to award in 1914 60 scholarships for full-time day instruction and 110 exhibitions for evening instruction. Full particulars in regard to these awards are given in the L.C.C. Scholarships and Training of Teachers Handbook, 1913-14, which may be obtained either directly or through any bookseller from Messrs. P. S. King and Son, 2 and 4, Great Smith Street, S.W. Price 1d.; post free, 3d.

The directors of the Alliance Assurance Company, Ltd., have resolved to declare at the annual general court, to be held on April 22, a dividend of twelve shillings per share (less income tax) out of the profits and accumulations of the company at the close of the year 1913. An interim dividend of five shillings per share (less income tax) was paid in January last, and the balance of seven shillings per share (also less income tax) will be payable on and after July 4 next.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE IRISH QUESTION IN INTERNATIONAL POLITICS.

ATTEMPTS have been made both in this country and on the Continent to persuade public opinion that the perpetuation of the Ulster crisis is sensibly diminishing Great Britain's influence in the world's diplomacy. Unfortunately it is one of the objectionable features of party politics that whenever acute differences arise, the language of wild exaggeration is immediately resorted to. The inevitable result is that distorted versions of controversy are telegraphed abroad, and upon these distorted versions much comment in the nature of misconception is based. It is all very well for the Unionists, animated exclusively by a desire to further the cause which they espouse, to represent that Great Britain is on the verge of civil disruption, and that all our cherished institutions are in a state of collapse. Likewise, it may serve their own ends for the Liberals to suggest that an aristocratic army is opposing the legitimate assertion of the democracy. Enlightened members of both great parties, when they do not, so to speak, happen to be on the political stump, would in all probability confess that the truth is to be found in neither battle-cry. As it is, however, the belief has become generally accepted that politics, which, after all, constitute the controlling force in the Government of the country, are a dirty game. Hence men of standing and influence in the land, with honest reputations in their own private affairs, readily indulge in falsehood and misrepresentation when it comes to dealing with affairs of State. And the crowd look on with what may be termed sporting interest, applauding the while, much as they would at a football match, the mental agilities displayed by the one side in their attempt to get the better of the other in the mêlée.

It is not surprising, then, that, as far as political warfare is concerned, the English language should have lost much of its original meaning. With astonishing prodigality, epithets and counter-epithets are hurled about; and demented speculation, mingled with a veritable maze of crazy metaphor, takes the place of cool reasoning. How often, for example, have we been told of late that the doom of England is nigh. It is doomed, so the Unionists say, because the Radicals are wreckers by nature. It is doomed, so say the Liberals, because the Tories are tyrants. Yet amid this

unseemly clamour of exaggeration the majority of politicians, when in normal mood, believe in their own hearts that none of the evils which they predict will come about, but that in the end common sense will assert itself and compromise save the situation. Pending this solution, like hostile armies the two parties in the State are merely moving for position. Such is a true statement of the case. It is that and nothing more.

But can we be surprised that Continental opinion is confused? Well-instructed organs, semi-officially inspired, as, for example, the *Novoe Vremya* and the *North German Gazette*, take exactly the same view of the English crisis as that which we have just presented. The comment of the last journal is so sane as to commend itself to politicians of all parties in this country. The newspaper alluded to says:—

One's judgment with regard to the development of the Home Rule crisis must be adjusted to the peculiarities of English conditions. The standpoint which a large number of the officers of the Army have adopted towards the Government might appear monstrous were German standards to be applied, but it is not so in the circumstances which prevail in England.

In matters of domestic policy the corps of officers are not bound to the party programme of the Parliamentary majority of the time. In the Ulster question they find themselves politically opposed to the Liberals, since the corps are preponderantly Unionist. This circumstance makes the difficulties of the Asquith Ministry the greater, and one can well understand that the Prime Minister adopts a cautious line calculated to spare the United Kingdom the misfortune of a civil war. Impartial observers cannot interpret as weakness the cautious method of dealing in this case with the political behaviour of officers.

A host of other journals of less standing than those alluded to, having obviously attached too much importance to the vehement splutterings of our party politicians in their most earnest moods, have become amazed and not a little alarmed at the situation. On the Continent, let it be said, the Englishman enjoys no little reputation for staid and silent qualities, whatever these may mean. He is looked upon as an individual who, when not hunting for the Pole, is going calmly down in ships wrecked at sea, fighting hordes of terror-stricken foreigners who, with drawn knives, are clamouring their way through swarms of helpless women and children that they may be the first to reach the boats. Collectively, we are regarded as a people who, over centuries, have acquired the habit of government. Everywhere the British Parliament is held in veneration as the Mother of Parliaments. When, therefore, this Assembly gives itself over to uncontrollable hysteria, critics abroad find themselves in perfect agreement with the critics at home as to the red ruin of England and all her traditions.

As we have already observed, only an ill-informed section of public opinion on the Continent misinterprets the situation in this way. But that section, it

should be borne in mind, is in error because it literally accepts at their face value those evil forebodings of English party men which, strictly speaking, are intended for home consumption, not for export. So widely different, indeed, are the fundamental conditions prevailing in Continental countries from those to be met with in England that it may truthfully be said that very few foreign publicists can possibly possess a mental atmosphere such as fits them for the task of judicially summing up our political system. Let us take the case of Germany. The Germans hold that the paramount need of any healthy State is military discipline which in turn produces social discipline, otherwise known in this country as law and order. At the same time, having accustomed themselves to the rule of a more or less beneficent bureaucracy, they cannot refrain from sympathising with the struggle of the Conservative elements in England. Finally, their confusion is worse confounded when they realise, as they have readily done, that Ulster is fighting her battle under the banner of loyalty. For the bulk of the German masses thoroughly understand what love of Fatherland means. Naturally bureaucratic Russia is sympathetic with Ulster; but, as is the case with German views on the question, she is at a loss to comprehend the real significance of the refusal of military officers to obey commands given to them by their superiors, and frankly, as a bureaucratic nation, does not commend this aspect of the English crisis. Moreover, the Russian people cannot forget the bitter criticism to which their regime has been subjected in the past from England on the score of repression. They have never appreciated the complexities of the Irish question, which they regarded as exposing England to the charges of inconsistency and insincerity; and, in all the circumstances, it is perhaps not unnatural that they should feel some sympathy with the Irish people.

The idea voiced in certain quarters that the prolongation of domestic turmoil should expose this country to weakening influences in the world's diplomacy is as untenable as it is gratuitous. Wherever we cast our glance we find that foreign countries have internal difficulties of no less formidable a nature. France is troubled with the Caillaux scandals, Germany with Alsace-Lorraine, Russia with Finland, and both countries with Poland have on their hands what might be termed super-Ulsters; while it would not be inapt to describe Austria-Hungary as being afflicted with a mass of Ulsters. The inference suggested again and again that, because of international affairs, Great Britain ought not to indulge in domestic reform appears as nothing short of grotesque. As a matter of fact, her value as an Ally can only be enhanced as a consequence of the promotion of her internal contentment. Were a European conflagration to break out to-morrow, then we make no doubt that the discipline of the British Army would be found to be perfect. Our quarrel is among ourselves; and should we be faced by foes from without, then differences would disappear in a night. Let there be no mistaking the patriotism of the British people.

Literary Competition

FOURTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood; in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspect; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man,
Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name

Address

Coupon 4, April 4, 1914.

* * Copies of the issues dated March 14, 21 and 28, containing the first three quotations, may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

MOTORING

A NOTIFICATION has been received by the secretary of the R.A.C. to the effect that the new International Customs Pass may now be issued, the Governments of the following countries having given the necessary instructions to all their Customs officials: Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Roumania, Spain, and Switzerland. For some reason Germany has declined up to the present to participate in the international agreement; whilst the new pass cannot yet be utilised for either Russia or Sweden. This latter, however, involves no great hardship on motorists, as few tourists are likely to wish to take their cars to these countries at this time of the year. The new pass marks a great advance in the facilities for international touring. Instead of having to carry a separate "triptyque" for each country visited as hitherto, the tourist can now obtain one single pass which enables him to enter and travel through any of the countries enumerated above without having to state in advance which countries he proposes visiting. It should be noted, however, that if the intention is to visit one country only—France, for example—it will be advantageous to take out the old form of "triptyque." Otherwise the tourist will have to deposit the highest Continental duty payable on the vehicle.

* * *

The eternal fuel problem is still the principal topic of discussion in the motoring world. Expert opinion as to the nature of its ultimate solution is by no means unanimous, but it may be said that benzole and alcohol are practically the only sources which command serious attention. It is interesting to note that the two most popular technical motor journals—*The Motor* and *The Autocar*—take quite different views as to which of these two should be exploited as the substitute for petrol, the former strongly advocating the claims of benzole, and the latter being equally emphatic in favour of alcohol. The view of *The Autocar* is that, while the use of benzole is in every way to be commended, the available supply is altogether too small to affect materially the price of petrol, which is the real object to be aimed at; and that at the present time the only fuel available in limitless quantities is alcohol. It is, therefore, toward the removal of excise restrictions upon the use of alcohol for power purposes that effort should be constantly directed. In this connection it is worth noting that Dr. Ormanby's experiments have shown that an equal mixture of benzole and alcohol is quite satisfactory in ordinary petrol engines and carburettors, without any alteration whatever; but this information is of no practical value until the fiscal difficulty is removed, and alcohol can be purchased at something like its intrinsic value. If, as our contemporary argues, there is no reasonable ground for anticipating a vastly larger production of benzole in the near future, there can be no doubt that its contentions in favour of the exploitation of alcohol are thoroughly sound.

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NEXT WEEK will appear in
THE ACADEMY

The First of a Series of

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

No. 1 will be addressed to

Mr. HALL CAINE.

No. 2. To **MISS MARIE CORELLI.**

As these letters will be sure to attract attention and provoke discussion in literary circles, readers should order their next week's ACADEMY well in advance to avoid disappointment.

In reference to the R.A.C. and Victor Tyre dispute, the Master of Semphill writes us as follows:—

I have read with interest the letter by Col. Templar in your issue of March 28, because I was one of the 1,300 private motorists who undertook the conduct of the Tyre Trial which the Victor tyre won, after the R.A.C. had declined to supervise, admittedly, as I understand it, at the request of the Trade Society. (This, of course, was subsequent to the acceptance of the trial by the Club, so that its subsequent rejection placed it in a particularly undignified and impotent position.) I know also that because private motorists in their own interests undertook a trial which the R.A.C. should have undertaken, and did not, the Club penalised the Victor Tyre Company with gross unfairness, by placing a ban upon it that prevented its use at Brooklands and in all competitions the R.A.C. influences at home and abroad. Naturally, such a ban aroused vigorous and trenchant criticism, and, like Col. Templar, I was under the impression that the trouncing the R.A.C. and its methods received at the hands of many writers in technical and other papers had led the Club to see the error of its ways, especially after it had acknowledged defeat by approaching Mr. Yarworth Jones, of the Victor Tyre Company, in order to secure peace. I am amazed to hear, therefore, that the R.A.C. ban is still operative, and operating to the detriment of a tyre company which did nothing which was not fair and just. I submit, sir, most strongly and with a sense of indignation, that the R.A.C. is acting dishonourably and in a cowardly way. It made a mistake. It was relieved from some of the consequences of that mistake by securing a letter from the managing director of the Company under what seemed, so far as I remember, suspiciously like false

pretences. And now it continues to penalise the Victor Tyre Co. for giving motorists an opportunity of testing the merits of the various tyres on the market. The situation is unpleasant and unsavoury. In the name of common decency the R.A.C. should explain.

It really does seem that the Club should either make some attempt to justify its continued hostility to the tyre referred to, or at once remove the ban placed upon it. The present position is illogical and impossible.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE political excitements of the past week have naturally upset the Stock Exchange. Prices did not slump, but business fell away to nothing. The City has never taken a serious view of the position; it laughs at both sides. But abroad there is no question that the foreigner quite understands our English politician, and if the muddle at Westminster were to continue, and happily there is little chance of this, there is no doubt that English credit on the Continent would be severely injured. Gilt-edged stocks have kept very hard, and I see no chance of any fall; on the contrary. I repeat my advice to buy all gilt-edged Trustee securities, as they will gradually appreciate during the whole of the year. The Winnipeg loan did not go; nevertheless, those behind the issue have marked it to a premium. Selfridge offered some preference shares, which were greedily taken. It is understood that he has secured the services of Mr. Bushnell, the well-known manager of Whiteley's Provision Department. The Greek Loan is now out; the total offer is £9,925,000 in 5 per cent. bonds. The issue price for the London portion, £1,687,250, is 92½. This gives a yield of nearly 5½ per cent. Nevertheless, I do not think the offer very attractive, as Greece must reorganise her finances, and it is doubtful whether the customs receipts at Salonica and Kavala will be enough to meet the interest. The British Columbia Government offered £1,500,000 4½ per cent. stock at 99. These Provincial Governments are recklessly guaranteeing all kinds of bond issues, and many cautious financiers in Canada view the future with fear. Electric Bleach and By-Products Limited, which is a re-organisation of Electrolytic Alkali, offered 6 per cent. debentures and 7 per cent. participating preference shares. The past history of the re-organised concern does not lead me to advise anyone to take an interest in this business. The Anglo-Cuban Mercantile Company has now made its appearance. No one should have anything to do with the proposition; it has been hawked about for a long time past, and those at the back of it do not strike me as capable of carrying it through to a successful conclusion.

MONEY.—Money remains plentiful, and Lombard Street has now grown quite accustomed to the steady drain of gold. Russia this week took nearly the whole of the metal that was offered. It is now stated that the Russian banks are nervous of the general financial position, and desire to strengthen their resources. I think money will remain cheap throughout the year.

FOREIGNERS.—Paris continues in a most depressed condition. The great banks are all quite sound, but they have

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had to face very heavy losses, which have been written down out of the reserves; consequently, none of the bankers are inclined for any new business. They are pledged to support the Balkan States, but they will not take on new loans. A new Austrian loan is being discussed. Bulgaria has succeeded in interesting the Disconto Gesellschaft, but the loan will not be offered in England. China has made a contract for a new loan with the Banque Industrielle. It is said that 6 millions will be offered, interest at 5 per cent. and issue price 94½. It is hardly likely that such a loan would be offered from London, in spite of the statement that the issue is secured to the hilt. The Banque Industrielle has as its partner the Chinese Government, and works with the syndicate of Provincial Bankers of which M. Achille Adam is the moving spirit. It is very doubtful whether the French bankers who came to London last week have come to any satisfactory agreement in regard to Brazil. It is said that the banks agreed to advance £1,500,000 on the condition that the money was utilised to help the Brazil Railway. This the Brazilian Government does not consider advisable. The general condition of Brazil has not improved, and I advise holders of the securities to get out.

HOME RAILS.—During the past week we have heard of nothing but labour troubles; consequently the market in Home Railways has been very dull. Traffics have not been inspiring. The investor who is already largely interested in English Rails is not inclined to add to his purchases, for he feels that he will have to wait six months before he gets another dividend, and he very shrewdly judges that if the threatened strikes come off the price of all the leading stocks will fall, and he will thus be able to buy in cheaper in a few months time. I do not quite follow this argument. Great Western yield 5½ per cent. London and North

Western almost the same amount. North Eastern $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and Midland deferred almost 6 per cent. These are very attractive yields. No strike lasts for ever, and it is improbable that we shall see very much lower quotations; in any case, no one can possibly hope to play "tops and bottoms." I think that we are almost at the bottom now.

YANKEES.—The American market remains dull. The advance appears to have had no serious backing, and looks like dying away. The report of the Steel Trust is good, but we are told that a large issue of bonds will shortly be made, and everyone in the Iron and Steel trade is looking forward to a very bad year. Therefore, in spite of the figures, I cannot advise a purchase. Union Pacific are being bought, probably under the impression that the company will win its suit against the preferred stockholders. But even if they win, Unions seem to me quite high enough. The Eastman Kodak people have decided not to carry their lawsuit to the Supreme Court, and have compromised with the Ansco Company. This was a foregone conclusion. The dividend on Eastman Kodak ordinary is likely to be reduced considerably during the next few years. Canadian Pacifics seem to have touched bottom. The financial troubles in the Canadian Northern continue the one topic of conversation; I strongly advise holders of Canadian Northern bonds to cut their loss and get out. Brazil Rails are very weak, but there has been some buying of Argentine issues on the good maize harvest. I confess that I think all Argentine Rails fully valued to-day.

RUBBER.—Rubber has hardened to 2s. 8d. Some dealers on the Stock Exchange consider that this is a rig. Numberless reports have made their appearance during the past week; nearly all show decreased profits and decreased dividends. Selangor drops to $137\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Harpenden to 100 per cent. Golden Hope to $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Asiatic to 30 per cent. Sungei Way paid 50 per cent., and show improved results. Nearly all the companies are able to reduce their working costs. If rubber could be maintained at 2s. 8d. during the whole of the current year the dividends paid for 1913 could easily be maintained. On the whole I am inclined to advise present holders to take their profits. The public is not coming in as a buyer, and the principal business is professional.

OIL.—Oil shares have been fairly steady. Spies have been bought. The output for the second half of 1914 is expected to show at least 50 per cent. improvement. New Caucasians have been bid up, but there is an inclination to take profits in North Caucasian; they are certainly at an attractive level. A deal is to be attempted in the Kansas Oklahoma, and a Trust has been formed for that purpose. Shell and Royal Dutch are harder, and there is some talk of a move being made in Egyptians.

MINES.—The Barnato reports have been issued, and on the whole show good results. Knights is excellent, and Consolidated Langlaagte is also good; but the public are not interested in Kaffirs, and not even the speculative counters like Van Ryn Deep and Government Areas, both of which give encouraging reports, have been bought. The little spurt in Nigerians has died down. There is still an attempt being made to get out of Cobalts. The Tinto report is really excellent, considering the long strike and the serious fall in Copper. This magnificently managed mine looks cheap, and the directors speak very hopefully of the future.

MISCELLANEOUS.—I understand that there is no change in the position taken up by President Menecal in regard to Cuban Ports. There is, therefore, no reason why people should buy either the bonds or the common stock of this outrageous fiasco. Marconis have been weak on a rumour that the dividend is to be reduced. John Barker's report

may be considered good, for the company has been rebuilding its premises, and in spite of this maintains its dividend. Frederick Gorrington also pays the same dividend. The preference shares are a fair speculation, but the large item of goodwill prevents me from advising the ordinary.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORD-BOOKS.

ELECTRICOLOGY, ELECTRIFICATION, ELECTRIFIED, ELECTRIZATION; USED BY R. TURNER IN THE YEAR 1746.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The Bodleian Library provides the first, and the British Museum the second edition of "*Electricology: Or, A Discourse upon Electricity. Being An Enquiry into the Nature; Causes; Properties; and Effects thereof, upon the Principles of the Æther. Illustrated By a Series of Surprising Experiments, . . . By R. Turner. . . . Worcester: . . . 1746.*" On p. 16 he says "A Glass Tube about Twelve Inches long, and 3-4th of an Inch in Diameter, ferrol'd at Top, and capp'd at Bottom with Brass," where one notes a spelling of "ferruled" which is not recorded in The Oxford Dictionary, tho' it may be a misprint. The word *Electricology*, by which he entitles his work, does not occur in that Wordbook. On p. 7 the sentence: "Lastly, All Bodies upon which the *Electric Virtue* is thrown, are said to be *electrified* or *electrized*; and this *Electrification* or *Electrization*, can be perform'd only to a certain Degree, for *electrified Bodies* retain only a determinate Quantity thereof," is useful. For the Dictionary dates *electrified* 1751; *electrification* 1748; *electrization* 1752; quoting an other author of 1746 for *electrise*. In that part of R. Turners title-page which for the sake of brevity I omit, he mentions information "that has been communicated by Professor Muschenbroek; Le Monier; L'Abbé Nolet, &c. abroad; and by Messieurs Watson, Martin, and other *Literati* at Home:" and therefore we may perhaps identify him with Richard Turner (1724?-1791), a clergyman of Worcestershire, whose other works are enumerated in the Dictionary of National Biography, and who belonged to the Universities of Oxford and Glasgow.

I remain, Sir, yours,

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

Oxford, March 21, 1914.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—"*The Wisdom of Angels. By Thomas L. Harris.*" Part I. New-York: 1857, exhibits these 20 words, which have been overlooked in some of our Wordbooks:

ARDENCY. p. 165 . . . , because they exhale the ardency of Divine Love.

AROMAL. 19. There existed at that time a profusion of condensed aromal essences, making the very air a repository of the essential qualities of fruitfulness.

COGNITION. verb. 24. . . . , they intellectually cognitioned God as a Divine Being.

CONJUGIALLY. 66. . . . , who, in their interiors, had become conjugially conjoined.

HARMONEAN. 16. The true Harmoneans, inhabiting the Heavenly Abodes, send greeting. 18. We the true Harmoneans are.

HARMONIAL, HARMONIALISM, HARMONIALIST. 188. . . . , you will find the germs of the true Harmonial Philosophy. The true ground then is, that the Bible is a very good

book, and that its Spirit is genuine Harmonialism. I for one believe that there is an inner sense, that its writers were all Harmonialists.

INBUILT. 35. . . . , so dazzling to the eye that they appeared as if the very stones inbuilt into their walls, were animated with the burning fires of Divine Love.

INSTREAMING. 21. A continuous, undulated wave of perpetually instreaming and essential life, (The Dictionary quotes it from the year 1855).

INTERPERSION. 131. . . . , and, even before birth, there takes place an interpersion,

INTERWED. 58. Bridegroom and Bride are interwed forever;

INVERSIONIST. 187. The great inversionist of Galilee said, "Deny thyself";

JUDEANS. 188. Whatever there was of good in the Bible, served as a mental pabulum for the strong stomach of the gross Judeans.

OMNIARCH. 114. Thou shalt become an omniarch of the skies

SCORTATORY. 50. . . . , while engaged in poetical composition under the influence of scortatory love.

TITANTIC. 187. . . . , a man of huge girth, with herculean limbs, and with an enormous head, Titanic as to intellect, arose in the assembly. 189. . . . , said the Titanic Speaker, (It is Titanic under the influence of gigantic.)

ULTIMATION. 43. . . . , so that the ultimations derived from the conjugal spheres of the Heavens themselves, extend into,

UNPROGRESSED. 184. You are unprogressed.

VORTICAL. 68. . . . , in the degree in which this vortical sphere is quickened into operation within the human brain. 69. Through this variety of vortical-cerebral illumination,

I remain, Sir, yours,

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

Oxford, March 24, 1914.

ABDIEL OR COPERNICUS?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—No greater compliment has been paid to me than that contained in the title—"Abdiel"—prefixed to your review of my "Romance of Bible Chronology."

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found

Among the faithless—faithful only he

Among innumerable false; unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,

His loyalty he kept—his love—his zeal;

Nor number nor example with him wrought

To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,

Though single."

Certainly I do hold that "a single man with God is in the majority,"

"And he's a slave who dare not be

In the right with two or three,"

but I have never spoken unkindly or contemptuously of those able scholars and critics whose point of view is removed from my own by an angle of about 180 degrees.

Moreover, I do not feel quite at home in the rôle of Abdiel. I have been accustomed to regard myself as the first of a new order, rather than the last of an old one—a twentieth-century Copernicus doing for the Ptolemaic Chronology what Copernicus did for the Ptolemaic Astronomy. I quite appreciate the fact that I stand almost alone and unsupported by the vast majority of modern Biblical critics in adhering to the authenticity of the Biblical Records and the accuracy of the Massoretic Text, and I do not claim to have overthrown the received

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Ptolemaic Chronology; but I do claim to have made out a *prima facie* case against it, and to have established once for all the perfect self-consistency and self-sufficiency of the Biblical Chronology.

In repudiating the accuracy of the Greek Chronology I am, of course, only building on the foundation laid by Sir Isaac Newton in his "Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms Amended." Sir Isaac Newton made a hobby of chronology, wrote his book sixteen times over and devoted a great part of the last thirty years of his life to the study of the subject.

All our knowledge of ancient history has reached us through the Greeks, and my appeal is from the Greek to the Hebrew, from the Septuagint Version to the Massoretic Original, from the late conjectural compilations of Diodorus (A.D. 8) and Ptolemy (A.D. 150) to the authentic contemporary records of Sennacherib and Cyrus, and from

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the subjective surmises of the Alexandrian Greeks to the rock-graven remains of Assyria, Babylonia and Persia. I am, etc.,

MARTIN ANSTEY.

11, Mount View Road, N., March 18, 1914.

THE CAMORRA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I wonder whether the vast significance of your trenchant article will be generally noticed, or whether, in the appalling state of chaos, it will escape the attention it deserves?

The significant point it raises is this, that a Government, like the people it is supposed to represent, is a responsible factor of the State, and, as such, is amenable to law. What, then, does this involve? The very principle which, at the present time, is being sacrificed.

Thus, there is no constitutional ground of support to Ulster's rebellion against "constitutional legal procedure," but—and this is the point which your article brings under notice—neither is there a constitutional ground of support to the Government's "Coalition form of Coercion," or, using your own words, "to a condottiere, bereft of every sense of political honour and decency." In this way, we have been brought face to face with the inevitable. Unconstitutionalism must and can only be met with unconstitutionalism. The Government's surrender of their legal rights to govern becomes the constitutional ground of Ulster's unconstitutional form of opposition. So long as the Government's attitude remains as it is, there is no other remedy left but an appeal to arms on the part of Ulster.

Moreover, the Army and Navy, as nonpolitical machines, are both neutral constitutional elements of rule, which is to say, that a Government possesses the right to use such constitutional forms of power only in a neutral sense of maintaining constitutional law and order. Surely at this crisis in affairs, involving, as it does, the basic laws or principles of free government, our authorities on constitutional law are of some use to the nation in this great matter?

The question at issue is the supreme one of constitutional freedom. Thus, before the present Government's attitude, in respect to the Home Rule Bill, can be said to be an attitude expressive of the constitutional laws of free government, it must be made plainly evident that Ulster's rebellion is not a rebellion against political coercion, and therefore unconstitutional force or tyranny, on the part of the Government. This point should be pressed home by the heads of the Opposition, since it is the one vulnerable part in the Government's armour. I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Peckham, March 28, 1914.

THE INSTITUTE OF INVENTORS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—As your readers are aware, the amendment of the Patent and Designs Act is now under consideration in Parliament.

We have already received a number of valuable suggestions from our Fellows on the subject, but as the Institute represents inventors generally we shall be obliged if you will afford us the opportunity of appealing to all those interested who have not yet communicated their views to us.

Yours faithfully,

WALTER F. REID,
Chairman.

20, High Holborn, London, W.C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- The Awakening.* By Rachel Swete Macnamara. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)
Jill—All-Alone. By "Rita." (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
The Crimson Mascot. By Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
Madame Sans-Gêne. By Edmond Lepelletier. Translated and Edited by J. A. J. de Villiers. (Greening and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
London Circus. By Henry Baerlein. (A. C. Fifield. 6s.)
A Girl's Marriage. By Agnes Gordon Lennox. (John Lane. 6s.)
The Hidden Mask. By C. Guise Mitford. (Greening and Co. 6s.)
Love the Harper. By Eleanor G. Hayden. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
The Loadstone. By Violet M. Methley. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
James Whitaker's Dukedom. By Edgar Jepson. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
Tansy. By Tickner Edwardes. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
"Broken Music." By Phyllis Bottome. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
The Log of a Snob. By Percy F. Westerman. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
Where Bonds are Loosed. By Grant Watson. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
Napoleon Decrees. By James Blyth. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
Not Wanted. By Fergus Hume. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
Meriel's Career. By Mary Bradford Whiting. With Frontispiece. (Blackie and Son. 6s.)
A Little Radiant Girl. By Katharine Tynan. With Frontispiece. (Blackie and Son. 6s.)

VERSE.

- Darts of Defiance: Sonnets and Other Poems.* By M. A. Mügge. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Horilegio di Canti Toscani: Folk Songs of the Tuscan Hills. English Renderings by Grace Warrack. (Alexander Moring. 10s. 6d. net.)
Poems in Five Phases. By Charles Bridges. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 2s. net.)
The Tale of Florentius, and Other Poems. By A. G. Shireff. Illustrated. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. 6d. net.)
Out of Bondage. By Fanny Hodges Newman. (Paul Elder and Co., San Francisco. \$2.50 net.)
Glimmer of Dawn. Poems by Leo C. Robertson. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.)
Five Poems. By Arthur K. Sabin. (The Temple Sheen Press. 1s. net.)
Eölsyné, and Other Poems. By H. Bindon Burton. (Maunsell and Co. 5s. net.)
The Bruce of Bannockburn. A Translation of the Greater Portion of Barbour's "Bruce" by Michael Macmillan. (Eneas Mackay, Stirling. 3s. 6d.)

PERIODICALS.

Literary Digest; La Société Nouvelle; Ulula; Cornhill Magazine; British Review; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Collegian; Wednesday Review; Peru To-day; Cambridge University Reporter; Revue Bleue; The Round Table; Nineteenth Century and After.

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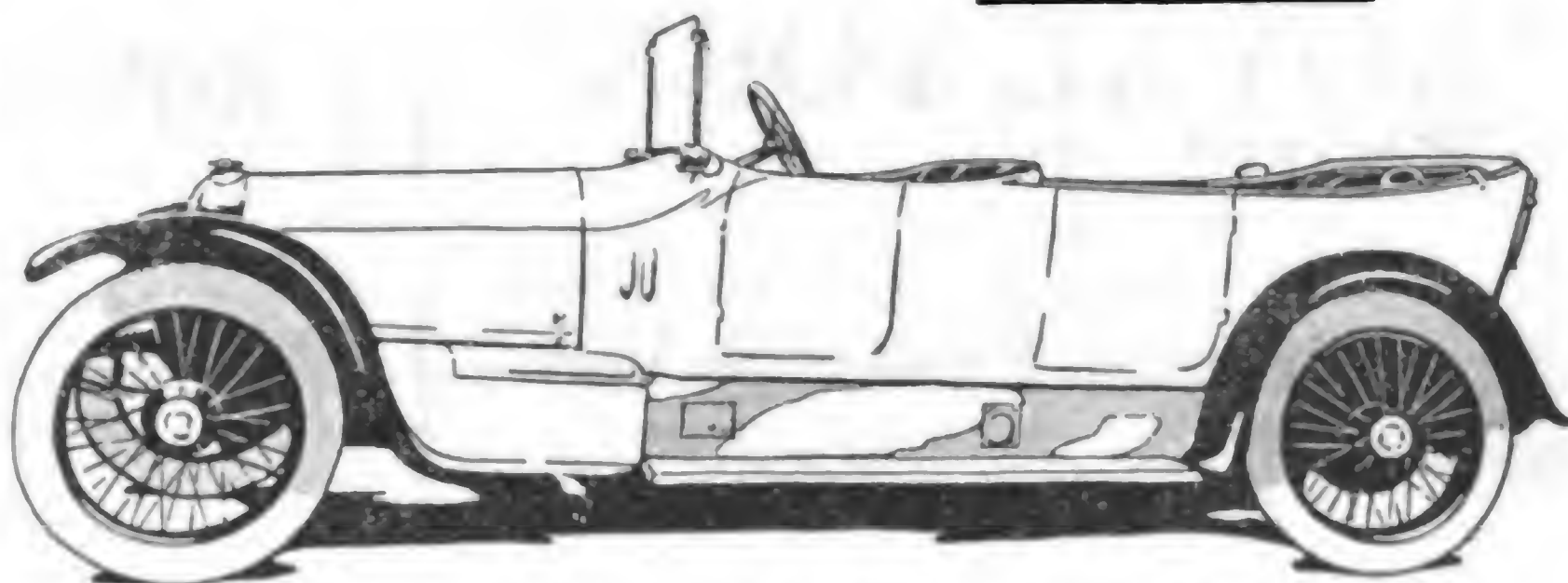
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Records of Old London, Vanished and Vanishing, coloured plates, folio, £2 2s.; Yeats' Collected Works, 8 vols., £3 3s.; Walpole's Letters, large paper, 16 vols., £7 10s.; Oscar Wilde, by L. E. Ingleby, 12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.; Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Landor's Lhasa, 2 vols., new, 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cambridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP**, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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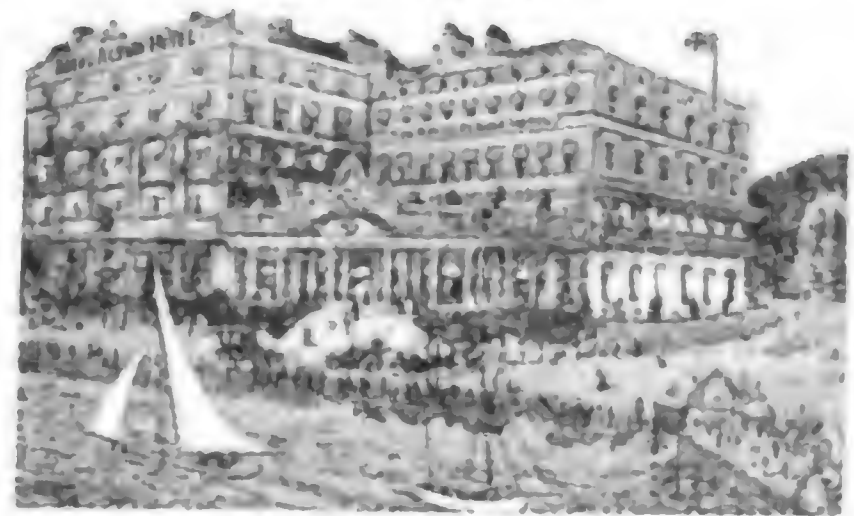
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Notes of the Week

A GOOD point is made by a correspondent who disguises himself as "A Novelist" in the current number of the *Author*. He writes to call attention to the misuse of the word "edition," so freely to be met with in publishers' announcements and advertisements. It is obvious that the statement, "Third edition already exhausted"—which to the ordinary reader brings a vision of enormous sales, a proud and beaming author, and a publisher's staff working overtime—means nothing in the absence of any agreement as to the approximate number of copies in an edition; in fact, the writer of the letter mentions the case of a third "edition" of a book being announced when only about a hundred copies had been sold. So extreme an instance, amounting to deliberate and dishonest deception of the public, we suppose is very rare; at the same time many publishers who would deny indignantly any charge of crooked dealing allow themselves, or their managers, to play upon that curious propensity of the public which urges it to spend freely where money is already being spent.

There is no necessity, as far as we can see, to fix exactly the number which shall be signified by "an edition"; what we should like to find is a general understanding that the word shall not be used with utter

vagueness to mean any figure the publisher chooses. At present it may mean anything from fifty to ten thousand, or more—which is simply a ridiculous state of affairs. By the magical phrase, mesmeric to the avid novel-reader, "Second edition sold out," and its variants, books of no value whatever from the point of view of literature or even entertainment are fanned into a brief, bright fame before they die; the critics smile sardonically, and puzzled readers of any taste who have been induced to buy wonder why the "huge sales" ever began. "A Novelist" suggests that "an edition might be fixed at anything from 3,000 to 5,000, or from 500 to 3,000"; it seems more judicious to make the range from 500 to 2,000, since hardly any publisher prints fewer than 500 copies even of an unknown writer's work. With a little trouble and a short discussion between those interested in the subject this minor problem of publishing ethics could be solved to the satisfaction of all reasonable persons.

The president of an "Information Bureau" should be an omniscient and patient person, and above all things should possess a sense of humour to lighten his task. One eager questioner of the special columns conducted by an enterprising evening contemporary inquired, last week, why the moon seems to vary in size and colour; why we see the moon "quite distinctly in the morning in January and February and not at any other time"—a rather ambiguous question; and if the changes of the moon affect the weather. And then, as a climax, he asks if it is possible for a person "who has a fairly good knowledge of the universe and of spectrum analysis, and also of the making of astronomical instruments" to obtain a situation in an observatory. We envy him his satisfaction in admitting a "fairly good knowledge of the universe"—a comprehensive equipment, surely, for any human being. But it seems a pity that while this gentleman was immersed in the study of the spectrum, and devoted to the manufacture of astronomical instruments, he did not give a few minutes occasionally to the elements of astronomy; it would have made him so much more useful in an observatory!

An American editor who complains that "the new type of magazine has no region of repose," and says emphatically that "we ought to return to the calmer philosophy of Emerson," is worthy of our attention. Thinking the matter over, we believe the first statement to be absolutely true. The average magazine—we do not refer to the half-dozen or so in each country which are renowned for the fineness of their illustrations and the literary style of their articles and stories—is not a pleasant sight to readers with a sense of beauty, either on its pictorial side or that of its letterpress. The fiction purveyed is of quite a hopeless description, and is rendered none the more attractive by the knowledge that it is often written by men and women who could do better, and know it, but who choose to turn their backs on art for the sake of a more ready market.

The Betrayal

[See Plate iv of Miniatures and Borders from a Flemish Horae, reproduced in honour of Sir George Warner, 1911.]

A FAIR night for the work. The man doth send
The people from him, for the Feast is near;
And these armed men the High Priest bade attend
To take him walking in the garden here,
Stand ready, watching for the signal kiss.
He comes at last; but ah! that first word, "Friend,"
With the old look, wakes the old awe; and this,
This only, is left to do—to make an end.

Far off the trees are still against the sky;
But here the lances toss, the torches flare.
Thrice happy ruffians they, who know Him not
On whom they lay their hands, who know not why
Darken the drawn brows of Iscariot
With love too late remembered and despair.

ARUNDELL ESDAILE.

Sea-Saning

WHEN the whole world grows petty, and desire
Is spent with small pursuit of little boons;
When to a cresset dwindles all that fire
That made gold dawns and high imperial noons;
When from the tyranny of paltry fears
The spirit shrinks, and lesser griefs have power
To evoke the sacred privileges of tears,
Assigned to sorrow's more immortal hour;
Then for renewal grant me but a space
Unpeopled by my kind—some rocky spit
Where I can feel the salt spray on my face,
Greet the far-travelled wind, and share with it
The stark assault, the incorrigible glee
And splendid passion of the untamed sea.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

Possession

WHEN first I knew the joy thy presence brought,
And thrilled in all my being at thy voice,
As harp strings quiver, when a singer's choice
Falls on some true love song; 'twas then I sought
To learn of Love, and all that he had wrought.
And I have learnt of him; now am I free
To hold my head on high, since I know thee.
All that I do is with new meaning fraught,
All that I dream is thine, each word I speak
Is thine to take or leave. My love is strong
And deep and wide, my words alone are weak.
I see thee as I saw thee first, and long
To see again; through all the world I seek
Thy face, and treasure in my heart a song.

GRACE CRACKNALL.

The Passover of Ulster

NOW that the Easter vacation is an existing fact, it may be useful to reflect on the critical issues which have strangely moved Parliament and various communities in the country. It is usual at this time of the year to remember the message of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill toward men," and—where it is at all possible—to think well instead of ill. No personal references will be made in the few general remarks which we shall offer to-day respecting lamentable occurrences which all have observed in the treatment of a problem demanding the highest statesmanship, the most scrupulous integrity, and the noblest aspirations.

Unless after a period of calm, other influences, other manners, the "milk of human kindness" assert themselves, a final seal may be set on the influence for good—not selfish but world-wide good—which the English, the Scottish, the Irish confraternity throughout the world has attempted not in vain, and may by union some day gloriously accomplish.

To expect men to pursue an end in any way other than manly is to desire the unattainable, and, moreover, would probably defeat the inscrutable design. It is well at this season to be mindful of the "Light shining out of darkness."

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will."

So whilst much, that we shall not stigmatise to-day, has occurred in the heat and passion of Parliamentary debates or platform oratory which is wholly lamentable, one bright feature has emerged, as there is "a star for every state, and a state for every star," and that feature has been the complete tranquillity which has reigned in Ireland. The one side and the other there have shown an unparalleled immobility in face of the storms in Parliament, and a strange confidence in the ultimate working out of their salvation.

Is not such an attitude an augury for good? If the Roman Catholic and the Protestant in Ireland can maintain a calm unknown in history; is it well to banish hope that they may one day unite in a glorious hegemony and march with their brothers and sisters of the Empire to share in that Empire's glory and her lot?

Conciliation—even in politics—has within the last week or two made its appeal—more than is widely known—to men in whose ears until recently alone blew the blast of war. The interval from strife which the Feast of the Paschal lamb brings with it, may yet attain to the not unattainable meridian of the real and deep-rooted desires of three nations and an Empire.

CECIL COWPER.

Competitions and Records

"Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."

THE impudent women of Israel, who, with their tabrets and their joy, set the king and his captain by the ears, set a pernicious fashion that is since become the canker of sport. Competition in games is inevitable, and something more substantial than laurels is sought on the modern racing track. The spirit of rivalry with firearms is common to the grouse butts and rifle butts, and the record heads inscribed in Rowland Ward's Valhalla continue to inspire ambitions of lowering these, if only by a bare half-inch over the curve. Only a man born a hundred years too late, and with more than the common courage of his opinions, would seriously protest against these recognised institutions.

The quiet angler was longer in yielding to such insidious temptations. Time was, not long ago, when he was content to fish alone and apart, seeking the secret friendship of Nature, and, when fortune so far favoured him, prizing a good fish or a full creel for its own sake, and not loving a trout or a roach any the more because it happened to exceed by an inch or an ounce any other previously taken from the same water.

Unfortunately, but also irrevocably, all this is changed. The fisherman of to-day must be in the movement. He is no longer sufficient to himself. He has ceased to find pleasure in his own company, and fishes for choice in the company of his fellows. Not in such gregarious mood does he seek salmon or trout; but the less polite miscellany known as "coarse fish," as well as the varied harvest of the sea angler, are taken by jostling anglers who fish for prizes. For this innovation we have unquestionably to thank the angling clubs, and we make bold to say that, since our sport has benefited very little, our gratitude need not be effusive.

Ethically, perhaps, there is not very much to be said against the fishing competition. Most men are gamblers. If they do not gamble at cards, at golf, or at billiards, they will gamble at fishing, risking their entrance fee on the chance of winning a prize. The same is done in tennis and croquet tournaments, and there is no need to thunder against these recognised competitions with the righteous denunciation of Solomon Eagle declaiming from the burning roof of St. Paul's, or in the more caustic epigram of Father Bernard Vaughan reproving naughty sinners in the pages of a monthly review.

Yet it was once the pride of fishing that it held curiously aloof from the sordid business of pounds, shillings, and pence. We have no record of the first angling competition ever held, but probably Mr. Senior or Mr. Marston could tell us. It may, we imagine, have been a pegged-down match among working men along the towing-path of some canal or other in the North Country. Only a snob would despise the sport enjoyed by these humble brethren of the angle

among the bream and roach of their sluggish waters, in which they prove themselves as adroit fishermen as others of their class on Thames or Lea. Indeed, if an element of hazard helps, on a Saturday afternoon, to make up for the weary toil of the fifty working hours that went before, we should be the last to criticise their recreation.

The objection to these contests is that they ruin many waters and pervert the right and proper spirit of sport. Towards the end of the day, you may see the competitors seized with a frenzied determination to fish against time, a mood of hustle that should be distasteful to the true sportsman, and that is certainly hostile to the best canons of his art. Success in such competitions is measured wholly by the result, whereas, in other circumstances, the result should count for little or nothing in the sum of the day's enjoyment by the waterside.

Were the vogue of the fishing competition restricted to the working class, one would be reluctant to criticise in any hostile spirit the amusement of those whose life is none too full of it; but it is not. Of late years, these contests have become very popular in salt water, and attract many whose means and position might, one would have thought, have suggested other ways of making holiday. Of the manner in which such gatherings are regulated in fresh water we have no first-hand knowledge, but we were at one time in touch with those responsible for the ordering of important sea angling competitions from piers and boats, and on one occasion we were one of the judges. Never having taken part as a competitor, it was easy to see most of the game, and it is difficult to recall a single case in which it was found possible so to frame the conditions that the prize went to the best fisherman and not to the luckiest. In short, the trophies might just as well have been tossed for as fished for. Equally ludicrous is the not uncommon spectacle of a very small fish winning a very large prize, and we actually saw, in one well-known pier competition, a pollack of a few ounces carry off a challenge cup weighing as many pounds. It is difficult not to condemn such an award, but it is more than difficult, it is impossible, to prevent it, since, if the conditions were so modified as to preclude such a result, few, if any, would compete.

This sort of dipping in a lucky tub like the sea cannot by the wildest stretch of courtesy or flight of imagination be likened to the arduous battles of skill and endurance that must be fought by the finalists in a lawn tennis or croquet tournament. The angling competition is much more in the nature of a lottery. If, as such, it really gives pleasure, we are loath to be a spoil-sport; yet it is surely a finer thing for the fisherman to match his skill against the fish than against his neighbour. Apart from the winning of a cup, there can be very little satisfaction in catching more fish than the man standing near you. Such a match is clearly no test whatever of skill; and if it comes to trying your luck, why not leave the fish alone and cut each other through a pack of cards for red or black?

Yet, as there should be two sides to every question, can nothing be said in favour of the angling competition? It is certainly sociable, and an occasional gathering of fishermen may, for aught we know, be a wholesome corrective to more selfish shunning of the profane crowd. Further, such contests are doubtless good for trade (for more trades than one), which may be set to their credit. That is about all that can be said for the defence.

The craving to catch a "record" specimen appeals to a slightly different instinct, one that in our day pervades every class of the community and leads to wonderful, though quite useless, feats of all kinds, from piano-playing to swinging clubs. Here, again, luck is the arbiter. Speaking generally, however, this strange hunger on the part of the fisherman to lower another's record is less prejudicial to sport and sportsmanship than the angling competition. It entails no hurry. It does not lead to overfishing or overcrowding. Failure does no harm, and each attempt may, at any rate, result in clearing lakes and rivers of old pike or trout that do more harm alive than dead. As, moreover, the heaviest fish are, as a rule, the most wary, their deliberate capture of set purpose calls for more art than the haphazard wooing of fortune in a match. Yet luck is all-important, for the fisherman does not intentionally stalk a particular carp or roach after the fashion of the big game hunter bringing his telescope to bear on a herd that he may shoot the beast with the finest horns. True, he who fishes with a floating fly for trout, or who casts over an individual salmon of which he knows the whereabouts, exercises such selection; but those who fish for salmon and trout take no great interest in establishing new records, and a pegged-down match on a Hampshire chalk stream is but a nightmare of democracy gone mad. It is the pike, roach, and sea fish that furnish most of the specimens, and those whom fortune favours are not of necessity better craftsmen than their unsuccessful rivals. Most of the skill lies in playing a heavy fish to the gaff or net. If the big carp or roach will not take the bait, there is no way of making it.

All said and done, is not this Marathon touch in the Contemplative Man's Recreation a matter for regret? Were we not better without it? Prizes on the running track, with their classic precedent, are part and parcel of athletic meetings. In such contests the best man wins, or ought to; and the trophies are the reward of merit and not of luck. Prizes should not be needed in a sport like fishing, but in any case they are invariably the reward of luck, and of merit not at all.

"From Russia to Siam; with a voyage down the Danube," is the title of a new travel book by Mr. Ernest Young, which will appear shortly through Mr. Max Goschen. The volume contains chapters on life in a Russian monastery, on Finland, Corsica, Siam and other parts of Central and Eastern Europe, and is fully illustrated from the author's photographs.

REVIEWS

The Wellesley Correspondence

The Wellesley Papers. Two Vols. By the EDITOR of the Windham Papers. (Herbert Jenkins. 32s. net.)

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the interest which attaches to this selection from the correspondence of the Marquis Wellesley. Letters which have not till now seen the light of day since they were written, from men like Wellington and Portland, Aberdeen and Trougham, Castlereagh and Melbourne, Canning and Grey, Palmerston and Peel, Creevey and Wilberforce, together with Wellesley's own voluminous epistles, cannot fail to throw valuable side-lights on the history of an exceptionally fascinating period, covering the Irish Rebellion, the Napoleonic Wars, the extension and consolidation of British power in India, and the first Reform Bill. The editor says he does not propose to undertake the task of writing a detailed account of the career of "the great Marquis," "if for no other reason than that it would be supererogatory." We cannot agree that a new "Life" would be superfluous. Considerable as is the material available for reference, in the shape of biographies, dispatches, and histories, from Mill's, Malleon's, and Hunter's to Wyatt Tilby's, the impression a careful study of these papers leaves upon our mind is that an up-to-date appreciation of Wellesley might well be based on so much new matter. Who could be better fitted to give the world such a work than the man who has so recently made it his business to go through the correspondence? If he feels unequal to the Herculean task, he has, by the preparation of these documents for the press, provided someone else with an excellent reason for stepping in where he hesitates to tread. Whilst there are few pages in these two substantial volumes which do not contain some attractive, even valuable, item concerning men and affairs, they leave an incomplete picture on the reader's mind of the character and purpose of the principal actor in a truly Imperial story. It is much as though, having discovered Cromwell's warts, one drew the barest outline of his features and made the warts the essential characteristic of the picture.

It seems to be the fate of the men to whom the British Empire owes most to be misunderstood by the people at home who will ultimately benefit by their devoted labours and self-sacrifice. That was true of Raleigh in the seventeenth century: it has been true of men like Frere and Corfield in our own time, and it was true of men like Clive and Warren Hastings in the eighteenth century. The Marquis Wellesley shared the common lot of the best of our Empire-builders. He was depreciated in his lifetime and narrowly escaped impeachment by politicians who, in the conventional phrase, were hardly fit to black his boots. So surely does depreciation seem to follow in the wake

of high Imperial service that we are almost inclined to suggest that unless there be a certain amount of obloquy there is probably no real greatness about the individual! Before he died, in 1842, there was a better understanding of what Wellesley had accomplished in India. But recognition only came after his spirit had been embittered and, to some extent, his life spoilt. Wellesley was a man of very exceptional parts: he could not have been altogether a lovable man except to his closest friends, and even with them his relations were not always of the happiest. He was conscious of abilities beyond those of his fellows, and, unfortunately for their and his own peace, he did not hesitate to say sometimes, and show in season and out, precisely what he thought of their limited capacities. Nothing in this world is more galling to the man of real ability than to find himself continually subordinate to others whom he would hardly have chosen as under-secretaries. Wellesley's ambition was to be Prime Minister, and when the chance came to him, he found it impossible to form a Government. He filled various offices for longer or shorter periods, including those of Foreign Secretary and of Viceroy of Ireland. In Ireland, during a troubled time, he did masterly work in the way alike of pacification and conciliation.

Wellesley was indeed a born ruler. In his way, he was as remarkable a man as his more famous brother, the Iron Duke. It has been said that he would be better known to-day if he had not been overshadowed by the victor of Waterloo. The chances are he would have secured a larger hold on his contemporaries and on posterity if he had been less ready to assert himself in England as though he were the autocrat he proved himself to be, with the most admirable results, in India. In Calcutta he talked of his "subjects," and he put what passed for society in that city in what he conceived to be its proper place. At the Foreign Office and in Ireland he was equally self-sufficient, and Creevy spoke of him as "a great calamity inflicted on England." It is impossible to read these two volumes without feeling that it would be well for England if she could more frequently suffer a similar burden. We know too little of Wellesley, notwithstanding the mass of material already available; and this collection from his correspondence will have served a considerable purpose if it turns a certain number of readers to a study of his career. His character might serve as a shining example to some of the friends of the people at this moment. After the capture of Seringapatam, the Court of Directors, who later were to take another view of the debt they owed him, were anxious to present him with £100,000. He politely declined to take the money, on the ground that if such an amount were to be distributed it should go to the brave men who had effected the capture.

Apart altogether from any light these volumes may throw on a very fine character, whatever its defects, they are a peculiarly valuable collection of the most intimate data concerning the politics of the first third of the nineteenth century. No future biographer of

Wellington or Canning will be able to discharge his task satisfactorily without reference to the Wellesley Papers. We cannot say that we think the revelations they contain of the intrigues, the weighing of chances, the efforts to reconcile views, the explanations, the often thinly disguised ambitions advanced in the name of principle and policy, the bickerings and the eagerness to secure preferment redound to the dignity of public life. What a spectacle is that of Melbourne and Wellesley calling each other names in an interview after Wellesley had been dropped out of the Government of Ireland. It is the sort of thing we might expect from a couple of bank clerks charging each other with not playing the game. On the other hand there are some delightful glimpses of Pitt, Brougham, Peel, and others. Brougham is at his best in a "Private and Confidential" letter explaining to Wellesley that he had written an article for the *Edinburgh* in defence of his Indian administration, on the principle that when a friend is to be defended there is but one course, to admit nothing at all against him. "In fact, you had better not defend him at all, for the enemy pounces upon the admission and that becomes conviction; the rest goes for nothing. You perceive that I am a little of old Jack Lee's opinion who, when the Judge said: 'You admit *that*, Mr. Lee, I suppose,' answered, 'Admit! I never admitted anything in my life.' Not," added Brougham, "that I see there is anything to admit, and that comes very near the essential truth." Brougham saw, what we all recognise to-day, that Wellesley had established British supremacy in India, and that constitutes his claim to a place among the Empire-builders.

Before the Deluge

Remarkable Women of France. By LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

WE cannot think that the author of "The France of Joan of Arc" has added to his laurels with the present work, and we are inclined to trace his comparative failure to his choice of a subject. "Remarkable Women of France" is too big a question, or rather it is too vast a collection of subjects. Frenchmen, we have read recently, "generalise against any odds," and Colonel Haggard has perhaps caught the infection in the course of some of his many "days among the dead" of France. But whereas the Frenchman is not generally over-lavish with his examples, Colonel Haggard has been a great deal too bountiful with his, if his thesis, "that the general effect that they" (the remarkable women of France) "produced was deleterious," is to be taken seriously. This thesis is restated from time to time, so we imagine that it is not a mere ornamental adjunct to the story.

It is difficult to reduce the remarkable women of France to any common measure above unity—that is

to say, "woman." It would, no doubt, be easier for a period of less than three and a half centuries, the approximate era dealt with in these pages. In the same way the greatest common measure of the pictures in the National Gallery could only be "picture," though, by taking one room at a time, we should get more decisive results. The brothers Goncourt wrote a book about the Frenchwoman of the Eighteenth Century, which leaves the impression on the reader's mind that they have proved something—more or less. They did not explicitly draw the conclusion, cheap yet precious in its general application, and the most dangerous weapon in the armoury of Suffrage societies, that power without responsibility is the most fatal of gifts, but they have supplied the premises. So, by the way, has Colonel Haggard. The Book of Kings abounds in this inarticulate, perhaps unconscious logic. "And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." When this judgment has been repeated over the bones of a score of Hebrew kings, we come to the conclusion that the chronicler did not entirely approve of kingship as an institution. We cannot suppose that Colonel Haggard disapproves of either womanhood or the French nation as institutions; he must therefore disapprove of the relations imposed by history on the women to the men of the ruling classes, and those relations belong to every country of the world and to almost every century of the world's history. We are not arguing, and we do not mean to make Colonel Haggard argue, in favour of Women's Suffrage; the irresponsible ruler is often a man, dictating his anonymous decrees from a business office or an editor's chair. All we wish to point out is that no valuable conclusion is to be drawn from a series of lives of Frenchwomen, unless it be such a one as we have just indicated. Ancient compilers of biographical sequences have sometimes linked their subjects together by regarding them as instances of the instability of human affairs; they are on safe enough ground, but their secret was "le secret de polichinelle" and their audience consisted only of the converted.

Colonel Haggard might have written on the "remarkable *men* of France," and used his thesis, with the change of the one word, equally successfully. We live "après le déluge," and find it difficult to think of anyone existing before 1789 as wholly irresponsible for the Revolution. Take the kings. They all of them "did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord," morally or politically. Colonel Haggard has little good to tell of the French kings. Henry IV seems to be his only exception. For Louis XIV he has nothing but opprobrium. Take the ministers. Sully is not much mentioned; Colbert, who has had his share of praise in the histories, here appears as a grasping, short-sighted, and unscrupulous politician; d'Argenson might have done something but for the ladies, but "might" is a poor word to figure in a historical balance-sheet. Among military commanders we find that the great Condé was a monstrously over-rated person.

We have said too little of the detail of the book,

which is often good and entertaining. But the thesis has worked sad havoc with the work as a whole. The intrigues surrounding the Mancini family, and their descendants, the Nesle family, are far too complicated to go into a chapter or two and make easy reading. We get a blurred and despairing sensation, as if we were trying to read a half-inch-to-the-mile map for the purposes of a delicate and precise journey across country. The style has suffered from this compression, and we could quote some head-racking sentences. The method of synonyms is sometimes carried to wearisome extremes; "spiteful old woman" and "good dame" is a large allowance for Mme. de Maintenon on one page. Printer's errors accumulate here and there—"Mme. de Guyont" and "Télémarque" occur, naturally enough, when we come to think of it, quite close together. The pictures are mostly old friends. No; we are disappointed with "Remarkable Women of France."

Some Poets of Great and Greater Britain—and Beyond

A Woman's Reliquary. (The Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dundrum. 10s. 6d.)

Madge Linsey, and Other Poems. By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)

The Saga of King Lir. By GEORGE SIGERSON. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)

Lyrics and Poems. By EDITH RUTTER-LEATHAM. (Erskine MacDonald. 2s. 6d. net.)

A Ballad of Men, and Other Verses. By WILLIAM BLANE. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Aurora. By G. DE ST. OUEN. (Co-operative Publishing Co., Buenos Aires.)

Wayside Poems, and A Modern Magdalene. By E. J. RUPERT ATKINSON. (McEwan, Stephens and Stillwell, Melbourne. 2s. each.)

THE authorship of "A Woman's Reliquary" is so thinly veiled in the "Editor's note," and brought so much nearer disclosure in the "Publisher's note," that we need have no sense of betraying a secret in stating it plainly. Mrs. Dowden is here giving to the world, through the satisfactory medium of the Cuala Press, a series of a hundred-and-one love lyrics from the pen of her late husband, Professor Edward Dowden. There is something peculiarly touching in such a bequest to the public, for no one reading these lyrics can ignore their intimacy, their prime intent for the eye and ear of the one chosen person. Nor can anyone doubt that Mrs. Dowden has done right, fearing lest they should be lost, in forgoing her sole title to them; for many of the lyrics are of that quality which constitutes an appeal to the trusteeship of literature. Readers who are familiar with Professor Dowden's work will know him for one who fashioned his lines with strict regard to economy and with a sense of music that rarely erred. There is no diminution of such qualities in these poems;

they are as a collection of cut gems, often inwardly glowing with a thought of flame, always alive with passion severely restrained, always charming to ear and heart. Let us take one example:—

Free forester of Dian's train,
Yet swift arms girdled her about
At one glad word: and how refrain?
The dykes were down, the floods were out:

Life was abroad; it was not I
Who wrought a thing I knew not of;
It was the whole world's ecstasy
That woke and trembled into love.

There are many would-be lyricists who could claim a similar flux of emotion, but who come far short of such clarity of concentration. One might speak of another value confessed by this cycle of lyrics; for they are testimony to a spirit that kept its visions untarnished, and its optimism uncorrupted to the end. There can only be gratitude for this privileged acquaintance with a heart that could sing with conviction:—

I throw my gage
And dare you, who can never prove
That youth was half so blest as age.

"Little and often" would appear to be Mrs. Shorter's adage; there is not much in this new volume, but the narrow limits suffice to display her varied powers. The title-poem treats of a maid who strayed, and of the differing dispositions and dealings of her two lovers. So far as the substance goes it receives adequate treatment, but we do not altogether care for the metre Mrs. Shorter has chosen; she has not been quite at home in it, with the result that her usually free-flowing lines are often jerky and disjointed, and instead of tripping meetly they stumble clumsily. Two examples will illustrate:—

Not since the squire's son came of age in the spring
Had his ale flowed so free, or the coin rung.

Pure mother of my child, I in my dreaming spoke,
God knew and rescued me, kept my soul white.

It would probably surprise anyone not acquainted with the whole poem to learn that in both instances the standard foot is dactylic! There is, however, a charming experiment in a similar metre, at the end of the book, in "The Spies." Here Mrs. Shorter has a pastoral subject, and the effect is more pleasing. One or two poems are deftly dressed with fearsome facry—an Irish flavour about these; one is a dainty song of Spanish ladies, and more than one, of course, glows with the tender sentiment of motherhood. We like a short lyric beginning "Build no roof-tree over thee," which acquits itself in singularly straightforward fashion; also "The Sister," which brings the little book to a spirited close. A little book—but, with Dora Sigerson Shorter's name upon it, wondrous cheap at a shilling.

Mr. George Sigerson sings the Ancient Sorrows in true Celtic style in "The Saga of King Lir." As a story it seems a little inconclusive, but that may be mere Sassenach density on our part. The blank verse is handled with strength and dignity; there is no waste, none of the endless skein of words which sometimes passes for blank verse. Every line is fashioned with frugal care, fashioned to tell; and Mr. Sigerson's effects are often admirable. There is a fine image on page 17 which has an almost Virgilian suggestion, and it is typical of this poet's restraint that where many could not have forbore to give us a frenzied tirade, he is content with a swift, vivid picture of the disgraced Queen Aifa's final outburst:—

And she was swept, bat-winged, a murky mist,
With discords harsh, from Lir's averted face.

Is there not, too, a very subtle inclusion of anguished King Lir, in that cunning phrase, "a murky mist"? The opening lines of Part II will, perhaps, give the most comprehensive idea of Mr. Sigerson's craftsmanship in a small compass:—

Three nights she sickened: on the fourth she died,
When darkly breathes the scythed breath of morn
Lir's loved and queenly spouse. For him a wound;
His haughty brow was bent, his keen eyes dim.
He could not rest in hall, or hill, or vale,
But moved disconsolate. In war no more—
No more in peace was joy. The chase he'd loved
He loathed, who had its splendour been. Her death
Smote generous Erinn mourning with the king.

Miss Rutter-Leatham extends an open invitation to the coy song-composer to taste of her wares, and a considerable proportion of the contents of this book is planned accordingly. These items are a little obviously written down to what are commonly supposed to be the requirements of the case, and as poetry are not remarkable. The rest is pleasantly sentimental, with a touch of the sententious; but there are some five or six pieces of a stronger texture—"The Outward Tide," "The End of Maytime," and "The Kiss" are the best of these.

Mr. William Blane, poet, sometime of South Africa and elsewhere, deserves to be heard. There are one or two weak or negligible numbers in this, his latest volume, but not many; while the choice of good fare is various. "A Ballad of Men" strikes the keynote of his qualities very well: the language is simple and direct, the verse runs smoothly—almost negligently—yet to the discerning it is carefully planned and well disciplined. In manner this "Ballad" has a strong kinship with the work of Mr. W. W. Gibson. It is difficult to state what is most admirable of the "Other Verses," whether the bracing, indomitable spirit of such pieces as "Thank God I am Discontented" and the sonnet "Not Yet I Yield," the caustic dignity of "The Soul of a Millionaire," the well-etched portrait of "The Prospector," or the measured beauty of "He

Owned but His Lyre." There is a sure appeal in these closing stanzas of the lines to "To F.E.W." :—

To vie with the ancients we glow ;
And, smooth, from the modern lyre
The numbers unchallenged flow,
But O ! for beliefs to inspire.
We feel it, we falter, and long
To forms that were Faiths to cleave,
For not what we doubt makes us strong,
But what we believe.

Some time ago we reviewed a remarkable little collection of somewhat archaic sonnets, hailing from Buenos Aires. Mr. De St. Ouen now sends us his second volume of verse. This book enables us to sample the author in less restricted forms, but it largely confirms our previous impressions. He is an apt pupil of the poets, and not of the Elizabethans alone, it seems, for there is more than a suspicion, in some of these pages, of Swinburne. But there is undeniably something else; there is real evidence of personal power, both of imagination and of expression. Mr. De St. Ouen has facility—and this should warn him to caution—but there are poems in this outland volume which merit acquaintance quite as much as some by recognised contemporary bards at home. "The Last God," an ambitious effort covering nearly fifty pages, is, to put it moderately, the stuff of healthy promise. We should like to quote the whole of the first three stanzas on page 95, but have space only for a fragment :—

The trees shook to the wind's soft fingerings,
And shed their leaves like tears that mourned the sun,
And all the world was as some place where things
Mysterious and sweet in gloom are done,
And common men intrude.

A little too much "and," perhaps, but informed with a true spirit. We shall look with interest for this poet's further work.

Mr. Rupert Atkinson's work is also a confession of merit overseas. It is well wrought, copious in diction and filled out with a sufficient thoughtfulness. We may commend these qualities while we dissent from Mr. Atkinson's philosophy of life, which is of the decadent order. There are some good numbers in the "Wayside Poems," but there are some very bitter ones, and a sequence of "Melbourne Sonnets" is mordantly satirical. The author has deemed it wise to preface "A Modern Magdalene" with a defence of his theme. He argues with some cogency that discerning treatment of a decadent subject may, by reaction, make for virtue, and that "such decadence is, ultimately, simply an expression of optimism made in terms of pessimism." All the same, while deferring to the technical mastery which is characteristic of this poem, we are unconvinced that any adequate end is served in the revival of the mediæval theme of a monk and a courtesan, "who each swearing to convert the other, were both successful." We are not even convinced of the truth of the theory.

A Troubled Land

The Real Mexico. By H. HAMILTON FYFE. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s. net.)

WE are informed, at the beginning of this work, that it is but a sketch of things seen hastily—though these words are not used—and that there is a possibility of the man who knows differing from the writer on many points. Granting the superficial view which the author necessarily takes after a very brief sojourn in the country, we can yet find in his work a number of valuable conclusions, for the writing is that of a thinking man, one who realised the difficulty of finding the real Mexico in these turbulent days, and at the same time made up his mind to profit as much as possible by his visit. One point, made early in the book, is extremely illuminating to the outsider. It is a sentence spoken by Carranza, the Insurgent leader at the time the book was written—though by the time these lines appear in print there may have been three or four more rebel leaders appointed and shot.

"We shall execute anyone who recognises a President unconstitutionally elected and directly or indirectly guilty of participation in the murder of Madero."

This speech was afterwards denied by Carranza, but the writer vouches for its having been made, and the attitude which it makes clear goes far to explain the unsettled state of the Mexico of to-day. Even the outsider must understand that, with the gradual awakening of a people, there comes about the formation of a middle class, formed neither of rich oppressors nor of poor labourers, but standing mid-way between these two, and in many respects more enlightened than either. They are the traders of the country, its mercantile men; the wholesale executions practised by either political party in Mexico in order to support its policy and remove its enemies are not in accordance with the ideas of this class—such things are bad for trade, and frequent revolutions are also bad for trade. But, on the other hand, the tyranny of a Diaz is equally repressive; these people do not wish to see the country go back to its old state, by any means—and in course of time they will come to form the most important class of such a country as Mexico, for the landed classes are Spanish, arrogant, unbusinesslike, and imbued with the same ideas as move Carranza—one or two executions more or less are all the same to them. At the other end of the scale are the *peons*, or labourers, who form the armies of the various parties which convulse the country, and find fighting just as much to their taste as regular work.

Of these three classes is the real Mexico made up, and there results a country not yet ripe for self-government, as far as can be seen, and exhausting itself in a series of useless struggles; the problem of its settlement is still further complicated by the Spanish-American character of its inhabitants, which makes for war on points which men of another race would settle amicably—all of South America, with the exception of Argentina, proves the

incapacity of the Spanish-American to govern in peaceful and commercially sane fashion, and the prosperity of Argentina is largely due to the great admixture of other races with the original stock.

Possibly in this, a gradual admixture of other races with that which now inhabits Mexico, lies the solution to the Mexican problem. Certain it is that the country cannot go back to the ways of Porfirio Diaz—Mr. Fyfe has made that clear enough in the pages of this book; has shown that the people of the country have been too thoroughly awakened for return to tyranny, no matter how benevolent in intent that tyranny might be.

The book is thoroughly interesting throughout, and most informative as well; probably the best chapter of the whole is the last, which treats of the character of the Mexican of to-day. Though written in gossipy, journalese style, the work is sufficiently packed with facts; at the same time, there are anecdotes in lighter vein, and descriptions of the Mexicans which prove that the author studied men and their surroundings with a more than journalistic eye. It is a book to read carefully, and, in view of present-day happenings, a volume from which to quote. He who quotes is certain to be contradicted, for never did a problem bristle with more angles than this of the settlement of Mexico; but diverse views are not so dangerous in England as in that country, and one may quote without fear of personal violence.

The Romance of the Bedford Estate

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

THE Bedford Estate had its origin in ecclesiastical power. Here was the convent garden of the Abbot of Westminster, and here the monks sauntered, and the blackbirds and nightingales sang. The suppression of the monasteries disturbed the placid tenour of its existence, and under Edward VI it was bestowed on the Protector. At his attainder it reverted to the Crown, but was, soon after, granted together "with seven acres called Long Acre" to John, Earl of Bedford. One of the first acts of the new proprietor was the erection of a town house which Sorbière, in 1666, terms "le Palais de Bethfordt," although it hardly merited so high-sounding a title. The Russells occupied this dwelling till 1704, when they removed to their newly erected mansion in Bloomsbury.

The garden wall of Bedford House divided it from what is now Covent Garden Market, whose genesis seems to have been in a few vegetable stalls set up under the shelter of this wall about the year 1656. The square itself had been laid out earlier by Francis, Earl of Bedford, from the designs of Inigo Jones, who in 1638 also erected the church which he called "the handsomest barn in England." In 1795 this church was totally destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt practically on

the original lines, of which Mr. Reginald Blomfield once wrote that "no architect but Inigo Jones could have made such an audacious design." Covent Garden was, according to J. T. Smith, the first square inhabited by the great. In its original form its centre was a large gravelled space having a tall sun-dial in the midst. By 1671 the market had become so important that Charles II granted its rights to the second Earl of Bedford, and it gradually extended its bounds, when old Bedford House was pulled down, till in 1830, when the Market buildings were erected, it took on something of its present appearance. Fashion, to some extent, deserted it, but even in 1730 it could boast so notable a resident as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In the dramatic literature of the day, innumerable references will be found to Covent Garden. Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, and Steele all mention it, and clearly indicate that it was hardly a haunt *virginibus puerisque*; while Gay, in his "Trivia," has a passage which shows that football was wont to be played in its convenient area.

But Covent Garden is only a portion of the great property which has recently changed ownership. Bow Street, formed in 1637, where Waller and Dorset, Harley, and Wycherley once lived, and such notable histrions as Garrick, Macklin, Peg Woffington and Spranger Barry, and where Dr. Radcliffe resided in a house afterwards demolished to make room for Covent Garden Theatre, and Grinling Gibbons in one that fell down of its own accord, runs through it. Henry Fielding, too, was once a resident in this street, in a dwelling which later fell a prey to the Gordon Rioters. Wills's Coffee House and the Cock Tavern kept alive the thoroughfare's reputation for conviviality, and the old Bow Street Runners anticipated the civil guardianship now represented by Bow Street Police Court. Crowded with memories is Bedford Street, "very pleasant and spacious" as Hatton terms it in 1708, at which period it was largely affected by drapers and lace-sellers. Formerly only the lower half of the street was known by its present name, the upper portion being called Half-Moon Street, from its tavern with that sign. Hoskins, the miniaturist, and Benjamin West who here executed the first picture he painted in England, represent Bedford Street in art; Quin, and John Edwin, who died here and was buried by torchlight in St. Paul's hard by, link it with the stage; while Sheridan's father occupied a house opposite Henrietta Street, from whose windows Whyte once saw Johnson touching all the posts as he passed along. One must not forget that in Maiden Lane, which runs out of Bedford Street, Turner was born and Voltaire visited, and the Cider Cellars flourished and Munday's Coffee House, removed from Round Court.

King Street possesses the most interesting house remaining on the property. This is the headquarters of the National Sporting Club, formerly Evans's, familiar to readers of Thackeray. In earlier times Denzil Holles lived in it, and Sir Kenelm Digby here had the laboratory where he concocted, I imagine, his "Sympathetic

Powder." Later it became the residence of the Bishop of Durham. Rebuilt by that Earl of Orford, who distinguished himself at La Hogue, it continued his residence till his death in 1727, when it passed to a relative-by-marriage, Lord Archer. Subsequently James West, once a President of the Royal Society, abode here, and here assembled a remarkable collection of old books.

Other notabilities connected with King Street were Quin, the actor, who was born, and Nicholas Rowe the poet, who lived and died, here. George Frederick Cooke was another player who once had his domicile here; while on the site of what is to-day Messrs. Stevens' auction rooms was the house in which Speaker Lenthall lived.

In Henrietta Street abode Samuel Cooper, who there executed the portrait of Mrs. Pepys about which honest Samuel has so much to say; also Sir Robert Strange and M'Ardell, both famous engravers; and here Sheridan fought his duel with Mathews at the Castle Tavern. Speaking of taverns, we must by no means forget "The Pine Apple" in New Street, where Johnson was accustomed to dine "very well for eightpence." Another small thoroughfare, James Street so called—as was York Street, where "The Opium Eater" was written—after James, Duke of York, has also had its notable residents: George Herbert's brother, Sir Henry, and Sir James Thornhill, who tried, but failed, to make his Academy of Arts here a success. Garrick, too, once lived in the street, and thus connects it with the stage, as Grignion does with the engraver's art.

What can be said of Russell Street, with its famous inhabitants: John Evelyn and Robert Carr and Betterton; its taverns and coffee-houses; Wills's and Tom's on the north, and Button's on the south, side; its book-sellers, in the shop of one of whom, Tom Davies, Boswell first met Johnson, and in that of another, Lewis, Gibbon determined to become a Roman Catholic at the mature age of sixteen. But I think the street is chiefly memorable because it once sheltered Charles Lamb, who was here, as he expresses it, "in the individual spot I like best in all this great city."

With the ghosts of those who have lived and wandered about the precincts of the Bedford Estate, mingle those of London's great magician: Pip, of "Great Expectations," sleeping at the Hummums, or attending the meetings of "The Finches of the Grove," in company with Herbert Pocket, at the Tavistock Hotel; Clennam receiving Little Dorrit in his lodgings in Covent Garden; "The Dolls' Dressmaker" and old Rian finding the drunken "Mr. Dolls" in the same vegetarian locality. And there must be some who can remember their creator himself passing up Wellington Street, on his way to the offices of *All the Year Round*, with, perhaps, a wistful thought of the hop-fields around his Kentish home.

An exhibition of the work of Mr. H. La Thangue, R.A., takes place this month at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, and will consist of nearly fifty finished pictures, occupying two rooms of the galleries.

Shorter Reviews

Macaulay's History of England, from the Accession of James the Second. Edited by CHARLES HARDING FIRTH, M.A. In Six Volumes. Vol II. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE second volume of this fine series, just published, carries the history of our country from the year 1685 to 1688 in over a thousand pages. Detail in this example of his writings was a very strong point with the essayist. Chapter five, which opens this book, begins with the Whig refugees of "fiery temper and weak judgment," who sought an asylum in the Low Countries, and describes at some length the characters of some of these men, passing on to consider the Duke of Monmouth, his retirement in Brussels, and his indecision among the schemers. Chapter eight, concluding the book, ends with the religious riots in Fleet Street and the Strand, and the chaotic state of the popular feeling at that remarkable time. The portraits, the reproductions of old engravings, and the facsimiles of old letters, are extremely interesting; there is one letter, for instance, from Dryden to the Earl of Rochester, beginning: "My Lord,—I know not whether my Lord Sunderland has interceded with your Lordship for half a yeare of my salary," and pointing out that he wishes to retire into the country for purposes of health and study. Several fine coloured plates are included, and the general aspect of the volume puts it on almost as high a plane of production as the first.

Geography of British West Africa, with Special Reference to Nigeria; with a Sketch of the Rest of the World. By Rev. G. PATTERSON. (The Christian Literature Society. 1s. 9d. net.)

WORKS on geography abound: and how greatly they have improved, both in matter and method, since our hot youth! In its aims this little work, intended mainly for the schools and colleges of West Africa, competes with the best of them. Its chapters on the British West African Colonies, and particularly those on Nigeria (with very clear maps) contain much matter which has never before, it is claimed, been systematically compiled, and will be generally useful. The historical accounts of the several Colonies are excellent, clear, and condensed, containing as much as all but specialists want to know. Descriptions are liable to become superseded. For instance, the two Nigerias have been federated under a Governor-General since January 1. The Rest of the World is dealt with in 75 pages, including maps and illustrations. The information is well arranged and sound, but a glance at, say, the British Isles or India, shows that it does not pretend to be exhaustive. The Principles of Geography are simply elucidated and intelligibly stated. The numerous illustrations are as good as the maps.

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The Week-End Gardener. By F. HADFIELD FARTHING, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

PEOPLE who love gardens and the display of summer beauty in flowers, wild or cultivated, may be ranked in two large divisions—those who are satisfied by the mere loveliness, who dream and contemplate and admire, and those who desire to assist in the creation of loveliness, to dig and sow and plant, to pot and prune and trim, to gaze on the general effect and feel that their own exertions have helped slow Mother Nature in her annual task. For these practical persons this work has been prepared, and, having read it thoroughly, we can say without reserve that it is one of the best gardening books we have seen. Its subtitle, "A Practical Guide to the Work of Every Week in the Year," shows its scope, and Mr. Farthing writes as an authority. His style is attractive, whether he treats of ferns or roses, digging or potting; his instructions are sound on all points. He has an almost affectionate consideration for the man who only commands a small plot of ground—a town "back-yard" or the space behind a tiny villa—but his detailed chapters will apply just as well to the fortunate owners of larger spaces. Full particulars are given on many matters, such as the construction of pergolas, the laying-out of paths, greenhouse work, and the care of the lawn, which are not strictly within the limits of the gardener's province, and the vegetable garden is not forgotten. The illustrations—diagrams and plates—are excellent. The book should certainly be in the hands of all amateur gardeners, for it is astonishingly good value at the very moderate price.

Idylls of a Dutch Village. By S. ULFERS. Translated by B. WILLIAMSON NAPIER. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

FROM Mr. Ulfer's book it would appear that the inhabitants of Eastloom, the Dutch village in question, are not very different from the inhabitants of any other village. They have their troubles, their pleasures, their small quarrels, and their love affairs; also—much to be regretted—an entire lack of humour. The distinction between the Reformed Church and the Dissenters, which seems to occupy so much of the time and so many of the thoughts of the members of the parish, is not made very clear to the reader. Wiegen, called the dreamer, is not a particularly interesting character. He talks the usual airy nonsense of the man who considers himself a kind of superman. After taking into consideration the difference in the people, the manners and the customs, one has but to compare the country life as described in "Idylls of a Dutch Village" with some of Hardy's fine passages in his Wessex novels to prove how far the former falls short of the real thing.

Sophocles in English Verse. By ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Lit. Part II. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

DR. WAY has achieved such high distinction as a translator of the Greek classics that it is sufficient to say of the present volume, in which are contained the *Aias* (known to us as schoolboys under the title "Ajax"), the *Electra*, the *Trachinian Maidens*, and the *Philoctetes*, that the translator maintains his own high standard of excellence. He has a happy knack of reproducing the terse and stilted frigidity which is too often lost in an English version. Judging from the extent to which *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* employed such literary tricks as that of antithesis, their audiences must have loved the scoring of a "point." Of the plays included in this volume, the *Aias* and the *Philoctetes* are both essentially characteristic of the "humanising" tendencies nascent but not fully developed in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. *Agamemnon* was never a very popular hero, but in the *Iliad* he was at least kingly. In the *Aias* he has become a mean-souled stage villain.

The "Bacchæ" of Euripides. A Translation by F. A. EVELYN. (Heath, Cranton and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

MR. EVELYN'S is a faithful and scholarly translation of that weird and mystical drama known as the "Bacchæ." We would, however, suggest that in a subsequent edition the translator should add an introductory note as to the general scheme and purpose of the play, with a few words upon the religious doctrines of *Euripides*. We should also like to see a foot-note here and there to make plain passages which must inevitably present difficulties to any reader who has not the original text to hand. There are several extremely doubtful passages in the Greek, and it would be well to indicate what reading is followed. No estimate of *Euripides* as a thinker or as a dramatist can be complete without a thorough understanding of this late and exotic work.

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Fiction

The Strong Heart. By A. R. GORING-THOMAS. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE earlier chapters of this novel form a fine and finished study in contrasts. Mr. Goring-Thomas gives us a picture of two homes: the one in Portland Place, the other—somewhere in the suburbs. Their respective occupants are blissfully unaware of each other's existence, until the son and heir of Portland Place meets the daughter of Seaforth Grove in a public-house at Chelsea—Barbara Murray having become, through pressure of circumstances, a barmaid. George Gregory—that is the name of the young man from Portland Place—falls in love with Barbara and marries her. The marriage is a secret one, but, owing to the indiscretion of Barbara's really appalling mother, the fact leaks out. The inevitable happens. Portland Place is petrified with horror, Seaforth Grove is complacently defiant. It is the heroism of Barbara that finally wins its way through all obstacles. She is the "strong heart" of the title. The story is admirably told and with an abundance of humour. Mrs. Murray, in particular, is a triumph of portraiture. She is as individual as Mrs. Nickleby—and as convincing. It is good to make the acquaintance of a woman who can talk like this: "He had no neck, you know, and he went off after dinner, quite like Nemesis, with a lighted cigar and half a bottle of wine in his head." But our real affection is reserved for Barbara. The book will enhance Mr. Goring-Thomas's reputation as a novelist. One closes it with a sense of having spent some agreeable hours in the company of living people.

There Was a Door. By the Author of "Anne Carstairs." (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

HERE is a pleasant story, pleasantly told; a story with just enough sentiment to satisfy the lady reader—to whom it would appear to be primarily addressed—and with just enough humour to prevent the sentiment from degenerating into insipidity. The heroine, Angela Shenstone, will not command the admiration of those Suffragettes into whose hands the book may chance to fall. She is described by an interested observer as a "door-mat," and does much to justify the appellation. With little imagination, she has more than the average share of physical beauty. And she is fond of befriending things. It matters little what these things may be—cats or cripples; befriend them she does, and will. When, in the earlier chapters of the book, she escapes from the sordid environment of a very Victorian boarding-house, she entertains the hope of befriending an artist. But Neville Ferguson was no ordinary artist. He spelt Art with a capital "A." For Art he was prepared to live, or, if need be, to starve; for Art he would make any sacrifice. The sacrifice that he did make—very foolishly—was Angela. So the poor girl,

grown hard and cynical, accepts an offer of marriage from a good-natured but empty-headed baronet. Then news arrives from the errant artist. He has been injured in a motor-car accident, which has permanently robbed him of the use of his right hand, and is lying seriously ill at Etaples. From henceforward no more Art, with a capital "A" or otherwise. So to Etaples, on the eve of her marriage to the baronet, the befriending Angela betakes herself. And so everything ends happily—except for the baronet. On the whole, the best chapters in the book are the first two or three. The author has succeeded in depicting with an admirable fidelity the depressing atmosphere of a boarding-house. We have most of us known that boarding-house. Fortunate are those of us who have never known Neville Ferguson.

The Business of a Gentleman. By H. N. DICKINSON. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

WE shall hardly be doing Mr. Dickinson an injustice if we accuse him of having written a "novel with a purpose." Politics and political problems have always appealed to him with a peculiar fascination, but in his last novel, "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard," the artistic element predominated. Here, however, we find the "purpose" a little too wantonly obtrusive. It comes to this: Mr. Dickinson cannot stand Socialism, and he can resist no opportunity of girding at his particular *bête noire*. Socialism, in "The Business of a Gentleman," is personified by Miss Baker; an aggressive, soulless, selfish Socialism against which all the instincts of a normal, healthy man rise in strident revolt. We have all met this at some time or other, but one may question whether any human being—one may question even whether Mr. Dickinson himself—has ever met Miss Baker. She is quite too unbelievably bad, and the average reader, to whom party catchwords are a matter of very little moment, will be inclined to think that the author has damaged his case by the manner in which he has travestied that of his opponents. Opposed to Miss Baker—opposed by the whole diameter of being—is Sir Bobby Wilton, in whom we have obviously Mr. Dickinson's conception of the ideal Tory squire. He is an excellent landowner at Coulscombe, but it is when the strike comes to Denbury that he shows the stuff of which he is made. Of how he met the labour agitators, silenced slander and won the confidence of his men this book tells. There is no need to recapitulate the story. This much ought to be said, however: In Eddie Durwold Mr. Dickinson has given us a very likeable school-boy, and in Mrs. Hope a fine portrait of a foolish woman. For the rest, the book is plentifully bestrewn with wise apothegms, among the wisest being this: "It all boils down to the policeman; democracy and reform and Socialism and all, all down to the policeman. And don't you imagine they like it." A good novel, taking it all round; only, somehow, we prefer Mr. Dickinson in his less didactic moods.

Shorter Notices

WHEN such quotations as "East is West and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," are hurled at us until they grow wearisome, we appraise the subject-matter as that of the lurid picture-paper-cover type, price somewhere between fourpence and a shilling, rather than as that of library novel order. Bellingham, in "The Garden of Dreams," by H. Grahame Richards (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), rather world weary, went to Tunis and fell in love with Alkif, daughter of Eddin, a Jew. Alif was also beloved of Reschid, an Arab poet—among translations of Arab songs we encounter the line, "Stars of a million nights doth wane," and trust that the translator failed to correct a mis-spelt proof. Out of the rivalry of Bellingham and Reschid is a little tragedy woven, and its concluding chapters are by far the best. The author's claim that woman will remain inferior to man until she attains physical superiority will prove a shock to suffragist readers. The author tells us the story. That is to say, he moves the puppets and they dance, sometimes dramatically, and once or twice even thrillingly, but to one who knows North Africa the tale will sound unreal.

Among a group of well-drawn characters in "Love the Harper," by Eleanor C. Hayden (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), those of Ruth Verity and Will, brother to the hero of the story, are most clearly delineated. Ruth, as the wronged woman, has all the inconsistencies that make for charm, while Will, with his North Queensland ways and his habit of suppressing swear-words in the presence of ladies, is worth knowing. We doubt the author's first-hand knowledge of Australian mining camps, in spite of her descriptions; on the other hand, we find real breadth and power in her picture of the English West Country, while her chorus of farm-hands, well managed as it is, affords adequate relief in the tense situations of the story.

The plot is one of tangled loves. John, the hero, was innocently caught by Ruth's sister Phyllis, and, once engaged, deemed it his duty as a man of honour to marry her, although Ruth held his heart. Phyllis, who fell in love with Queensland Will, declined to cancel her engagement to John, and Will himself fell in love with a little schoolmistress, a rather shadowy figure, who refused his offer of marriage because she feared he loved his brother's betrothed. From this complication Miss Hayden weaves all the best of her story, and right good it is too. The action is swift, incident is plentiful, and there are a number of epigrammatic paragraphs, which go to prove that the author has looked beneath the surface of life, and found in quiet country-folk as much passion and complexity as are to be met with among more highly civilised people. Our only quarrel with the writer lies in her having made the story too short, and with that for a grumble we accord the book a hearty welcome.

Viewed from the standpoint of a twentieth-century

moralist, the old gods and goddesses who reclined on Olympus were a bad lot, and doubtless their lack of morality influenced their followers to some extent; still, in spite of the preface with which Mr. A. T. Ellis tries to explain away the inconsistencies of Tiberius, the Caprean "Minotaur," in "The Minotaur of Capri" (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.), we find it hard to believe that one of such nobility of character should be so profligate. And, further, we decline to recognise the emperor in the man portrayed here; his treatment of Lydia, the seductive, licentious daughter of a Roman freeman, is incompatible with the character of a Roman Cæsar. In the preface, the author claims some virtue for Tiberius as his hero, but we fear that the attributes of that monarch are too well established by historical data for such a dubious whitewashing as this story affords to add lustre to his name. The book will be banned by the libraries, we prophesy. Not noisily, or in a manner to attract attention, but it will be kept under the shelf rather than on it, for here the vice of decadent Rome is pictured with little restraint, and with little glamour. Since neither Tiberius nor any other character of the work comes out in other than ignoble relief, we fail to see what use is served by the publication of such details—for that is a point which the author in his preface has failed to elucidate. There is, in the course of the story, some good descriptive work; but on the whole the flagrant immoralities of Imperial Rome were sufficient in fact, and so far as they are concerned we consider the embroideries of fiction unnecessary.

The story of the long-lost child is an old one, but then, the same might be said of almost all the good stories of the Caucasian world, and it is in the characterisation and telling that the charm lies, for the most part. In "Pomm's Daughter," by Claire de Pratz (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), the child is a daughter, who is adopted by Pomm, and Pomm is a retired naval officer, dwelling in Paris, and owning a consuming thirst for books. At her mother's death, Pomm adopted the child and trained her to womanhood, undergoing some training himself in the process, for Maryvonne, the girl in question, was of the type that delights in ruling. Later, comes a young sculptor who makes a statue of Maryvonne with which he takes Paris by storm, after the manner of young heroes in fiction—and the rest is easy to guess. In the atmosphere of simplicity in which these people live and move, there is almost the charm of a fairy tale. We know that none of these things could have happened, for in the wicked world of to-day people are not so simple minded and single of impulse as these good folk who conspire to make Maryvonne happy; but it is a delightful story all the same. Old Pomm is a most engaging character, and Maryvonne herself, though not so clearly drawn, is a charming figure; while the young sculptor who, of course, wins her love, is all that a young man should be. One has only to get over the air of unreality with which the author has invested her characters to enjoy a thoroughly entertaining story.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Miss Katharine Tynan has evidently a favourite in her creations as has John Bulteel in his daughters, for in "John Bulteel's Daughters" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) it is Hannah who receives the most attention and about whom the greater part of the story is written. Johnny, as his daughters irreverently call him, is a dear old man, kind-hearted, quick-tempered and bluff. Many readers would probably have been quite content for the book to have consisted only of the doings of this cheerful person, his nice girls and their swains, without the mystery suggested in the earlier pages and rather poorly developed towards the end. There was possibility for the further unfolding of the characteristics of each of the four daughters, but this has been passed by for a lot of talk about a missing leaf in the register at the church where Johnny and his wife were married. It is difficult for the reader to follow all this without impatience, for he feels all the time that a simple inquiry at Somerset House would have settled matters without any further trouble. Next time, we hope that Miss Tynan will develop her plot on probable lines.

Messrs. Greening and Co. have added to their Lotus Library that Napoleonic romance, "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1s. 6d. net), founded on the well-known drama of Sardou and Moreau by M. Edmond Lepelletier. It is an exciting story of an exciting time, well told and well translated. But, for all that, though this will not detract from its merits, it is not the real thing. For the genuine Sans-Gêne, whose authentic history has been recorded, was no washerwoman, future Duchess of Dantzic, but a young girl, Thérèse Figueur, who in male attire enlisted as a man and fought in many of the campaigns of the Revolution and the Empire. She was for several months a prisoner of war in Hampshire, and thoroughly enjoyed our mutton and our English beer, of which she spoke in the highest terms. Her true story is quite as thrilling as the fiction invented by M. Sardou; perhaps some day it will be given in an English garb. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is issuing a new edition of his popular Pseudonym Library at 1s. net. This reissue starts with that most successful story, "Mademoiselle Ixe," by Lanoe Falconer, which since its first appearance in 1890 has gone through no fewer than fourteen editions.

An Acute Imperial Problem

IT is to be deplored that the preoccupation of the nation in home affairs should come at a time when Imperial problems are developing a state of acute crisis. To whichever party we may subscribe we can at least unite in the hope that before long political stability will be restored in England, so that attention may be directed to the gathering storm of discontent discernible in all parts of the Empire. In a recent issue of THE ACADEMY we dealt at some length with Mr. Churchill's remarkable pronouncement concerning Imperial defence, and pointed out that his precepts have

been completely rejected by the Overseas Dominions. No other journal saw fit to devote any space to comment upon a situation which is clearly one of supreme and urgent importance. Because, however, of the circumstance that the issues raised have attracted little notice in this country, it must not be imagined that their consideration by the proper authorities can be indefinitely deferred. When no less a cause than that of Imperial unity is at stake, we ought not to permit the obsession of domestic differences to take complete hold of Imperial Government. Certainly our Overseas Dominions whose safety is involved cannot be expected to share this obsession. The needs of the Empire, therefore, call for an early settlement of the Ulster question.

Already we have presented the case of the Colonies for the summoning of a Conference, at the same time setting forth the motives which, in spite of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, led them to demand adequate naval protection in the Pacific. No sooner had we published this statement than there occurred a development so striking and significant as to render the situation described all the more comprehensible. British Columbia has come to the decision that her future security is dependent upon Asiatic exclusion, and as a consequence of her representations the Dominion Government is disposed to settle, once and for all, the Oriental problem. Exactly what this last step means, it is difficult for us in England fully to appreciate. Yet the problem alluded to is one that intimately concerns Imperial and foreign relations. Indeed, without doubt it is pregnant with the gravest issues which have ever confronted the Empire. The difficulties that have arisen in Canada are visible also in varying degrees in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. But as far as Canada is concerned they are more complex and deep-seated than elsewhere by reason of the fact that the Pacific province of British Columbia is situated, as it were, at the cross-roads of East and West.

To ascribe, as many superficial people in this country are apt to do, the attitude of our Colonies to racial prejudice is to betray lamentable ignorance. The movement is not one, as is often alleged, restricted to mobs of uninstructed labourers. The foremost statesmen of the Empire are at one in the belief that Asiatic immigration constitutes an unquestionable menace to Imperial welfare. It is of special interest to recall that the policy of Mr. Borden, now Prime Minister of Canada, was forecasted some nine years ago, when he was out of office. "While we must remember," he said, "matters of trade and commerce and our Treaty rights with Japan, the Ally of Great Britain, let us also remember that there are greater and higher considerations than those of trade and material progress. The Conservative Party which brought British Columbia into the Confederation will make its aim that this province shall remain British and that Canada shall be inhabited by men in whose veins flow the blood of the great pioneering race which built up and developed not only Eastern but Western Canada."

So serious has the situation become in British Columbia that pending some attempt to arrive at a permanent

solution all labourers and artisans are excluded from the Province. For the moment, then, Asiatics cannot complain on the score of discrimination. As we have already remarked, the region, located as it is on the Pacific shores, is peculiarly exposed to the overflow of labour from all parts of Asia. The artificial barriers set up stem the tide to some extent, but none has so far been devised as to act as an altogether effective check. Chinese are subjected to a heavy poll tax and legislative restrictions, which also operate in the case of the Indians. That the latter are British subjects creates a complication which is clearly a menace to the cause of Imperial harmony. For in spite of all the legal subtleties with which the Indians are opposed as justifying their exclusion, the plain fact is that they fail to see why allegiance to the British Crown should be expected of them when residence within any part of the British Dominions is denied them.

The Japanese on their part wisely recognised the political inconvenience of the agitation conducted against them some years ago, and while refusing to commit themselves in a formal agreement, offered of their own accord to restrict emigration to British Columbia. Notwithstanding all the safeguards, and there were many, set up with a view to keeping out large numbers of Asiatics, there have been frequent attempts at evasion, and on more than one occasion the operation of the law was challenged in the Courts. Let it be said that the position of the Indians is logically defensible, and is all part of their well-thought-out plan of racial assertion. The Japanese, in spite of their tactful and voluntary compromise are indignant as a nation, and merely bide their time until they will be strong enough to demand the right of free access to the territories of the Pacific. Here we have a clue to their policy of building up a big navy, and likewise we are enabled to understand the apprehensions of the Colonies as to their own safety.

Japan, in short, is pursuing aims in the Pacific similar to those which Germany avows in Europe. It is her deliberate purpose to expand her naval and military capacity so that one day she shall make her voice heard to effect in the councils of the world's diplomacy. Nor must it be imagined that she excludes from her ultimate reckoning the possibility that she will be able to bring pressure to bear upon a nation that is now her Ally.

Hence the grounds for the alarm of Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Borden is now credited with the intention of finding a permanent solution of the question as far as British Columbia is concerned. Obviously the question is one that should only be decided after Imperial conference. It affects to a vital extent our relations with Japan, and therefore enters into all considerations that make for the Higher Defence of the Empire. Moreover, it is imperative that the Over-Seas Dominions whose interests are common should pursue a common policy; and we are inclined to go further and say we would like to see this policy completely in accord with that of America, who, in California, is faced with exactly the same conditions arising from Asiatic inroads.

L. L.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

NO. I.—TO MR. HALL CAINE

SIR,—It is with some hesitation that I venture to address to you the first of several letters which it is my purpose to write to well-known novelists of the moment. This hesitation does not arise from any consuming doubt on my part as to the view you will take of the entire propriety of my selection. It arises solely from a sort of suspicion that my initial remarks should go to Stratford-on-Avon. "Ladies first!" it may be held, should be the guiding principle even in matters of literary rivalry. But I cannot resist the temptation to violate the rule of decent society in this instance, because I sympathise so strongly with you in what I cannot but feel is a great wrong imposed upon your self-esteem by Miss Marie Corelli. Has she not with a quite distressing but wholly characteristic assurance appropriated to herself a locality that by every right of literary succession belongs to you?

Your home should, of course, be in the town which Shakespeare has immortalised. If Miss Marie Corelli had then chosen the Isle of Man for her habitat, there would have been a dual fitness about your respective haunts which might have appealed to the instincts of a coincidence-loving world. Miss Marie Corelli as the Queen of Man, and Mr. Hall Caine parading the highways and by-ways of Stratford-on-Avon, like the visible embodiment of the great bard, would indeed have been a stroke of poetic justice, the mere idea of which will, I am sure, stir your imagination as it stirs mine. Here you are, blessed by nature with a physiognomy that every observant man recognises as the most exasperating replica of the accepted portraits of Shakespeare—no one that I ever met has suggested that there is anything of Bacon about you—and you are an exile on an island in St. George's Channel, whilst the one rival you have on earth is in possession of the locality sacred to the memory of the only man who ever wrote words which carry weight at least equal to your own.

It is a perverse fate. To attempt to institute any sort of comparison, or even to seek to point out the essential contrast between the work of an Elizabethan playwright and a modern novelist, would hardly be fair—to the Elizabethan. Shakespeare had a three hundred years' start of you, but the conditions, even so, have not been altogether in his favour. He has had to trust for full recognition to the world's intellect and sense of beauty. You, on the contrary, have been able to exploit very different social and mental strata. In three centuries has Shakespeare enjoyed a sale equal to that which you have commanded in three decades? If it may be said with absolute confidence that you could never in your most inspired moments write a "Hamlet" or a "Julius Cæsar"—your intimacy with all that appertains to the Eternal City notwithstanding—neither could Shakespeare in his least inspired moments have accomplished anything calculated to rank with "The Christian" or "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

Your place in the literary hierarchy has, perhaps, not yet been finally determined. It may be that you will have no place at all. Who can say? The tastes of posterity are strange and unaccountable, and the creator of John Storm may be allowed to pass into absolute oblivion before the twentieth century has run its chequered course. Visions of pilgrimages to the shrine of Greeba Castle by the faithful of the year 2000 or later may prove to be the merest phantasmagoria of vanity. But that will only affect you if you should be able to follow things mundane from your niche in the National Valhalla. Meantime you may surely be content to know that your claim to the largest circulation and the biggest cheque on account of the royalties which genius in these days never fails to secure, is unchallenged and unchallengeable. Further, you have the proud consciousness that you have stirred more emotions among the half-educated and whetted more critical faculties than any man now living.

It is, I agree, very irritating to be criticised for one's false philosophy, or defective scholarship, or pseudo-science, or utter incapacity to grasp Norse Saga or New Testament—all this, I say, is irritating when you know perfectly well that your critic could no more give the public, to whose scorn he holds you up, "The Manxman" or "The Christian" than he could control an aeroplane. Such an argument is simply irrefutable, and you can always console yourself with the reflection that you are not the first great literary light whose worth has been questioned by crass-brained and cross-grained contemporaries. Critics have before now, it is credibly reported, broken the hearts of poets; they failed to take a just view of a Swinburne as they failed to appraise Keats at his proper value.

You, I am glad to know, have not been broken in spirit by harsh verdicts on the product of your fertile mind, your wide study of mankind, and deep speculations on the mystery, magnificence, and meaning of things. It is sheer misfortune that I have never been in touch with the representative of the odd million of my fellow-creatures who make up your public. How is it that every novel-reader I know endorses the verdict of the critics, and yet you are eagerly sought after, on both sides of the Atlantic, by that most astute of all business men, the publisher, who approaches you prepared to disarm your modesty with a cheque running into five figures? Really, one's limitations are inscrutable. Among them I am afraid I must place my own haunting belief that there is something in what the critics say. Yours is not the public to which a Meredith, a Henry James, a Thomas Hardy, can look for support, but that is a thought which may involve comparisons that I am anxious to avoid. I have again and again made earnest effort to discover the true merits of your work, and am quite willing to admit that, if I have so far not succeeded, the fault may be my own. Possibly Sam Weller's "double-million magnifying gas microscope of hextra power" might assist me. I feel that nothing else would.

I am, Sir, Yours Obediently,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Foreign Reviews

REVUE BLEUE.

FEB. 21.—An instalment of M. Barrès' eloquent plea for the churches—"la Grande Pitié des Eglises de France"—is given. Here is a phrase—"qu'ils" (everyone that counts) "fassent leur examen de conscience, et qu'ils disent s'ils veulent rester seuls au village en face du Café du Commerce." M. Roz appreciates the performance of "Marlowe's "Faustus" at the Théâtre des Arts.

Feb. 28.—The unsigned articles on the Serbo-Bulgarian war bring us up to the outbreak of hostilities: a map is given. The preface of the forthcoming "Vie des Vérités," by M. G. le Bon, is given. M. Lair, always interesting, examines the constitutional problem in Germany.

March 7.—Unpublished letters of Montesquieu are a feature of this number. M. Flat's "Figure de ce Temps" is M. Jules Lemaître. Mme. Poradowska begins the story of the unfortunate Pauline Panam, deceived by the Grand Duke Ernest of Coburg. M. P. Gaultier deals with M. Th. Ribot's philosophy—"Un Philosophe du Repos." M. Roz reviews with enthusiasm Mr. George Moore's "Clara Florise," played at the Comédie Royale.

LA VIE DES LETTRES.

January.—A poem by Mistral and some *obiter dicta* of Jules Lemaître open this number. The editor, M. Beauduin, gives us one of his long "paroxystic" poems, in praise of Paris; "paroxysm" has this to distinguish it from futurism: that its prophet may say unchecked such things as these—

J'aime au Paris nouveau le Paris d'autrefois,
Notre-Dame si fière encor parmi ses rides,
Et j'aime la Colonne et le Louvre des rois
Et le dôme des Invalides.

He may also say, it appears—

Tu es la synthèse épique
Du vivant univers jailli
Des conquêtes scientifiques.

There are many other poets—paroxyst and others—a translation of the "Pied Piper," a translation from the Armenian of Avetis Aharonian, a good article on American minor poetry, another on Verhaeren, by M. Speth, and a defence of Euthanasia.

REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

Jan. 31.—Many editions of works on the Early Fathers are noticed.

Feb. 7.—The second part of Dr. Gildersleeve's "Syntax of Classical Greek," and M. Paulhan's "Hain-Teny Merinas," noticed in THE ACADEMY, are among the books reviewed.

Feb. 14.—M. M. Bourgeois' work on J. M. Synge is noticed.

Feb. 21.—M. Meillet criticises Herr Brugmann's "Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik."

Feb. 28.—We note reviews of M. F. Baldensperger's "La Littérature" and of Treitschke's Letters.

March 7.—M. de Labriolle thinks M. Babut goes too far in his demolition of St. Martin of Tours. M. Masqueray's important "Bibliographie de la Littérature Grecque" and Mrs. Wright's "Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore" are noticed with approval.

VARIA.

The February number of "Le Carillon" contains specimens of all the latest fashions in poetry. The list of its contributors is almost identical with that of the poets of "La Vie des Lettres." It is late to speak of the Christmas number of the "Revista Grafica," which, in spite of its title and the language of its text, appears to be published in Paris; the illustrations in colour are of a very high class, and recall "Je sais tout." We have received a little bundle of speeches and manifestos by Dr. J. A. Riviera, president of the "Association Médicale Internationale contre la Guerre"; his idea, that the Hague Court needs a more democratic body, representing various interests, to support it, seems to contain a large portion of truth.

In the Learned World

THE lecture season at the Royal Institution is now half-way through, and many distinguished men have lately taken a hand in the popularisation of science on the lines pursued with such success by Tyndall and others. Among the newcomers in this connection one of the most successful was Mr. Frewen Jenkin, well known in the railway world and now Professor of Engineering at Oxford. His short course of lectures on "Heat and Cold" was well attended throughout, and owed a great part of its success to the lecturer's excellent delivery and striking experiments. A feature in these last were the ingenious models which he exhibited, thereby bringing clearly before his audience the principles as well as the practical working of apparatus such as the Diesel engine and the means of producing intense heat by applying an explosive mixture of gas and air to a relatively large surface, on which subject Professor Bone has also lectured recently. Similar use of mechanical models was made by Professor Fleming in his Friday evening discourse on "Long Distance Telephony," when he showed a most clever and instructive analogy between stationary electric waves in wires and a vibrating string. The greater part of his lecture was devoted to the improvement of telephony through wires produced by "loading" the cable with small transverse coils at regular distances. Although he gave himself very little time to speak of telephony without wires, he left us in little doubt that he thought this would be the favourite means of communication in future, and the account of wireless telephone circuits—in America, it is true—

extending over nearly 3,000 miles gave hope to those subscribers to the Government system who are in despair as to the prospect of an improved service. In this case, also, the lecturer's success was much helped by his clear delivery and well-rehearsed illustrations.

An entirely new use for radium has been found by M. Szilard, who, in a communication to the Académie des Sciences, suggests its employment in the construction of lightning conductors. At present, it is often urged that lightning conductors on a building do more harm than good; because, while they no doubt conduct harmlessly away electric discharges of moderate amount, they are likely in a really severe electric storm to attract a greater amount of electricity than they are able to carry away. M. Szilard proposes to get over this by actually dissipating the amount of electricity coming from the clouds, and this he claims to be able to do by rendering the space between the stratum of charged air and the lightning-rod conducting. One of the best-known properties of radium is that it turns the atmosphere, generally a very fair insulator, into a conductor of electricity, and M. Szilard thinks that by applying what is practically a varnish of radium paint to a kind of crown at the top of the lightning-rod he can render the air for a very considerable distance round it conducting, and thus make the discharge harmless. At present the invention does not seem to have got beyond the experimental stage; but he claims that an electroscope attached to a rod made on his principle will show evidence of discharge when a small electric machine with 5 cm. spark is worked at a distance of 5 metres from it. It is probable that only careful experimenting on isolated buildings at a considerable height above sea-level can decide the point of utility, but there is no doubt as to the soundness of the idea.

Another improvement in scientific apparatus is announced by Professor Reichert of Vienna. The powers of the human eye, even when assisted by lenses, are so limited that it is very doubtful whether the limit of magnification by the ordinary microscopic tube has not been already reached. Herren Siedentopf and Szigmondy showed, however, some years ago, that our powers of perceiving, although, perhaps, hardly defining, extremely minute objects could be increased by their "ultra-microscope." This apparatus, which is now used for ascertaining, among other things, the movement of very small particles in solutions, depends upon the principle that objects too small to be seen in diffuse light yet become visible if a beam of light falls upon them horizontally, as in the familiar case of the motes seen dancing in a sunbeam coming through a hole in a shutter. Professor Reichert extends this idea by making the object to be examined itself fluorescent by means of ultra-violet rays admitted through the filters devised by Professor R. W. Wood (of Baltimore) and concentrated by means of a quartz lens. This method, according to him, has the double advantage of making visible particles otherwise too small to be seen, and at the same time giving us an idea

of their nature, as the fluorescence produced by ultra-violet rays varies with the substances excited by them to emit it.

Some light has been cast upon the horrible infantile disease known as rickets by experiments on rabbits made by MM. Henri Claude and J. Rouillard, which are described in the recent *Comptes-Rendus* of the Société de Biologie. They find that parents from whom the thyroid gland has been removed, either wholly or in part, always produce young exhibiting symptoms corresponding to rickets in the human organism. Hence they suggest that rickets is caused by an insufficiency of the secretion of the thyroid gland; but they admit that this hypothesis demands working out in its details before it can be made the basis of treatment. What is apparent is that such experiments are likely to have a more beneficial effect on the future of the race than most of the stuff now talked about eugenics. F. L.

Some New French Books

M. PAUL FLAT, the able director of the *Revue Bleue*, has published many novels which all treat of sentimental conflicts; he has also given us several volumes of critical studies, in which he discusses matters of moral, psychological, or literary interest with much ease and brilliance. "Figures et Questions de ce Temps," his latest work, has recently appeared at Sansot's (3f. 50), and is dedicated to President Poincaré, who used to be one of the most eminent contributors to the *Revue Bleue*.

A glance at the index shows that M. Flat has analysed the most diverse questions. He first speaks of Plagiarism and Literary Dignity, estimating plagiarism as an undeniable proof of spiritual indigence and a result of what Ste. Beuve used to term scathingly "Industrial Literature." Nowadays people write just as they would sell fried potatoes or exercise any other lucrative trade. M. Flat deems, with much severity, that the English and Americans are greatly responsible for this perversion by remunerating so magnificently "so-called literary productions which have nothing in common with literature." This shows that M. Flat, like so many of his compatriots, entertains gentle illusions on the liberality of Anglo-Americans!

His judgment of Tennyson, whom he compares unfavourably with "our Musset," seems rather arbitrary and too definitive. Perhaps he read the works of the English poet in a very poor translation. The whole attitude proves but one thing—that in France all literary work, even the best, is far too poorly paid. But of course it is natural that M. Flat, as a French editor, should not admit this view of the case.

One of his essays is devoted to Renée Vivien, that delicate beautiful poetess who died a short while ago in the full bloom of her talent. To her we owe some of the purest and most harmonious verses written in French and inspired by the ancient Greeks. We are grateful to M.

Flat for having evoked remembrances of her and of her sensitive soul. In this book are other interesting essays written with consummate mastery—the Rights of Criticism, the Protection of Works of Art, the Younger Generation; it contains also a remarkable series of portraits, among which those of Musset, Liszt, and Wagner are perhaps the best. And all these studies are written soberly, with a sense of the value of words, which proves that M. Flat has not forgotten that he used to be a very esteemed Art Critic.

The latest detective story is the exciting "Empire du Diamant," edited by Pierre Laffite, who seems to have "trusted" the best sensational French writers. The author, Valentin Mandelstamm, reveals in his work that he is cultivated, cosmopolitan, gifted with a fine imagination and a faculty of reasoning out the most difficult problem. It is amusing to note with what skill he has knotted the intrigue of his plot, and the patience and clearness with which he solves the mystery. The story tells of the extraordinary disappearance of Jérôme Versigny, a famous Parisian banker. And M. Valentin Mandelstamm has not feared to introduce once more the sympathetic amateur detective, Octave Bernac, a worthy descendant of Sherlock Holmes; also the necessary sentimental and mysterious elements. But he has done so very ably, and when one has begun one reads straight through; this is the best compliment to a work of its kind.

It is very well written, from the purely literary point of view, and this is hardly surprising, for M. Valentin Mandelstamm is a poet and the author of many interesting novels.

Vaneau is a little timid and retiring villager, the son of poor people; he is clever, but he is not happy. His life at college, whither his father has sent him at a great personal sacrifice, is spoiled by his consciousness of being poor, and perhaps also by his intellectual superiority. His stay in the army is no happier; he is perpetually dissatisfied, and, though he tries to become a clerk, is discontented, vaguely considering the work unworthy of him. For Vaneau has read many authors, *à tort et à travers*; he has written some poor verses, and dreams of conquering Paris by the literary genius he believes to be smouldering in his bosom. And so he comes to Paris, where he experiences all the trials which await foolhardy young men. He has a painful love affair, and then marries his cousin and drags out a discontented and hard life, always striving to "arrive." After many years of struggles, of sorrow, he discovers before his father's coffin that the secret of happiness is resignation to one's lot. This revelation is to be his only achievement; henceforth he will stifle his glorious aspirations and handle his pen as a good clerk does. Such is the plot of "L'Héritage," by M. Henry Bachelin (Grasse. 3f. 50). It is a sad story, and would prove interesting were it not written with a systematic conciseness which is insupportably monotonous. M. Bachelin seems to have wished to write a second "Jean Christophe," apparently thinking that he may attain to

the same result by simply noting a list of undeniable truths, and thus contributing to the realism of his work. But in this he is quite wrong. His error has been to try and keep his style down to the level of discontent, melancholy and failure from which his hero never rises. Between the repeated fiascos of Vaneau and the cold, methodical monotony of the style, unrelieved by any real sensibility or emotion, one feels at the close of the work strangely oppressed and unsatisfied. This is to be regretted, for it really contains some qualities such as keenness of analysis, and care of composition, which are quite remarkable.

Bronzes, Pastels & Drawings by Mr. Charles Sykes

MANY who enjoy the quiet rooms devoted to sculpture at the Royal Academy will have noted during the last few years some fine bronzes from the studio of Mr. Charles Sykes. One especially recalls a beautiful "Bacchante" of a few years ago. Those of us who have admired these figures and groups could not be aware of the many-sidedness of the artist's gifts. But the present collection of some sixty works at Woolrich's, 44, South Molton Street, Mayfair, shows that Mr. Sykes, like most artists who have gained fame in the past, is capable of using his gifts in the many chambers of the richly furnished house of art.

No doubt his bronze statuettes are among his most successful adventures. There are immense strength and beauty in his finely composed group, "A Pagan Idyl," and a bold intensity and originality in his aptly named figure, "The Immortal Glance," an engaging boy, an Eros, without the ordinary weapons of his calling, but with an air and manner far more convincing than could be gained by the aid of any of the conventional paraphernalia of the everlasting friend—or is it enemy?—of man.

From bronze to pastel is a long journey, but the artist appears to make it with grace and ease. Some of his effects of colour in this last medium are as delightful as they are surprising. "Solemnity of Nooroze," "The Spangled Scarf," and "Tortola Valencia, Danseuse," for example, show an exquisite mastery of a medium which requires an absolute and especial sympathy on the part of the artist before its utmost effects can be obtained.

There are dozens of other pictures, water-colours, drawings in black and white, sketches at home, as "Near the Oratory," or abroad, as "Delfshaven, Holland," which show infinite power and delicacy of treatment, but owing to our view being just before THE ACADEMY goes to press, we are unable to do more than suggest that all lovers of the new, the true, the wonderful in art, should visit Mr. Sykes' exhibition in South Molton Street. They may be sure of not being bored, for there is something or many things in this collection which will please all those who take pleasure in the livelier side of latter-day art.

The Play, Some Intellectuals and the Common Man

ONCE upon a time a man at the club whom we had beaten very easily at a certain game played on a billiard table said, soon after, to us: "So you are one of those people who write disagreeable things about works of art which you can neither produce nor understand—a critic." We gladly owned it was so, except that we wrote agreeably about the things we did understand and could even produce, if sadly put to it. But our friend reminded us once more of the curious and harsh illusion which still survives, rooted somewhere in the eighteenth century, about a group of extremely interesting, competent and sympathetic persons who, leaving all the more flourishing concerns of life, devote themselves to the efforts of pointing out to the public, for very trifling emolument, the things that are artistically most excellent.

The critic of stage productions is generally supposed to be especially disliked, but all newspapers find that his copy is, after the advertisements, one of their most valuable assets. Thus is the often bitter criticism of the critic made bearable to his shorn and blackened conscience. Every lover loves a lover; all actors love the stage; all men and women are actors. And thus it comes to pass that even the writer on the drama is sometimes fulfilled with inward glory. This is an esoteric matter, generally, but it is made clear for all the world to see in Mr. W. L. George's collected essays. Since the far-off days when Mr. Walkley wrote for the *Star*, and many weekly papers, and published, in volume form, such pleasant articles as "The Dramatic Critic as Pariah" and "He Bashkirtseffs," there have been no books on the theatre quite so inspiring and brilliant as that of Mr. George.

Of course we rarely agree with him; that is of no importance. Often we want to tread on the toes of the feet of our Gamaliel. But we are engrossed by his considerations and deductions. It is true that Mr. George is prepared to take the playgoer's little hand in his and explain to the poor fellow—whether he be intellectual, the common man, a person of ideas or a dullard—just the sort of thing he wants, why he wishes for it, and when and how.

It is a great pleasure to the reader to see the author do all this with boldness and sincerity, and not too overwhelming a sense of humour. This last would make matters very difficult for Mr. George; he puts such a mood or method from him with sternness, and is content to be wise with a somewhat antique wisdom. Having defined the play which is intellectual, the play of ideas, the play which is welcome to the common man and so forth, he feels at liberty to state many a broad generalisation, many a biting dictum. Although usually in complete sympathy with his acute deductions and clear observation of the most important plays produced

* *Dramatic Actualities.* By W. L. GEORGE. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.)

during the last ten years, no reader, however interested, will probably agree with all his criteria of just what a play should be.

For example, he speaks of the seven cardinal sins of this craft as "the aside, the soliloquy, impersonation, eavesdropping, confidences, the losing of papers, and the wrongful assumption of guilt." Yet life as it is lived, and therefore suitable for the use of the most intellectual of dramatists, is often complicated by some of these cardinal sins. Eavesdropping, confidences, and especially the losing of papers are almost common-places in the lives of most of us, and although we do not welcome such circumstances in the dramas of clever playwrights, they appear but trifling faults when all else is well.

There is a rather cryptic Arabic proverb which says, "A favour is as much as four slaps." We were unable to see the application of this Sudanese saying until we found Mr. George desiring to praise and help the work of our more advanced playwrights such as Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Masefield, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Fernald, and many others whom he favours with his by no means timid criticism. "I must chastise my friends if I love them," he says, and thus he points out, and, no doubt, will prove to many, that the intellectual dramatist of to-day has no ideas, and that the playwright of ideas cannot write drama. The intellectuals according to Mr. George, possess an inclination towards the gloomy and the cruel which makes for artificiality while the playwrights of ideas incline to the shadowy plot, the lack of climax, hypertrophy of the atmosphere, occasional sentiment, garrulousness, exaggeration at type, obscurity, length and shapeless purpose.

These, and many well expressed and hard sayings will be found throughout the text of Mr. George's engaging essays, but what really matters is that he sees the faults even in the best work now put before us on the stage, and that he uses very endeavour to push forward the movement towards a more and more brilliant effect. We doubt if playwrights are greatly helped by criticism, however profound or enlightened, but we know that audiences can be influenced after this fashion. Therefore we welcome Mr. George's "Dramatic Actualities," and trust that the book may find a public as broad-minded and clever as is the author himself.

EGAN MEW.

The 35th Royal Naval and Military Tournament, which opens at Olympia on May 14, will be run under revised rules with regard to the competitions. The jumping will be conducted under new and interesting circumstances. The Committee, acting with the authority of the War Office, has decided to issue a certificate for those wishing to enter the International matches at the Horse Show in June. The certificate will be for horse as well as rider, and will ensure the very best class of jumping at the Tournament, where in recent years the standard has been increasing with great strides.

The Theatre

"The Bucket Shop" at the Aldwych Theatre

PRODUCED BY THE INCORPORATED
STAGE SOCIETY

DOES the truthful, interesting and complete unveiling of a fairly modern form of almost legal swindling constitute a successful stage play? In most circumstances we are far from thinking that is the case; but if you believe a good play can be made in this way "The Bucket Shop," by Mr. Frank Harris, should claim your utmost admiration. For his disclosure of the methods of a powerful and well-endowed business man who has set out to put money in his purse—cost what it may to those about him—is, in itself, a just piece of work made perfect by the admirable acting of Mr. Norman McKeown, whose name, by the way, is uncommonly like that of another gentleman who could have made John Gretton equally effective.

Just as Shylock makes "The Merchant of Venice" a play for us, so John Gretton transmutes the rubbish of "The Bucket Shop" into pure gold of human interest. The things that we do not delight in in this work are those which are rather irrelevant to the unscrupulous hero's way of becoming wealthy.

Persons who have fluttered near the glowing and hopeful lights of some "Imperial Investment Corporation, Ltd.," know all about the humbug and fraud of the thing and something of their own stupidity; to such as these to see the affair admirably set forth upon the stage is an amusement with a bitter-sweet flavour. To those who have never entered some sort of Gretton's place of business, near Pall Mall, the detail is evidently full of excitement and interest. Thus and thus Mr. Harris has built truly; his Gretton and his lying trade and his staff are the real thing. Even his son, Mr. Edmund S. Phelps, far removed from the stage tradition of a swindler's heir, is convincing; the troops of speculators who in turn worship and abuse the head of the company are well drawn, and, as in the case of the woman of fashion Lady Britton, Miss Francis Wetherall, are often brilliantly satiric pictures of people we all know.

But, alas! for the good people. Gretton's daughter Irene, Miss June van Buskirk, is a very chatty reformer who becomes very boring about love and votes for women. While Lord Frederick Athol, Mr. Athol Steward, her lover, is wicked he is good; but when, under her unbelievable influence, he becomes good he is simple wicked. We don't know if Kate Trevor, a rather strangely interpolated character who wants to go on at one of Gretton's theatres and to whom he makes love rather awkwardly, is good or bad. But Miss Vera Cunningham makes her very real and gay and stupid and bewildered. It is one of many difficult parts in the cast of seventeen which is finely played;

for the Stage Society has given the author the advantage of its most accomplished actors. Miss Gillian Scaiffe as the devoted secretary of the hero is especially strong and sincere. We hope that certain redundances may be taken from this four-act comedy, and that Mr. Harris, and the powers that be, may give us the advantage of seeing "The Bucket Shop" again.

EGAN MEW.

Notes and News

For the convenience of the Press, the first performance of the new Shaw play at His Majesty's Theatre will take place at 8 o'clock to-day, April 11. All succeeding performances will take place at 8.30, matinées being given at 2.30.

Dr. Simon, the French psychologist, will lecture to the Eugenics Education Society, on "Le Mesure de l'Intelligence," on April 28, at 8.30 p.m., at Burlington House, by kind permission of the Royal Society. As accommodation is limited, tickets will only be sent to those members who apply for them before April 15.

Lt.-Col. Newnham Davis, whose "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe" is very popular, has prepared a companion volume, "The Gourmet's Guide to London," to be published immediately by Mr. Grant Richards. The new book does for London what its predecessor did for the chief cities of Europe, giving information as to the nature of the cuisine to be found in the distinctive hotels, restaurants and eating-houses of the metropolis.

Mr. Werner Laurie is just publishing "Life in an Indian Outpost," by Major Casserly, a thrilling account of the life of an Indian officer in command of a native garrison in a small post on the face of the Himalayas, guarding one of the Gates of India. The book gives a vivid idea of the loneliness and risks of such a life. Major Casserly tells his story in a straightforward way, and the book will appeal to all lovers of sport and daring. Illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.

A volume on "Dante and the Early Astronomers" will be published by Messrs. Gall and Inglis early in April. The author is Mrs. John Evershed of Kodjkanal, a lady well known in astronomical circles. The book traces developments of astronomy from the earliest times, shows the influence of early astronomers on the ideas of Dante and his contemporaries, and discusses the astronomical references in Dante's writings and the views of commentators regarding them.

"Florentine Vignettes," being some metrical letters of the late Vernon Arnold Slade, edited by Wilfrid Thorley, will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews next week. The editor is, of course, author of the letters, which are written in the guise of an art student newly arrived among the wonders of the Tuscan capital. There will be a frontispiece adapted from the pediment of Cellini's "Perseus," and a tail-piece taken from masks on a drinking fountain in the Casciné—the Hyde Park of Florence.

Thirteen years ago Miss Norma Lorimer wrote an entirely original travel book, "By the Waters of Sicily," which, after its immediate success, went out of print, and is now to be re-issued at a cheaper price by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. Miss Lorimer, whose latest novel, "A Wife Out of Egypt," is now in its sixth edition, is publishing next month, with Stanley Paul and Co., a travel book somewhat on the same lines as the "Sicily" book, "By the Waters of Germany."

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company announce that they have become publishers for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The *Print-Collector's Quarterly* issued by the Museum will be printed at the Riverside Press, and can be obtained from Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, curator of the Print Department at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and Lecturer on the History and Principles of Engraving at Harvard University, who has edited the *Quarterly* during the three years of its existence, will continue as Editor.

In the *General Anzeiger* of Magdeburg, for March 21, Rear-Admiral Galster publishes a thoughtful article headed "Understanding with England," in which he heartily welcomes the material improvement in British-German relations. In view, however, of the general opposition to disarmament, the Admiral urges that Germany must not relax her efforts at keeping both her army and her navy fully up to the mark, and in his opinion it is more especially on the army that she should concentrate her greatest endeavours, for it will ever be her army and not her navy that is her greatest strength and protection.

One of the most splendid groups of English Silver which figured in the Ashburnham Sale at Messrs. Christie's, the great set of three Charles II pieces in silver-gilt, has, by the generosity of Mr. Harvey Hadden, been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The objects stand about fourteen inches in height, and bear the London hall-mark for the year 1675-6, in conjunction with the marks of two makers whose names are unfortunately unknown. Such a group does not exist outside two or three of the great houses of England, and the price of over £3,700 which they reached in the sale-room is an index of their rarity. They are exhibited in Room 39.

THE Libraries, Museums and Art Galleries Year Book 1914 is the Manual of Professional Practice. But it is more than this. It tells every Bookman; every educationist; every student where special collections of Books on his particular subject are to be found throughout the country, and how to borrow from them. It also tells him where Special Museum collections are to be found, although these cannot be borrowed.

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At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

LAST week I recorded that compromise was in the air, but gusts of passion come from both sides and blow it this way and that. Stanley Buckmaster, the Solicitor-General, seemed to think he ought to make a speech on Home Rule. I think it must have been prepared last week—if so, it would have been better if he had dismissed it from his mind and made a fresh one to fit the altered circumstance; as it was, he only poured oil on the troubled flames. It was a clever speech from his point of view, and polished, but quite out of focus with the present state of feeling, and it did neither himself nor his party any good. The speech of the evening was undoubtedly delivered by Mark Sykes—a young man who seems to have been everywhere and done everything. He pleaded earnestly and eloquently for a settlement—he even appealed to Redmond, and obtained a favourable hearing from the whole house.

The evening of Wednesday, the 1st, was to have been devoted to a private member's motion on the divorce laws, but Hugh Cecil and his friends had made an April fool of Francis, the Radical member who had won the first place. Lord Hugh had over and over again complained of blocking motions, the Premier had promised to see to it but nothing had been done; so the three Musketeers below the gangway—Cecil, Helmsley and Wolmer—determined to teach the House a lesson, and incidentally protect the High Church position. After questions, they deliberately brought up a dummy Divorce Bill, which effectively blocked poor Francis and his motion. The Speaker appealed in vain to Athos—I mean Hugh—to withdraw his Bill; but he was obdurate, and Francis had to give way to a labour discussion on South Africa and the deportation of the ridiculous nine; but nothing came of it, as usual.

On Thursday, the mischievous effect of Buckmaster's speech was seen. The papers had reflected the position in the morning according to their political leanings, so Balfour went to the box and began to clear the air again. The Bill is supposed to bring peace to Ireland; but "by the irony of fate we are discussing how war is to be prevented, and the message of peace hindered from lighting a conflagration in the north of Ireland such as has not been known for centuries." In spite of denials Balfour had a strong belief that there was a definite bargain between the Government and the Nationalists that the Bill must be passed before there is a general election. "You say that the country must be consulted before the Bill comes into operation," he said, "and yet you know that there will be an outbreak in Ulster before the verdict of the people can be taken. This is a most dangerous, if not a most wicked policy."

Samuel replied. He forgot all about Grey and his hints at compromise; he accused Balfour of standing still, and attacked the Army for disobedience. He

scolded him for saying there were occasions when the soldier could use personal discretion. Balfour seized the opportunity to take a picturesque example. Pointing to the Mace, he said:—"Suppose the Army was ordered to take away that bauble—ought they to do it?" You could see the wheels in Samuel's head whirr round as he tried to think of an answer—which the Unionists shouted for. "It is a question whether the order would be lawful, but the soldiers ought to obey; the remedy would be to eject the Government who gave such an order." "After the bauble is removed?" asked Balfour with deadly intention. Samuel tried to argue it, but not very successfully. "The Government do not want to use force, but you must not use our reluctance as a weapon to wreck our Bill." If you ask me where we stood at 11 p.m. I am sure I could not tell you. Asquith, by his masterly flight to Fife, has undoubtedly put his party into a better position; the storm over the Army is dying down and the question of Home Rule is reasserting itself. The moderate men of both parties want a compromise, but do not quite know what to suggest. Schemes of concurrent Federation are suggested only to be scouted. One of the papers quoted the late Lord Salisbury, who said: "Nothing is more dangerous than for people to say something must be done, yet not knowing what to do." On the whole I can only report that the parties seem to have drifted apart again, and the only consistent attitude is that of Ulster, who declares that she at any rate "Will not have Home Rule."

In the meantime a mild sensation has been caused by the Lord Chancellor of England, of all people, "monkeying" (to use the elegant expression of a back bencher) with the official reports. In correcting the proof he put in a word which he had never uttered. If such a thing had been done, say by Lord Halsbury in the old days, the Radicals would have lifted the roof of the House of Commons with their cries; but this kind of thing from Radical Ministers is taken almost as a matter of course.

On Friday everybody agreed that the law regarding the shipping of poor worn out old horses to the Continent was a scandal and a disgrace to Englishmen; and after a lot of tales of cruelty, a Bill was read a second time to stop the traffic; it was entirely non-political. A measure to enable Nonconformist bodies to enfranchise places of worship held upon lease was also read a second time.

On Monday the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill came to an end. On Saturday the leaders of the Unionist Party had demonstrated in Hyde Park. The party are not good at demonstrations—they have not the necessary machinery, and the majority of the leaders are not accustomed to speak in the open air; but I am bound to say that on this occasion Harry Samuel and W. Kay Waterson, his lieutenant, managed admirably. There was not a hitch from start to finish, and the details had been carried out with meticulous care. The police estimate of the numbers is the only one worth having, and at the time of writing I have not seen it, but as far as

I can judge there must have been nearly half a million people round the platforms. If the weather had been a little more settled, there would certainly have been another hundred thousand present. People are willing to take any amount of trouble in a great cause, but they cannot stand rain—"like Catherine of Cleves, who didn't mind death, but she could not stand pinching!" However, it was a splendid and impressive sight. Mr. Balfour turned up quite unexpectedly and spoke well. "I never thought that in my old age I should ever demonstrate in Hyde Park," he said to an old colleague, who answered, "Nor did I!" but they were both there, showing the importance they attached to it.

In the afternoon all signs of compromise had disappeared. It seemed to me as though we had been through the rapids of the Army intrigue, meandered slowly round a lake of compromise, and were now drifting nearer and nearer a Niagara of disaster. John Redmond rose first. He spoke in a subdued voice, but at times was quite eloquent. He referred to the way he had devoted his life to the cause of Ireland, but he would cheerfully step "down and out" if he could see the fulfilment of his hopes. He held out his hands to Carson and said, "We are both Irishmen, we both love Ireland—cannot we come together and see what we can do for our common country?" But he soon made it clear that his offer meant all take and no give. He was in favour of Federalism, but the Home Rule Bill must be the basis of it as far as Ireland is concerned.

Carson replied. He was equally immovable. He denied that the Home Rule Bill could form the basis of any scheme of Federalism. He accused the Government of wanting to pass the Bill so that they would be able to say they had kept their word with Redmond, then to go to the country, and, if the verdict was against them, to leave to us the odious task of repealing an Act of Parliament and cleaning up the mess. Much comment was made of the fact that Grey was absent. The Prime Minister had left the matter in his hands, and it was alleged he had gone fishing. It really was a scandal, the contemptuous way the Government were treating the opposition and the House on so great an occasion.

Simon said the six years' offer was still open. Tim Healy snarled at everybody. The Unionists will be saying to the people, "Will you allow Free Traders free trade in blood?" Bonar Law, as usual, with no notes, made an admirable and statesmanlike speech. Asquith had denied there was any bargain, but John Redmond had not; what are the use of further conservations when Redmond can put his veto on any proposals for compromise? He made a further offer. If the Government would submit their Bill with their Ulster exclusions (not ours) to a General Election, and the country approved it, he had Lansdowne's word that the Unionist majority in the Lords would pass it at once, so that it would come under the Parliament Act. This is an advance on anything that he has offered before, but, as he said, he would go to the greatest lengths to avoid civil war.

Birrell "birrelled." He was not in a position to accept or decline any offer—Asquith, Grey, George, and Churchill were all absent. McKenna was derisively cheered when he appeared about half-past ten. Birrell sat down at four minutes to eleven. Peto got up to continue the debate, and aroused a storm of protest from the Ministerialists, but he roared out his sentences until McKenna moved the closure. This meant three divisions. The closure was carried by 84; the majority, however, sank to 80 on the amendment, to the surprise of the Government Whips. The Unionists pointed out that there were 74 Nationalists present and most of the Labour Party, so it was not much of a victory for the Liberals. We did not challenge a division on the main question, but, as one conspirator, who had engineered the drop in the majority, gleefully remarked to me, "We have caused over 50 Scots Radicals to lose their trains North to-night." The House of Commons is a medley of great and small things!

On Tuesday morning a sensation was caused by disclosures in the *Morning Post*, showing that a plan of campaign of a very serious character had been thoroughly well thought out by the Government. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade were to seize the bridges on the Boyne, a fleet was to anchor in Belfast Lough, and 25,000 troops were to be employed. The Opposition did everything they could to get information out of McKenna, but failed hopelessly. He was a monument of bland ignorance. The rest of the day was spent in clearing up small Bills.

Lulu Harcourt persuaded the House to guarantee a loan of £3,000,000 for the development of the East African Protectorates. Gilbert Parker suggested that we had better annexe them all and get unchallenged sovereignty before we became responsible for so large a loan. There were the usual squeals from the Little Englanders, and then we discussed the alterations at Charing Cross.

In the evening Mr. Lyle brought forward a motion for voting by means of a patent kind of second ballot.

There was a very poor attendance all day, the debaters consisting chiefly of Scotchmen who lost their trains last night.

On Wednesday we adjourned for a week over Easter.

NEXT WEEK will appear in **THE ACADEMY**

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Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

JAPAN'S MONOPOLY OF PUBLICITY

A GAIN and again we have commented in these columns upon the inadequacy of the news contained in the daily Press relating to Foreign Affairs. Complaint in particular applies to the Far East, a region in which British financial and commercial interests predominate. The information that is received from China is scanty enough, but with diligence we are at least able to piece together from time to time a coherent narrative of events. As far as Japan is concerned, however, only rarely are we permitted brief glimpses of the momentous developments that are shaping themselves in that country. Doubtless the time-worn objection will be forthcoming that the land of our Ally is so remote that little interest can be stimulated in its affairs, more especially during a period when our own domestic turmoil has become almost an obsession. Indifference of this kind clearly fails to take into account several considerations of intimate concern to the thoughtful classes of Great Britain. Our relations with Japan go a long way towards determining foreign policy all over the world. To Japan we have abandoned, or, to put it another way, delegated the duty of protecting British interests in the Pacific. That in itself should be an inducement for us to give some attention to her progress as a nation. We ought to assure ourselves as to whether or not she is possessed of political stability sufficient to enable her to fulfil her Treaty obligations. That is to say, inquiry should be set on foot so as to ascertain the truth or otherwise of the suggestion frequently heard that by underhand methods her traders and merchants, with the full cognisance of the Government, are assailing the privileged position of Great Britain in the valley of the Yangtze.

Other important matters also have arisen in regard to which it is desirable that the public in this country be enlightened. Japan at present is in the throes of a many-sided transition. To begin with, she is completely bereft of men possessed either of the prestige or the capacity to govern. Her finances are in a parlous state, a circumstance that must give rise to apprehension in England, where is held the greater part of the loans which go to make up her enormous foreign indebtedness. Moreover, her administrative system is afflicted with unsavoury scandals. Corruption has exhibited itself in the Navy, and in this connection, though no proof has been forthcoming, the name of one British firm has been mentioned, and at least one British subject is under arrest. Here it may be mentioned that the Japanese Judiciary is notoriously incompetent, and has on more than one occasion manifested an unhappy prejudice against foreigners.

It is deeply to be deplored that just at the present time, when everything is topsy-turvy in Japan, the facilities for transmitting news from that country abroad, and to that country from abroad, should have

passed completely to the control of the Japanese themselves. A number of Japanese business men and business concerns have formed a National News Agency which, in addition to fulfilling the purposes described, will print and publish a daily paper in Tokyo. Baron Shibusawa, the leading financial magnate of the country, whose advice and services are frequently utilised by the Government, has assumed the leading part in the undertaking. Among the promoters are the Industrial Bank, the Yokohama Specie Bank, and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, all three of which are flourishing commercial concerns enjoying the financial support of the Government, while the first two are looked upon as almost semi-official in character.

With the last-mentioned company the late Captain Brinkley was connected. This gentleman, who was the Tokyo correspondent of *The Times* and the editor of an English journal in Yokohama, enjoyed a world-wide reputation for the enthusiastic way in which he championed the Japanese cause. Ultimately he came to be regarded as more Japanese than the Japanese themselves, and under the circumstances it was not surprising that his writings attained to an authority peculiarly their own.

In regard to the activities of the late Captain Brinkley and to those of the agency newly established, it would almost be gratuitous to say that the Japanese are fully entitled to choose their own mediums of expression. Similar agencies exist in other countries. What is extraordinary about the new Japanese organisation is that it should have succeeded in inducing Reuter's News Agency to withdraw from the field. An agreement has been entered into between the two companies, the terms of which stipulate that Reuter's shall send their news telegrams to be circulated in Japan through the National Agency, and that they shall receive their news from Japan for circulation throughout the world solely through the medium of this National Agency. The first part of the bargain, it is claimed, differs in no respect from arrangements which Reuter's have entered into with Continental news agencies; but the all-important point arises as to whether these last undertakings are backed by commercial companies of semi-official standing, as is the case with the Japanese agency. We believe such a point cannot be answered in the negative.

The Japanese authorities frequently have suppressed news transmitted to the country when they have considered this news to be inimical to national interests. The facilities at their disposal for arbitrary action of this kind will certainly be strengthened with a Japanese news agency exclusively in the field. Moreover, we imagine that Reuter's will find themselves hampered and restricted by the knowledge that they have become, as it were, wholesale feeders to a Japanese customer in whom is vested the monopoly of retail. But however argument may differ concerning such an aspect of the subject, there can be no two opinions as to the undesirability of this country depending for its news of Japan and the Far East upon Japanese sources alone. Frankly, we are sorry that

Reuter's have abandoned the field. The nature of the competition that faced them was, no doubt, formidable. We accept their statement that they honestly believe that, as hitherto, an impartial service of news will be available. But faith in their integrity does not preclude us from disagreement with their conclusion. A point in their favour is that the Japanese News Agency is under the management of an American. On the other hand, it is argued that this gentleman is well known to entertain a sincere partiality for Japanese interests. Neither statement need be dwelt upon. We are fully persuaded that, no matter how lofty his intention might be, the foreign manager of any Japanese news agency would have his work cut out to preserve impartiality.

The Japanese are extremely sensitive as to criticism; they are accustomed to a Press that is under the police censor, and finally their passion for the secretive not unnaturally extends to their own defects and errors. It only remains to be added that the new organisation has made a rather unfortunate start. Baron Shibusawa at an inaugural lunch declared that the Agency was necessary because Japan in the past had been misrepresented to the world. If that be so, then, by inference, an altogether unmerited censure is passed upon Reuter's Agency, and the conclusion is warranted that in the future the disagreeable truth will not be allowed to escape to Europe. In the interests of British policy steps must be taken forthwith to establish an independent news service to and from the Far East.

MOTORING

AN instructive paper on the "Oil Resources of the Empire" was read by Dr. F. M. Perkin before the Colonial section of the Royal Society of Arts. The lecturer's survey of the position was of especial interest to motorists, inasmuch as it included, in addition to an examination of the sources from which heavy oils, suitable for marine work, etc. can be obtained, references to the possibilities of benzol as a fuel for ordinary motoring purposes. Dr. Perkin sees no reason to hope that Great Britain will be able to import this spirit, or any other coal-tar products, from the Colonies, and if he is correct in this view the prospect of the motorist finding relief in this direction is very remote, the potential production of benzol in this country being altogether insignificant compared with the enormous and growing demand for motor fuel. The Chairman, Sir Charles Bedford, appears to be in agreement with Dr. Ormanby in regarding alcohol as the fuel of the future. He somewhat severely criticised the Government for its apparent indifference, and suggested the formation of a permanent Imperial Commercial Intelligence and Research Department to carry out the work of investigation.

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occupied in it by many of the old-time champions of the cycling track. To mention only three of these—Mr. Frank Shorland, the holder of numerous world's cycling records, and the hero of the great 24 hours Cuca Cup Race, has been for the last six years the dominant personality in the Clement-Talbot Company; Mr. S. F. Edge, whose association with the Napier is a matter of household knowledge; and Mr. J. H. Adams, who has more track records on the old "penny-farthing" machine than any other amateur, and who has for many years represented the interests of the Belsize Company in London and the South of England. This reflection is inspired by the recent announcement that Mr. Shorland has been appointed managing director of the firm which turns out the "Invincible Talbot." There is nothing surprising in this to those who have watched the progress made by Messrs. Clement-Talbot, Ltd. since the old cycling champion assumed the management of the company. That the exhaustless energy characteristic of the man has found full expression in the Talbot interests is obvious on examination of the position held by the Talbot car to-day. It is now known in every part of the world as one of the worthiest representatives of British motor design and construction; records previously held to be impossible have been made by it in the Colonies; and it is the first car in the world to cover a hundred miles in the hour—an achievement which must stand out in the history of automobilism for all time. Further

evidence of the advance of the Talbot under Mr. Shorland's control is afforded by the great developments which have taken place in the works at Barlby Road. Four years ago it was found necessary to increase the size of the works by more than half, and additional extensions, which will double the size of the existing works, are now approaching completion. Within the last five years £60,000 worth of new machinery has been installed in the extensive premises, whilst the general staff and workmen have been increased by 100 per cent. The part played by Mr. Shorland in this prosperity is universally admitted; and, whilst he himself is to be congratulated on his new honour, the firm have every reason to congratulate themselves upon securing the services of such a capable administrator.

* * *

The complete list of entries for the Tourist Trophy Race of 1914 is as follows:—Three Minervas, three Humbers, two Straker-Squires, three Sunbeams, two Stars, three Vauxhalls, three Adlers, two S.A.V.A.'s, one D.F.P., and one Crossley—twenty-four in all. The race, which is of course under the auspices of the R.A.C., will be held in the Isle of Man, over the same course as that used for the "Four-inch" race in 1908, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 10 and 11. The total distance to be covered is about 600 miles, and the winner will receive, in addition to the Tourist Trophy, a cash prize of £1,000. The second prize is £250, and there is also a team prize of £300, as well as a special prize of £100 for the best performance on a fuel other than exclusively petrol. As mentioned in a previous issue, all the cash prizes are being presented by the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph." Apart from the awards above indicated, the Henry Edmunds Challenge Trophy will be awarded to the entrant whose car makes the best aggregate time in the sixteen ascents from Ramsay to the Bungalow which have to be negotiated during the two days' race.

* * *

Mr. P. H. Dodson, whose name is associated with a popular motor-car, has returned to England after a lengthy tour in Australia and a visit to South Africa. In a 2,000 miles journey across the Australian Continent, as well as in motor trips to the Cape, Mr. Dodson used Dunlops on his valveless car, and it is worth noting that during the whole of his journeys he had no occasion to touch a single one for any cause whatever. Mr. Dodson drove his car to the top of Cape Point, a feat never before accomplished, the gradient being in parts 1 in 7 and 1 in 5.

"Humour and Pathos of English Country Life" is the title of a dramatic lecture-recital to be given by Mr. Walter Raymond at Stationers' Hall, Ludgate Hill, on Friday, April 24, at 8 p.m., on behalf of the National Book Provident Society. Mr. Grant Richards will be in the chair.

Literary Competition

FIFTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION V.

There are some books, when we close them: one or two in the course of our life, difficult as it may be to analyse or ascertain the cause: our minds seem to have made a great leap. A thousand obscure things receive light: a multitude of indefinite feelings are determined. Our intellect grasps and grapples with subjects with a capacity, a flexibility, and a vigour, before unknown to us. It masters questions hitherto perplexing, which are not even touched or referred to in the volume just closed. What is this magic? It is the spirit of the supreme author, by a magnetic influence blending with our sympathising intelligence, that directs and inspires it. By that mysterious sensibility we extend to questions he has not treated, the same intellectual force which he has exercised over those he has expounded. His genius for a time remains in us. 'Tis the same with human beings as with books. All of us encounter at least once in life, some individual who utters words that make us think for ever. There are men whose phrases are oracles; who condense in a sentence the secrets of life; who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character or illustrates an existence. A great thing is a great book, but greater than all is the talk of a great man. And what is a great man? Is it a Minister of State? Is it a victorious General? A gentleman in the Windsor uniform? A Field-Marshal covered with stars? Is it a Prelate, or a Prince? A King, even an Emperor? It may be all these; yet these, as we must all daily feel, are not necessarily great men. A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation, whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus, and giving a new character to the Pagan World.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

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Address.....

Coupon 5, April 11, 1914.

... Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

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In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THERE is a better tone in the City. Investment brokers have certainly been busy during the past week, and most financial houses expect an improvement after the Easter holidays. The Ulster question should be settled soon, and then there will be nothing serious to face except the labour question. This is, of course, dangerous, but the common sense of the British workman may in the end prevail.

We are, however, getting far too many new issues, nearly 98 millions having been offered during the first quarter of the year. This is distinctly serious. There are still numberless loans to be floated, and although, as I have often pointed out, the issue of good securities does not affect the money market very seriously, if we get a glut of these securities it has a tendency to keep down the price of existing loans. The power of the public to absorb new securities must be limited. No one quite knows what the savings of the British nation are. Many guesses have been made; it is generally supposed that about 200 millions are available each year, but naturally only a small portion of this goes into new issues. The Austrian Government offer of 15-year Treasury bills redeemable in sections year by year was probably taken by the bankers; it was an attractive gamble on a definite security. The Portland Railway bonds do not appeal to me in spite of Messrs. Higginson and Company having made the offer. The Central Railway of Canada seems a gamble on the optimism or otherwise of the directors, who think that the road will be able to earn dividends in a few years. The Grand Trunk 4 per cent. debentures are a thoroughly sound security. The City of Singapore loan went well, as indeed, it deserved. The General Electric 6 per cent. preference were a sound Industrial security, but I think the ordinary on the speculative side. The Queensland loan was a Trustee stock, and was fully subscribed in a few hours. City of New York bonds will probably be taken by the bankers. The public do not care about issues for which they have to tender. I wonder why the City of New York does not abandon this old-fashioned method of raising loans? I need hardly say that the security is excellent.

MONEY.—Money is cheap, and is quite likely to remain so for some time to come. After Easter the bank position is certain to be much stronger. In Berlin, St. Petersburg and in Amsterdam money is plentiful; it is only in Paris there is any stringency. Clearly, even if the rush of new issues continues, we may expect cheap money. The market rate has been dropping steadily for the past six weeks.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market remains uneasy. No one likes the position in Paris. It is definitely bad, but whether it will result in another Panama crash is doubtful. The whole trouble, of course, arises from the reckless manner in which the Paris banks financed the bankrupt Brazilian States. The losses in Mexico have been enormous, and are irrecoverable. I am afraid we shall have to say the same in regard to much of the Brazilian loss. For example, the British public has lent the Sorocabana Railway about 3½ millions on so-called bonds. The only security that the bond-holders have is a lease of the railway. It is even doubtful whether it is a lease in the ordinary sense of the word; it was merely an agreement between the Brazil Railway and the State of San Paulo. The first mortgage on this line is held by the people who bought the

bonds issued by the Dresdner Bank. A Paris firm made an issue of bonds secured on the extension of the railway, and these are also a second mortgage on the old road. Then, again, another issue was made which forms a third mortgage on the old road and a second mortgage on the extension, so that the railway is mortgaged up to the hilt, and the bonds that the public hold are really only shares. The Brazil Railway is in a dangerous condition, and I warn everybody to get out. Japanese troubles still continue, and the news from China is definitely bad; it is quite possible, however, that China, being intrinsically honest, will pull through. It is the game of the Five Powers to make it appear impossible for China to get on without their help.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market is dull, and likely to remain so until we see how the strike troubles are going to end, but investors who wish to purchase securities that yield them over 5 per cent. cannot go wrong if they buy London and North Western, Great Western or North Eastern. All are quite sound and good, but I must admit that it is possible that they would be able to buy cheaper if they wait.

YANKEES.—The American market is dull; no business is doing, and the gambler has quite deserted it. There is nothing to go for. The big bankers are busy placing bond issues or short-dated notes, and they do not encourage speculation. New York Central figures for the year are not good, but at the same time they are not so bad as some people expected. The Copper figures are good on paper, but many people suspect a rig. However, the Copper ring has decided to keep up the price, and if money remains cheap they will probably succeed. They have evidently a big stock to unload.

RUBBER.—In the Rubber market the reports that come

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out are fairly satisfactory. United Sumatra pays a dividend of $33\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the accounts are spread over a period of eighteen months, and compare with a report of twelve months in which 25 per cent. was paid. On the whole this is a satisfactory showing, especially as the company carry forward £16,300. Seafield is not quite so good; the dividend is reduced from 65 per cent. to 45 per cent. Klanang profits have fallen from £33,000 to £24,250, and as a result the dividend is down from 125 per cent. to $77\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Various smaller companies have also issued their reports, and, on the whole, they are reasonably good considering the low price of rubber. Most of them have been able to reduce their cost of production.

OIL.—The Oil market is quite the most excited on the Stock Exchange, and we are promised a boom after Easter. Spies are said to be getting seventeen new wells into production, and the price of the shares has risen to 25s. North Caucasians have blazed for two or three days; the price has risen to 50s., and is talked to £5, which seems a fabulous figure for a 10s. share. I strongly advise my readers to take their profit to-day. The sharp crowd who run Venezuelan Oil Concessions announce that a gusher has been struck, and the shares jumped 20s. in a few hours. Here also speculators should be careful to take their profit. There is good news from Egypt, where No. 13 well is stated to be producing big quantities of oil. We may see a rise in all Egyptian Oil shares. Shell and Royal Dutch are hard, and undoubtedly the whole Oil market looks like going better.

MINES.—In the Mining market the inevitable has come at last, and Great Cobar is in the hands of the Receiver for the debenture holders. I have long prophesied that this would happen. It was found impossible to carry the reconstruction through, and the debenture holders decided to seize the property. I do not think that the ordinary shareholders will get a penny. Geduld report is definitely bad, profits having fallen, and the only consolation that shareholders have is that the ore reserves have increased. Wit Deep has had a good year, and the dividend is increased, whilst the whole position looks much better. Lonely report was not liked. There is nothing doing in the Cobalt section; indeed, all the Canadian mines are entirely neglected. Russian mining also lacks support, trouble in St. Petersburg having stopped all gambling. Russo-Asiatics have, however, hardened to over 8.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market Armstrong, Whitworth figures show increased profits. This is certainly satisfactory, as last year a portion of the reserve was capitalised; therefore the dividend had to be paid upon a larger capital. The Behera figures have now come over, but the report is not at all satisfactory, and the rumour that this company proposes to take possession of the Sidi Salem land is very disconcerting. If there is any truth

in this story we may expect a great row, for English people have bought Sidi Salem shares on the understanding that the Behera would support its offspring; it now appears that it will do nothing of the sort. Behera shares are unsaleable at a few shillings. Not so very long ago they were 40s.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—At the risk of incurring your editorial impatience, I must beg to be allowed still more space in order to make it perfectly clear to Mr. Allen that an Imperial Zollverein would indubitably benefit the English farmer, as well as England and the Empire generally. And this because it would stimulate trade and industry immensely; would greatly enlarge the markets and the "opportunities" of the British manufacturers and farmers, and would be a tremendous advance-march on the true lines and principles of Free Trade, as opposed to the false lines and principles of that limited and farcical policy of "Free Trade" which has so long been permitted to prevail in Great Britain. But, of course, Mr. Allen will require something more than merely my assurance, in so far as the agricultural interests of Great Britain are concerned. In the first place, then, it would benefit directly by opening out new fields for commerce and manufactures, thereby increasing home prosperity and augmenting the purchasing capacities of the British people, while at the same time it would enlarge the home market for British farm products. In the second place, it would advance the interests and prosperity of the farmer by reason of the effects such a policy would produce for and in the Free British Commonwealths thus included in such a Federation—inasmuch as there would be a very considerably increased demand on their part for British stock and grain, for seeds and implements. And this because the Free British Commonwealths, or the farmers there, have not hitherto taken much interest in the higher forms of agriculture, or in the special breeding of stock and the cultivation of their meadows. The reason is obvious: the Colonial farmers have not heretofore had any special "call" or occasion to engage in higher forms of agriculture. There have been exceptions, and these are becoming less "exceptional" every day. Just the same, however, an Imperial Zollverein would give a powerful stimulus to improved methods throughout the Commonwealths, with the consequence that the British farmers would immediately benefit by the increased demand for prize stock and grains, seeds, and horticultural products. Again, an Imperial Federation, even though it might not (and would not) increase the price of wheat a single farthing the bushel, would at all events eliminate foreign competition. But, of course, that does not appeal to Mr. Allen, who must have all or nothing. It would also greatly promote British shipping interests throughout the Empire, and would advance the maritime interests and seacoast facilities of the Commonwealths.

In fact, there is so much to be said in support of an Imperial Zollverein that it appears marvellous why Britons "at home" should have been so blind to all reason and "ideas" advanced in its behalf. Yet, when we come to think of it, it has ever been thus; and dark though the present British outlook, even a darker cloud lowered o'er England in the eighteenth century, until Chatham's genius and patriotism converted gloom into sunshine, public consternation into intelligent order and prompt action,

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is acknowledged by all experts to be the most interesting, instructive and accurate article on current financial matters.

and British discredit abroad and humiliation at home into high renown and victory and acquisition of territory. So, in spite of Mr. Allen's earlier cynicism and later "stoicism," let him take heart and help forward, or else await joyfully the realisation of the "dream" of Imperial Federation. For either it will be accomplished or there will be a speedy readjustment of the maps of the four great continents. But if Mr. Allen lacks faith, still I should be greatly surprised if there remains not a sufficiently virile and eager "remnant" who will so "rally around the old flag" as to enforce the mandate of a consolidated race and Empire: just as in the confused days of Walpole, Fox and Newcastle (who trusted alone to "save England" by corrupt methods and the employment of foreign mercenaries), Chatham appealed to the heart and manhood of England to clear the political ship and to stand (for themselves and by themselves) for their country's honour and salvation: and he did not appeal in vain. As to Mr. Allen's renewed comments and reflections upon "Canada's future," I can only repeat that his prognostications are ill-founded. It may be true that such a "Union" as he professes to esteem probable might strengthen the "Anglo-Saxon" forces and more leavening element of the United States' aggregate, but it could only be infinitesimal. But I think that your correspondent must have been reading Goldwin Smith—that singularly incongruous and anomalous type of Englishman who, while an admirable scholar and essayist, had little weight in public affairs. He was, in fact, utterly inconsistent, and could not so much as command a corporal's guard of adherents in Canada, his adopted country, which he so desired to hand over to the United States! If Mr. Allen has any doubt as to the justification of my assertions, by all means let him go to Canada and there seek to propagate his opinions.

Buffalo, U.S.A.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We ask you to-day to make known the need for an army of new workers to carry on one of London's most happily inspired charities. The Children's Country Holidays Fund requires a dozen Honorary Secretaries and perhaps a hundred voluntary workers in addition to those already engaged, and needs them in every part of the London area. The Fund, more necessary year by year to this vast and ever-growing city, sees its development arrested, and even its present usefulness threatened by the increasing difficulty in filling the gaps in the body of workers whom the late Canon Barnett gathered around him, and whom he seemed able to call from the four quarters of the city in numbers that grew always larger as the work developed. In spite of the increasing competition of paid social work, and the attraction which its apparently more serious character has for those who are desirous of helping their fellows, we believe that there are very many, both men and women, who would willingly come forward to fill the vacancies amongst our honorary secretaries and in the ranks of our visitors to the London schools and parents' homes, if once they understood the extent of our need and the opportunities offered by work for this Fund to train oneself in, and to render, social service.

The object of the Fund is not only to give holidays to the children of the very poorest, but also to supplement the efforts of that vast number of self-respecting and hard-working citizens whose budget does not offer sufficient margin to cover the whole cost of a holiday for their little ones. The children we are helping may be ailing; they may have recently recovered from some operation or ill-

ness, or it may be that they have never seen the blue sky arching over a green field, or wild flowers growing freely by the wayside. Their parents contribute according to their means to promote the children's health and happiness, and the relation thus brought about between them and the Children's Country Holidays Fund affords an unrivalled opportunity for those who have some leisure to bestow in helping those about them, to get naturally and easily into touch with the poorer wage-earners. The nature of the gift—a child's holiday—is such that it can be accepted with no loss of dignity, and the intercourse is rendered all the pleasanter by the fact that any money that actually passes is paid by the parent and received by the visitor. The work amalgamates admirably with that of the Care Committees, the pressure of the latter being at its heaviest in the winter, and of the former in the summer, the children dealt with being in many cases the same. The Honorary Secretaries of C.C.H.F. Committees in any part of London will find work to call out and develop all their powers of organisation; will acquire as wide a knowledge of conditions in the district as they can hope by any means to obtain, and will find themselves admirably placed for entering upon further social service if desirous of so doing.

We shall be glad if anyone who wishes to learn more of the opportunities of social service indicated in this letter will communicate with the Secretary, Mr. Geoffrey Marchand, Children's Country Holidays Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. We are, sir, your obedient servants,

ALEXANDER OF TECK, President.

ARRAN, Treasurer.

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Vice-Chairman, Executive Committee.

18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

April 2, 1914.

BRAILLE BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I wonder if you will allow me a little space in which to talk of a rather important point with regard to the production of Braille books.

There are many kindly sighted people in this country who make these books by hand, and this is also done at various institutions by blind people, particularly at the National Lending Library, so ably managed by Miss Austin. But the work is necessarily extremely slow, and the entire production of such books does not supply a fraction of the demand for Braille reading matter. I should like, by your courtesy, to suggest that in future Braille books thus produced should be of a special nature, and not, as is usually the case at present, books of general interest which can so much better be made in large quantities by machinery. There are many people who cannot see to read, but have some special pursuit or some special hobby with regard to which they require books that, though of great interest to them, are not of sufficient general interest to warrant their production in quantities. I want to establish a department here, the object of which will be the carrying out of this idea, provided that a sufficient demand and means of supply exist. I shall be very glad if people who are dependent upon Braille for reading will communicate with me, mentioning any particular book of a really special nature which they would like; and if kindly folk who are prepared to make such books will also let me hear from them. The rest will be easy, and I feel sure that great advantages will result.

I was led to this idea by being told by our chairman, Dr. Ranger (who possesses, I believe, a unique Braille library), that for many years past two ladies have devoted much of their leisure time to making him Braille books on special subjects.

I hope this letter may perhaps have the result of increasing the number of people who engage in the kindly task of making Braille books by hand. The work is quite simple and quite easily learnt, and I am sure that much time which is now spent on comparatively useless occupations could be with great advantage employed for this.

Believe me to be,

Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON,

Hon. Treasurer.

National Institute for the Blind,
206, Great Portland Street.

REFERENDUM!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir—In the event of a General Election taking place, let us make REFERENDUM our battle-cry. Let us insist, in other words, on *real* popular control over legislation, and put a stop for ever to the possibility of government by Cabinet with no constitutional check whatever and with no obligation to consult the popular will in the only way possible. Your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The question of premature burial raised in the letter of Mr. Williamson that you publish is undoubtedly one of very great importance.

I personally know two gentlemen who possess their own death certificates, under which they could have been buried, signed by duly qualified medical men.

In view of your editorial note I would ask you to spare room for this short letter. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

DARNLEY CLIFTON.

13, King's Bench Walk,
Temple, E.C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Two Virtues. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Alfred Sutro. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

White Slaves of Toil. By W. N. Willis. C. Arthur Pearson. 1s. net.)

Plays. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Complete Edition with Portrait. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

England's Peasantry, and Other Essays. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. With Frontispiece. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Outline Lecture on Herod's Temple of the New Testament. (Charles H. Kelly. 1s.)

Letters from a Living Dead Man. Written down by Elsa Barker. (Wm Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

A History of British Mammals. By Gerald E. H. Barrett-Hamilton. Part XV. Illustrated. (Gurney and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

Social Reform as Related to Realities and Delusions. By W. H. Mallock. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

Parsifal: An Analysis and Some Thoughts on the Symbolism. By Charles Cantor. (Year Book Press. 1s.)

The Way of Unity and Peace. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1d.)

Anecdotes of Pulpit and Parish. Collected and Arranged by Arthur H. Engelbach. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

Where no Fear was: A Book about Fear. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

Outlines. A Book of Drawings by E. H. R. Collings. (The Author, 24, Gorst Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W. 3s. 6d. net. Post free.)

Andromache. A Play in Three Acts. By Gilbert Murray. (G. Allen and Co. 1s. net.)

Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk. A Study in Social Evolution by Edward Carpenter. (G. Allen and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

Robert Louis Stevenson: A Bibliography of His Complete Works. By J. Herbert Slater. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Hail and Farewell! III. Vale. By George Moore. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Edited by Charles Harding Firth, M.A. In Six Volumes. Vol. II. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Story of Pet Marjorie, with her Complete Diaries. By Lachlan Macbean. With Portraits and Other Illustrations. (Simpkin and Co. 2s. 6d.)

The History of the Highland Clearances. By Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. With a New Introduction by Ian MacPherson, M.P. (Eneas Mackay, Stirling. 2s. 6d. net.)

Men and Women of the Italian Reformation. By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

The English People Overseas, Vol. VI, South Africa, 1486-1913. By A. Wyatt Tilby. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Millers of Haddington, Dunbar and Dunfermline: A Record of Scottish Bookselling. By W. J. Couper, M.A. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

Napoleon in Exile: Elba. By Norman Young. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 21s. net.)

Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité: Tome X. La Grèce Archaïque. By Georges Perrot. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 30 frs.)

The History of the Nations. Edited by Walter Hutchinson, M.A. Part V. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co. 7d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Literary Digest; Cambridge University Reporter; Educational Times; Revue Critique; Hungarian Spectator; The Forum; Harper's Monthly; Book Prices Current; University Correspondent; School World; Journal of the Imperial Arts League; Church Quarterly Review; Eugenics Review; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society; Mercure de France; United Empire Review; The Author; St. George's Magazine; Revue Bleue; Book-seller; Collegian; Bibelot; Wednesday Review; Publishers' Circular.

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Notes of the Week

"MAGNA est veritas, et prevalebit." In this journal we have spoken freely of the system under which the Government of the country is now being conducted. We have not hesitated to use the expression that a "secret and corrupt society" was exploiting national interests for its own benefit. In some quarters such direct expressions have been condemned, but fortunately we were sure of our ground. The truth has a habit of emerging—however tardily—but we were not prepared for an immediate confirmation of our assertions. Happily to-day we have irrefragable evidence that we have not been responsible for any wild or libellous interpretation of the actual position. The vindication proceeds from the closing incidents in the Conference of the Independent Labour Party. The compact which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made with the Liberal Government is now fully exposed by those who appreciate that honesty is—at least sometimes—the best policy, even in Parliamentary matters. Twice, at previous congresses of the Party we have referred to, resolutions have been proposed to secure liberty for its representatives in Parliament, and have been lost by large majorities. Even the worm will turn, and, though we should be the last to use such a simile in relation to an independent representative of Labour, we have no compunction in thus designating those who entered into an unholy compact which bound them upon all occasions to subordinate their consciences for the sole purpose of keeping a particular Ministry in power. There is no need for us to ransack the dictionary for pungent expressions to describe the situation; Mr. Jowett, the eloquent member for West Bradford, has relieved us

of any such necessity—as thus: "I for one refuse to be a bond-slave; I will be free." That declaration was received by the delegates assembled with loud cheers, and its spirit was reflected in the division, when 233 representatives voted to be delivered out of slavery, whilst only 78 desired to continue in the position which they have hitherto ingloriously occupied. Mr. Jowett announced his determination to cease "to have his loyalty to Home Rule blackmailed," and later on he declared: "We refuse to allow our allegiance to go further than to help the things we are pledged to do; but certainly we do not go so far as to cover up the iniquities of the Government with which we do not agree." The honourable member then proceeded to give instances of votes upon matters considered vital to the Labour platform in connection with which diametrically opposite votes had been given, according as a Liberal or a Conservative Administration were in office. Words from us are unnecessary; but at this season it is at least gratifying to observe that credit is restored among the chosen people, and they have been delivered out of bondage.

The most notable event in the literary world this week is the fresh information disclosed relating to Keats, with the printing in the *Times* and its literary supplement of three hitherto unpublished poems. The poems occur in an album made by a friend of Keats, who was associated with his publishers, and the book is in the collection of Lord Crewe. We go to press unfortunately too early in the week to comment upon the whole of this unexpected disclosure, but, with regard to the poem given in the *Times* of Tuesday, there are lines in it which seem unhappy lapses from the music we learned to love in many a golden lyric. The lover reproaches his lady because her hand "No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth"—we suspect this to be a line which Keats would not wish to stand as permanent. The first stanza, however, is beautiful:—

You say you love; but with a voice
Chaster than a nun's, who singeth
The soft Vespers to herself
While the chime-bell ringeth—
O love me truly!

The letter from Taylor, Keats's publisher, to his partner, Hessey, giving an account of a visit from Mr. Blackwood and the conversation that followed relative to the famous review of the poet's work in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is an interesting little piece of intimate revelation. "What had he done to cause such attacks as these?" asked Taylor. "Oh, it was all a joke," replied Blackwood; "the writer meant nothing more than to be witty." And Taylor goes on to defend Keats manfully. The discovery and publication of these items is an event that will interest all students of poetry, and at present there seems no possibility for that feeling of regret which is often unavoidable in similar circumstances—the feeling that the poet's memory suffers by the exposure of poor work which he would rather have consigned to oblivion.

To a Poet - Critic

FRIEND, you go your way, I go mine,
We are meant to do.
In the best of both is a touch divine
If the work be true.

And false to self would be false to all.
Let the word be writ;—
Its spirit passes beyond recall,
And the power of it.

We take the theme that the life-pulse sends.
It well may be
We dimly work to mightier ends
Than we can see.

That Power hath need of a myriad throats
To chant his praise
Whose chords are ages, and whose notes
Are nights and days.

There's room on a star for you and me.
No true song mars
To the infinite ear the harmony
Of all the stars.

Then take the way that the spirit needs
Through heaven or hell:
'Tis a mighty Master-Minstrel leads.
Sing true. Farewell.

JAMES H. MACKERETH.

The Waiting Crowds

ON the evening of Easter Monday we happened to be walking for a while in the streets of a Midland manufacturing town—a town given up almost entirely to the production of boots and shoes. No one could say truthfully that it was a beautiful place. Its houses, its factories, some of its public buildings, and its chapels—notably its dozens of chapels—are composed of red brick; its long, narrow streets of little red-brick dwellings, straight and grim and unrelieved by an inch of garden, stretch into monotonous perspectives of dull haze; its builders and architects, one imagines, must have a devotion to red brick and rigid lines that is almost passionate. They have been brought up in the belief that a red brick is the loveliest thing in the world—the ideal of beauty and colour and shape, to be set ever before the eyes of the people as an incitement and an inspiration.

Seen from a distance on a sunny day, the town is not displeasing. It sprawls its shapeless length over the fields and across the valley of the slow, small river, and glows to dull red or fades to dull grey as the clouds pass over it, with a queer solemn effect of changing moods. The bells of its churches peal hopefully over the green country, their dark spires giving the eye welcome points of rest in the general level.

From the lower windows of the many factories, large and small, come whiffs of warm air burdened with a peculiar smell of leather; and at the hour of the mid-day meal thousands of men and girls pour forth, streaming homeward towards those long red-brick side-streets. The people of a place, after all, constitute its main interest, and it is scarcely possible that the observer, philosophically inclined, could refrain from asking himself a few questions concerning this throng of eager workers. Wages and conditions seem satisfactory, since strikes are almost unknown; and in spite of the monotony of an employment in which a man will attend to the same restless machine day by day, year by year, going through the same movements and handling the same small portion of the incomplete article, the faces betrayed little depression or ill-health. But apart from economic points, what occupies the minds of these busy folk after the day's labour is done? How do they amuse themselves, how relieve the strain?

The answer was plainly set before us on this holiday evening. On the pavement in front of each brilliantly lighted "picture palace," and for a long, long way down the street, a compact body of men and women patiently waited for the opening of the "second house." An hour or more had to pass before the first performance would close, yet the lines were continually lengthening, continually pushing closer. Every "show" exhibited boards boasting of a full house, in which there was not even standing-room, and it was natural to inquire what tremendous sight was to repay this enthusiasm, this patient submission to hours spent in the chilly wind outside in the hope of a seat. The posters told us at once. The principal attraction appeared to have something to do with a Mormon and a Maid—a very vivid and stylish villain was depicted as about to clutch a very pale and shrinking maiden, and the artist had no objection to primary tints or broad effects, knowing the unfailing influence of crude colour and a simple dramatic situation upon unsophisticated eyes. Other films also had reference either to Mormons or to the "White Slave"; and this is the fare which the enterprising producer, knowing his market and supplying it without a shred of compunction, places before the crowded populace of a thriving, prosperous town—one among many.

We are driven to wonder whether this is as it should be; whether the days of the booth and the sheer melodrama, when plays were given plainly and cleanly without any appeal to what are strangely known as "the baser instincts," were not better. An instinct can hardly be base; but it can be basely excited and unhealthily provided for, and the general effect of such picture-plays as we have mentioned, however acutely they may be excused as having "a moral lesson," is, we believe, thoroughly harmful. That they should require defence, apology, excuse, is an admission of objectionable possibilities, and those who supervise the amusements of the people might well consider whether there is not, in this respect, a great and growing need for the restraining hand.

W. L. R.

The Parable in Literature

ONE of the saddest evidences and the most convincing of the disillusioned mind of humanity to-day is the inability it manifests to construct or enjoy the parabolic substance and method in literature. Occasionally we see a flippant attempt of meretricious cleverness to restore this ancient form as a vehicle for comment, mostly ill-natured, upon persons and things. But such achievements are mostly doomed to failure.

When the history of Didactics comes to be written, how large a part of its ancient and Eastern development will be concerned with the Parable! A great field lies before the explorer who will search out its place, power, and passing, and chart its old abiding-places. In a brief sketch there can only be touched upon the main streams and its tributaries, and the richness of the floods that watered great plains of thought before they sank beneath the soil of age-long accretions. In man's elemental seeking after expression, the war-cry, the dirge, the ballad, mark stages of development in the emotional; similarly and later the progress of the intellectual consciousness is marked by the simile, or emblem, the riddle, and the *dicte*, afterwards to be known as the proverb. Each of these was in its essence dramatic; for humanity in its childhood *acts*—presents, that is, with feeling the outcome of the thought. The perception of analogies is fresh and alert, the rendering vivid, detached, and pictorial.

We have a storehouse of these ancient and progressive examples in that neglected library of Eastern—and universal—thought, the Bible. From the tiny Emblem, the rhetorical instead of the concrete presentment of the "sign," as in the Fly and the Bee, the Razor, the Briars and Thorns,* the Potter and Clay†; the sustained Vineyard narrative (suggested in the lyric,‡ "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt and planted it") and amplified into the complete Parable in Isaiah's rhapsody.§ The simple and primitive pursuits of man, agriculture and husbandry; his tools and implements, the plough, the sickle, the potter's wheel, the winepress; his needs and perils, hunger, thirst, drought and famine, insect pests and savage beasts, the fury of the elements and the attacks of human foes: these supplied the telling and incomparable imagery which has moulded thought and coloured language with symbolical meaning.

To the Eastern mind the half-veiled statement, the shrouded meaning, the terse, pithy comment, which conveyed without insisting upon an idea, were especially congenial. A tradition of philosophical images enriched the old-world literatures, similar to the poetic conventions of the Vision and the forest or the later "apparatus" of moonlight, the coming of spring, and

the song of the nightingale. Moreover, these symbolic phrases enshrined a body of thought, to which the successive generations of thinkers contributed their share of "dark sentences." If we wonder, we, with our analytic habit of mind and Western cultivation, that these often recondite expressions of a single idea in a brief and condensed form preceded the story, we may remember that the emotional quality of intensity which they possess made them easier to deliver—to strike off, as it were, from the thinker's spiritual fervour, than a connected narrative. The artifice of construction is more reasoned, more deliberate, than the utterance of the "Unit-Proverb" or "Unit-Maxim"*; the one defines, the other suggests.

But when from this fruitful germ the sustained parable develops, narrative wears its most striking garb of frugal amplitude. Like a fine etching, there is no unnecessary line or touch, but all essential ones combine in absolute proportion. Referring again to the Bible literature, we see in Jotham's Parable† the true exemplar of that lighter kind of parabolic teaching which is comprised in the Fable. Its province is rather that of the intelligence than of the spiritual perception; the folly of human weakness rather than its pathos is deduced; the subjects are almost invariably drawn from the lower creation, and its method is derisive instead of reverent. But its form is impressive in the directness and easy movement towards the climax. The material is that which absolutely *belongs* to a pastoral age in a land of great natural fertility and wealth of vegetation—the trees of the wood. Undoubtedly the order of their naming is carefully designed to convey an additional sting; at this distance of time and place we can distinguish the intended bathos in the successive olive, fig, and vine. There is even, we may fancy, a sedate irony in the slight change of wording in the invitation: the first, to the olive-tree, is briefly, "Reign thou over us"; to the others, including the fatuous bramble, it runs, with a suggestion of coaxing, "Come thou, and reign over us." No less evident is the satirical intention in the demure refusals of the honour by the olive, the fig, and the vine.

From its character of shrewd comprehension—so different from the large, tender understanding of the Gospel parables—this ancient fable serves as model for a vast number of political and social reproofs. The prominence taken by animals in the fables of modern literature is due, perhaps, as much to the development of the mediæval Bestiaries into pointed narratives, as to the dwarfing of the plant world in men's imaginations as their cities grew and their intercourse widened. What may be called Greek popular philosophy found expression in the sarcastic renderings of the doings of animals, birds, and familiar things which cluster round the name of Æsop, as the "Proverbs" of the old Semitic philosophy around that of Solomon. The Hindoo Pilpay focusses the same tradition in Sanscrit thought; and, indeed, the

* Isaiah vii, 18-25: "The Lord shall hiss for the fly . . . and for the bee. . . ."

"The Lord shall shave with a razor that is hard."

"Where there were a thousand vines or a thousand silverlings it shall even be for briars and thorns."

† Jer. xviii, 1-17.

‡ Ps. lxxx.

§ Isaiah v, 1.

* Moulton.

† Judges ix.

fabulist seems to be a grave and purposeful development from the jester, as he from the minstrel. Only his purview is not that of the Court, but of the State—indeed, that of society at large; and the arrow of his wit shoots the folly of the moment as it flies.

Thus retrospectively: for we moderns have lost the trick. Freedom of communication, much intercourse, the glib acquaintance with the outsides of things fostered by the printing press, unite to rob our vision of its concentration. And we are aware of *the other side of the question* and restlessly seek to refute it in anticipation. Hence the thin texture of the essay as the vehicle of thought, instead of the solid stuff of the parable. The condensation of the parabolic "sentence" is comparable to the closely-woven reasoning of the synthetic Greek geometry, and as alien as that to ourselves.

In the Gospel the dominant didactic method of the East is more than adequately represented in the dignified stories wherewith Christ laid down His teaching, to be accepted or rejected as His hearers willed. They are led up to form the germ, seen in the brief emblem, as those of the Blind, the Mote and the Beam, the Mustard-seed, the Leaven—all hardly more than stated similitudes; through the single episodic narrative, as those of the Barns, the Lost Piece of Silver, and the Pearl of Great Price; to the finished and clear-cut narrative, with variety of characters and lapse of time, as those of the Ten Talents and the Prodigal Son—the Parable proper. Apart from its spiritual significance, this last is an acknowledged masterpiece of literary construction, with its faultless restraint and austere frugality of material.

Out of the Parable, as a development of its story form, grew the Allegory; Eastern in origin, Western and Christian by adoption, and the early vehicle for mystical interpretation. The "Prophecy" of the Semitic sages merges into the "Vision" of the early Christian mystics; which, in its turn, becomes a recognised and standard method of literary expression. The tentative little allegory "On the Same and the Different" by the accomplished and devout Adelhard of Bath in the early twelfth century was the precursor of a host of similar presentments of Philosophy and her rivals. It was also the outcome of a habit of mind which "coloured the texture of our literature" for centuries and, departing, left it grey. The motive presently changes, but the ideals of chivalry replace those of the cloistered philosopher; and of the great examples left to us, the names of the "Romaunt of the Rose," the "Parlement of Fowles," the "Thistle and the Rose," the "Golden Terge" and the "Pastime of Pleasure" are familiar as lineal ancestors of the Elizabethan masterpieces. Spenser fledged his pinions with the dainty Emblem, the satirical Fable, and the Vision parable before he delivered himself of his tremendous allegorical flight, the "Faerie Queene, disposed into XII Bookes, Fashioning XII Moral Vertues."

This *tour de force* was the culmination of the allegorical didactic in poetry; change and enterprise and immensely widened intercourse sharpened wits

but dulled vision. The next worthy achievement is the product of a flaming devotion to a religious ideal, fanned by injustice and persecution to white-heat. Behind the bars of Bedford Gaol, John Bunyan reached out to the encompassing spiritual world; and modelling his fervent expression on the rich outpourings of the Bible writers, sent forth "Divine Emblems: for Boys and Girls," his substance assuming the form, rather than the form being due to any deliberate choice. Then the unlettered visionary gave us the "Pilgrim's Progress," its very perfections due to the limitations of his transfigured thought.

But there the stream of allegorical interpretation failed; a slow trickle alone survived in one school of religious mysticism, and soon began to dwindle to glittering drops of elaborated "conceits" in Herbert and Donne. The old inevitableness survived alone in Francis Quarles, whose antique genius was nourished at the same fount as Bunyan's. His "Divine Emblems" show the two tendencies of simple parabolic expression and ingenious involution of an idea to a climax. The former was losing its appeal, the latter was to develop and refine itself into the Epigram. Both are distinguishable and combined in the quatrain:

This house is to be let for life, or years:
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.*

When in the fullness of books the *littérateur* moved himself, rather than was moved, to utter things that his fellow-men should hear, the old forms were ransacked, though the old, simple spirit could never be captured. Hence the clumsy artifice of Dryden in his "Absalom and Achitophel" and the "Hind and Panther." But they serve to show that we have, in the fruitful source of the parable and the allegory, not only the inspiration of mystical interpretation of divine truth, but also that of the large activities of political and social satire.

S. CUNNINGTON.

New Editions, and the "People's Books"

TWENTY new volumes have reached us from Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, being their latest addition to the famous "Bohn's Popular Library." Probably we do not often remember, when glancing at one of these books, that Henry Bohn, in 1847, began the work of publishing at a reasonable price reprints and translations of the world's great literature. For about fifty years the firm of Bell and Sons has been identified with this enterprise, and the new group continues the tradition in a most pleasing manner. Four novels of

* Book ii, 10.

Anthony Trollope; E. J. Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son"—the book appeared first in 1831, anonymously, and the author died in 1881; Manzoni's "The Betrothed"; the "Arabian Nights" in Lane's translation, edited by Stanley Lane-Poole, M.A.; the fifth volume of Emerson's work; Goethe's "Faust"; five essays by Macaulay; Blake's poetry; Vaughan's poetry; George Hooper's "Campaign of Sedan"; the "Select Works of Plotinus"; and Poushkin's "Prose Tales," translated by T. Keane:—such is the latest wonderful contribution to the list—at one shilling each. The taste displayed, both in the appearance of the books and in their selection, is excellent.

We have already referred at some length to the new "Wayfarer's Library" issued by Messrs. Dent, with its very pretty illustrated wrappers and general air of daintiness. Among the March instalment we notice "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Thomas Hardy; Conrad's novel "Twixt Land and Sea"; "The Widow Woman," that delightful Cornish story by Charles Lee; "The Open Air," by Richard Jefferies; and "Selected Essays," by G. W. E. Russell. This project, it will be noticed, does not clash with others of a similar description, and the series is really one of the best we have seen.

Several of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's "People's Books" we deal with in separate reviews, and, if we had the space to spare, would willingly do the same with the whole of the fresh issue, for there can be no doubt that this series embodies a very valuable contribution to the student in many fields. Among the volumes just out, "Applications of Electricity," by Alexander Ogilvie, B.Sc., is admittedly for non-technical readers, and fulfils its design well; it is fully illustrated by diagrams, and explains the working of all the familiar electric appliances. Three political treatises appear: "Land, Industry and Taxation," by Frederick Verinder; "The Industrial Revolution," by Arthur Jones, M.A.; and "Empire and Democracy," by G. S. Veitch, M.A.; each of these is an admirable essay on its particular theme. "Bismarck and the Origin of the German Empire," by F. M. Powicke (Professor of Modern History in Belfast University) is especially interesting at the present time, and its style is extremely clear. "Principles of Logic," by Stanley Williams, M.A., and "Wild Flowers," by MacGregor Skene, B.Sc., conclude this series for the present. The volume on "Architecture" and a group of theological works we notice at greater length.

REVIEWS

The Golden Heretic

The Golden Heresy. By MAX PLOWMAN. (The Author, 48, Fitzroy Street, W. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. PLOWMAN'S choice of a title (from a poem of "A. E.," who sings of youth's "golden heresy of Truth") is daring, but in one sense, at least, undeniably apt. For he is fearlessly true to himself, uncompromisingly sincere; and it is this, combined with originality of vision and directness of expression, which produces an impression of self-confidence that is, after all, convincing. He never evaporates, as some lesser poets do, into lilac vapours; never sets out to make an appeal, only to seduce the attention with opiate music. There is no deadening sense of hesitation, of weighing nuances of expression, of fevered hunting in By-path Meadow for flowers of rhetoric. He keeps to the high road: every line is a clear challenge to the mind, and every poem a messenger to the soul.

Perhaps the character of Mr. Plowman's work is best described by the phrase "a rosy austerity"; it is far from being bloodless, but there is something white, almost fierce, in it. He is a young Galahad of poets: life to him is a temple, love a eucharist, and the poet a priest. He has in a notable measure that vision which may be called cosmic; a point of view which is not granted to the light wayfarer. His thought works in a rarefied atmosphere, so that it takes up trifles and reads through them to large significances. It is thus that he views "The Bather":—

What radiant health is thine, O splendid form!
Fair son of Aphrodite, child of mirth!
And O, around thee, what a chattering swarm
Of shivering waders, swimmers of no worth.

This water, that to thee is fount and life,
Delight, renewal, joy and liberty:
To them is furtive lure and loathed strife,
That finds and leaves them neither bond nor free.

There is more than a hint of mysticism developed in this volume, though it is a little difficult to characterise. It is scarcely of the theological tinge, but it has all the spiritual quality of religious mysticism. We would say that its theme is human love rather than Divine love, but that it is doubtful whether Mr. Plowman admits any distinction. For him the heart of Eros is very near the heart of Christ: this is one of his "golden

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heresies." It is the poems confessing this element which fling the sharpest challenge to the reader, and it is in them that individuality is most marked. There was a foreshadowing of this in his first volume, but it appears much more definitely here in "The Undertakers," "The Dawn of Day," and "The Banquet." The last-named is an entirely happy achievement, and is the easiest of the three; the other two take more digesting, and in the end are a little unconvincing, a little too mystically obscure.

Of the rest we have small space to speak, but the duologue "Martha and Mary" is interesting, and the characters thoughtfully considered; "Victima Amoris" is a powerful example of Mr. Plowman's austerity, with the conclusive ending:—

But O the kiss of one whose lips
Know no intelligence in love!

And there are several lyrics which reaffirm his admirable mastery of this class of poetry. "The Philosophy Of It" and "The Crimson Poppies" (which ACADEMY readers may remember) are worthy of any lyrical anthology, but we cannot leave a better impression of Mr. Plowman than such as these lines afford:—

I heard them say, "Her hands are hard as stone,"
And I remembered how she laid for me
The road to heaven. They said, "Her hair is grey."
Then I remembered how she once had thrown
Long plaited strands, like cables, into the sea
I battled in—the salt sea of dismay.
They said, "Her beauty's past." And then I wept,
That these, who should have been in love adept,
Against my fount of beauty should blaspheme,
And hearing a new music, miss the theme.

No poetry-lover can afford to overlook Mr. Plowman's golden heresies.

The Montessori System

From Locke to Montessori: A Critical Account of the Montessori Point of View. By WILLIAM BOYD, M.A. (George G. Harrap and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

A CRITICAL account of the Montessori method comes very opportunely at a time when that method is prominently before the public, and is being widely discussed by pedagogues and educational authorities. In December last the London County Council went to the length of sending a selected lady-teacher to Rome to attend a four months' course of training in the Montessori method of teaching. The report was apparently received by the London Education Committee with mixed feelings. It is, however, indisputable that whatever view may be taken of Dr. Montessori's theories in practice her methods have attained a sufficient measure of success to demand that her system should at least be critically examined, if not put to the

test of experiment. Madame Montessori has undoubtedly received credit for a greater degree of originality than she is in strictness entitled to. The respect, however, in which we think that Dr. Boyd and other critics are unduly niggardly in their tribute is that they forget or ignore the fact that whilst others are content to talk, Madame Montessori has accomplished deeds. It is all very well for the present author to say that the Montessori houses for children in Rome are only a makeshift device for the attaining of an object which is only to be achieved by the betterment of the conditions of home life. That may well be, but the fact is that the old evil conditions are allowed to subsist. In the present state of knowledge there is not the least justification for the continued supineness of our attitude toward vital matters such as those which Montessori has boldly tackled, not with large words but with large deeds. We are fully prepared to admit what Dr. Boyd is at great pains to prove, namely, that the Montessori method is largely based upon the results of the teaching of such theorists as Itard and Seguin. The more direct and stronger the connection between her system and those of her predecessors can be shown to be, the more unassailable is the position of Madame Montessori.

We are surprised that Dr. Boyd should have the hardihood to put forward as a defect in the system that it leaves the religious education of small children very much to itself. The essential feature of the system is the principle of freedom and individuality. We are unaware of any religious education which is not the direct negation of this principle. And in these days when no two minds agree upon even the essential foundations of religion, a moment's reflection should have served to show the impossibility of attaining anything save half results in religious teaching. We have had a disastrous enough experience in sooth in our own country in these matters without reviving the smouldering forces of controversy. Apart from this the author's criticisms are for the most part pertinent and trenchant. He frequently points out that many features of the system are illogical, although it is asserted by its originator to be a logical whole. We gather from his remarks that he is not deeply impressed in favour of the educational apparatus used in the system. We agree with him. We further agree that too much regard is had to the personality of the founder of the scheme. For example, this fact accounts for the very slight esteem in which Dr. Montessori holds the natural instinct of play in children. This instinct is the most valuable of all the factors at the disposal of the educator. Rightly directed play is, or should be, the foundation of every system of education which is such in reality and not merely that heterogeneous medley of illogical and anomalous odds and ends which passes for education in this country. As Dr. Boyd shows the principle of freedom is common in greater or less degree to Locke, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel. Freedom is a wide and vague term. We are doubtful if even the Montessori system is not rather a theoretical than a

practical application of the principle. Dr. Boyd pertinently asks why children should not be allowed to do those things which Madame Montessori forbids if they are, in reality, to be free. He further attacks the second root principle of the Montessori system, namely, that of the education of the senses as the basis of the intellectual life of man.

The point involves so many matters of doubt and controversy that we refrain from entering upon the topic. But we are at one with Dr. Boyd in deprecating the foolish attempt which is made by Montessori to gauge mental capacity by measurement. It is high time that this mischievous doctrine of science consisting of exact measurement should be shattered, and that people should once more return to the true view that science includes knowledge of every possible kind, exact and otherwise. No student should take the Montessori system on trust when he has so excellent and impartial an account of it as Dr. Boyd has given us.

Educational Reform

The Schools and Social Reform. By S. J. G. HOARE, M.P. (John Murray. 6d. net.)

The Problem of the Continuation School. By R. H. BEST and C. K. OGDEN, B.A. P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

THESE two valuable and exhaustive pamphlets bear witness to the increasing dissatisfaction with the present condition of national education. But they do much more than this. They offer an important contribution to some solution of the difficult problem. The first is the clear statement of a constructive policy. It is, in fact, the report of a Sub-Committee appointed by the Unionist Social Reform Committee. It is endorsed by the Right Honourable F. E. Smith, who writes an introduction in which he points out that this "expression of the views on education held by Conservatives is extremely opportune. Mr. Pease has promised the nation a Bill on education, to be introduced in the course of the next session. If that Bill ever sees the light under the existing disturbed state of politics, this volume will give the Opposition a standpoint from which it may criticise or amend the proposed Government measure, or, if that measure falls with the Government, it will afford a basis for Unionist legislation in the future."

We are told of the great expenditure of public money on education—£28,000,000 a year. Is this sum so very large compared with the enormous account—between two and three hundred millions a year—on the two items of drink and defence? Be that as it may, is the general result of the expense of education satisfactory? The Committee answer that they "have been impressed by the paradox of two contrasted facts—the efficiency of the administrative machine and its comparatively small effect upon the life of the nation." The pith of this salient criticism lies in the word

"machine." A machine for cutting chaff produces only chaff. A machine for grinding corn produces flour. The value of the result depends upon what is put into the machine. So the educational machine is turning out a considerable amount of chaff, particularly, as is humorously noted, in the shape of "stacks of County Council circulars." The machine may be working smoothly, but it is working on wrong lines. Also, it stops running too soon, and therefore "only dumps thousands of partially-trained children on the unskilled labour market." The question of waste is discussed in three chapters, the waste caused by bad health, the waste of child labour, and the waste of misdirected teaching, and the Committee agree that, if public education is to continue, this waste must be stopped. What, then, are their recommendations? Briefly they are as follows:—

The feeding of starved children should be regarded as part of school medical treatment, therefore the adoption of the Act should be made compulsory. Similarly, medical treatment should also be made compulsory, and should be provided by the State. Also, on grounds of health, the partial exemption of children of elementary school age must be abolished. And there must be a generous provision of special schools for defective children.

In the chapter on misdirected teaching, the Committee express their belief "that the instruction generally given in the elementary schools has not been of the sort best suited for turning out the type of citizen that the country requires." The classes which do manual labour form a huge majority, but the schools, instead of producing intelligent workmen, are turning out clerks, and often very inefficient clerks. "The Committee therefore recommend that manual instruction be essential to every day-school." Here we cannot agree. Not only would the difficulty be enormous, but the advisability is doubtful. Nor do the Committee appear to grasp one of the most serious defects in our modern system—which we have already pointed out in a former article on education—that the solid ground-work of elementary teaching has been seriously impaired by the invasion of unnecessary subjects which encroach on valuable time. It is true that the Committee strongly advise the establishment of continuation classes, which they consider should be compulsory for boys and girls from the age at which they leave the elementary school until seventeen.

This brings us to the second pamphlet under notice, which is in the first place an excellent account of the practical working of Continuation Schools in Germany. Mr. Best writes "as a manufacturer who, during the course of business, has been intimately in touch with Germany, and has witnessed the extraordinary development of that country during the past fifty years."

Mr. Ogden has visited many of the leading centres of industry and education in Germany, and made a special study of the schools and conditions in the industrial area. Also, he has translated Dr. Kerschensteiner's "Grundfagen der Schulorganisation," to be published immediately under the title "The Schools

and the Nation." The Germans have boldly tackled the difficult problem of reducing the drift of children into "blind-alley" occupations, which in a few years results in a large class of adults unfit for serious trade or even satisfactory employment. In Germany, continuation schools are worked in this way. Attendance is compulsory for about eight hours every week. Young people may follow any employment they can get, but their employers are compelled to allow them the requisite time for attendance at the schools. An admirable detailed account, with full-page illustrations, is given of the large number of various subjects in which practical instruction is given. There are branches for toolmakers, gunsmiths, shoemakers, bakers, butchers, cooks, gardeners, etc., etc. Even waiters, hairdressers, and chimney-sweeps are not overlooked. The buildings are quite splendid. Every possible modern appliance is provided, and, needless to say, the best of teachers. English educationists should notice that, out of the seven or eight hours a week, one is devoted to religion. And what is the result of this work? In those towns where there are continuation schools, a remarkable diminution in the numbers of those who follow "blind-alley" occupations or run the streets. The object of this pamphlet is to try and break down the characteristic English attitude towards any advance in education, viz., an indifferent apathy or even open antagonism. We strongly recommend it to County Council Committees of Education, to school-managers, and to all interested in the future welfare of the country. It is well worth reading.

P. A. M. S.

Towards Utopia

Interpretations and Forecasts. By VICTOR BRANFORD.
(Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

To say that the author of this highly elaborated "study of survivals and tendencies in contemporary society" presents himself as an apostle and exponent of Sociology is not, perhaps, to convey a very precise idea of its scope and purport. For Sociology, like the Socialism with which it is sometimes confounded, is apt to acquire varying meanings in the mouths of its individual interpreters. It does not mean quite the same thing to Mr. Victor Branford, for instance, as it meant to Herbert Spencer, who, as we gather from this volume, had his limitations as an expounder of the science. Mr. Branford has therefore done well in setting forth, with dictionary-like precision, what it is that he understands, and invites us to understand, by the term. "Sociology," he tells us, "is, or at least has set out to be, the science of the social kingdom." So far, so good; though the definition, in itself, does not take us a very long way. Exactly what, in his view, "the social kingdom" connotes, and how the science of which he is so zealous a professor is to be practically applied to its evolution, he has been at great pains to elucidate in the series of papers in which he here asks us, "looking before and after," to survey

the progress of civilised society towards the attainment of his ideals.

Roughly to summarise Mr. Branford's doctrine, one may say that he takes the idea of a co-operative citizenship, evolved on the lines of a kind of glorified mutual improvement society, as the infallible specific for the social, intellectual, and spiritual betterment of the race; and he pins his faith to the world-redeeming influence to be exercised jointly by that "science and art of social humanity" which he calls "Civics," and by an applied theory of Eugenics less crude in its methods and ideals than that which has been so unattractively advocated within very recent years.

All that is here urged in favour of corporate effort for the attainment of higher standards of culture and an enhanced appreciation of everything that makes for the joy and beauty of life must command general and ready assent. The City Beautiful is a vision to which it is well worth while to endeavour to give substance, and the corporate uplifting of its citizens by the power of education, art, and æsthetic refinement is an ideal which only a Bæotian could despise. But it is the common failing of all who put their trust exclusively in these influences that they do not take sufficiently into account the potent factor of individual character, which defeats, and ever will defeat, all attempts to mould societies of men and women into a single uniform pattern. Mr. Branford, to do him justice, seems to have an inkling of this weakness in the position of the enthusiast for "elevating" communities *en masse*; for we find him writing of the Sociologist, in the closing chapter of this book:—

His "science" is often indefinite and even inhuman, and therefore no real science at all, because it lacks an adequate basis in concrete and comprehensive observation of actual persons and houses, of definite villages and cities.

But he might have added that there are "actual persons" by the hundreds in every community who, by character and mental temperament, are incapable of being moved by any kind of appeal except that directed to their sordid material interests; and upon whom the influence of art, of culture, of beautiful surroundings, of all the other weapons in Mr. Branford's sociological armoury, is hopelessly inoperative. It is the old, familiar stumbling-block of the *doctrinaire* Collectivist reformer, Socialist or Sociologist—this blind persistence in ignoring individuality, and in regarding human beings as capable of being guided or enticed in a docile herd along any road that may seem to the well-meaning theorist an avenue of approach to an earthly paradise.

Strange and perverse as it must appear to these enthusiastic devisers of infallible machinery for turning out "the perfect citizen" by the gross, to a regulation pattern, there is something in the very idea which kindles the spirit of revolt in the more independent order of mind. There are many people, thoroughly amenable to the elevating influences upon which reformers like Mr.

Branford rely, who cherish an insuperable repugnance to the notion of being "improved" on a cut-and-dried system by sociological drill-sergeants, and marshalled towards Utopia in battalions. In these matters, as in others, they prefer to work out their own salvation—or, it may be, to take their chance of stumbling upon the path that leads upward, without the assistance even of the best-intentioned fuglemen. By such people—and they will exist in multitudes as long as the world lasts—the apostle of Sociology, with his educational, artistic, and other formulæ, is contemned as an irritating meddler, whose excellence of motive is rendered nugatory by his incapacity to realise that one man's meat—in the words of the homely proverb—is another man's poison, and that human happiness is an individual and not a collective endowment.

All this, however, does not diminish our respect for the signal ability which Mr. Branford has brought to bear upon the exposition of his doctrines of social betterment, and conspicuously upon his retrospective survey of the various factors which he regards as having tended to the evolution of good citizenship and the advancement of "corporate morality" in past ages. Among these factors he gives the foremost place to the influence of womanhood, though it is interesting to note that he considers that influence to find its rightful expression in the moral and spiritual rather than in the political sphere. To the drama he assigns an educative power of the highest value, and the papers in which he traces the working of that power as exercised in the old-time miracle play and "morality" are especially instructive. The present age he admittedly regards as a period of transition, and he looks to a future when "Civics" and "Eugenics," in triumphant combination, shall have realised that ideal of the perfect social life to which the enthusiastic theorist of all periods has bidden his disciples to direct their gaze. Some of us, whose will to believe is embarrassed by the recollection that human nature, despite all mental and physical culture, remains much the same in all ages, may fail to be convinced that the New Jerusalem will ever find its counterpart in this imperfect world. But we shall be none the less ready to agree that Mr. Branford has given us a remarkable and a very stimulating book.

The question of utilising public collections in teaching is very much to the fore at the moment, and the honorary secretary of the Selborne Society, Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, has arranged a special Children's Museum at the Children's Welfare Exhibition, which will be open at Olympia until April 30. On the living side, of which Mr. Webb makes a great point, there are marine and fresh-water aquaria, vivaria, and a wild flower table, as well as a number of microscopes for demonstrating pond-life. The mounted specimens include some very interesting series dealing with natural history, and the whole exhibit will prove useful to teachers as well as attractive to young people.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

No. II.—TO MISS MARIE CORELLI.

MADAM,—I learnt recently with real interest that you had completed negotiations with a new publisher for the issue of your next novel: it was said, with what truth of course I am not in a position to judge, that you had secured terms 25 per cent. better than those offered by the old firm. Whether that be true or false, I have no means of ascertaining. We all know, on your own authority, that the world of gossip takes an unholy pleasure in misrepresenting and maligning you; the point that matters is that you have decided to make any sort of change. It is entirely in keeping with the view you have, I believe, always held that authors should learn to look after their own affairs. Not to do so is to proclaim to the world their business incapacity, and, as authors have been doing that ever since publishers first came into existence, I can only take it that in this respect, as in so many others, you are an exception to the commonly accepted rule that literary genius and business acumen are incompatible.

Of course, I do not suggest that royalties and miserable considerations of the amount which is to be advanced against the sale of the initial hundred thousand copies of any novel you may write, are your first thought. Mammon has no message for you. Have you not said, "If I could not make a penny by it, I should still write, and still love writing"? Was the true artistic temperament ever put in simpler or more convincing words? And yet there comes a moment when the artistic temperament surrenders itself to the cash nexus which the sage of Chelsea somewhere points out is the line of demarcation between status and contract. May I extend my humble meed of admiration to one who can thus step down periodically from the Olympian heights to participate in the vulgar bargainings of the market-place? Art may take courage from your example, and, if one of the eminence of the author of "The Sorrows of Satan" can thus secure herself without the intervention of a mere agent, why not votaries to whom every shilling gained or saved is a matter of infinitely greater moment?

There is really nothing astonishing in your resolution to conduct your own affairs. Independence is the keynote of your philosophy of life. You have proved this in your attitude towards criticism of your work. It is, no doubt, amazing that the essential beauties and the master-craftsmanship of "A Romance of Two Worlds" should not have been appreciated by the professional critic when tens of thousands of people detected them for themselves. Is the secret that which you discovered long ago? Do these wicked professional scribes really descend to the barbarity of attacking something they have never read, and, if so, why should they select you, of all people, for victim? I admit that, if you sought a way of putting their backs up in regard to subsequent efforts, you took the very shortest cut to the accomplishment of your pur-

pose when you declared war on them as a body and issued that epoch-making special notice, holding them up to the contempt of a public which looks to them for guidance. In effect it ran: "No copies of any future book of Miss Marie Corelli's will be sent out for review. If the pressman wants a copy, he can buy it like any ordinary person, at a bookseller's. He can pay 4s. 6d., if he wishes to have the pleasure of delivering himself of his venom." It would not be chivalrous in me to suggest that in my view this is a unique example of the unfitness of woman to meet the public and professional enemy as men meet him. I have never noticed any peculiarly tender regard for the susceptibilities of others when you have deemed it your duty to oppose them on any subject. The truth is, though one can hardly expect you to admit this, your critics have so often exposed the absurdities and the pretentious crudities of your work, and left you no loophole for effective reply that you have been driven back upon that worst of all defences — personal animus. This is much to be regretted, because I am not alone in thinking that you have in you the makings of a real literary force if you could only be induced to take a more modest view of the quality of your work as it leaves your hand: the power of auto-criticism is not among the gifts which have been vouchsafed to you. What you have written you have written, and that is the end of the matter. Anyone who does not accept it at your own valuation is either incompetent or prejudiced. You alone are the child of light, and those who have the temerity to say anything to the contrary are just imps of darkness.

One who has enjoyed the blessing of such diverse and exalted personages as the late King Edward, Mr. Gladstone, Tennyson, and Bishop Wilberforce may, perhaps, be justified in thinking she has some kind of mission beyond that of more ordinary mortals. It is no reflection on you, but it is a reflection on any Christian and scholar that he should treat a fantastic jumble of pseudo-religion and pseudo-science as good either for humanity or religion. That you approach the Gospel story in a spirit of pure reverence I do not doubt, but you have certainly not left it the "grandly simple story" you found it. You appear to have come to the conclusion that modern scientific developments demand a new apostle of Christ and that the world might not go far astray if it looked for such an apostle in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon. Modern science has presented us with many manifestations which verge on the miraculous, but it has done nothing which carries us quite the length of your conception of the Almighty as "a Shape of pure Electric Radiance," and of Christ's ascension into Heaven as establishing our electric communication with the Creator. It is rather a pity, from the mere showman point of view, that you conceived the great idea of the Electric Presence quite so soon: if you had waited a few years, Marconi might have provided a still more striking means of communication between the earth and the world beyond. It is not easy to read in these days of "the Redeemer stepping out of the Inner Circle" with-

out feeling that a greater significance attached to the electrification of our railways than any of us had hitherto realised. At this Easter-time especially the incongruity of the conception strikes one with peculiar force.

I am all with you in the often powerful protest you have uttered against the hypocrisy and the abnegation of religion, in some of our latter-day methods. Your sincerity is beyond question; I am not prepared to risk controversy by throwing out any sort of suggestion that you were intent merely to make a sensation; but you have unfortunately adopted a line which has brought the sublime so near the ridiculous that you have given the very people at whom you have aimed your shafts occasion only to laugh. Others deplore your handling of sacred topics as downright blasphemy.

I am, Madam, Yours Obediently,
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Shorter Reviews

Luther and the Reformation. By LEONARD D. AGATE, M.A. *Schopenhauer.* By MARGRIETA BEER, M.A. *The Foundations of Religion.* By STANLEY COOK, MA. *A History of Rome.* By A. F. GILES, M.A. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. each net.)

NEARLY one hundred of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's People's Book have now been published. The full list covers a very wide range of subjects, in science, history, biography, religion, philosophy, and literature. The publishers and the general editor, Mr. H. C. O'Neill, are to be congratulated on undertaking this scheme and carrying it out so successfully. They have secured the co-operation of men and women of ability in all departments. The compression of great subjects into short studies of less than one hundred pages is no easy endeavour. But so far as we may judge from the copies before us, which we have read with much interest, the work is well done. Adopting the metaphor of one of the writers, these little books may correctly be described as gateways of knowledge. In the case of those who are trying to educate themselves, they might lead to the pathway of further learning; while to the partially educated they should bring much additional light. And for the great majority, who do not lay claim to the rank of scholars, they are most convenient books of reference. A complete set would make quite a valuable encyclopædic shelf in any library.

Of those we are asked to consider, Mr. Agate's volume on Luther is admirably done, and a controversial period is treated with conspicuous fairness and a laudable freedom from religious bias. It is well worth reading. The study of Schopenhauer and his philosophy is excellent. "The Foundations of Religion," though good in itself, strikes us as a book in which

a beginner would find himself very much out of his depth. The History of Rome is well written, chiefly on constitutional lines: a sketch—it does not profess to be more—but a useful one. Primers are not exactly royal roads to learning, nor are these books exactly primers. They are really useful introductions and sketches, and those who know how to use such hand-books would do well to obtain a complete list of the subjects.

The Influence of Pater and Matthew Arnold in the Prose Writings of Oscar Wilde. By ERNST BENDZ. (H. Grevel and Co. 3s. net.)

To what extent the task of tracing influences of one writer in the work of another is interesting to the reader depends almost entirely upon the skill and critical equipment of the one who undertakes that task. It is open to anybody with the gift of a fluent pen to take a set of books and to draw comparisons and analogies, to indicate similarities and passages that seem to show plagiarism; but the result may be extremely disappointing, and such laborious literary researches are not often very useful. Mr. Ernst Bendz has been painstaking and thoroughly sincere in the writing of this book, but we fear that the result will not make a wide appeal. The two essays forming the bulk of the treatise were originally published in a Helsingfors review in 1912 and 1913. His mastery of our language is notable; his introduction forms a complete and valuable essay in itself. Further than this, we do not see that any very useful purpose is served by the preparation of the work and its issue as a book. A few students will be interested, without doubt, for there are some remarkable resemblances to be traced on the lines suggested; but the value of the whole business as a contribution to critical literature is questionable.

What Federalism is Not. By FREDERICK S. OLIVER. (John Murray. 6d. net.)

THE Home Rule Bill of 1912 was presented to Parliament as a step towards the institution of a Federal system for the British Isles. It could have been presented in no other guise; for if it had been propounded as a self-contained settlement it would have been an avowed attempt to stereotype the following conditions: That Britain should carry to completion an enormous capital commitment to enable Irish tenants to become freeholders, should pay Ireland a yearly cash subvention of two millions, discharge Ireland's proportionate due to Imperial expenditure to the extent of about four millions annually, and forgo all practical control of Irish affairs while tolerating the continuation of Irish interference, and possible dominance, in the whole range of affairs surveyed by the Parliament at Westminster. Since Parnell's days the Irish Nationalist leaders have always proceeded on the assumption that British electors are people who can be victimised *ad*

libitum; but the Home Rule proposals of 1912 were too impudent to be presented without a saving clause. So the intelligence of Liberals was successfully insulted by the pretence that Home Rule as prescribed for Ireland was the preliminary to federation for the whole realm.

Mr. Oliver has concisely and conclusively shown how gross the insult to the intelligence of Liberals was, and that the Home Rule Bill of 1912 is an attempt to offer something which shall encourage the secessionist aspirations of "Sinn Fein" while reassuring apprehensive British Whigs, and deliver Ireland to her agrarian protectionists without silencing the cooing of the Cobden Club. It was conceived in duplicity and brought forth in hypocrisy, and the honest federalist who is inclined to take it to his bosom finds, on a closer view, that he can only drop it with disgust.

Children of the Hills: Tales and Sketches of Western Ireland in the Old Time and the Present Day. By DERMOT O'BYRNE. (Maunsell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE work of the Gaelic League has given a new impetus to Irish literature, and many Irish authors have been collecting old folk-lore stories or writing graphic sketches of modern peasant life. Ireland is still surrounded by that marvellous glamour of poetry and romance which has ever enveloped the Celtic peoples. In fact, romance is the very genius of the race, and in the Middle Ages Celtic romance produced a literature which, as Renan says, "exercised an immense influence, changed the current of European civilisation, and imposed its poetical motives on nearly the whole of Christendom." Nor is this wonderful romance dead to-day. At least it has seen a remarkable resurrection, a revival destined to exercise a new and important influence in a material and commercial age.

Mr. O'Byrne's tales and sketches are taken from Western Ireland of the old time and in the present day. Some have already appeared in the art periodical *Orpheus*, and two in the *Irish Review*.

The two studies, "Through the Rain" and "The Lifting of the Veil" are highly imaginative, yet breathe the spirit of that belief in human reincarnation peculiar to Oriental races, which the Celts may have brought with them in the earliest movement westward. We should like to know how far there is any evidence that this belief may linger still anywhere in Christian Ireland. "Hunger" is a curious account of the loss of an early MS., and indirectly points to the veneration in which books were held in old days. "Seanoidin" is a weird and romantic story of the fervour of Celtic passion.

In "Ancient Dominions" the author pictures a survival of pagan and Druidic worship in a secret and wonderful cave near the roar of the Atlantic surges. No doubt, faery and other superstitions may be found in plenty among the Celts, but we wonder again how

far his statement is fact when he says that "those who are intimate with the soul of the Gaelic peasant know that the God of the Christian is only one amongst a Pantheon of hidden dominations, lovely and terrible?"

This seems to us a distorted view of the deep Christian faith of all the Celtic peoples. Be that as it may, Mr. O'Byrne is gifted with a powerful imagination, and his stories are illumined with the mystic light of a charming romance.

The Effect of Taxes on Food Stuffs: When and Why a Tax on Food Stuffs Does Not Increase the Cost to the Consumer. By BERNARD DALE. (Effingham Wilson. 2s. net.)

WE fear that this very valuable little book is likely to prove "caviare to the general." It is not easily intelligible to those who are not grounded in political economy, and the substance of it is a close argument on "the principles which regulate the formation of price in market transactions and the application of these principles to the incidence of duties on food stuffs"—the application being conducted "in the light of the doctrine of marginal utility." Mr. Dale states his conclusion in the following terms:—"The result is to show that a tax on that portion of the supply of food stuffs finding sale in England which is produced under the more favourable circumstances would not increase the cost of the whole supply unless the tax exceeds in amount the value of the differential advantage possessed by the owner of such portion, or, if there is more than one such favoured portion, does not exceed in amount the value of the differential advantage possessed by the owner of the least favoured of the favoured portions." The author advocates this doctrine with great cogency and much erudition; it brings him into conflict with pontifical utterances of the highest dignitaries, past and present, of British political economy, but he is in spirit a Luther of market philosophy, and is as ready to attack the dispensation of J. S. Mill as he is to contradict Lord George Hamilton. Every zealous Tariff Reformer should add Mr. Dale's book to his armoury, and Free Traders whose Cobdenism is not merely an example of acquired tendency inherited, and therefore congenital and safe, should study it as a stimulus to the provision of defence against a dangerous attack.

The future of the musical profession, and especially the need for better organisation, is the subject of a new book, "The Future of Musicians," by Mr. Emile Krall, to be published shortly by Messrs. Bell. This work is likely to arouse lively interest in the musical world, as it touches many points now being freely discussed. The main object of the author is to describe and advocate a scheme of professional organisation designed to consolidate the profession and place it on a satisfactory economic basis.

Fiction

Kicks and Ha'pence. By HENRY STACE. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

IN a quiet way, and without any extravagance of phrasing or straining after impressive style, Mr. Stace tells in this novel of the struggles of a young clerk of very modest equipment as to brains and a truly pitiful knack of servility and embarrassment in the presence of authority. "Struggles," perhaps, is too strong a word, for the poor little "hero," when confronted by difficulty or emergency, could manage at best a feeble wriggle or two. This theme may not seem very promising; but in this writer's hands it gives keen interest, and we have been compelled to follow the story closely, with a sense of pleasure that increased as the plot progressed. The clerk, being discharged through a misunderstanding as to some missing money, becomes a tea-canvasser, and his duties take him into the country; the account of his experiences, his realisation that the seasons of the year meant more than he had ever known, is very well done indeed. And yet he remains unambitious; he has no notion of raising himself, of making events serve his purpose; he is moulded by whatever forces come his way. His landladies, his love-affair, his final scrap of good fortune, all hold the attention, and if, as we suppose, this is the author's first novel, he is to be congratulated. His work is not unknown to readers of this paper, and he has that calm, effective method which is one of the best equipments of the novelist who values the possibilities of language.

Tania. By MERIEL BUCHANAN. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

THROUGH her characters, Miss Buchanan calls attention more than once to the fact that she is writing melodrama, and it is curious that, being conscious of this, she persists in it, though in justice it must be admitted that it is very good melodrama. The story of *Tania* involves that of two men, Paul and Serge; the former loved her truly and well, while the latter, having loved and ridden away in her youth, comes back when she is engaged to Paul, and is partly instrumental in breaking off the engagement. But *Tania* understands, after Paul has gone, that she loves him too much for her peace of mind, and the greater part of the story is taken up with her efforts to get back to him, in spite of the fact that Serge has persuaded her into an engagement with himself.

Such things as blind, murderous rages, throbbing foreheads, feverish gaiety, and weariful scorn, attest the character of the work and the youth of the worker, for these are old properties, belonging rather to the serial or novelette than to the library novel. But, in spite of such drawbacks, there is in the story the right note—sounding weakly with such accompani-

ments, it is true, yet present and evident. Except for the names of persons and places, this might as well have been called a story of South Sea or London life, for there is little sense of locality—the people alone interest the writer, evidently. Admitting the imperfections of this book, we look for more work from the same pen, and trust that with more experience the author will learn that *clichés* of the kind perpetrated here must be avoided.

Gilbert Ray. By E. HUGHES-GIBB. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)

IN this novel Mrs. Hughes-Gibb presents a sympathetic study of a certain temperament. Gilbert Ray is an idealist, and an idealist he remains throughout the story. But, in the opening chapters, we find him moving about in worlds not realised. What is lacking to him is a knowledge of real life. It comes to him in various ways. He finds himself the guardian of an orphan child. He begins to take an interest in industrial questions. His thoughts turn to Socialism, but he is quick to detect the danger of that much-advertised panacea for all the ills of the world. And then he falls in love. The object of his affections, however,—and it is here that Mrs. Hughes-Gibb imposes a somewhat severe strain upon our credulity—refuses to marry him unless he definitely adopts the Socialistic creed. So, true to his principles, he renounces marriage, and drifts through life a sort of vague philanthropist, preaching a creed of mysticism to the unimaginative ironworkers among whom he has chosen to live. Death comes at last: and one may infer that it comes as a deliverance. There are not too many Gilbert Rays in the world, and the author of this novel may be thanked for her vividly realised picture of a noble, impracticable, lovable soul, “who through weakness was made strong.”

The Trend. By WILLIAM ARKWRIGHT. (John Lane. 6s.)

IT is difficult, in spite of an announcement of a previous novel by the same author on the flyleaf, to recognise this book as other than a first attempt, for there is so much crudity in the first chapters, and so great an improvement as the story proceeds, that it is as if the author had learnt to write while compiling the story. At the opening, it is stilted, dull work; the middle chapters are marked by overdone epigram and prosy cleverness, and the end is very nearly a fine tragedy of the kind that Algernon Blackwood does so well. Through it all runs the fault of which the singer hero is accused; the author stands back, and never gets into touch with his characters; the hand of the craftsman is evident all the time, and we see more of the writer than of his work. This may appear like mere

carping, but a perusal of the book—or even of a part—will attest the reality of these faults.

The story is that of a composer who found a singer in a Derbyshire Arcadia, trained him, and through him achieved fame—but the singer's part in the cantata which brought fame to its composer included the representation of a burning at the stake, and the playing of the part became so real to the singer that it killed him at the first performance. There are other things and other people in the book, of course, but this bare outline of the plot will be sufficient to show that only genius of the highest order could save such a situation from bathos. It says much for the author that there is but the suspicion, but we would recommend him to try simpler themes, and leave out the “clever” conversations, when he writes again.

Some New French Plays

IN “L'Epervier,” at the Ambigu-Comique, M. de Croisset draws the characters of unscrupulous yet seductive cosmopolitan nobles, and of a chivalrous, sympathetic young diplomat. None could do so better, for the author, though a naturalised Frenchman, is of an essentially cosmopolitan origin; besides, he possesses a gay and witty impertinence, and his experience of life is startling and complex. Though Belgian-born, he had little trouble to forget his accent and his Semitic origin, and with the elegant appellation of de Croisset, he adapted himself so well that in a very short time he became one of the most Parisian of Parisian authors. The basis of the subject of “L'Epervier” is much the same as that treated by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton in “The Duke's Son”: the gambling unscrupulousness of two adventurers. It will certainly rank as one of M. de Croisset's best plays. He has treated the dramatic situation with a vigorous sobriety which we were not accustomed to find in his works, and which throws into full value the graceful, witty and tender scenes. Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat personifies the irresistible Marina, and proves herself once more a consummate artist, but without much charm or magnetism. She is elegant and distinguished, she plays very justly, but does not dominate her audience. M. André Brulé's natural gifts of insolence and haughtiness find free play in the rôle of Dazetta; in the third act he has accents of profound emotion which have won him favour. The chivalrous diplomat is M. Roger Monteaux, who does not excel in the part. Several other persons of less importance are well interpreted by Mme. Rosa Bruck, Jane Sabrier, Armand Bour and Lucien Brulé.

“La Victime,” by MM. Vanderem and Franc Nohain, has obtained a success at the Comédie des Champs Elysées. It is not, as its title seems to suggest, a drama, but a deliciously subtle comedy, in which a question of great moment is treated under an appearance of paradox. In nearly all divorce cases the general sympathy goes to the child; in this play we

are shown the disastrous moral effect of the abnormal life of a little boy living alternately with his mother and father, who each try to retain his affection by showering on him presents, attentions and pleasures. But the authors have especially noted that, if the parents manifest such ardent demonstrations of love, it is not so much out of a disinterested affection for the child as from an ugly desire of spiting each other. At the last, after a series of delicately toned scenes, through poor little Gégé's unwilling mediation, they become reconciled. Everybody is happy except Gégé, who sees the days of unlimited bliss he spent during his parents' separation drawing to an end. He has done all he possibly could to retard the reconciliation, which he divined with terror was inevitable, for he knows that as soon as his parents resume their married life they will be so preoccupied by their quarrels and dissensions that they will continue to forget his welfare.

Gégé is played by Juliette Malherbe, aged eleven, who is perfectly astounding. During the three acts she is continually on the stage and has not one error or lapse of memory. She fully understands the complex sentiments which agitate poor Gégé, and is already quite an old artist; for she made her first appearance at three years of age! The part of Janine, the girl friend of Gégé, is taken by Mlle. Odette Carlia, aged eight, who is also very remarkable; but she is eclipsed by the really superior talent of Mlle. Malherbe. It is said that a keen rivalry exists between the two miniature artists!

Mme. Jeanne Lion has created with her accustomed talent the *rôle* of the mother of Gégé. She is elegant and sympathetic, and possesses a very charming voice—but perhaps rather exaggerates the poses of her neck and head. She is, however, really very handsome. The other parts are well held by M. Arvel and Paul Chevalet.

"La Danseuse de Tanagra," an opera presented at the Gaité-Lyrique, shows the danger of being curious. Karysta, a little Tanagrian dancer, wishes to know the future. The mother of her lover Seppeos reveals to her that she will dance three times more, and then die. In order to evade this fate Seppeos decides that she shall dance no more, and takes her away. Passing through Rome one day they meet Messalina, accompanied by her favourite consul, Silius. Messalina, escorted by nude dancers and musicians and flower-strewers, is struck by the fine physique of Seppeos. Silius, who is fair-haired and has quite a wicked eye, soon notices the frail beauty of Karysta. But the chaste Egyptian refuses to understand the purpose of Messalina's insinuations, and thus attracts the wrath of the Empress. To save him Karysta dances, once, twice, being between times occupied in escaping from the importunate attentions of Silius. And thus her fate is going to be accomplished. But Messalina, who cannot pardon those who resist her, persuades Seppeos by a ruse that Karysta has listened to Silius' ardent protestations. Seppeos immediately wishes to kill himself, and believing it to be poison, he drinks a

narcotic which the tigerish Empress presents to him in a gilded cup.

Karysta appears, and Messalina shows her the body of Seppeos, who is sleeping the sleep of the innocent and pure of heart in the midst of an infernal din. Karysta believes him dead, and when she is asked by Silius to dance a third time does not hesitate to comply, although she knows she is committing suicide. At that moment Seppeos naturally wakes: he sees the girl taking an active part in the orgy, and his wrath knows no bounds. He strikes her, and she falls back dying. Then the sympathetic Messalina tells him that Karysta is pure and worthy of his love. He kills himself. Everybody retires while Messalina, who is sentimental at times, throws rose-leaves over the bodies of the lovers, united at last.

Such is the libretto of "La Danseuse de Tanagra," which is a pretext for showing us legs of all kinds and shapes; happily, some are quite agreeable to contemplate, we must admit. Still, it is a rather surprising work for the popular Gaité-Lyrique; and it reminds us more of a music-hall revue than an opera. Mlle. Brozia is a very handsome Messalina, with a fine voice, but though she has recourse to all her talent and physical qualities, she does not succeed in rendering the dissolute Empress very interesting or original. M. Valette expresses with much energy the good resolutions of the virtuous Egyptian, and Mme. Lambert Guillaume is a delicate Karysta with a delicious voice; but when she dances, one cannot imagine why Silius is so much enchanted thereby.

MARC LOGE.

Beyrout

THE globe-trotter, alighting fortuitously at Beyrout, will find little in the general aspect of the town to arouse his enthusiasm. Distance, that soothing and mellowing influence, must first be requisitioned in order to bring home to the wanderer's soul, albeit in a subtle way, the charm which too close a scrutiny of the streets and houses might dispel. For it is in its relation to its environment that this Sentinel of the Eastern Mediterranean may justly claim more than a passing glance from the deck of the tourist steamer that condescends to cast anchor off the harbour, for the purpose of giving the more ambitious sightseers an opportunity of a visit to Damascus. This railway journey takes nine hours, and the distance traversed is some ninety miles. Since, however, the line rises from the coast to well over 4,000 feet in crossing the Lebanon, the truly Eastern rate of progress is easily accounted for.

Few cities are more favourably located than Beyrout. From the æsthetic point of view it is anything but a disappointment to the visitor approaching from the sea. It stands on a headland of the Syrian coast which helps to form St. George's Bay, so named as being a traditional site of that worthy hero's performances. The beautiful waters of the Mediterranean, whose gorgeous

blue and soft limpidity defy while they invite description, bathe the rocky shores on the north and west sides of the town. To the south lies a broad expanse of sand, blown by the south-western winds into dunes that peep inquisitively over the housetops at man's more immediate domain. To the east of the town a fertile plain stretches away to the mountains of Lebanon, whose lower slopes are but three or four miles distant.

This famous range, running north and south parallel with the coast-line, forms a magnificent background which sets off Beyrout to great advantage. Though detrimental to trade with the interior of the country, owing to the obstacle it presents to traffic, the lover of Nature will willingly condone this affront to man's commercial aspirations in consideration of the majesty of the "everlasting hills." Sunnin, the highest point visible from the town, looks down serenely with 8,000 feet of superiority. The residents of Beyrout love to retreat to the heights during the hot months; in Syria, however, the summer sun's steady glare is almost as relentless at altitudes of thousands of feet as at sea-level.

The population of the town may be estimated at 190,000. The people are known as Syrians, and they claim descent from the Phœnicians. Whether their title to such a remote ancestry can be substantiated or not, they certainly manifest trading propensities similar to those which distinguished the historic bargainers. A lively trade is carried on, Beyrout being the principal port in Syria. French influence is very strongly felt, and it is to the French that thanks are due for the building of the harbour, the gas lighting of the town, and the construction of the railway to Damascus. A more recent addition to such Western improvements is the Belgian electric tramway system—a great boon to the inhabitants.

Great antiquity attaches to Beyrout. It came under the sway of the Romans, who had a famous school of law here. An earthquake destroyed the town in the sixth century, and it is to be hoped that future records of this—the ancient Berytus—will not be made conspicuous by a renewal of such violent attentions on the part of Nature. In the year A.D. 1840 it rained cannon-balls in Beyrout: this time the English Fleet was responsible.

Judging from the number of educational institutions to be found here, the amount of erudition to be gained should be considerable. The reputation of Beyrout as a seat of learning is being heroically sustained, and in the van of the scholastic army we find the Syrian Protestant College, a university of noteworthy size, said to be the largest American institution outside the borders of the United States. Within its walls over nine hundred students, Syrian, Egyptian, Armenian, Greek and others, diligently pursue their studies in the departments of Arts, Medicine and Commerce.

One curious feature presented to the visitor is the quaint conglomeration of colour which meets the gaze. Here is a happy hunting-ground for riotous tints and hues. No species of paint comes amiss to the builder

with which to decorate the exterior of his house. Here are to be seen buildings, white, blue, red, yellow and green, topped with ubiquitous red-tiled roofs. And yet the general effect is not unpleasing, and, on the whole, satisfies the eye. It is all in keeping with the various green tints of the plain, the blue of sea and sky, the lights and shades of Lebanon.

The government of the town is, of course, in Turkish hands, although the number of Turks residing here outside the official circle is small. Of the various religious sects represented, those of Christian faith form the larger part of the population, the Moslem element constituting roughly two-fifths of the whole. As in all centres of trade, the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are in evidence, though not in such large numbers as might be expected. A feature of religious distinctions in this country is their political significance, which often tends to overshadow the more spiritual consideration.

The system of money circulating in Beyrout is the despair of the tourist and the valuable ally of any unscrupulous dragoman. Within its intricacies many a little fairy tale may find a safe retreat. It is hardly possible to conceive a more illogically complex and hopeless medium of exchange; and the attempts of the newcomer to grapple with the puzzle are pathetic. Strangely enough, for purposes of accounting our own system is more troublesome than the "piastres" and "paras." It is the handling and reckoning of the coins themselves that calls for mathematical gifts of no mean order, owing to the disproportionate values they possess.

Beyrout has few objects of historical interest to the blasé traveller; nor is it a typically Oriental town, owing to its position on the sea-board, which has served to introduce a large foreign element, with its usual leavening properties. In spite of its unpretentious character, however, it succeeds in winning for itself kindest remembrances in the minds of those who have made it their home for any length of time. The older foreign residents note with amusement how this spell of the East reveals itself in the return of one after another who, after having left the shores of Syria, must needs submit once more to the constraining charm. This attraction is probably traceable to the climatic conditions which prevail, apart from the country itself. To one grown accustomed to the clear atmosphere and genial sunshine of Syria, the depressing gloom existing in so many Western cities is a thing unpleasant to endure, and the instinctive sun-worshipper reverts—in imagination at least—to his old basking ground. In the East, time loses while natural life gains in value. Man exerts less influence; Nature augments her own. Existence becomes simpler, but more real. Here the emptiness of fame is realised, in the face of the cosmos, silent and unrelenting, working out its own ends.

The routine of Beyrout life would not suit everyone. The feverish seeker after wealth, or the aspirant to renown in the world's affairs, might advisedly seek a more promising field from which to reap the harvest of

his energy and enterprise. But Beyrout is loved of her own, in spite of the streets too often in need of repair, the inadequate sanitation, the plague of vagrant beggars and free-food dogs. And when day is closing in and the refuge of home is sought, and there is borne on the ear the dreamy cadence of the muezzin's call to prayer, a mystic influence steals athwart life's path and bears the victim uncomplaining in its train. Let us wander to the shore and welcome the first beams of the rising moon. Over high Lebanon she comes, clear and full, and across the bay is thrown the image of her glorious and silvery highway. One sound, restless, eternal, wakens undying echoes. It is the surging and moaning sea.

E. J. G.

Scotland on the Equator

THE most vivid impression left by a ride ten thousand feet above ocean level in the Aberdare Mountains, which tower between Kenia and the Rift Valley, is the strange if superficial resemblance of the flora and the closer approximation of climate and landscape to those of North Britain. The ride itself, on mule-back, from the bed of the Rift Valley, is a grim climb into the clouds, since, though Lake Naivasha, the starting point from the main line of the Uganda Railway, lies nearly seven thousand feet higher than Mombasa, the remaining three or four thousand feet are covered in two stages. The first takes us up two not very imposing escarpments a few miles from the lake, and across a broad and grassy plateau, teeming with ostrich, zebra, and hartebeeste, inhabited also by lion, leopard, and other wild game, to the foot of the Aberdares, where camp is pitched that evening. The real climb comes next morning, when, the safari of Kikuyu porters having been sent on in advance, the forester and myself start out on mules an hour or two later. Even here, in the foothills, the keen morning air strikes a very unaccustomed note after weeks at Mombasa and even at Nairobi, but at the summit of the Aberdares, where we camped that evening on the banks of a lovely trout stream, my thermometer registered three degrees of frost; and later on in the trip I had the novel experience, within a few miles of the Equator, of riding my frightened mule through a stinging, blinding hail-storm. Such conditions are not wanting in memories of days of fishing and shooting in the Highlands, but the North Country at home was recalled rather by the beauty of the mountain scenery, with brambles and heather and the snows of Kenia in place of those of Ben Nevis.

It is no easy winning, this summit of the Aberdares. Even the most sure-footed of mules needs continual holding up and encouragement with voice and whip, and a grade of one in two, much of it over bare rock still slippery from yesterday's rain, is enough to make any mule stumble if its rider's thoughts wander. On the whole, they are not likely to; I have come safely

through more risky climbs in the saddle in the Curral of Madeira, and in the High Atlas where it frowns over Marrakesh, where, for hours together, a side-slip would have meant annihilation—a menace from which this track up the steep of the Aberdares is wholly free, but it is difficult to forget that the bush may be full of leopards; this alone makes a man wonderfully careful not to leave the back of his mule.

The homogeneity of alpine landscape is world-wide. Yet the Scottish aspect of the trees and shrubs, so apparent to the careless eye, loses some of its reality on closer survey. The juniper, here known as cedar, stands cheek by jowl with the wild olive and feathery bamboo, the latter, in huge clumps on either side of the track, suddenly transporting us to the conditions of an Indian jungle. Wild flowers are many and varied. Here is the giant lobelia, and there a dwarf alpine species. St. John's wort and groundsel are reminiscent of home woodlands, but the African note is struck a few yards farther on by wild jasmine and *Westonia*. Conspicuous is a *crinum* lily, and the Cape gooseberry seeds itself on every farm in the valley.

The illusion of a European hilltop is the more easily sustained by reason of the rarity of man in the landscape. Were these mountain trails more freely used by the Wa-kikuyu, weedy savages of poor physique that they take little trouble to conceal with clothing, the fantasy would soon be dispelled. Nor are the wild birds and beasts such as we should look for in the glens about the rocky course of Awe or Orchy. Iridescent sunbirds and crimson-breasted shrikes, yellow weaver-birds and crested cranes, have no equivalent on Scottish moors, and the duiker and baboons, which the forester's pointer puts up at short intervals, are hardly in keeping with memories of days with grouse and salmon.

A more appropriate note of identity is struck by the brown trout of the Gura, and as I stood near a beautiful waterfall, gladly watching my rod bend to the struggles of a gay two-pounder, I might easily have been once more north of the Border. Yet, even here, the illusion is artificial, for these brown trout, fighting so gallantly in their Equatorial pools, are not indigenous to Africa, but were imported in an embryo state from home—a worthy undertaking that has been crowned with greater measure of success than its promoters ever dreamed of, but surely not with more than their far-seeing enterprise deserved.

F. G. AFLALO.

The third concert in the series of Mr. Josef Holbrooke's subscription concerts will take place at the Arts Centre, Mortimer Street, W., on Friday, April 24, at 8 o'clock. The programme includes a string quartet by César Franck, new songs by Cyril Scott and Frederick Austin, piano solos and a piano quintet by Mr. Holbrooke, and other exceptionally interesting items.

Unbeaten Tracks

CARACAS.

THE mystery of the origin of the primitive races of America will perhaps never be solved, for the Spaniards set themselves with fanatical zeal to destroy every vestige of the ancient civilisation. In spite of revolutions and changes of dynasty relics of early Egypt have come down to us in profusion. When Egypt was the arbitress of nations the organised polity of Aztecs and Incas had probably reached a standard far higher than that of the Old World. The New World races were, we may believe, an offshoot of the Mongol stock and carried with them, from the cradle of Chinese art and science, much that the Western world boasts as its peculiar possession.

Their exodus was doubtless of vast antiquity, and some seismic overthrow perhaps cut off the flow of emigration. The illimitable resources of the virgin continent which was overrun by the trekkers developed communities of high social achievement, but lacking in fighting qualities. If we could but restore in the mind's eye the civil regime of the Incas it would reveal a mighty national organisation—harmonious, ordered, highly skilled in the arts. We know that they built roads boldly designed, aqueducts, temples. This people resembled a huge hive of human bees, working out its destiny on the basis of co-operative effort. A friend of the present writer has traced in remote Mexico a stream of temples and public works seven miles in length. All is now shrouded in tropical jungle, and in the denser jungle of human forgetting.

Columbus was a pioneer of true nobility of character, but his immediate successors sowed a crop of dragons' teeth, and the wrongs they inflicted grew in geometrical progression. Is it a law of Nature that the fighting strain of men alone can persist in the struggle for survival? It is a hard saying. At any rate, a handful of pale-faces shattered the empires of the West. Those empires are obliterated as completely as the winter's snow in summer, and to-day, from Canada to Patagonia, a furtive folk, wandering apart from the tribes of modern men, are all that is left of a great tradition. To hustling Western pioneers the Indian is "pison." His ideals are not theirs; he cares little for the making of dollars and other gods worshipped in the Pantheon of the Westerner. Thus it has come about that when the hustler has not mowed down the aborigines with ferocious cunning, by the aid of fire-spitting weapons or fire-water, he has cowed them into beasts of burden, slaves in all but name.

Thoughts such as these intrude on the traveller who climbs the bluffs between La Guaira and Caracas by railway. The line is English; its windings cover three times the actual distance to be traversed. The high road has been deserted and is blocked, so we were told, with soil tipped during the making of the railway, although a sole concession for a highroad had been previously granted to another firm of contractors. This was regarded as a normal transaction, for no one ex-

pressed any confidence in the good faith of the Government, but all had unbounded confidence in the efficiency of a bribe. We toiled up the long incline through a desert scrub. A small contingent of locusts made the metals so slippery that once or twice it looked as if we should be baffled. Now and again we stopped to "shoo" cattle off the tracks. It is a grand ascent. From the footplate of the locomotive every twist in the route reveals a fresh vista.

In 1595 up through these "rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven," clambered Amyas Preston and his little band of Englishmen. Kingsley pithily tells their story. So desperate was the venture that the men begged their officers to kill them, rather than endure the torture of struggling on. But, nevertheless, on they went, and, tracking their way by Indian goat paths, smote the Spaniards in the fancied security of their eagles' eyrie; and, ridding the coast of its tormentors, left a name for hardihood and daring such as the world will not willingly let die. Diego Losada had established his little outpost there 28 years before the Englishmen picked the lock of the mountain ways.

An Indian town perched on an upland of the Cordilleras, at an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the sea, has become the capital of Venezuela. Caracas viewed on a still tropical morning from the public gardens looks a demi-Eden. It is built on a well-watered plain, and giant peaks ring it round with gorges and passes leading to rolling pampas. The double-peaked Silla de Caracas rises to the east nearly to 9,000 feet.

The South American city hemmed in by mountain ranges, reached by arduous windings of mule-road or roadway, is a type of its own. The saga-makers, who babbled of Utgaard and Jötunheim, must surely have scaled some such mountain height, and there found a community hidden in the clouds. To see the top of Utgaard you had to "strain your neck bending back." Carlyle's terse statement of the old parable of Thor recurs as one watches the mountain peaks dreaming above the city of Caracas.

Through this region runs a main line of earthquake disturbance; in 1812 the city was wrecked, and on this occasion 12,000 persons are said to have perished. A superficial examination of the map of land and water to the north reveals how the physical contours of this region were moulded. The chain of islands starting from the coast of Florida, thence running to the eastern point of South America, is obviously the fringe of an ancient land surface, and the Caribbean Sea occupies the crater of a forgotten volcano—a crater of colossal dimensions. The energy of the forces let loose in its formation must have rivalled those "upsets" which the astronomer, through a glass darkly, now watches in progress on the surface of the sun.

The chain of mountains bounding the northern edge of South America is prolonged under the sea, and, consequently, the sea-bed north of La Guaira drops to abysmal depths—120 miles distant the depth of "salt estranging sea" is, with one exception, the maximum on record. Nevertheless, needle-like pinnacles peer

above its surface, forming the islands of Aves and Los Roques. It is worthy of note that the belt of the Atlantic stretching from this region to the Portuguese coast is the area where the tradition of Atlantis locates a mighty empire, now blotted out and engulfed by a series of strokes of earthquake shock and subsequent subsidence.

The body of Bolivar rests in the cathedral of Caracas; his great battle of liberation was fought on the outskirts of the city, over the site of the present public gardens. When the early morning light lifts the mantle of forgetfulness from the sleeping city and the solemn heights keeping watch and ward about it, the traditions of national wrong and anarchy, of physical disaster, fade away, and the springing day brings upon its healing wings a sense of hope. Surely this fair land has some high destiny in store. Humming birds flit poising from flower to flower. Nature awakes in all sentient things the joy of living. The glamour of the scene is beyond telling, and man, with his petty record of past evil, drops below the horizon of the watcher's thoughts. The majesty of tropic Nature stands revealed.

A. E. CAREY.

The "Fellowship Books"

OF the six new volumes in this two-shilling series published by Messrs. Batsford, the three most important ones are "The Meaning of Life," by Mr. W. L. Courtney; "Poetry," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; and "Love," by Mr. Gilbert Cannan. Mr. Courtney's essay, although obviously written with the desire to avoid abstruse discussions of metaphysics and philosophy, is a real contribution to thoughtful literature. He is on the side of those who, believing earnestly in God and in the divine ordering of the universe, yet cannot, for various reasons, find satisfaction in any definite creed. In the nature of things no decision can be arrived at on such problems as death, the existence of evil, and the mystery of pain; nor does Mr. Courtney attempt to force any point of view. He does, however, set two or three aspects of philosophy clearly before his readers, and urges strongly and reverently his final argument against the Monists, his final ground that agrees with the lines of Robert Bridges:

The world is unto God a work of art,
Of which the unaccomplished heavenly plan
Is hid in life within the creature's heart,
And for perfection looketh unto man.

There are so many resemblances between this book and the one on "Poetry" that we might almost suspect the authors of a friendly chat before they began writing. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch discusses the meaning of harmony with respect to life. "A sensible man," he says, "does not aspire to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades; but he may, and does, aspire to understand something of the universal harmony in which he and they bear a part, if only that he may render it a more perfect obedience." And he treats poetry from

this platform entirely, in an essay that contains a number of original and fertile ideas. The third volume may be bracketed with these; Mr. Cannan's attractive fantasy of love from birth to death is carried out in a logical and illuminating manner, though at times he yields to a page or two of platitude. The other three books, "Nature," by Mr. W. H. Davies; "Flowers," by Mr. J. Foord; and "Trees," by Eleanor Farjeon, are open occasionally to the charges of pettiness and preciousness; but they are not lightly done, and Mr. Davies especially, with his personal and reminiscent note, takes the reader with him all the way. The series is by now well known, and needs no fresh praise as to its general trend and the high ideals which both publisher and author have evidently set before them.

The Magazines

IN the *English Review*, this month, Mr. James Stephens becomes even more oracular than his old man of the tavern in "An Essay on Cubes." His style, however, that so serves the purpose of the type of narrative that he therefore chooses for it, is not so well adapted for oracular utterances intended to be seriously delivered. The drift into perpetual aphorisms tends to get humorous—a tendency to which he deliberately submits himself in his books. We mention this feature of his article because its substance is so good. No one will agree with him in all that he says; that is an evil he carefully avoids. It seems that his suspicion of the intellect very easily becomes a fear of the larger kind of work, the work that is longer and more fully sustained. But in substance there is no doubt that his protest against the intellect, whether in mere observation or in destructive analysis, is all of a piece with a very significant movement in contemporary literature—one which the younger Irish writers are carrying forward. Mr. Stephens' mention of Blake in this respect is noteworthy. It seems that Blake is likely, at this late date, to come into his own. In the same number Mr. Henry Newbolt writes upon "The Poets and their Friends," a protest against the turning aside of poetry from its proper function by those who would seem to be its friends. The imitator, the classicist, the antiquarian, all meet his disapprobation. What he says will seem obvious to most; but Mr. Newbolt has written a dignified article. Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson writes a plea, under the title of "How it Feels to be Blind," for funds for the National Institute for the Blind. It has a touch of pathos in view of his own recent affliction.

Mr. Edward Legge has missed an exceedingly good opportunity, and incidentally written a strange and puzzling article, in "The Personality of Sir Edward Carson" in the *Fortnightly*. The title is tempting in itself, so good is the opportunity he had; but we read with a quaint mystification in view of the fact that he hardly treats of Sir Edward Carson at all.

He deals with many subsidiary issues, such as the difference between the English and the Irish Bar; and there are one or two personal anecdotes of Sir Edward; but in the major part of the article he gropes around his subject, and leaves us unhappily to do the same. The best contribution in the present number is by Dr. Epstein on "The Jews as an Economic Force." He writes from the Jewish point of view, in protest against Sombart's identification of the Jew with capitalism. As an historical argument there is no doubt that he maintains his thesis; but at the end one is left with the reflection that Dr. Epstein has not touched the modern politico-economic movement against the Jew, that, though he may not be identified with capitalism, capitalism is yet identified with him. Sombart may or may not be wrong in his historical assumptions; but Dr. Epstein, in his argument and counter-argument, leaves alone the greater problem of the Jews as an economic force. Professor Gerothwohl prints his address to the Royal Society of Literature on "The Poetry of Carmen Sylva"; and Mr. Daniel Gorrie publishes several "Letters from Carlyle to a Fellow-Student" that have not hitherto seen the light. The other articles deal with a political situation that had already changed at least twice by the time the magazine was published.

The same may be said for the major part of the contents of the *Nineteenth Century*. Most of the essays read strangely out of date, and renew our wonder that, at times of stress, when the political situation is so subject to rapid change, the magazines do not turn to literary matter. At any time, indeed, this is more sure of welcome, since literature does not stale in interest. For this reason, in spite of the fact that it is anecdotal and purely superficial, one of the most interesting articles in the present number is "Oliver Goldsmith as a Medical Man," by Sir Ernest Clarke. Another acceptable one is by Mrs. Ady, on "Roman Gardens of the Renaissance." M. Jusserand may be trusted to come nearer to the heart of the matter, and in "A French Ambassador's Impressions of England in the Year 1666" he deals with the Count Cominges' "Relations" that students of the Restoration will remember. One of his sentences reads: "Cominges, it may be recalled, had been asked by his king to give him an account of English men of letters." That is a service we might reasonably ask of our leading reviews.

A most important contribution by Lord Dunraven, entitled "The Government's Proposals," appears in this month's *British Review*. He deals with the concessions, and offers unflinching opposition to the principle of exclusion. He shows how it would prove unworkable and impossible in practice, and goes on to say, what is now being clearly seen, that there is no body of Irishmen, orange or green, which has spoken in favour of it, or which is not fiercely opposed to the principle, however, it be worked. Another important article appears in the same magazine by M. Paul Passy on "Les Groupes et Les Tendances Politiques en France"; it explains lucidly and competently much

that is perplexing in contemporary French politics. Save for one poem by Katharine Tynan, the poetry is badly chosen.

The *Quest* has its usual distinctive contents; it seldom produces a number that is not worth reading from cover to cover. That is partly because it concerns itself with things that matter, and is not occupied with subjects that are already stale by the time they are read. This number is no exception. Mr. Edmond Holmes this month writes on "Eucken and the Philosophy of Self-Realisation," and points out the curious fact that nearly all Occidental thought neglects the thought of the East, arrogating in a somewhat fatuous way the title of Civilisation to itself. Much of Eucken's philosophy is based on this misconception. Yone Noguchi, whose recent volume we reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago, has an article on "A Japanese Temple of Silence." Mr. Mead himself, in a profoundly interesting article, deals with some of "The Reincarnationists of Early Christendom." Dr. Walsh writes of "Trespassers on the Mystic Way." Mr. J. Arthur Hill chooses a perennially interesting subject in "The Inspiration of Genius"; and handles it capably. He shows that the ecstasy of genius is not always confined to that noble order of mankind, but extends to the cruder workmen also.

The principal contents of the *Scottish Historical Review* are "The Battle of Bannockburn," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, "The Principals of the University of Glasgow before the Reformation," by Professor J. Cooper, D.D., and a study of "Early University Institutions at St. Andrews and Glasgow," by R. K. Hannay; each of these is full of the result of scholarly research. In the *Empire Review*, C. Stuart-Linton writes upon "The Royal Prerogative"; Lady Jephson has a very interesting paper on "Old French Canada"; and the danger of racial conflicts is emphasised by G. H. Lepper in a rather gloomy article entitled "Man and his Planet." The chief feature of the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*, whose headquarters are at 21a, Alfred Street, Liverpool, is formed by two contributions on "The Heron Pedigree"; and the dialect of the nomad coppersmiths is again discussed.

The *Forum* (March) is an excellent number, very varied and extremely interesting. "Bergson: First Aid to Common Sense," by A. L. Whittaker, is good; A. D. Douglas writes cleverly on "Cats"; F. H. Davis has an essay on Lafcadio Hearn; and there is a long range of fine articles for the philosophic or literary reader. The *Atlantic Monthly* for March is rather heavier than usual, but its items are important and authoritative, and relieved by three well-written stories. The current *Windsor* and *Harper's* keep to their general high level in stories, poems, and illustrations; Sir Oliver Lodge's article, "What is Gravity?" in *Harper's*, makes most fascinating reading. Lastly, *The Champion* for April is a magazine that should delight every boy's heart; it improves with each number, and its stories and articles are in the best of form.

The Blatherskiter

IT is generally believed that, if ever a Redmond-Devlin Parliament meets in Dublin, Mr. Swift MacNeill will be first Speaker of it. Mr. MacNeill has a considerable knowledge of precedents and of constitutional law, and he has, in addition, other qualities which would eminently fit him to preside over a Parliament that is pretty certain to be dominated by his friend and colleague, Mr. Joseph Devlin, the great Panjandrum of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

It has been said of Mr. MacNeill, with excessive politeness, that his heart is always running away with his head, and that he possesses "a warm heart struggling with a hot potato." This last is rather cryptic, but in plain English the member for South Donegal is one of those persons ready to make accusations against his political opponents without bothering whether the accusations have the very slightest justification.

He is connected by blood with Dean Swift, and he has carried on the family tradition for violent invective. Mr. MacNeill, for some reason or the other, is particularly eager to interfere with the affairs of the over-seas portions of the Empire, of which he has no sort of direct knowledge, and he is always ready with abuse of the men serving their country under difficult and trying circumstances. On one occasion these MacNeill charges were described by that very mild young man, Mr. E. S. Montagu, when Under-Secretary for India, as "absurd and offensive," and during the Boer War, Lord Midleton, then Mr. St. John Brodrick, protested vigorously against Mr. MacNeill's policy of "attacks by innuendo."

With delectable taste, he once more than hinted that, during the last Unionist Government, the Admiralty had put two ships of war at Lord Midleton's disposal for his honeymoon, a charming suggestion calculated to raise the wrath of the readers of the *Daily News*. This fiction Lord Midleton was content to describe as "a misconception."

The political swashbuckler with whom we are dealing has had the temerity to refer to "the blunted moral susceptibilities of Tory Ministers," but what can be said of the moral susceptibilities of the man who makes charges which he cannot—or at least shows no burning desire to—substantiate? On March 16, during a debate in the House of Commons, he described the directors of the Chartered Company as a "gang of swindlers," and made wild charges in particular against Sir Starr Jameson; thereupon a letter appeared in the public Press from Mr. D. E. Brodie, the secretary of the Chartered Company, remarking that statements made in the House of Commons are privileged, and conveying an invitation to Mr. MacNeill to repeat his charges outside of the House. The invitation, had it been accepted, would have afforded to Mr. MacNeill the opportunity of substantiating his statements.

The hon. gentleman has not accepted the opportunity. He probably never will do so. He is typical. He will make a very proper Speaker of the Nationalist House of Commons.

The Influence of "The Ship of Fools" upon the Modern Novel

WHEN Sebastian Brant wrote "Das Narrenschiff" and Alexander Barclay prepared an English version under the title "The Shyp of Follys of the Worlde," it is improbable that either realised he was assisting at the creation of a new style of literature which was to form a link between the mediæval homilies, legends, and chronicles, connecting them with the drama and essay, and eventually to lead up to the novel of character.

In German *Fastnachtsspiele*, groups of fools had been repeatedly ridiculed; and even the idea of a ship was no innovation to readers of Brant. But the combination of the two notions—the bringing together of all the different varieties of fools and sending them upon a voyage in a ship, or in several ships—

For yf al these Foles were brought into one Barge
The bote shoulde synke so sore shulde be the charge,

—was an entirely fresh inspiration, and one to be rewarded by instant success.

The "Narrenschiff" of Brant, published at Basel in 1494, so quickly established itself in public favour and created so great a demand that three unauthorised reprints appeared within the same year. A Low-German translation followed about 1497, and in the same year Jacob Locher produced his celebrated Latin version, "Stultifera Navis," which ran through some ten editions by 1515.

Upon Locher's version Barclay's translation was founded, though he professes to have seen also the Dutch and French editions. The French translation, by Pierre Rivière, probably emanated from the same source. Fifteen years elapsed between the appearance of the first German edition and the English metrical version, "translated in the colege of Saynt Mary Otery in the counte of Devonshyre: out of the Latin, Frenche and Doche into Englysshe tonge by Alexander Barclay, Preste," issued from the press of Richard Pynson in London in 1509.

Brant's satire, though ridiculing his contemporaries, is a satire for all time; his fools convey the impression of being contemptible and loathsome, rather than merely foolish; and sins and vices would more correctly describe what he designates "follics." The author's humour seems to have shunned the text in order to display itself with greater zest and drollery in the illustrations. It is impossible to verify the exact amount of Brant's workmanship in connection with the woodcuts; but it is agreed that the majority, if not actually drawn, were at least inspired, by him. The English copies of the illustrations are not so carefully executed as the German originals, but they possess a certain rough character of their own.

"The Ship of Fools" no doubt exercised an influence upon Skelton, which is especially apparent in "The Bowge of Courte," an allegorical picture of the follies and perils of court life. The ship in this instance stands for court favour, the continuance of which is at

the mercy of fortune; and the crew represent the vices which flourish under court patronage.

Here, instead of personified abstractions, are types taken from life, whose characterisation displays a powerful imagination, diffusing an almost dramatic force throughout the whole poem, and making "The Bowge of Courte" a classic satire on court life of the period.

Certainly an outcome of Barclay's translation was that curious satirical poem, by an unknown author, "Cocke Lorell's Bote," printed by Wynkyn de Worde about 1510. The book is a unique little quarto printed in black letter, and the copy in the British Museum is the only one extant, and even this is imperfect. The four illustrations are obviously copied from "The Ship of Fools," but the one portraying the ship, or "bote," filled with its crew of fools, contains sufficient originality and increase of detail to make it interesting on its own account. A touch of character and humour is given to the faces and actions of the crew; and the ship is treated with more elaboration and care than are usual in English-designed woodcuts of this date.

In selecting the hero of his tale the author has chosen a well-known character, a certain Cocke Lorell, who appears to have been a notorious vagabond and the head of a gang of thieves which infested London and its vicinity at the time. The poem is a burlesque rhapsody on the middle classes:

Parys plasterers daubers and lyme boners
Carpenters coupers and joyners
Pype makers wode mongers and organ makers
Coferers corde makers and carvers

who are summoned together and sent on board a ship which sails through England under the captaincy of Cocke Lorell.

It has already been shown that Brant and Barclay substituted the type for the abstraction; and on this the "bote" makes a further advance. The crew appear no longer merely types, but are become individualised. There is no elaborate working out of personality; it is broadly indicated by a few suggested traits, as in the case of a woman passenger:

She is as softe as a lamme if one do her meve,
And lyke to ye devyll wan a man dothe her greve,

a description so true and life-like that one easily recognises her parallel in the twentieth century.

Localised upon the Thames, the "bote," in the writings of Awdeley, Greene and Nashe, appears to have become a London institution. Nashe, in "Summer's Last Will and Testament," causes his hero to remark: "If I had thought the ship of fooles would have stayed to take in fresh water at the Ile of dogges, I would have furnisht it with a whole kennell of collections to the purpose." In Greene's "Friar Bacon" the "ship" sails from Oxford to "the Bankeside in Southwarke"—

Like Bartlets (Barclay's) ship from Oxford doe skip,
With Colledges and Schooles, full loaden with fools.

A celebrated London institution to be locally desig-

nated a "ship of fools" was the cart carrying the condemned criminals on their "voyage" from Newgate to Tyburn:

Then some at Newgate doo take ship,
Sailing ful fast up Holborne Hill;
And at Tiborn their anckers picke,
I'ull sore indeed against theyr wil,

which supplied a subject for the exercise of the jester's wit for many years.

From this period the actual "ship" vanished from the literary horizon, but its influence still remained. An important link connecting it with the modern novel was "A Nest of Ninnies," written by Robert Armin, an actor attached to Shakespeare's company of players, and published in 1608. This work takes another step forward in the course of imaginative writing, as it is the first instance of the wedding of the two literary genres: the satirical character and the jesting anecdote. As in the case of its forerunner, "Cocke Lorell's Bote," there is only one original copy extant, this being in the Bodleian Library.

A striking modern example of the summoning together of different characters into a common habitat in order to treat them in one heterogeneous crowd is instanced in Zola's "L'Assommoir"; and to an even greater extent in his "Pot-Bouille." The block of workmen's dwellings, opening on a common courtyard, in the rue de la Goutte d'Or, in which dwell Gervaise, Coupeau, the Lorilleux, Bazouge, the Boches, and other important characters of the "Assommoir," forms a huge shell which covers nearly every type of the working population of Paris.

And in "Pot-Bouille," under the roof of the great *appartement* house in the rue de Choiseul, are collected the various middle-class families who practically people the book: the matchmaking mother, living beyond her means and lying as to her daughter's dowry in order to bring about her marriage; the "widow"; the *ménage à trois*; and the overworked servants who abuse their mistresses from the back windows.

These creations of Zola, if stripped of their veneer of nineteenth-century civilisation, might well have formed the crew for a "ship of fools" of a Brant or a Barclay.

GEORGE A. BROWN.

NEXT WEEK will appear in

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The Theatre

"Pygmalion" at His Majesty's Theatre

THE abounding courage and engaging versatility of Sir Herbert Tree are among the main glories of the English stage at the present moment.

The actor, manager, producer, man of affairs, *flâneur*, artist, and wit requires every iota of his many gifts in "Pygmalion," and he uses them. Greatly as we have always appreciated the intellectuality of the late Sir Henry Irving and the present Sir Herbert Tree, we never enjoyed their art so fully as during those few moments when they came alone before the curtain. We mean when, after that which we have thought a rather boisterous and doubtful reception of an immense effort, they have come boldly to the front and with infinite politeness thanked their vast audiences for the overwhelming welcome given to a play whose future seemed to our poor purblind eyes still hanging vaguely in the balance of fortune.

What delightful, intimate, subtle pieces of art are these few words! Everyone remembers that the author of "Pygmalion" made one of the greatest hits of this sort when on the stormy reception of "Arms and the Man" he said that he agreed with the gentleman in the gallery who did not think well of the play, but what were these two against a whole theatre full of enthusiastic admirers? The real point of Mr. Shaw's happy phrase was only observed by the people who happened to be in the Avenue Theatre that night, the fact being that very many persons "booed" the play, not just one in the gallery. Since those distant days, when Mr. Shaw was quite as clever as he is now, he has invented a thousand means of advertisement. On the present occasion the public was freakishly warned, not for the first time, against any applause or laughter until the curtain went down. And thus Sir Herbert was enabled to say that, owing to this suggestion of the author having been so utterly neglected, that gentleman had left His Majesty's—no doubt greatly hurt in spirit. As a matter of fact, there is such a vast quantity of strangely different ideas and subjects crowded into this long five-act romance that many an incident or conversation proves quite dull. Had Mr. Shaw been in the neighbourhood of our stall, during the last two acts, he might have been greatly refreshed by the quiet yawns of a considerable number of our celebrated neighbours.

For ourselves, the whole far-flung comedy is a lasting pleasure. Its mistakes as well as its many overpoweringly clever scenes and situations delight us. And there is mystery in the play. As often before, Mr. Shaw does not tell too much. He seems to say: "Here are vague hints and happy inspirations of mine, characters which I hope will hold together and stimulate the artists who undertake to present them, wit which I trust will seem welcome and clever to you; but if these little

affairs go wrong, you know what life is, we cannot always be happy and effective, we will try again some day; the world is before us." This charming lightness inspires many a loosely-knit scene and many an idea half suggested and then allowed to pass from the mind of the audience. Such matters are all of the least possible importance; for Mr. Shaw gives us a newly conceived Pygmalion in the Professor Higgins of Sir Herbert Tree, and a gorgeously fresh Galatea in the Lisson Grove cockney flower-girl of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. We are afraid you already know the story of the professor's experiment. He and his quickly made friend, Colonel Pickering—Mr. Philip Merivale—set about transforming Eliza Doolittle from an unusually stupid and beautiful girl of the gutter into something that will pass for a duchess—it would seem at Court, but this idea is wisely left in an amorphous state.

It is the strange happenings *en route* from flower-girl to lady of society, from an indifferentist to a person who, perhaps, loves, that the fun takes place. The gradual growth of 'Liza's style, mind, manner, and so forth during the months she spends at the Phonetic Laboratory in Wimpole Street, under the constant care of Pickering, a charming soldier and student, Higgins, the cocksure, blustering, thoughtless enthusiast, and especially, we think, beneath the wing of Mrs. Pearce—Miss Geraldine Olliffe—the most admirable house-keeper we have ever met on or off the stage, these are the adventures which will especially engage the interest of the playgoer. For Mrs. Campbell never utters a false note, never shows the slightest failure to grip the character of 'Liza and make clear to the audience the gradual mental growth of a woman placed in a position of extraordinary difficulty.

Of the two most telling scenes in the play, one is slightly irrelevant, the other completely vital. The first is the appearance of the dustman, Alfred Doolittle, made glorious by Mr. Edmund Gurney. He does not care for his daughter, who has long left him and his sixth—temporary—wife, but he wants a bit out of the job, and he longs to tell us some amusing views—presumably suggested by Mr. Shaw—about the undeserving poor to which class he belongs, and the fairly well-to-do middle class to which he sadly sinks before the end of the play. On the very simple ground that the dustman is a constant entertainment, he is an integrant; that he delights us is enough; we do not care in the least whether he be an example of type or a fellow of the lightest fancy. Thus it will be noted that every part we have mentioned is played with exquisite skill. It may seem a little lacking in new views to say so, but all the parts we have not mentioned are equally well played. And thus Mr. Shaw's clever, overcrowded, elusive play is given a splendid chance.

Whether "Pygmalion" will be popular or not can hardly be in doubt. The cast is so excellent, the players are so much admired, and Mr. Shaw is on the very crest of his wave of fame. And then there is the vital scene in which 'Liza appears at the graceful home of the professor's mother, and surprises the

people of Earl's Court and other elegant districts. 'Liza has a quick ear, and much of her early stupidity has passed from her. She now speaks almost after the manner of the ordinary lady of quiet society, but only in tone; her thoughts and words are the thoughts and words of the flower-girl who suspects that her aunt "has been done in," and "done in by them as wanted the hat which she, 'Liza, should have had." The conversation with Mrs. Eynsford-Hill—Miss Carlotta Addison—and Miss Hill—Miss Bussé—is rich in broad comedy. The use of an extremely usual swear-word when she is asked if she will walk across the Park, and says, "Not — likely," as she has a taxi, is quite in her character. Kipling and a few other writers have used the word in print, we believe; it is certainly effective in its particular place in this play, but we overhear it so frequently as we pass on the way to the theatre that we hope it will not become general inside. It is doubtless as harmless as the speaking of a social sportsman as a "blood," or the consanguinous relation of a famous horse as his "blood-aunt," but there are people who do not like it. Personally it seems to us only of importance in that it expresses a certain state in the social evolution of 'Liza Doolittle—but it has other uses. For instance, it has been a great deal talked about, and will swell the flowing tide of audiences towards His Majesty's!

EGAN MEW.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) from January 28 to March 4 contains no very remarkable views on public affairs in India, but expresses plenty of dissatisfaction with men and matters. There is evidence of a growing interest in rural sanitation and of a greater humane regard for the depressed classes. An Indian has carried a Bill in the Legislative Council, dealing with Hindu bequests, evidently with the concurrence of the Government. The notices of the Indian question in South Africa are hardly worth mentioning, as the Commission of Inquiry has submitted its report. The same consideration applies to the editor's amateur views on the Indian currency question; they are of little value in comparison with the report of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Committee. The idea of a new High Court for India, to be established permanently at Delhi, meets with little approval, and rightly so. The Delhi scheme will cost too many millions, even without this addition. An application of the principle of co-operation to the financing of agriculture as well as to commerce and industry is advocated, but no practical measures are suggested.

The mismanagement of religious endowments in India is again reproduced as a constant source of complaint. Hitherto the Government have, on the simple and sensible ground of religious neutrality, declined to interfere. Lately a Committee has been appointed to reconsider the policy. The Government, in aiming

at popularity, may easily find themselves in a dilemma. Either they will be helping to bolster up religions, with which they should have no sympathy or concern, or they will cause disappointment by giving inadequate support. They would have been wiser to leave the subject entirely untouched. The trap of disaster has been set for the Government with the bait of popularity, disguised as improved administration, and they have walked into it, heedless of the danger incurred. A native editor, quoted, has some valuable remarks on the shortcomings of the Indian Press; he says rightly that it must improve considerably before it can fulfil its purpose and execute its task. The repeal of the Press Act is again urged—because it has proved effective. Another Congress deputation to England is "to educate British public opinion on some of the more important Indian problems." The deputation has an uphill task before it: English politics are much too exciting for the recapitulation of stale alleged grievances and aspirations to obtain much hearing. The Government having on several occasions declined to lay papers on the table which were asked for, the refusal is criticised captiously. Papers are often refused by all Governments.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) of January 31 and February 23 republish some good papers, but are hardly as full of general interest as usual. A diminution in the number of students in agricultural education in the United Provinces is regrettable in a country so dependent on agriculture as India. The idea of an Indian school in Calcutta to be run on English public school lines deserves all encouragement. The scheme of the proposed Hindu University at Benares has not yet been determined, but its site has been selected; it is to be open to students of every creed and every class, with a conscience clause as to attendance at religious lectures. Physical culture in schools is receiving attention from the Bombay Government; the same difficulty has appeared, as elsewhere, in the dullness and monotony of the systems adopted. The Bombay University has had some valuable suggestions for reform from Sir Alfred Hopkinson, its special adviser. The Indian Science Congress at Calcutta furnished many interesting papers, but

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none of capital importance. It somewhat overshadowed the centenary of the Indian Museum.

"Psychology in the Schoolroom" is said to present some problems for teachers and students. Surely the latter might spend their time more profitably. The "Zoological Lore of the Hindus" contains a quantity of curious information. Indian literature is apparently full of references to the fauna, which were by no means overlooked or despised; they were conspicuous in Indian mythology, folklore, superstition, and worship. A paper on University research shows that original work by Indians has commenced and has a wide field open to it. The leading Indian scientist, Dr. Jagadish Bose, has been invited to deliver lectures at Oxford and Cambridge, and a discourse to the Royal Society. One who has lectured on "Death Spasms in Plants" should be induced to make his scientific discoveries generally useful.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for January and February has many excellent articles. A Bengali Brahman writes that he is firmly convinced that caste will disappear from India; caste restrictions have been considerably relaxed in certain directions; he sees no reason to fear that Hinduism would, but for the caste system, be effaced from the globe; he anticipates that all the castes will be fused into one all-embracing caste, synonymous with the nation itself. It is an interesting speculation, not very convincing. Hinduism without caste is hardly conceivable. The "Data of Ancient Indian Zoology" has been mentioned already. Antiquity and importance are claimed for veterinary science in the scientific literature of the Hindus. It is the fashion nowadays for Hindu writers to claim universal knowledge for ancient India. The want of continuity is ignored and not accounted for. The papers on Japan, revolutionary France, phonetics, Burke, are good enough as exercises in writing, and may interest some readers; but articles dealing with Indian subjects by Indian writers should be far more valuable. "Political Crimes in India" is disappointing, consisting chiefly of adulation of Lord Hardinge.

"A Chapter in Indian Economic History" affords a text for the old charge that "the sources of national wealth have been narrowed under British rule," based on the old and exposed falsehoods about "the famous economic drain and the system of land-revenue administration." The writer says he does not presume to offer any advice; it would hardly have been accepted had he had nothing better to say. A plea for the metric system for India—by reforming Indian weights and measures—is not likely to receive much attention in these days of Indian unrest and political agitation. Mr. Havell's book on Indian architecture is reviewed with appreciation, and naturally so, as he is fighting single-handed the battle of indigenous Indian art and artists. The notice of the last census report is distinctly good, and the "National Week in India" summarises clearly the Congress proceedings of the year. These two numbers well maintain the high standard of this monthly journal.

Literary Competition

SIXTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION VI.

England with all thy faults I love thee still—

Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime and travel where we might
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory: one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. O rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

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Quotation taken from.....

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Address

Coupon 6, April 18, 1914.

... Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

Notes and News

A meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society will be held at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, April 22, at 7.30 p.m., when papers will be read on "The Report on the Phenological Observations for 1913," by J. E. Clark, B.Sc., and R. H. Hooker, M.A., and "A Small Anemometer for Tropical Use," by A. J. Bamford, B.Sc., F.R.A.S.

On April 24 Mr. Kenelm Foss, of the Little Theatre, will produce a new modern comedy in four acts, "Account Rendered," by Robert Elson, preceded by "Dusk," by Robert Vansittart. This is Mr. Elson's first play to be produced in the West-end, and contains a strikingly original situation. Mr. Vansittart is the author of "Cap and Bells" and "People Like Ourselves." These two plays will provide Mr. Foss full scope; in "Account Rendered" he proposes to introduce an original method of producing a modern comedy.

The Board of Education announce that a loan exhibition of Indian paintings has been arranged in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum (Lower Gallery, Room 4). The exhibition consists of more than 200 characteristic works of the New Calcutta School, generously lent by the Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta, together with examples by artists of the same school lent by Mr. Havell and Dr. Coomaraswamy. In addition, her Majesty Queen Mary has been graciously pleased to lend an important example of the work of Abanindro Nath Tagore, for some time Principal of the Calcutta School of Art and one of the leaders in the movement.

In the *Vossische Zeitung* (Independent Liberal) for April 4 Herr Jakob Frank publishes a very able and thoughtful article on "England Misunderstood," in which, with special reference to the present Ulster question and the attitude taken up by the officers, he warns his countrymen not to judge these occurrences on the basis of their own Constitution. In a brief but lucid exposition he explains the vital differences between the two Constitutions, and tries to impart to his readers a better understanding and appreciation of the present situation in Great Britain. He refers at length to the history of the great Reform Bill and the ensuing struggles during the years 1831 and 1832, which explain the peculiar characteristics of British policy and of the British character and materially help towards a better understanding of occurrences which to the average German mind may seem unintelligible.

A replica of Bristol Castle will be among the interesting features of the Bristol International Exhibition, which opens on May 28. The design of the Castle is entirely unknown to the people of to-day, as it was razed to the ground in the seventeenth century by order of Oliver Cromwell. The architects of the Exhibition have, however, after research in our National Museums and the Record Office, been enabled to "reconstruct" the building, and it will be devoted

to the accommodation of a loan collection of relics of the Navy and Army. A special London Committee for securing this collection has been formed, of which Sir George Frampton, R.A., Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., Mr. Guy Laking, M.V.O., and Mr. A. G. Temple, F.S.A., are members, and Mr. C. R. Chisman and Mr. F. A. Kincaid-Fergusson are joint secretaries. The committee have already been successful in securing many objects of remarkable interest, and we are asked to invite our readers who may be in possession of objects associated with the personnel of the Navy and Army, past and present, and who are willing to contribute them towards the collection, if they will kindly communicate with any of these gentlemen. The committee meets at 61, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE NEW RUSSIA

IT is a singular circumstance that, in viewing each other's lives and activities, nations, like individuals, are prone to indulge in exaggeration. Either they go to extremes in admiration or in hostility. The flattery that has been bestowed upon Japan is a case in point. Russia, however, presents an even more remarkable example. A few years ago she was looked upon in this country as an enemy, whose ways were dark and evil. Yet to-day she is regarded with appreciative wonderment. It is perfectly true that men are divided in their opinion as to the ultimate future of Russia; but they are unanimous in their recognition of the forces of progress that are sweeping over the Empire from end to end. Not a few think that they detect a Slav Peril, more to be feared than any spectre of a Yellow Peril. Starting from this basis of thought, they argue that Russia should be feared, not befriended. Others, among whom are many writers with a partiality for picturesque description, plunge into elaborate analysis of the unfamiliar Slav character, either arguing that it is the depths and intricacies of this character that is alone responsible for the wealth and quality of Russian art, or, alternately, that the Russian character, because of its amiability and irresponsibility, is incapable of national assertion of any kind.

The opinions of visitors returning from Russia are thus presented in a bewildering mass. But, as we have said, none ever neglects to take account of the onward and upward movement that is everywhere visible throughout the vast Empire. The judgment of strangers who dwell in a country but for a short time is necessarily superficial. This rule certainly applies to Russia more than to any other land, not only for the reasons which, generally speaking, establish its truth, but because of conditions that are to be found in Russia and nowhere else. Those students who seek to throw light upon Russia's destiny by describing

the results of their analysis of the Russian character are certainly proceeding along right lines. Nevertheless, in many instances they expose themselves to criticism as to their competence. At least we may be sure of common agreement on this point, that no more fascinating study offers itself than that of the psychology of the Russian masses. These Russian masses, let it be emphasised, are composed of a population of one hundred and seventy millions, which is increasing so rapidly that within the present generation it is expected to equal the population of China. Of that enormous total eight-six per cent. are peasants rooted to the soil, and for the most part can neither read nor write. It is in the possession of this great mass of illiterate men and women that both the strength and weakness of modern Russia lie. The peasantry provide Russia with her army, which, on a war footing, totals four million men. They know little and care less about the ways of the bureaucracy. To till the soil that they may subsist is naturally their one obsession in life. Their devotion to the Tsar, whom they affectionately term the Little Father, and to whose beneficent influence they attribute their well-being, may inspire an extreme loyalist with admiration, but to anyone acquainted with Russian conditions it is pathetic in its unintelligence.

The great majority of the Russian peasants live in districts far from the railway. Save the almost childish amusements of simple life under communal laws and customs, nothing approaching positive happiness ever enters into their existence. Is it little wonder, then, that the vodka habit, with all its attendant vices, has flourished among them? In summer they leave their homes to toil by day and sleep by night in the fields. In the winter, when the hours of daylight are few and all is sombre, the rigours of the climate keep them indoors. Herded together, rarely if ever changing their garments, they dwell amid surroundings impregnated with filth. Nevertheless, they are deeply attached to their homes and to their country. An almost stoical patience may be said to be their outstanding virtue. If good fortune comes their way, they attribute it meekly to the will of God; and if they are stricken with famine or disease, they exhibit a patience which almost amounts to fatalism such as has no parallel in the conduct of any Western people. In their dealings with strangers they are quite as suspicious as would be any native of darkest Africa. Yet one is conscious that this mistrust is accompanied by a *naïveté* which renders it comprehensible and therefore unobjectionable. With all their faults, and whatever these may be they are the outcome of environment, there are to be found nowhere in the world more virile specimens of the human race than those which the Russian peasantry produces. For the most part, their defects are the defects of simplicity, and therefore capable of correction. Taken as a whole, they are quick-witted, intelligent, and warm-hearted. Endowed with imposing physique, inured to hardship of the severest kind, and possessing in the rugged sense the qualities of loyalty and courage, they are indeed well

fitted to serve as the bulwark of the West against the East.

It must be confessed that these reflections will not immediately strike the stranger who finds himself in a Russian village for the first time. The dirt and the squalor that meet his eyes will probably cause him to despair for the future of the peasantry. When, moreover, he observes that they are given over to lazy and vicious habits, and that in their dealings with the outside world they are prone to craftiness, he will incline more than ever to his original judgment. But should he make up his mind suddenly, then he will be in error, for in spite of his odd habits the Russian peasant possesses qualities which are capable of illimitable development. In this connection it must be remembered that not so very long ago Russia celebrated the jubilee of the emancipation of the serfs. Her masses are as yet unaccustomed to the idea of individual liberty. In any event, fifty years is altogether too short a period in which a people newly released from chains, so to speak, may acquire the gait and bearing of free men. But in reality the Russian peasantry were merely relieved of one form of serfdom to become the victims of another. For the communal system which governs their lives and interests has sapped any sense of self-reliance that should have been awakened, and has afforded facilities under which the weaker units may lean upon the stronger. When, furthermore, we reflect that cast over the whole land is the blight of a bureaucracy, we may well realise the truth of the assertion that the moujik is the creature of his environment. The backwardness of the Russian peasant constitutes the backwardness of Russia. Were we so disposed we could extend the period of our research to the times of the Mongol invasion, thus throwing historical light upon present conditions. In those remote days, isolated from Europe, and subjected to conquerors from the East, the Russians acquired characteristics which they have retained in a diminishing degree to this very day. Some of these characteristics were contracted direct from their overlords; others were due to the state of submission in which they found themselves. Consequently we are able to understand how it is that Russian psychology is puzzling to the observer. Invariably taking refuge in his own ignorance, he endeavours to explain the confusion created in his mind by the general statement that the Russian is semi-Asiatic, and invariably he mutters something suggestive of scratching the surface to find a Tartar.

Now, to a large extent the lessons of experience are on the side of superficiality of this kind. The hospitality of the Russians is Oriental in its lavishness; the art of Russia bears the impress of Oriental influences; while Russian architecture, which decides the appearance of Russia itself, is Oriental in the grandeur of its design and the richness of its colour. Finally, the Russian people, and here we include the cultured classes, have many attributes such as are to be found highly developed in Oriental lands. In personal tastes they are fond of extremes. Either they are spartan in

their simplicity or princely in their extravagance. In diplomatic and business negotiations they are subtle and tortuous, and exhibit a preference for a bargain over a banquet rather than across a counter. At times their faith in men is almost childlike; at others they are so suspicious as to be unbearable.

In any attempt to estimate the forces now at work in Russia we should not forget that by the very nature of things we can only observe a small proportion of the Russian people. The masses who do not come in contact with European conditions are composed of peasantry which may be said to be an unknown quantity. What developments both in character and action education may accomplish out of this inexhaustible material it is almost impossible for the mind of man to conceive. Many Russians themselves hold firmly to the belief that the hope of their country reposes solely in this peasantry, and we are inclined to agree with such view.

Shorter Notices

IT looks as though the word "crimson" will soon become associated only with murders, and poets will no longer sing of "crimson-tipped" flowers. We can recall a series of articles entitled "Crimson Crimes" which a Sunday paper provided some years ago for reading on the day of rest, and a ghastly relaxation they were. It was only the other day that THE ACADEMY noticed Mr. Headon Hill's "The Crimson Honeymoon," and now comes Mr. Charles E. Pearce with "The Crimson Mascot." This experienced author, the same as Mr. Hill, at once opens the ball with the murder which is to supply the mystery of the story, and a very good mystery it is, too, with, as chief motif, a malady peculiar to the East. It is long before the reader will suspect who committed the crime—indeed, the culprit is practically unconscious of having done it—and the interest of the story never flags for a moment.

The writer who, under the pseudonym of S. G. Tallentyre, has given us those brilliant biographies of Voltaire and Mirabeau, is now paying attention to a later period, the first decade of the reign of Victoria the Good. "Early Victorian: A Village Chronicle," was a charming picture of a bygone day with the healthy simplicity of the rustic life which the call of the throbbing factory and the smoke-begrimed town have since done so much to destroy. "Matthew Hargraves" chronicles the career of a typical "John Bull," who was "something in the City," the business man whom Thackeray and Trollope have so graphically described. The story is a welcome addition to the domestic literature of those days, for, with the light touch of an artist, it vividly depicts the social life in this England of ours when men had a stricter sense of honour and hit straight without gloves.

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THE City came back from its holidays inclined to business, but it is doubtful whether the public are of the same mind. However, dealers in the Oil section had a little gamble all to themselves, and this gave a feeling of confidence throughout the whole House. Whether this will last is another matter. The news from Mexico is bad. It is the fashion in England and also on the Continent to look upon the Yankee as a man devoted to business and with an extraordinary capacity for making money. This is only half true. The Yankee makes money because he cannot help it. He lives in the richest country in the world and he lives on its wealth. He puts a spade into the ground and crops sprout up. He puts a pick into the earth and gets out every kind of metal. Nature makes the Yankee rich. I have been to the United States many times, and I have always come away with the impression that the American is a sentimental, highly nervous person without any real backbone or solidity of character. He is always talking about hustling, but an Englishman does more work in an hour than the American does in six hours, and does it without saying a word, whereas the Yankee is always saying how busy he is and how little time he has for anything except money making. This is not a proof that he knows how to make money, but evidence that he finds money making a great strain upon him. We have got an instance of the sentimentality of the Yankee in this Mexican business. For the past two years it has been plain to those who know Mexico that intervention by the United States was inevitable. It has also been plain that the sooner such intervention came about the easier would be the task of the United States Government. There was a time when, by supporting Felix Diaz, Mexico might have been pacified and a stable government under the ægis of the United States established. But Washington was very badly advised. The chance was not taken, and to-day the conquest of Mexico will be necessary if the vast sums of American capital that have been invested in the country are to be saved. All the best informed people consider that it will take the United States three years to conquer the country, and will cost between two and three hundred millions. How, therefore, can one call the Yankee a man of business? He has refused the business way of settling the dispute, and is now going to war over a silly sentimentality. One or two new issues will make their appearance during the present week. The City of Montreal stepped in first and offered a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan at par. As Montreal is a very wealthy city, with an income of over two and a half millions sterling a year and a population of 600,000, its credit is gilt-edged, and it will get all the money it needs without the smallest difficulty.

MONEY.—Gold continues to be taken by Russia. The Imperial Bank at St. Petersburg actually bid 77/9 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the £400,000 of gold offered this week. Not only did she bid $\frac{1}{2}$ over the price offered by Paris, but she also agreed to pay expenses. No one can understand why Russia should be building up such an enormous reserve. I have on many occasions pointed out that her gold supply is increasing at a very rapid rate. For example, on March 29 she held £184,600,000 of gold and silver. The amount of silver held is, however, very unimportant. In 1912 her total stock was only £155,581,000, so that the

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gold has increased nearly thirty millions. If the money comes back from the country our own bank will have no difficulty in maintaining the 3 per cent. rate. We need not expect dear money, but I am afraid that any chance of a reduction to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is out of the question for the moment.

FOREIGNERS.—The news from both China and Japan is bad. Nevertheless, Chinese and Japanese have been marked up. This is the usual method adopted by the Stock Exchange when it wants to unload. However, in spite of the disagreeable increase in the disturbances in China, I believe that Yuan Shi Kai will succeed in establishing peace. There has been good buying for the past three or four weeks of Egyptian Unified, mainly on account of Cairo and Alexandria. Some little time back they were quoted at 96, and they are now 101. Tintos are weak again, as it is believed that the Copper rig is coming to an untimely end.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market has not moved yet, but the fine Easter will probably have a good effect, as all the figures that have been sent in as yet show excellent results. I have not changed my opinion about the desirability of purchasing all the heavy lines, and I urge people to do this whilst they have the chance.

YANKEES.—Everything looks black in the American market. The Inter-State Commerce Commission seems determined to do the worst it can with the railways. The Iron and Steel trade is bad, and there is now some talk of the dividend on Steel common being cut. Rockefellers have refused to carry through the deal which was to have saved the Missouri Pacific, and most of the Gould lines seem in a very bad way. Wabash is to be charged with a 20-dollar assessment, and Denver is quite unlikely to be able to meet the interest on the guaranteed bonds. The whole American market is extremely depressed, and the Yankees therefore sold Canadas for all they were worth.

RUBBER.—Dozens of reports have come out during the week. Highlands and Lowlands find themselves compelled not only to reduce the dividend, but also to take up Ayer Kuning. This will be a very bad business. Anglo-Malay figures are fairly good, but the price seems quite high enough. It looks as though we had seen the top of the rise in Rubber, and within the next few weeks I expect a reduction in the price of the raw material.

OIL.—The market in Oil shares has been booming. All the small gamblers have been rushing to buy Egyptian Oil shares. Suez and Eastern Petroleums, which were at rubbish prices, are now in keen demand. It is said that No. 13 well on the Red Sea plot is spouting 2,000 tons a day, but owing to the strong wind, most of this oil is lost. Roumanian Consolidated has also struck oil, but I think this company over-capitalised, and holders should

take advantage of the rise to get out. Spies hangs fire. The insiders are evidently unloading.

MINES.—There is a sort of attempt being made to put up Kaffirs. The reports that come out are not brilliant, but they are sufficiently good to create confidence. The Crown Mines figures are all right, and Modder B shows up well. Modder Deep looks like a reasonable speculation, as the mill should be running at the end of this year. But the life is not more than twenty years. Mount Elliotts scheme for a new company was not liked. Copper shares have been sold, and Tin shares are now weak again. Russo-Asiatic have touched the record figure of 9½, and Russian Mining have also recovered part of the heavy fall. Very much depends upon whether the St. Petersburg gamblers come in and support this market. Russo-Asiatics are run by a strong crowd, who have plenty of money and a thorough knowledge of mining. Russian mining is run by the Hirsch crowd, who are more gamblers than mining people. Both properties have great intrinsic merits, but both will require very large sums spending upon them, and neither can hope to produce for at least two years. These long shots are therefore dangerous.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market there is very little business doing. Electric Light shares keep hard in spite of the fact that it has been officially announced that the combine arranged by the Braithwaite division will not go through. Mr. Merz, the engineer to the London County Council, is now preparing a scheme on his own account, and it is quite probable that the Fladgate division will join hands with the City of London and London and County and accept the terms offered by Mr. Merz. Therefore, I advise people to hold on to their shares. Bell's United Asbestos report is excellent. The Nitrate Railway's figures show a record, and the securities of this road are admirable.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

PREMATURE BURIAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—With reference to Mr. Darnley Clifton's letter in last week's ACADEMY, and having regard to the admitted dangers of interment alive in these islands, may I give some brief details of the system adopted for very many years in Munich and other Continental cities for the prevention of these terrible tragedies. The German system is best seen at Munich. This city is divided into twenty-one burial districts, in each of which there is an inspector of the dead, with an alternate, besides the woman (called *leichenfrau*) who attends to the body and arranges the funeral appointments. She is qualified by a technical examination. The attendant physician is always present at the death crisis. He gives his verdict of death, but the law does not trust his unsupported opinion, however eminent he may be. The inspector comes, and in the meantime nothing about the body must be touched by anyone. He draws up his certificate, which covers every possible point in the case, and this is countersigned by the attendant physician. Delay and efforts at resuscitation may be employed at this stage, if the inspector sees fit. Ordinarily, he allows from two to twelve hours' delay in the residence for ceremonies, etc., when the body must be removed to the waiting mortuary, where it remains for seventy-two hours or longer under medical observation. Then the mortuary physician gives his certificate, if all

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goes without incident, and the interment takes place in the adjoining cemetery. Thus it is seen that there are, with the *leichenfrau*, four independent expert inspectors. All are on the *qui vive* in carrying out the system, which is popular and is understood by all classes.

The Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial advocates the establishment of waiting mortuaries, similar to those in Germany, in every sanitary district throughout the United Kingdom, where the supposed dead can be kept under expert medical care and observation until resuscitation takes place, or putrefactive decomposition (the only really reliable proof of death) sets in. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

W. M.

London, N., April 11, 1914.

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In what respect is Mr. Garvin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, more of an outsider than the Jews, Scots, Welshmen, and Irishmen who own or edit the other metropolitan dailies which pose as Tory organs? Garvin's loyalty to country, and party, is not less to be trusted than that of the Harmsworths and their editors. Have the *Daily News* and *Reynolds'* boomed, puffed, and advertised Messrs. Churchill, Lloyd George, Samuel, and Co. more than the Harmsworth Press has done? The Tory, English and National Party will not be returned to power with a substantial majority until London has been provided with a daily journal which is owned by Englishmen, and edited and written by Englishmen, in the interests of Englishmen, and without regard to the racial and national susceptibilities of Jewish and American advertisement patrons. Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER,

18, Winchester Road, Hampstead, N.W.

April 6, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- The Works of Man.* By Lisle March Phillipps. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Ecuador: Its Ancient and Modern History.* By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- St. Margaret's Westminster, The Church of the House of Commons.* By H. F. Westlake, M.A. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Pittura Scultura Futuriste.* By Umberto Boccioni. Illustrated. ("Poesia," Milan. 4 lire.)
- My Friend is Dead.* By Emery Pottle. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Dramatic Actualities.* By W. L. George. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.)
- Shakespeare Personally.* By the late Professor Masson. Edited and Arranged by Rosaline Masson. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
- Tiger.* By Witter Bynner. (D. J. Rider.)
- The Highway to Happiness.* By Richard Le Gallienne. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)
- The Comic Dictionary.* By Bernhard-Smith. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Bribe.* A Play in Three Acts by Seumas O'Kelly. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)
- Rope Enough.* A Play in Three Acts by Conal O'Riordan. (Maunsel and Co. 2s. net.)
- The Revolutionist.* A Play in Five Acts by Terence J. MacSwiney. (Maunsel and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Corner-Stone of Education: An Essay on the Home Training of Children.* By Edward Lyttelton, D.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)
- The Bonds of Society.* By John Sutherland. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Flash-Point.* A Play in Three Acts by Mrs. Scott-Maxwell. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Over the Hills.* A Comedy in One Act by John Palmer. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6d. net.)
- Canadian Addresses.* By the Hon. George E. Foster. (Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net.)
- Arabic Proverbs.* Collected by Mrs. A. P. Singer and Edited by Enno Littmann, Ph.D. (Finck and Bayleender, Cairo. 4s.)
- Zang Tumb Tuuum, Adrianopoli, Ottobre, 1912. Parole in Libertà.* By F. T. Martinetti. With Portrait. ("Poesia," Milan.)

FICTION.

- Cinderella's Sisters.* By Florence Scannell. Illustrated. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)
- The Agitator in Disguise.* By Mrs. Langfield Sawkins, L.L.A. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)
- The Making of a Soul.* By Kathlyn Rhodes. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
- James.* By W. Dane Bank. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)
- Matthew Hargraves.* By S. G. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
- Thrice Armed.* By Harold Bindloss. With Frontispiece. (John Long. 7d. net.)
- A Daughter of Debate.* By Mrs. Ambrose Harding. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

VERSE.

- The Golden Heresy.* By Max Plowman. (48, Fitzroy Street, London, W. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Dreams of Arcady.* By Octavia Gregory. Illustrated. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Flowers from the Fatherland. Transplanted into English Soil. By A. M. Everest. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

Scottish and American Poems. By James Kennedy. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. 4s.)

Selections from the Epigrams of M. Valerius Martialis. By W. J. Courthope. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

Through Eyes of Youth. By E. Cecil Roberts. With Portrait. (James Clarke and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Career briefly set forth of Mr. Percy Prendergast who told the Truth. By Margaret Sackville. Illustrated by Cecil Ingram. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 1s. net.)

Quatrains. By T. W. Cole. (Frank Palmer. 6d. net.)

The Two Blind Countries. By Rose Macaulay. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

Creation: Post-Impressionist Poems. By Horace Holley. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

Wind on the Wold. By Alexander G. Steven. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)

EDUCATIONAL.

A Grammar of Late Modern English. Part II. Section I, A. By H. Poutsma. (P. Noordhoff, Groningen, and Dawson and Sons, London. 12s.)

A First Book of English Literature. By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Sertum: A Garland of Prose Narratives, Book II, Nineteenth Century. Selected and Edited by J. H. Fowler and H. W. M. Parr. Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 1s.)

THEOLOGY.

Some Principles of Spiritual Healing. By H. Lane. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. net.)

Introduction à l'Histoire des Religions. Par René Dus-saud. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

The Diocese of Chelmsford and Its First Bishop. Illustrated. (Robert Scott. 6s. net.)

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. By the late Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. (H. R. Allenson. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Value of the Theology of St. Paul for Modern Thought. By the Rev. H. T. Andrews, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 6d. net.)

The Meaning of the Doctrine of the Communion of Saints. By the Rev. John C. Vawdrey, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)

Our Schools and the Bible By the Hon. Henry Coke. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

La Revue; Deutsche Rundschau; Land Union Journal; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; La Revue Bleue; Wednesday Review; Revue Critique.

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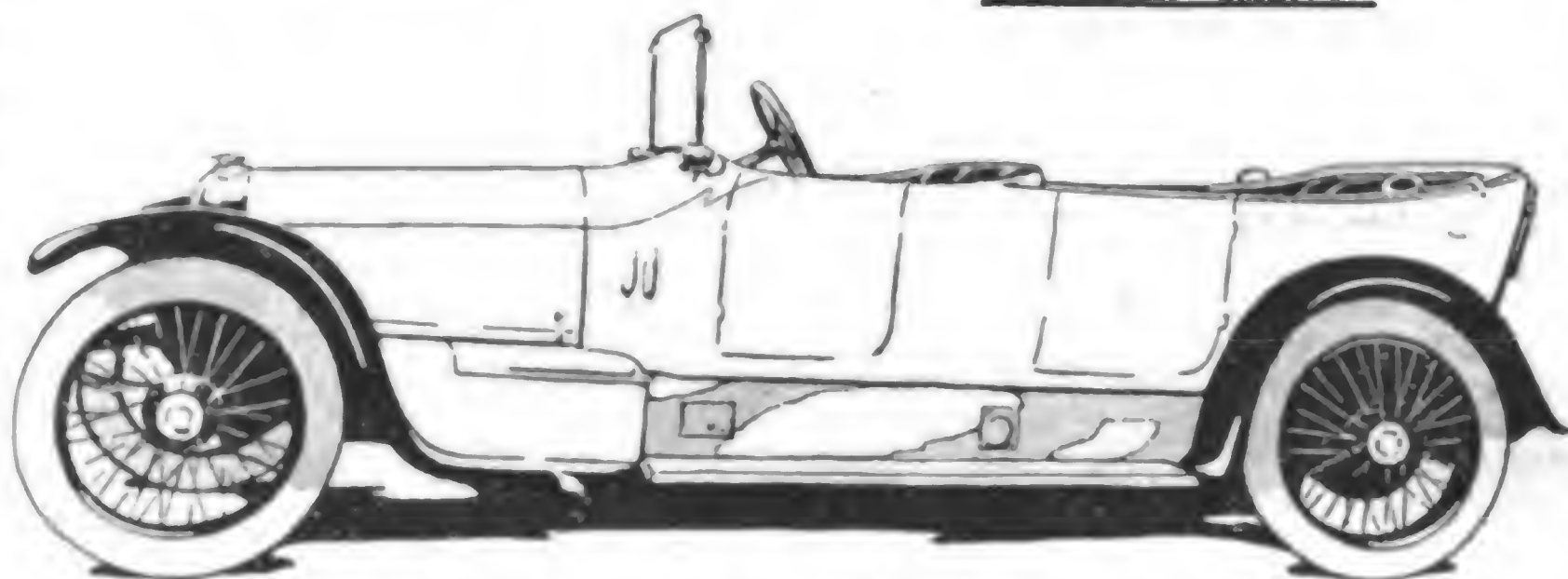
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Notes of the Week

THE pageant of peace, when the sovereigns of Great Britain rode down the Champs Elysées amid the acclamations of enthusiastic and well-wishing Parisians, was a very different sight to that witnessed forty-three years ago, when a force representative of the victorious German armies marched along the same magnificent route to the strains of the "Wacht am Rhein." True, the *voyous* of Paris responded with the "Marseillaise," but every respectable inhabitant of the ill-fated and suffering city stayed within doors. On Tuesday they were present in their thousands, not only to welcome the ruler of a friendly people, but also to testify their appreciation of the era of peace which only the Entente Cordiale could have made possible, and which is now cemented anew. May the Champs Elysées never again resound to the echo of the tread of a foreign foe.

The decision—tardy as it has been—of the United States to put a term to the insolence of Huerta, and incidentally, we hope, to the villainies of Villa and his associates, is not only welcome in the light of retributive justice, but also as tending to unstop the safety valve of international politics. The Monroe doctrine, as enlarged by President Cleveland and reasserted with emphasis by President Grant, has been found to be hard of digestion by every European Power. There are not many "places in the sun" which are not at present under the domination of some great

Power, but each such Power has acknowledged the obligation of protecting the lives, and the property—lawfully acquired—of foreigners resident within its jurisdiction. The United States has alone enunciated a rule, which is in defiance of every recognised principle of the law of nations, and has in effect claimed a protectorate over the various communities on the American continent; communities which the United States has again and again shown itself unwilling or unable to control in accordance with the accepted principles of civilised societies. A claim so interpreted could not for longer be accepted, and since there is not, in the main, any desire to challenge by war a monstrous position, the intervention in Mexico is at length an acknowledgment of obligations correlative to claims which makes for much desired peace.

Mr. McKenna's Bill dealing with Criminal Justice, which was recently read a second time in the House of Commons, is likely to be viewed as one of his few successful efforts as Home Secretary. The Bill, it is true, is largely declaratory, and merely collates the practice which at least the more experienced County Benches have been in the habit of adopting, and which has been recommended in various Home Office circulars. The main effect of the Bill is to declare for the continuance of the lenient and merciful treatment of offenders which found expression in the Probation of Offenders Act, and—in the case of juvenile offenders—in the institution of the Borstal system of regenerative treatment. We are wholly in favour of this line of policy, where it is at all possible to adopt it, and we believe that ascertained results support our view. Such corrective development is a very different proposition from the wild adumbrations of Mr. Churchill, during his ill-starred occupation of the Home Office, which would have converted prisons into comfortable hotels with most luxuries, including pleasure grounds with cafés and concerts. Next week a very important conference will be held at Gloucester in connection with the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. The meeting will be largely attended by those who are in sympathy with operations of the Society in giving the discharged prisoner assistance to enable him to obtain a fresh start. THE ACADEMY has the greatest sympathy with the objects of the Society and high appreciation of the self-sacrificing work of the Visiting Justices in examining cases and applying aid according to the circumstances of each individual case. In the issues of next and the following week we shall afford much space to matter bearing on the subjects which the Conference will debate.

Mr. Yone Noguchi, whose visit to England is a reminder that the East still keeps many of its olden ideals untouched by material considerations, has contributed the new volume in Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series, to appear shortly under the title of "The Spirit of Japanese Poetry." It reveals what its title promises, and contains many renderings from the Japanese poets, both ancient and modern.

A Jealous Mistress

THOU askest not of him who kneels before thee,
 O Nature, if he sinner be or saint,
 But that with all his soul he shall adore thee,
 And use what gifts are his to sing or paint
 Thy loveliness in all its myriad phases
 Of sorrow or of laughter clear and sweet:—
 But only will the incense of his praises
 Ascend to thee while he lies at thy feet.
 And shouldst thou prove a mistress too exacting
 For a poor human soul that seeks its ease,
 So that, his one-time faith and creed retracting,
 He turns to loves less difficult to please,—
 Ah, then he'll know the pain of having missed thee—
 So colourless are now all hopes and fears,—
 And he shall find that those who once have kissed thee
 With lesser loves walk lonely all their years!

ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON.

Poeta Nascitur

THE Village Derelict dozed in the sunshine on its hillside. Crystals of granite glittered like diamonds in the road. Ruined walls of engine-houses, stacks, and barrows, serrating the sky-line, seemed to desiccate and crumble visibly in the heat. Crows and jackdaws wheeled about them in an ineffable blue, clattering as they sailed. The Market House, with broken windows and rusted railings, threw a cool purple shadow on a little flagged space, where grass grew up, silently heaving the stones that were never trodden. The men of the village were gleaning mineral treasure on the South African plains or in the Mexican mountains. Its women were in their houses behind window-screens of red geraniums. Its children were at the schoolhouse, down by the ancient Holy Well, on a lower, greener part of the hill. Only in the Market House Hotel, kept by Jenefer Pencalenick, did you hear sounds or see signs of life.

There is a mining village in a far-distant part of England where a tired wanderer entered an inn one Sunday morning, and found six miners seated round a fire. In accents not native he said, "Good-morning!" The miners turned and stared. Five of them were silent. The sixth muttered, "D— fool!" They closed round the fire again. To the Market House Hotel, by Jenefer Pencalenick, the same wanderer had entered many winter evenings and found his salutation answered by a chorus, a scraping of chair-legs on the sanded floor, a space made, an invitation to come forward to the blaze and join the conversation: in ten minutes he was generally deep in some abstruse theological discussion with the seniors. Finally, he left with a hearty chiming in his ears of "Wish 'e well, you!"

So, on the blazing afternoon when the air outside throbbed intolerably above the granite, he turned into the Market House Hotel with confident expectation of hospitality. There, "thinking upon a pot of beer,"

and compressing tobacco into a clay bowl, was the Poet Born. The Poet listened gravely to censure on the weather, as with large toleration for a trivial mind which could find nothing better to do than to hatch futile complaints against the cosmic precession. The Poet concurred in trite remarks about the sad decline of the Village Derelict from those glorious days when the blue spaces of the hills echoed the clank of engines, when much mineral was being ripped out of the bosom of Earth, when the Market House rang with the noise of commerce, and the Market House Hotel was a haunt of prosperous jollity.

Then he made comment: "But 'tis sadly beautiful now." Which revealed the Poet for what he was behind the red-stained miner's kit he wore and the ragged beard and the grizzled eyebrows he grew, betraying the old age that kept him away from Montana or the Rand. For what he was: not highly articulate, but glowing with the fire. From what dim ancestry proceeded the afflatus that had breathed on him, as it has breathed on so many of his fellow-Cornishmen, who shall say—whether Celtic or præ-Celtic? But there as he sat, with large and deep brown eyes calmly contemplative, with undulating voice and meagre literary vocabulary, but plentiful vernacular, expressing the transcendentalism that possessed his soul, he was undeniably the Poet Born. He transmuted desolation into splendour, grey things into fine. Even the Wanderer believed, indeed (while under his spell), that there was nothing essentially desirable in any other condition of life than his, and that independence of Spirit made the true Elysium.

So it became feasible that the happiest lot of man on earth was to be a tributer in an abandoned Cornish mine, working alone sometimes, or with a partner, taking what ore he could find and selling it at what price he could get, and paying tribute of percentage to the lord of the property. For he left the warrens of his fellows and took his thoughts down slippery ladders into the wet darkness. No distractions came in the lonely galleries save the candle-flicker on the rocks and the tinkle of falling water. Then it was that a man conceived his profoundest speculations about life and death, projected his mind into such a future as might follow a sudden stroke of tragedy down there. And as he came to the surface under the stars, and walked home over the silent moor to his cottage, what a sense of the goodness of the air and the reality of the Universe!—more vivid because he could compare the velvet sheen of night under the sky with the harsh darkness of the world below-ground, where he had pried into the secrets of the vast processes by which the earth was formed in millions of years gone by.

Knowing that the Cornish are all gentlemen, as Borrow said—and as the Metropolitan Police agreed when they attended the consecration of the Cornish cathedral—the Wanderer was not surprised by the grace with which the Poet Born accepted hospitality of a second pot of beer.

R. A. J. WALLING.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

III.—MR. ARNOLD BENNETT

SIR,—If it be admitted that a good conceit of himself is one of the finest gifts with which the gods can endow any human being, you should live in a state of perpetual gratitude to the dwellers on high Olympus. For undoubtedly one so equipped is born with an armour, hard as the carapace of a crab, that thickens with increasing years; indeed, could we but inspect at will a cross-section of mental states as we can of certain vegetable or mineral formations which grow by accretion, his age might be guessed with a fair amount of accuracy by the layers of self-conceit thus exposed. In boyhood, such a person would be impervious to verbal correction—if not to the temporary pangs of its physical emphasis; in manhood, he would smile at criticism, and hint more or less euphemistically that he was a very clever fellow; in old age, he would become garrulous on the subject of what he had done for the world.

You have done something for the world, certainly. You have interested it and amused it, and it has rewarded you with those various good things which money can buy. But I fail to see, my dear sir, why you have found it necessary or advisable to talk about yourself in those peculiar books which purport to give "the truth" about an author. The great qualification for fame which you possess—and I, for one, think very highly of it—is that of being able to tell a story cleverly, in such a fashion that the most commonplace incidents shall become significant, the most ordinary people take their places as exponents of comedy or tragedy, the most humble and unpromising towns glow and throb as centres for the interplay of human passions, the exhibition of manifold joys and sorrows. In real life, I have no doubt that I should pass Clayhanger as quite an uninteresting, undistinguished young fellow; so, I am sure, would you; and as for Hilda Lessways or the energetic "Card," probably neither of us would give them a second glance if we met them in a London highway. When you begin turning out your stock, however, and giving to one a character, to another an impulse, to a third a fierce desire, the case is altered; we feel that one who manages his properties so excellently is worthy of the handsome "rise," if I may so put it, which the reading public, your employer, has bestowed upon you during the last few years.

And then you destroy this inoffensive admiration of mine by re-printing a volume which has no value whatever as a literary mark—a book which abounds in admissions that show nothing more admirable than a large and flourishing growth of vanity, and which apparently glories in boastful "confessions" that are of no real concern to anybody on this earth but yourself. Eleven years ago there might have been some excuse for the issue of such a book, especially as it was then published without a signature, but, frankly, I see little reason even then. That its chapters originally appeared in the columns of this paper makes no differ-

ence; as articles they would have a sufficient interest to readers of most literary weeklies in spite of their egotistical tone; but to fish it up half-dead from the Lethean stream and apply to it the usual methods for resuscitation—poor thing, it was so very nearly drowned!—savours of bad taste. The act, in short, "gives you away" much as you attempt to "give away" the secrets of an art which you boldly admit to have exploited as a trade. It betrays you as still possessing in an enhanced degree the attribute of youth which we term "innocent conceit," but which becomes insolent instead of innocent when displayed by middle age. "My aim in writing plays," you say, "whether alone or in collaboration, has always been strictly commercial; I wanted money in heaps, and I wanted advertisement for my books." It seems to me, as a person with normal ideas as to honour, that there should be some little sense of shame attached to such an utterance as that. Precisely thus might a butcher speak—"My aim in selling meat has always been strictly commercial"—only we should laugh at the butcher, not blame him. I have found your plays vastly entertaining—I have no grumble with them, whatever the object with which they were written; but to know definitely that you wrote them with no high ideal, and to hear you brag of the fact—these two things give me a feeling of discomfort and disappointment, a sense of shame *for you*, and I realise, however your work may please me, what a great gulf is for ever fixed between you and the true artists. I am reminded, by contrast, of a letter of George Meredith to Frederick Greenwood, written in 1892. "I thought it needless when I sent the verses," he wrote, "to say that such tiny things were a gift, honoured by your acceptance. Do not, if you print me in future, pay me." And again, to the same good friend and editor: "My work has hold of me, and a day lost is a dropping of blood"—this after a lifetime of writing. Needs the contrast any emphasis?

One hesitates before passing an opinion upon the permanence of the work of a living author; but I have heard others say in conversation that you will last for about one generation. Such speculations are useless. Some of us occasionally dip into a novel of Trollope with pleasure; possibly fifty years hence our descendants will pick up one of the Five Towns novels for the sake of a quiet hour with the old, half-forgotten times. Let that be as it may; my point at present may be summed up thus: it is not a fine thing, however "smart" it may seem, now that your name to a book ensures a splendid circulation and a large cheque, to re-issue a screed of such inordinate vanity, containing so many worthless and even absurd statements. The intervening years have not, it appears, brought wisdom. Nobody would have minded had you let that tell-tale volume drift down the stream into oblivion. To have had low ideals is bad; but to retain them, to decorate them with new covers, and to hand them out for sale at this time of your career, is about the worst and most regrettable thing you could have done.

I am, Sir, Yours obediently,
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

The Long Road

"DROVING?" said the man by the fire, "it's like the sailing of ships."

He was plaiting a stockwhip with that care and love that men bestow on the things they live by, and the firelight danced on his tanned face, with its grizzled moustache. He had known many journeys on the road with cattle, from the short trips down the pleasant little rivers to those long arid voyages across the continent on which men battle painfully for a little grass and water and have only the sun by day and the stars by night to bear witness to their grim tenacity. Nearly all the years of his manhood had been spent on the road; he loved it, and would remain on it while he could swing a leg across the saddle, though when he spoke of it there was just that touch of bitterness in his voice that a man uses when he talks of things he has known to the core and stripped of all illusion.

It was the end of the first day out. The afternoon had faded gently and, save for the chirping of cicadas, everything was breathlessly quiet in the still dusk. Behind us lay the ten or eleven miles of plain over which the cattle had fed, nosing out the green herbage from under the flank-high grass, a little restless and excited at the start, patient and orderly as the instinct of their kind to keep in a mob slowly triumphed over the novelty of being driven. They herded together now in a black mass, compact and placid as a ship at anchor.

We lay beside the fire watching them, we who had brought them out. There were six of us, and two were black. Save for the old man, the other drovers were young fellows, with brown, quiet faces and the long, flat thighs of horsemen. They leaned on their elbows and talked of the tracks they had travelled and a little boastfully of the horses they had ridden. But chiefly they talked of the particular track ahead of us, of the difficulties to be encountered and the places in which water might be found.

"Droving is like the sailing of ships," said the old man.

Ever since boyhood most of them had been used to setting out on such journeys; they knew that droving had no intimate relation with romance or excitement, that it chiefly demanded an infinite patience and endurance, promising little but parched throats in the summer and a very wet camp when the rains began to fall. Yet there was a freshness and adventure in their eyes, as though that day had brought a release. They seemed filled with a quiet exaltation, such as sailors feel when the coastline dips, though their senses pleasantly remember the comfort of this inn or that fireside.

The steady hoof-beats of the night-horse patrolling its round broke in upon our voices. Then from afar off there came another sound. We raised ourselves upon our elbows and listened. Even the sleeping cattle seemed to stir uneasily, as though they were aware of a strange presence. At last from without the

circle of firelight a man came riding in, the shadows dancing on his dim figure.

"Denison!" said someone.

He reined up his horse, hesitated a moment, and then with an abrupt nod rode on. There was something mysterious about his gaunt face, with its sunken eyes. He rode with his back hunched a little, and his head bowed, as if he were not anxious to look anyone in the face, but there was nothing mean-looking or furtive about him. On the contrary, he had in his bearing a tragic dignity.

"Poor old Denison!" said the man next to me. "He's going off to camp alone."

There was in his eyes a half-contemptuous pity; even the black boys could hardly forbear to smile at the retreating figure. They recognised in him a man who had failed in the one thing in which it was important not to fail, one whom life had caught in a weak moment and defeated, and there was a detachment about their attitude as though they felt that no sympathy or censure of theirs could affect the issue. On a rise among the timber, a few hundred yards away, we watched him light his lonely fire and roll himself in his blanket.

It was not possible to forget the presence of that silent figure. Some of us remembered Denison as a young man inflamed with the pride of life, that expressed itself mainly in dare-devil riding among the timber. No man had been more capable of handling a bad horse, whether on the ground or in the saddle, and, when talk of outlaws went round, cattlemen still mentioned his name. Perhaps it was his confidence in himself that chiefly accounted for his downfall. It was at the end of a long day, and he had to take the second watch. Something in the nature of men makes them demand that their calling shall tax their endurance, their foresight, and even their personal courage, so that they may look upon it with some degree of sacredness. They ask of it that it shall be important enough to make them keep their eyes open at times when all their flesh is heavy with sleep. And the man who goes droving gets this kind of responsibility in full measure.

Curious prodigality of youth! For a few shillings a day, a hard, uneasy bed on the ground, and a little coarse food, it is ready to spend its strength without reserve and hold up even its personal honour as a pledge to devoted service. That day Denison was tired in the very bones, for the ground had been boggy after flood-rains, and the cattle had to be pushed every inch of the way by sheer physical force. From sunrise until dark there had been no pause in the fierce, grinding labour, and when the time came to camp, and the fires had been lit at intervals around the sleeping mob, the drovers threw themselves down on the damp ground and went to sleep over their food. But cattle are uncertain animals at the best. One moment they may be lying down quietly, tired and footsore, a black, inert mass of softly-breathing life. But let the comforting fires die down and a horse-bell suddenly echo through the night! In a flash they have become a mad, many-

horned beast, rushing blindly into the darkness to trample out any life that lies in their way and cripple themselves in the timber. It is that wild thunder of hoofs, so terribly reverberant in the memory, that all men who have been on the road hear ever afterwards in their uneasy dreams.

That night Denison went to sleep in the saddle, and let the fires of mulga-wood die down to white embers. The ironic fate that is ready to take advantage of men's mistakes did not let his moment of laxity go unheeded. When the sound of crashing timber woke him, it was too late to do anything but race on the heels of the rushing mob—and then come back at dawn to bury the man who was lying with the life crushed out of him. Perhaps he would have been happier if the disaster had turned more directly against himself, if he had been allowed to pay his penalty quickly under the trampling hoofs. Man's strange habit of accepting responsibilities, of dying cheerfully rather than endure the stain which a moment's neglect casts upon his honour, is one of the puzzling facts of an incomprehensible world. At any rate, it was not pleasant, as we sat smoking, to remember that taciturn figure lying by his fire among the timber, a butt even for the black boys, who could not be expected to realise his failure to the full. . . .

The man on first watch rode over to the fire. Slipping from the night-horse, he poured out a mug of coffee, and, rolling himself in his blanket, dug a hole in the soft earth with his hip. Another man took his place, and the rest of us turned on our sides for sleep. Yet sleep came warily to the eyes of one at least. From the creek came the tinkle of horse-bells; the cattle stirred uneasily, like a sick man turning in his bed, and like one persistent sound, rising above and giving meaning to the rest, came the steady tramp of the night-horse going its round.

I awoke long before dawn, though the stars were beginning to show the first signs of faintness and the cattle were already on their feet. Near me the two black boys were lying on their backs, talking in whispers about a new comet that had appeared in the sky. The air held the slight chill that comes before sunrise; the packs and blankets were covered with a heavy dew. In a little while everyone was cutting off bread and meat before the fire, and putting warmth into his body with mugs of black coffee, while the saddled horses snorted and threatened one another with their heels. Then, in the greyness, the dark shapes of the cattle began to form in a moving line toward the south.

V. P.

In its edition of April 12, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has a long article by Senator Henry La Fontaine, president of the International Peace Society at Brussels, on "Peace Conferences," in which he gives an interesting review of the history of the Peace Movement, its workings, aims and ideals; of the two previous Peace Conferences, and of the principal questions to be discussed at the third Peace Conference proposed for 1916.

REVIEWS

Tolstoy in his Plays

The Plays of Tolstoy. Translated by LOUISE and AYLMER MAUDE. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

TOLSTOY'S first and greatest play, "The Power of Darkness," is a terrible picture of the ignorance, drunkenness, superstition, and vice still prevailing in the homes of millions of Russian peasants even in our so-called civilised days. The various characters—Akim the God-fearing peasant; Nikita, his son, the village libertine; Matrona, his unscrupulous and criminal mother; Marina, Nikita's victim—are all depicted with that minute exactitude of which Tolstoy was master. Nothing escaped the glance of that steel-grey eye of the old sage of Yasnaya Polyana; it pierced the subtleties of men and women as easily as the steel of the surgeon pierces their bodies. Any one who has lived among the Russian peasantry and observed how these dumb millions live and think must confess that the great artist has painted them to the life with no uncertain hand. The Russian peasant in some respects is the most remarkable man in Europe. Like a blind Samson, he hardly realises his strength; if at times he is conscious of it, he also knows to his sorrow that he is at present powerless to use it. But there must come a time when these 112 million sturdy and hardy peasants, now patient and enduring, will make themselves known for good or for evil in the councils of the world. Our ambassador, Sir Robert Morier, once thanked God in public that the Russian peasant had a kindly heart; for in his hands lay the future of Russia and of Europe. If we read these faithful word-pictures we shall see that he has not only been gifted with a forgiving nature, but with a rich and fertile mind, rich in deep thought and a quaint philosophy, which astonishes and bewilders those who study it.

The opinions of "Ivan Ivanovitch" about men and women, if not entirely complimentary, are painfully near the mark. Much of his philosophy is almost Shakespearean in pungency and wit. The following quotations, taken at random, give an idea how lucidly many of these rough people think and speak:

"From oats and hay why should horses stray?"
 "Why should not one be merry if one has the money?"
 "They are rich, they say, but it seems that gold does not keep the tears from falling!" "Drink, but keep your wits about you!"

The philosophy of old Mitrich, the old soldier, whose outlook has been widened and deepened by suffering and a greater experience of life than that of his fellow-villagers, is the most telling. His opinions of women are typically those of a Russian peasant, and can hardly be called complimentary. "Oh," he ejaculates; "seems the women have been fighting again, tearing each other's hair! Oh Lord, Gracious St. Nicholas! There they go, binding one another and gulling one another—and it's all gammon!" He has

evidently not lived in the big towns for nothing. Mitrich, who, like the majority of old soldiers, scorns to tell a lie, has a great contempt for men in general, and does not care two straws for death. In that he is like thousands of his fellows. For women he has the profoundest contempt, mingled with pity. "A peasant woman, what is she? Just mud! There are millions of the likes of you in Russia and all as blind as moles—knowing nothing."

In these pages we see the human soul laid bare, and man with all his infirmities, his primeval instincts and passions appears as Nature fashioned the human clay, or "paste," as Mitrich contemptuously calls this human flesh. Only a Zola or a Tolstoy could make the sordid pictures so realistic, so full of human interest. Throughout the scenes a darkness black as night prevails; but it is illuminated by flashes of heavenly light and truth.

Most of the horrors in this play are caused by the difficulty of obtaining a divorce in Russia. The Greek Orthodox Church permits practically no divorce among the peasantry, with the result that hundreds of women are continually being sent to Siberia in chains for poisoning their husbands. Three lives are here sacrificed owing to the mediæval bigotry of the Church and the want of Christian charity to a fallen woman among a congregation of so-called Orthodox Christians.

The Comedy, "Fruits of Culture," shows the disastrous effects of Western culture on the untutored minds and habits not only of the simple and ignorant, but also on the upper and middle classes, many of whom have too frequently only a thin veneer of European civilisation to cover their semi-Oriental barbaric instincts. In this comedy Tolstoy pokes fun at the spiritualists and their dupes, who about ten years ago created quite a sensation in St. Petersburg and Moscow. He depicts the spiritualists as either humbugs or the victims of impostors. It is an excellent picture of daily life in a family of the upper class. The earth-hunger and cunning of the peasantry is vividly depicted, as well as the extravagance, hospitality, and happy-go-lucky life of the old landed gentry in Russia, who are chronically "hard up." The position of the landowner, his wife, daughters, and son is almost pathetic; all of them seem utterly incapable of doing anything to better their financial position.

"The First Distiller" is a simple comedy, written with force and simplicity, and tells how the Devil, failing to ruin souls by poverty, hardship and misfortune, hits on the device of distilling vodka from grain—a drink which is working terrible havoc among millions of the Russian people.

"The Live Corpse," or "The Man Who Was Dead," shows how a woman endeavoured to save a weak husband after she had been induced to separate from him. Her friends and her own mother remonstrate with her and ask whether it is possible to forgive drunkenness, deception and infidelity. Her reply is: "Nothing is impossible for love!" But despite her forgiving spirit the man's inherent weaknesses are too much for him, and he resolves to kill himself, so that his faithful

wife will be free to marry his friend, whom he thinks more worthy of her love than himself. Fedya, the husband, dies, exclaiming: "Forgive me that I could not free you in any other way. It is best for you; I have long been ready."

"The Cause Of It All," a sordid drama of humble life, tells of the sorrows of a peasant woman's existence—the perpetual kneading, cooking, baking, spinning, weaving, "the cattle to look after," "the brats to keep washed and fed." This play also shows the evil caused by drink and how an unfortunate woman is driven to distraction by her husband. The brutality of the peasants to their wives, when under the influence of liquor, is well exhibited, and the forgiving and generous spirit of the Russian peasant is brought out with startling reality. "The Lord be with thee," the peasant says to the tramp who has abused his hospitality and robbed him; and it is just what a typical Russian peasant would say.

"The Light Shining in Darkness" is the most interesting play in this excellent volume. In the character of Nicholai Ivanovica, Tolstoy places before posterity a record of his struggle with his wife and family in order to carry out his ideas. He not only describes his own point of view, but that of the Countess and her children. He wishes to carry out Christ's teaching as expounded in the Sermon on the Mount. The Countess wishes to compromise; but with Tolstoy it is "all or nothing." Tolstoy finally makes over all his property to the Countess, so that he shall not be responsible for what is taking place under his own roof. In other plays and in novels one has seen Tolstoy fighting with the State, the Church, Society, in his endeavours to live up to the Sermon on the Mount; in this posthumous play we see this unceasing struggle continued, but, unfortunately, with the wife he loves and the children he adores. Their opposition is too much for him. He flies from his own house into the wilderness in order to die in peace. Such was Tolstoy as the writer knew him at Yasnaya Polyana—one of the bravest, most sincere and consistent Christians that ever breathed, as may be seen from the pages of this most valuable work.

WM. BARNES STEVENI.

The Problem of Fear

Where No Fear Was: A Book About Fear. By A. C. BENSON. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

THE reason for this book is not apparent. Fear has haunted Mr. Benson, and, if he had resolutely determined to face the enemy, we should have had an interesting book. But never once during the long course of these rambling essays, which are more like sermons, does the author come to grips with a problem that is at once the most difficult and most vital in human psychology. Even the title is misleading. The reader is offered a terrible variety of palliatives to fear, but of a place or a state where no fear was Mr. Benson entirely

omits to speak. We are told that for nervous fear "occupation of a quiet kind, exercise, rest, are the best medicine." And the advice is characteristic of the whole book. If a medical man gave similar counsel to a patient suffering from nervous fear, if he probed no deeper, he would be guilty of gross neglect; and a fellow-practitioner who knew anything about neurasthenia would be enraged at such casual handling. The annoying quality of Mr. Benson's book is a similar lack of seriousness. He is sentimental, amiable, portentous, and confidential. These may be agreeable attributes for essays on superficial subjects, but the frame of mind they betoken is a highly improper one for the discussion of such themes as Fear and Love. We said that Mr. Benson was insufficiently serious. In proof, let the following quotation stand for many we could cite:—"We should try to be interested in life as we are interested in a game, not believing too much in the importance of it, but yet intensely concerned at the moment in playing it as well and skilfully as possible." No wonder the author has suffered from fear! Life becomes simply vindictive to those who treat it in that cavalier fashion.

If we suppose life to be merely a game, we shall inevitably regard this life as, at best, of small account. This being so, its manifestation—which is the human body—comes to be despised and contemptuously treated in view of a future life. Despising this life, we treat its manifestation at first indifferently, and then, unavoidably, with cruelty. The body itself becomes vindictive. Hence comes fearful, weary, lustful "preachers of death." Blake, who perhaps knew more about love and fear than any of the great poets of the last century, wrote, "Man has no Body distinct from his Soul, for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age"; and possibly nine-tenths of the fear by which humanity is tortured is due to want of reverence for, and whole-hearted joy in, that portion of Soul called Body. All manner of pseudo-religious errors have vitiated our instincts, causing us to mistrust the most God-like attributes of our natures. The result is that man is not at home in his own house. The rooms that should be full of joy and music are haunted by ghostly fears and self-mistrust, and the inmate pines vainly for the grave to free him from what is, in truth, God's manifestation of Himself.

We are, alas! still far from the day when it will be possible to speak freely of that portion of soul called "body"; hence the wisest men are compelled to speak of fear obscurely, as Blake spoke, in what yet remains an unknown tongue, when he said:—

In Heaven Love begets Love: but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love!

And he who will not bend to Love must be subdued by Fear.

There is only one solution to the problem, and the seer of Patmos knew it: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

The Duke of Monmouth

On the Left of a Throne: A Personal Study of James Duke of Monmouth. By Mrs. EVAN NEPEAN. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

EVIDENTLY the industrious author of this study of the Duke of Monmouth has been attracted very much by the pathetic personality of her hero; and there is much to justify a woman in this view. She does not claim for her book that it is in any way a complete biography of the Duke, but her love of the subject has led her, "while not denying any of his follies and sins, to go deeply into the question of his religion, his enduring love, and his fine finish on the scaffold." These are her own words.

One result of her zeal is that we have excellent reproductions of most of the known portraits of the Duke of Monmouth, and of many other portraits not previously published. Her own idea is that the best of all these is the one of the Duke after death, in the National Gallery, which shows the greatest resemblance to his Stuart ancestors. Another striking one, however, is that of Monmouth in Garter robes, now at Goodwood House, and reproduced for the first time by permission of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Equally interesting is the frontispiece, Sir Peter Lely's portrait, in the possession of Earl Beauchamp at Madresfield Court.

There is very little in the way of previous personal histories of the unhappy Duke. Mr. Allan Fea's "King Monmouth," published in 1902, is the principal one, though there is a previous history of his career written by Mr. George Roberts, headmaster of Lyme Grammar School, in 1844. His life, so intermingled with that of the Stuart Dynasty, is not dealt with much, except as a feature of the times. Macaulay and other historians have little to say in his favour; they treat him as a political failure.

Our author says, "History, always with nerves on edge where he (Monmouth) is concerned, gives the obvious side of him—Fitzregal Monmouth, the Restoration Court gallant, the fickle husband, the wayward son, the tragic failure as leader, as Stuart, as king"; hence her prompting to write something of him which has not been before written—a labour of love without doubt, and successful from that point of view.

The only person who loved him in his life with a devotion greater than his own for her was undoubtedly Lady Wentworth (although her portraits would not in themselves warrant the assumption); and she died very soon of a broken heart. Very pathetic is it all: a King's son, with all its privileges in his youth, yet not a son to justify his proclamation of himself, which led to his early end on the scaffold.

One thing seems certain—that his death as it happened, and the punishment meted out to his misguided followers, paved the way, and that very soon, to the success of William Prince of Orange and the Protestant cause. History is founded on facts, not suppositions, and therefore it is not necessary to consider

what might have happened had Monmouth not been executed and previously tortured, by the vain attempts of some of the bishops to make him confess to sins of which his own conscience would not permit him to plead guilty.

One little word to the author. Out of the fullness of her heart and her love for the subject she often indulges in very long sentences, "thoughts within thoughts" and words within words. This style does not add to the ease of reading what, taken altogether, is a very charming book, and a résumé of the best traits in the character of one who has only been judged by the many as a rebel—surely, though, not such a craven as Pettie's picture makes him seem.

Let us conclude with the epitaph of the Stuarts, "And for all that," as a text for our own thoughts, after reading the book itself.

The Country of Contrasts

Ecuador: Its Ancient and Modern History. By C. REGINALD ENOCK, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ENOCK is establishing quite a reputation as an authority on all things South American. He gave us recently an admirable volume on Latin America in its entirety. He seems now intent on affording the British public an opportunity of studying individually the countries which go to make up the South American continent. To the substantial volumes which stand to his credit on Peru and Mexico must be added this on Ecuador. His account of Ecuador's history, resources, and peoples may be taken as fairly exhaustive. In England we hear of Ecuador to-day mainly in connection with Jesuit mission work, or the chronic boundary disputes with Peru, and we know little or nothing of it geographically, ethnically, and industrially. To the mind of the average man, Ecuador is just one of the turbulent Republics of South America. The interest of Mr. Enock's pages is of a very varied character. He paints some glowing pictures of the topographical attractions of the country; he indicates the directions in which developments under better economic conditions might be looked for; and he analyses the characters of Latin settler, native Indian, and mestizo with a good deal of subtle discrimination. The result is a book which may be read for its own sake, apart from any special interest the reader may have in the present and the future of Ecuador.

The record of these South American countries is romance in a fascinating, sometimes a lurid, setting. It is a poor imagination which is not touched by the story of the Incas and the early Spanish adventurers, and, though the modern phases of South American history have often been sordid rather than romantic, the continent still appeals as one which should provide the background only of a stirring story. Beauty on the one hand and brutality on the other are in keeping

with the contrasts presented by a country like Ecuador. In topography, as in climate, it is a land of contrasts. "Beneath perpetual snowfields lie fruitful valleys: perennial winter reigns above perpetual spring: the fruits of the Tropics hang less than a day's march distant from Arctic plant forms: and the warm seas of the torrid zone bathe shores which slope upwards to the icy paramos. In the same territory, within a range of forty leagues, those dragons of the prime, the loathly alligator in the hot slime of the tropic river, and the boa-constrictor of the forests, give place to the perfect forms of the upland deer or *vicuna* and to the great condor, circling above the edge of the snow-clad volcano, and from the beautiful coco-palms of the Guayas to the humble lichens of snow-bound Chimborazo is, geographically, but a step." When, in addition to these extremes, we realise that Nature has "endowed Ecuador with the most beautiful and fruitful fluvial system in the whole of tropic America," we have gone far towards grasping the conditions in which Inca and Iberian first met, and the Indian and the descendant of the Latin coloniser live to-day.

Ecuador, with its mineral and agricultural resources, ought to be a highly prosperous and wholly happy land. Unfortunately its contrasts are not confined to natural features: they extend to the economic as well. The country is largely in the hands of a few rich people, whilst the masses in this so-called Republic are extremely poor and ignorant. That is the astonishing thing throughout South America. All the worst conditions of life in Europe seem to be reproduced with aggravations of their own making in these comparatively young communities. It is the heritage of the generally vicious *régime* inseparable from an insatiable greed of gain which was at once the weakness and the strength of so large a part of Spanish effort beyond the seas. Taking the people as a whole, Mr. Enock says that Ecuador has been, as have other South American countries, much misrepresented. "The cultured society of Ecuador, which includes the whites and an extensive upper part of the mestizos, have many of the habits and customs of all cultured peoples. The most marked difference between the upper class in Latin America and that of European or North American communities is not a lack of culture and ideals on the part of the former, but an excess thereof."

The desire to be considered as "highly civilised" displays itself rather absurdly at times. There is a good deal of pretence about the upper classes, as Mr. Enock, whatever his desire to speak well of them, makes clear, and they have much to learn in elementary civilisation. Their pretension to a high plane of personal honour is little more than an ideal which there seems no inclination to embody in practice. The Latin American is apt to regard words as fit substitutes for deeds. He has "the born instincts of the lawyer, but lacks those of the economist and engineer. That is to say, he is eloquent and argumentative rather than constructive." The most remarkable fact about Ecuador, as about Spanish America generally, when we remember certain horrors which have shocked humanity, is that in these

communities there is no colour line. South America in the main is distinguished from North America in that, as in so many other respects. Consequently there is no barrier to the elevation of the mestizo class, or, indeed, of the Indian himself. We are inclined to think that Mr. Enock rather exaggerates the tolerance of the "white" race towards the half-caste and the native in this respect, but the intermixture of races has been so considerable that the dividing line which exists in the North could hardly exist in the South. The fact that every mestizo who gets on, and has a place among the best in Ecuador or elsewhere, describes himself as a "blanco" is a proof that class feeling is strong, and that those who can repudiate Indian blood are eager to do so.

The Songs of a Countryside

Florilegio di Canti Toscani: Folk Songs of the Tuscan Hills. With English Renderings by GRACE WARRACK. (Alexander Moring. 10s. 6d. net.)

PRINTER, publisher, illustrators, commentator, and translator—the last two capacities being enshrined in a single person—have conspired to produce a delicate and delicious volume. It is not a book to read through in a given number of sessions, with knitted brows—except, indeed, the introduction, and it would be difficult to keep a smooth forehead over some of that. It is one of those lost books of childhood that we are always vainly seeking to recover—a picture-book to be turned over by us, or for us when we are good, or, failing that, at the close of recurring periods of constructive goodness. We are not thinking so much of the pictures, though *they* are many of them delightful; it is the lyrics themselves, the very flesh and bone of the book, that set us thrilling.

These songs are not the exclusive property of the habitual poetry-reader or of the Italian scholar. The person who has possessed, but almost lost, the art of reading poetry and has at the same time a smattering of Italian is admirably qualified to enjoy them. An exotic dress is sometimes the most provocative medium for "reviving old desires" in the matter of poetry. Enough Italian for the present purpose can be learned in two days. "Experto credite"—we have tried it—not over Miss Warrack's book, but years ago, with another volume of Italian poems in our hand.

All this time we have been wilfully ignoring the translation, and speaking as of an anthology of purely foreign verse. The translations are the *raison d'être* of the book, and they are for the most part excellent and musical. The only criticism we have to offer is that they are too monosyllabic; we occasionally get a line like this—

Let her sing loud who doth to help make choice
—along which it is difficult to travel without being jolted a little. The six-lined *rispetto* from which we quote

is preceded by another which contains only one word—"over"—which is not a monosyllable. If the Italian jolts, as it does sometimes, it is in quite a different way. The putting of the originals and the translations side by side—on opposite pages—is an arrangement altogether to be commended. It is the angel's hand outstretched to guide the Pilgrim of Love.

The introduction, we have hinted, is difficult. The subject is a difficult one. If we knew who wrote a country's song, we should begin to know something about the universe. Periods in the history of folk-songs may be fixed or guessed at; the amazing differences and the astounding similarities from district to district, from country to country, can suggest hypotheses; but the final result is a hypothesis and nothing more. Thus, one of the questions to be answered by the Italian literary historian is this—how far was Sicily the home of the Italian folk-song? The Sicilian initiative is undeniable as regards some of the forms and many of the examples, but how, when, and to what extent it was exercised is a question that has been answered in a number of ways. Miss Warrack gives many of the answers—in fact, our grievance against her introduction is that it is a swamp of cited opinions and a breeding-ground of inverted commas—but her own conclusions will be held sufficient for ordinary purposes—"After all it is only a question of number—a question whether the love-poetry of Tuscany, for instance (exclusive of the *Stornelli*), consists mostly of native songs or mostly of those that are Sicilian in origin."

"Exclusive of the *Stornelli*." We are glad that the native Tuscan origin of the *stornello* is recognised. Miss Warrack points out that it is difficult to reproduce in English the almost invariable form of one class of these little songs. With very few exceptions these open with the word "fior" or "fiore"; Miss Warrack is probably right, but we wish she could have seen her way to beginning her translations with the word "flower." "Barley we bless" departs from the fragrant type of "Fiore di grano." Browning's Fra Lippo Lippi kept it up through a goodly series of (rather diminished) *stornelli*, and the repetition of the first word helps to give atmosphere to the poem.

Miss Warrack digresses for her parallels as far as the Hebrides, and we must confess to having received a shock on finding a Scotch island-landscape among the illustrations. But what is great in humanity is common to humanity, and a *déraciné* will never learn to love or learn anything about his fellow-beings. Miss Warrack has understood the Tuscan folk-songs because she brought something to the task of understanding them. In the kingdom of song Skye is not so far from Siena.

We conclude with a typical translation of a *rispetto*—

O rose of all the roses, loveliest rose,
Through thee I sleep not, neither night nor day:
For still to thy sweet face my musing goes,
To count thy graces I return alway.
I keep returning to thy graces ever:
That I shall leave thee, love, believe it never.

The Splendid Tarpon

BEAUTY is at best a matter of taste, even the beauty of a woman's face; and that of a fish appeals chiefly to the man who has caught it. One angler will sing of the beauty of silvery salmon, another of speckled trout, yet few people, I imagine, would be moved to apostrophe by the sight of either lying on the fishmonger's slab, where, "graced in the disgrace of death," they are chiefly delightful to the epicure.

For the gourmet, the tarpon has no interest whatever, being, in fact, one of the very few fish in the world's seas that even a half-caste turns from with disgust. The little fellows, caught on the fly in ponds of the West India Islands, could probably be made palatable by a good cook, but good cooks do not abound in that part of the world, so the experiment may never have been tried.

Most men are said to remember their first salmon. Mine was an eleven-pounder that I caught one misty October morning in the Tweed at Norham, and it thrilled me more even than the twenty-pounder that I had on the following evening within an hour of catching the train for the south. Yet, perhaps because my angling apprenticeship was served in salt water, the first tarpon that bent my rod, and that hangs to-day on the wall of a little club in the West of England, erased every other impression, and every moment of its capture is still as fresh in memory as if it had been yesterday. The spell of this particular success did not lie in the size or weight of the fish; of that I am quite sure. True, it measured a good six feet or more in length, and, since it slightly exceeded eight stone, it was more than ten times the weight of my first salmon; but a fish, no matter what its weight, can be considered only in relation to the tackle on which it is caught, and the rod and reel used in those days for tarpon would have daunted a crocodile. Indeed, I have known a small salmon, hooked on trout tackle, give far more trouble than the best tarpon I ever fought.

The glamour that still surrounds my first tarpon was in great measure due to the extraordinary luck of catching on the first morning, and during the first hour of it, a fish that I had travelled four thousand miles to see. Good luck is always more easily recalled than bad, since the fisherman is an optimist even in retrospect. Long may he remain so.

I shall never forget that blazing May morning, with the Gulf of Mexico shimmering as in mirage, not a cloud in the sky, not a breeze on the water. Vultures were ravening on the shelly beaches; pelicans wheeled heavily about the shallows; man-o'-war birds whistled shrilly high overhead. Six slender skiffs were taken in tow by a fussy launch; in each, a guide, white, black, or one of the many shades of brown that come between, sat busy cutting up long strips of mullet for bait. Then, the fishing grounds reached, the launch came to a standstill, each fisherman stepped on board his own skiff, and the guide bent to the oars.

We all drifted slowly down the Pass on an ebbing tide that had not yet found its strength. It was a sociable aspect of sea fishing such as, save in a competition, would rarely be seen at home, and the fierceness of the sun made us all glad of the smoked glasses and pugaree that we had brought in deference to local advice. Two of the others got a strike almost at starting, but each tarpon threw out the hook at the first jump, a tragedy not uncommon in this sort of fishing and particularly disconcerting when, as sometimes happens, the great hook, with its yard of chain, flies straight back in the fisherman's face. Then one of the party was fast in a jewfish, and another in a logger-head turtle, ponderous prey that would keep them busy for the next half hour or more. My own turn came just when I was least expecting it, came with a quivering of the rod top that would, at home, have been caused by nothing greater than a mackerel. This is the way of some tarpon, though I did not know it then and should have taken no further notice of what seemed to be only little fishes picking at a hook bigger than themselves, had not my guide, who had never taken his eyes off the rod, told me to strike and strike hard. Rather by way of humouring him than with any hope of results, I acted on his suggestion and struck; then, encountering unexpected resistance, again and a third time.

This was the signal for pandemonium. The rod bent in a hoop; the reel, for all its brakes, went round like a fly-wheel; the line flew through the rings as if it would never stop; and somewhere, much too far away, it seemed, to be my fish, six feet of gleaming silver were flung in the air, falling back on the surface with a resounding splash that drew all eyes to our skiff. By now, I had the short butt of the rod safe in the cowhide socket screwed to the thwart, and, amid encouraging shouts of "Well done!" "Make him jump!" I settled down to fight my first tarpon by the process known to Americans as "pumping," a term actually descriptive of the leverage exerted on the struggling fish, with the socket as fulcrum. Before a score of yards had been recovered, the tarpon was away again, this time apparently bound for Cuba; and twice he jumped clear of the water, each time in a wholly unexpected quarter, so rapidly did the fish twist and turn. Then followed the most trying moments of all, for the tarpon practises to perfection a trick known in varying degree to many fishes, and to those who catch them, doubling in its tracks, swimming headlong for the boat and taking advantage of the slack line to shake out the hook. I thought that I must have reeled in half a mile of line, only a faint tremor of which suggested that the fish was still hooked, when suddenly it leapt so close to the skiff as to drench us with the spray that flew from its golden sides; and it looked as if the prize must be snatched from my grasp. Curiously enough, since there were still many yards of unrecovered slack line, the good hook held fast in that adamantine palate; and now, as soon as the line had tightened once more, my guide took the offensive and rowed for the distant beach.

Again and again the noble fish took out line—we must have been fighting nearly half an hour already, as I had not yet acquired the trick of quicker despatch—and twice more it jumped, seemingly with vigour unimpaired. Then, at last, it looked like giving up the unequal struggle, and I was able to tow its unresisting form at the end of twenty yards of line that hummed with the strain of its weight. Indeed, so helpless did it look, gleaming astern, that, but for a further word of caution from the guide, I might even then have lost the battle through over-confidence of victory. No sooner, in fact, had the skiff grated on the sand, no sooner had the guide stepped out with the long gaff in readiness, than away went the tarpon at such a pace that it looked as if the fun were going to begin all over again. This supreme effort, however, proved only a flash in the pan, and, beaten at last, it yielded its shapely body to the cruel gaff. Leaning against the little pier, in the shadow of which we presently drew our quivering prize, I looked down upon my first tarpon with an uncomfortable feeling that all the glory of the fight lay with the vanquished, since, not to mention tackle that would have sustained a drowning mastodon, we were two against one, the guide's work with the oars and gaff contributing even more to the result than my efforts with the rod and reel. It had been a great fight, but I was conscious of a qualm of pity that, curiously enough, recurred as I stood over all the other sixteen tarpon that fell to my rod, yet never over any other fish of river, lake, or sea. These sensations are impossible of explanation, but they are not so rare as is generally supposed in those whom their neighbours regard as sportsmen lusting for cruelty.

F. G. AFLALO.

Shorter Reviews

The Quakers: Past and Present. By DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

A SHORT popular account of the Society of Friends, such as the present volume, is a welcome addition to the series of small books which Messrs. Constable are issuing on the religions and philosophies of the world. The Quakers have been, until recent times, a much maligned and much misunderstood people. Yet they have achieved what is perhaps unique among Christian communities—they have practically compelled public respect by their complete sincerity and the purity of their practice. More than any other sect they have sought for the essential thing in religion, refusing to be put off with material answers to spiritual questions and accepting only the replies and urgings of the inner voice.

The ancient problem of the final authority, which reappears wherever Quietism arises, is dealt with in

brief but illuminating fashion by Miss Richardson, who manages to keep a fine air of detachment throughout her little book. In the chapter on Quakerism and Women we discover how far in advance of their times the early Quakers were. It is refreshing to read that, in this body where such freedom and equality of the sexes prevail, "the breaking of family ties is rare. The failure that leads to the Divorce Court is practically unknown." The history of Quakerism is an interesting and often pathetic one. Whether one agrees or disagrees with the tenets held, one cannot withhold admiration from a people so faithful to principle and so Christlike in spirit. Miss Richardson's style is occasionally involved, but on the whole it is clear and scholarly. She displays a very full knowledge of her subject.

Outline Lecture on Herod's Temple of the New Testament. By W. SHAW CALDECOTT. With Photograph of the Author's Model of the Temple. (C. H. Kelly. 1s.)

MR. SHAW CALDECOTT is one of the principal modern authorities on the Temples of Jerusalem. He has reconstructed all three of them as well as the Tabernacle of the Wilderness. His volumes dealing with each furnish clear pictures of their subject, elucidating the many obscure points to the satisfaction of his readers so long as they are not hypercritical. The author has already devoted a volume to Herod's Temple, to which all who find an attraction in that subject should have recourse. The lecture under notice is contained in a pamphlet of sixteen pages, and consists of skeleton notes on the same subject as that with which the larger volume deals. It is, however, enriched by a sketch, in black and gold, of the front elevation of the Temple as reconstructed by Mr. Caldecott, also a photograph of the author's own model of the Temple.

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5,000 Miles with the Cheshire Yeomanry in South Africa. Compiled by JOHN H. COOKE. Illustrated. (Mackie and Co., Warrington.)

WE have here an extremely nice subscription book compiled by Mr. John H. Cooke, whose historical romance, "Ida, or the Mystery of the Nun's Grave at Vale Royal, in Cheshire," was reviewed in these columns two years ago. The volume shows a great amount of research; the illustrations are many and varied, and should make the work of value to all dwellers in Cheshire as well as to those who have anything to do with voluntary movements. The list of subscribers shows that Mr. Cooke has received good support, especially from the district concerned.

A First Book of English History. By F. J. C. HEARN-SHAW, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)

Irish History for Young Readers. By Rev. H. KINGSMILL MOORE, D.D. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)

THESE two small books are written in a very good form and should prove interesting and instructive to young people. The illustrations are clear and the price of 1s. 6d. is reasonable for the amount of matter contained in each book. The English History has a greater number of pages than that dealing with Ireland, although probably the latter will be found to be the more romantic. Small volumes like these are most useful to teachers when instructing their pupils in the rudiments of a subject into which the child can go deeper in after life.

The Schoolmaster. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. (John Murray. 1s. net.)

THIS volume is a reprint of one of Mr. Benson's earlier works, dating back to a time immediately before his sentimental period, for it precedes "The House of Quiet" by one year. It has much value of an unscientific kind, which is indicated by its sub-title, "A Commentary upon the Aims and Methods of an Assistant Master in a Public School." The author, indeed, disavows any scientific intention for his work in his preface, claiming only to record the results of experience. Although we have moved forward a long way in educational methods since 1902, there is much in this book which would be helpful under any system. The always charming style of Mr. Benson should win many additional readers for this setting forth of gathered experience. The work has its value for parents also, who delegate far too much to the authority and influence of the schoolmaster in the majority of cases, bearing too lightly the burden of their responsibility in the formation of the character of their children. Especially good are Mr. Benson's remarks on Discipline, Athletics, Religion, and Moralities. We wish the book a new lease of life in its present form.

Fiction

The Making of a Soul. By KATHLYN RHODES. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

THE soul in question was that of Miss Antonia Gibbs, typist; Owen Rose, man of letters, was badly jilted by the girl to whom he was engaged, and made up his mind to marry the first girl who offered. The first girl happened to be Antonia, who, unfortunately for herself, loved Owen. After marriage, she found herself out of touch with the people among whom her husband mixed; she found that he—we find him rather a short-sighted prig—considered her intellectually his inferior. Then came an impossible Irishwoman, who, being unhappy herself, wanted to ruin Antonia's life by getting her to run away with another man, in order that Owen might be free to divorce her and go his own way. This, we are told, Antonia did, except that she deserted the other man an hour or so after she had joined him. Then the Irishwoman, having been nearly burnt to death, became reconciled to life and her husband, and repented her of the evil. Finally Antonia, having endured a year or so of loneliness, is discovered by her very loving and repentant husband, and all is peace and joy.

The author has a weakness for inverted commas. "Sweet things" of life is a phrase that occurs far too often. Again, she has committed a greater error in trying to picture perfectly normal people acting in utterly abnormal ways. This is a story, not a record of actual happenings; the characters act in such unnatural fashion that we are never able to forget the story in the people it concerns; the fine art of the novelist, by which events and characters are made to live as one reads, is missing here, and we regret to say that Miss Rhodes writes interestingly rather than convincingly.

The Judgment of Eve. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

IT is seldom, among the numerous novels passing through a reviewer's hands in the course of a year, that one is sufficiently arresting to hold the attention until every word has been eagerly read, and even then the book only put down with a regret that the last page has been reached; yet such is the strength and power of "The Judgment of Eve" and the seven other short stories following the one which gives its title to the book. In all of them there is just sufficient description, the right amount of detail, the neat climax to stamp the author as an accomplished artist. The plot is a minor consideration; psychological events and the influence of temperaments are the things that count with Miss Sinclair. Tragedy and pathos go hand in hand throughout the book, but the reader, under the skilful direction of this clever writer, realises that nothing else can result as the characters of Miss Sinclair's creations are unfolded to him. It is not possible

to tell the story of each of the eight sketches, or to say which of them is the best. All are good. All deal with human emotions and their effect on people made real and living by the author. The first story presents very finely and delicately the tragedy brought into the life of a woman by a husband who is not unfaithful, but of too weak and weary a disposition to meet trial manfully, or to make any renunciation even when his wife's life is at stake. "The Gift" and "The Fault" are intensely tragic for the woman in each case; and, while such stories can be written, there is no need to fear that the writing of short stories is a forgotten art, or that the public can be unappreciative when a book like "The Judgment of Eve" is presented to it.

The Log of a Snob. By C. F. WESTERMAN. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH this book is the work, evidently, of an accomplished yachtsman, one who knows the English coast thoroughly, it is written in such a way that half its interest is deleted. The author has succeeded very well in his attempt at portraying a snob, but in the portraiture of the other characters through the snob he has not done so well. In a Barry Pain-ish style the snob—who is made to tell the story of the cruise—delineates himself, and the portrait, though intended to be humorous, is lacking in humour: here, we say, is a mean man, but his meanness is not funny. So throughout the book; there is no fun in the way in which the snob sits on deck, thick-headedly spoiling sport, when Dick wants the deck to himself so that he may make love to the skipper's sister. Some amusement might be gleaned from such a situation, but the author has failed to render it, and the scene falls flat.

It is a pity that the author did not see fit to give us a straight story of a yachting cruise, for of that, we are persuaded by perusal of this book, he is capable. Instead, he has drawn across the clean trail of a salt-water yarn the dubious humour of various ludicrous accidents, caused, for the most part, by the conceit and unhandiness of his snob; we tire of these, and feel relieved when a piece of really descriptive writing intervenes, or an all too rare passage picturing Dick or the skipper, jolly good fellows both. For the snob we feel too much contempt to be amused at him, and regret that his inclusion in the company spoils a possible good story.

Shorter Notices

WHEN we opened the volume of "Perilous Seas," by E. Gallienne Robin (R. and T. Washbourne & Co., 3s. 6d. net), we imagined that at last in the world of fiction we had discovered something in the sense of a *ben trovato*. We must confess that in this instance we have been more than disappointed. The author not only dedicates the book to Mr. Hilaire

Belloc, to whom acknowledgments are made, but the same acknowledgments are also made to a Miss Carey, of Guernsey, and several other persons. One would naturally suppose that a volume launched out under such auspices would be a work that could be enjoyed by the ordinary reader for whom such books are published. Unfortunately, it is not. The story deals with the Channel Islands and the French Revolution, and it is ridiculously interlarded with many series of dots, without any rhyme or reason, which are most aggravating to the eye and absolutely spoil the tale.

"The Orange Girl of Venice" (Holden and Hardingham, 6d. net) is one of the "thrillers" which our grandfathers used to delight in. This version has been adapted for present-day consumption by Mr. E. A. Vizetelly. The original author, whoever he may have been, had a lively imagination. He tells you all about the infamous "Council of Ten," their dungeons and their torture chambers, and horror is piled upon horror until all ends well at last.

It would seem that Mr. Vincent Brown was very hard put to it for a plot when he finally hit upon the poor one upon which he bases "The Wonder-Worker" (Chapman and Hall, 6s.). Two people had lived together a sufficient time to number fifteen grandchildren among their descendants; they themselves were aged seventy-six and seventy-five. For some inexplicable reason they had never been married. As far as can be ascertained from the book, they had no objection to the ceremony, and had lived faithfully with each other in the ordinary way. After all these years, their consciences begin to trouble them, and they in their turn trouble everyone else with their secret, until a kindly bishop sets matters right for them. The reader is inclined to ask: "Why all the fuss, or why the story at all?" In the first place, Jacob and Annie are not the kind of people one can imagine dispensing with the necessary rite, and, secondly, if one accepts the fact that it had been omitted originally, it would have been quite easy to remedy the omission at any time they wished without three hundred pages of wearisome description of what everyone thought about a matter which did not concern them—but then, of course, there would have been no story.

Lancashire lads are receiving a great deal of attention from the novelists at the present time. "The Fortunate Youth" has been safely established, and now "James," by W. Dane Bank (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6s.), is waiting to come into his own. His career is by no means the visionary and beautiful one of Mr. Locke's Paul. James is hard, unromantic, willing to sacrifice anyone to his insatiable ambition, and unscrupulous when anything stands between him and his desire. This we gather from Mr. Bank's description, but the character is not very real. The reader feels no thrills as he follows the career of the undaunted schemer. The business man is there, but not the human, lovable, faulty person. Stock Exchange gambling is described better than emotions which move the individual, and treatises on "bears" and profits do not constitute a novel.

Unbeaten Tracks

THE current joke in Caracas is that, as a measure of economy, all Venezuelan statues of national heroes have their heads screwed on. When Humpty Dumpty comes down to his native clay, a fresh head can thus be expeditiously attached to the alien trunk and the new popular idol is complete. A year or two after our visit Nemesis overtook Guzman Blanco. His equestrian presentment in bronze now lies on the bottom of the sea at La Guaira. We saw him, however, in his heyday. We were duly warned that, in despot fashion, he was wont to fall into theatrical rages, in which moods he performed all sorts of fantastic tricks. Our mission was in effect to present an ultimatum, warning him that if he insisted on certain proposed changes in design, he would wreck the La Guaira harbour project and alienate European capital. We thus held all the winning cards, and the President knew it. "Illustrissimo Americano" was his designation on all State documents. Some facile Yankee adventurer—so the story went—once approached Guzman for a public works concession. By a flash of inspiration he evolved the above form of words as salutation. "Good," was the answer, "it describes me truly. In future it shall be my official title."

The presidency is a building of shabby, barrack-like exterior; a couple of sentries slouched about its entrance in unmilitary fashion. The punctiliousness of the Spanish don and pride of rule were apparent in every movement of the great man. Although originally but a soldier of fortune his was the grand air. We saw no trace of passion in his demeanour, and, after requesting time to consider our representations—really to "save face"—he gracefully climbed down from an untenable position.

Conference with the Spanish grandee of the first water has to the cold Northerner its comic side. In spite of remonstrance the President accompanied our party to the outer gate. "Señor, I kiss your hands and your feet. All that I have is at your disposition." Salaams and salutes followed. Thus we took leave, and even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to grin, when they were beyond earshot.

The benign effect of the earthquake of 1812 has been the creation of a new city of Caracas, laid out on chessboard lines, generally with wide streets. Its appearance is imposing, but accommodation for the traveller has the drawbacks incidental to primitive Latin communities. The one inestimable boon which follows in the wake of the Anglo-Saxon tripper is that of cleanliness. Suffice it to say that the tripper has not reached Caracas. An air of makeshift hangs over the tropical American city. The churches are gaudy, florid and neglected. We spent an evening at the Opera House to hear a performance of "La Sonnambula." The *prima donna* sang woefully flat, consequently her every appearance on the stage was the signal for derisive laughter; it was rather brutal. The building was crude and bare, and the conduct of the

audience in thus baiting one artist lit up, as by searchlight, the character of the race. Under a torpid exterior lies a national temperament capable of childish extravagance, calculated cruelty, fits of insane savagery. Such temperament is an evil no government can cure. The despot may crush down lawlessness, but the fire, for ever smouldering, will burst forth into flame at some unguarded contact with the outer air of freedom.

We went to a bull-fight, but could not sit it out. It was a horrible performance, its most disgusting feature being the sight of the *gamins* of the city peering through the cracks in the palisading to laugh and jeer at the wretched bull, after he had received his death thrust. "Surely they could butcher their beef in private," we said one to another—and shook the dust of the detestable exhibition from our feet. Is the Englishman pharisaical in his dislike of bull fighting? You have your sports, the Spaniard will tell you, in which the life of the hunted is forfeit. True, but the hunted gets his fair chance, the hunter his risk. In the "fight" we saw the bull had not the remotest opportunity of pinning his assailants; a more unsportsmanlike form of "sport" could hardly be conceived. The spectacle of women gloating over the death throes of a bull was to our thinking on a par with the vile blood-lust of the female vampires, whose afternoon amusement during the French Revolution it used to be to watch the day's guillotining.

What will be the future of these tropical republics? For the most part they are rich beyond the dreams of avarice in natural resources. If our vision of a wedding of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes in respect of exterior policy could be realised, the problem would be wellnigh solved. The prospect of material development under the ægis of Pax Britannica would in Venezuela be carried with acclamation, whereas the interference of the United States, as at present constituted, would never be tolerated. The widespread scheme of peaceful financial penetration which the United States are now attempting is, we believe, doomed to failure, though in a few spots, where the guns of her fleet can reach, it may have a temporary success. On the other hand it is admitted from the Rio Grande to Rio that the Briton plays the game.

The Monroe Doctrine to-day is the political disuniter of the American Continent. The United States have money and men, but their diplomacy has been hopelessly degraded by such flagrant acts as the spoliation of Colombia. The strong republics do not fear, the weak republics do not trust, the American flag. It is known that, but for the crass folly of the Madrid Cabinet, Spain would have worsted her foe in the Cuban fight. Had Cervera been permitted to carry to fruition his policy of masterly inactivity in Havana Harbour, the United States forces would have melted away before the invisible foes of climate and disease. President Wilson now knows his impotence under similar conditions, and like a prudent man declines to submit his country's fate to an insidious Sedan. The

spectacle of rampant spreadeagle-ism with no steam in the boiler to make it go, is an object-lesson for all the world to witness. The American people have put off their armour. They are no longer a military race; their energies are devoted to the accumulation of dollars. Where they cannot succeed in enforcing their will on other nationalities by bluff they are powerless. The situation is stalemate; it may be on a colossal scale, nevertheless its result is patent to all diplomacy.

Under these circumstances is it conceivable that the Old World can leave the Monroe Doctrine unrepealed? It has lost its binding power—that of force. The salt has lost its savour. The Monroe Doctrine must go into the limbo of obsolete parchments; the backer of the bill can no longer fulfil his engagements, and he makes no disguise of his inability to do so. A Triple Alliance in the New World, having for allies Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, would remodel world-politics. One result of such a grouping would be that the mad race of armaments in Europe would be abated. The Yellow Peril, which overshadows the American Continent, would likewise disappear. The now negligible races of tropical America would gradually take rank among civilised Powers and their illimitable national resources would be thrown into the common stock, the food-chest of the world. The paralysis of the Monroe Doctrine, spectre-like, now stands revealed on the Mexican frontier.

A. E. CAREY.

The Grafton Gallery

THE fates were particularly kind to us as we came into the first Octagonal room of the Gallery where the Mostyn exhibition of pictures is now being held. Looking through the wide doorway into the long room beyond, the delicate afternoon April sun blazed upon the pellucid blue sky of Mr. Tom Mostyn's fine picture which he calls "The Sentinels." As good luck would have it we were just the right number of yards—a good many—from the gorgeous landscape, with the bold, high tree-trunks in the foreground—more beautiful than nature it seemed, for it is cunningly composed, more satisfactorily than any work of pure imagination. One sees and enjoys the artist's mind at work therein and thereon. Technically we consider it Mr. Mostyn's greatest work; his sincerest, his least vaguely experimental. Like most of his pictures it seems to us to be designed to adorn the palace of a prince or the great gallery of some luxurious lover of art. If it were worth while envying anybody anything, we would wish for the good fortune of such a patron.

After so happy a view of "The Sentinels" one is attuned to enter upon the consideration of Mr. Mostyn's art with sympathy and, we hope, understanding. We note that the sublime effect of those two tall, upstanding bare tree-trunks haunts many of his pictures. Of course such a decoration is a commonplace of Japanese antique art. It has already been made fairly familiar in Eng-

land by Whistler and the Chelsea people. But the present artist handles it with great skill, and his bold use of pigment robs it of the sometimes rather pretty and small effect in Oriental work.

All art lies in the eye of the seer, of course, but a few of Mr. Mostyn's works leave us with a sense that he does not know quite what he wants to do nor is he going to tell us. "Curiosity," which arouses none, is one; but why labour the point when there are so many delicious feasts of colour, so many gay experiments in demure modes, so many fully accomplished works of art to enjoy?

There is a "Picnic" instinct with poetic charm, there is a "Forgotten Gate" drenched in charming old-fashioned sentiment, there are scenes of old battles which are brave and stimulating. But we should think Mr. Mostyn had worked hardest in his two big "Parsifal" pictures, of which "The Garden of Enchantment" vibrates with a brilliancy which suggests, but by no means unpleasantly, something of the theatre. The companion, "Desolation," is a subject which might have been handled by the late Sir Edwin Abbey—who, of course, had none of the freedom of the present artist—with strong effect. The portraits do not amuse us, but the Mostyn Exhibition should not be missed, for the artist who gives his name to it knows the joy of painting, is bold and free and is very often victorious.

E. M.

The Leicester Galleries

MR. H. H. LA THANGUE has for many years been an artist of note. By sheer force of merit he has worked his way into the front rank of contemporary art, but this is his first attempt at a "one-man show," and it must be pronounced an exceedingly successful though not a complete one. The two rooms given up to an exhibition of his pictures at the Leicester Galleries contain a high average of delightful work, but, curiously enough, not of the type that is generally associated with him. Thick colour laid on in broad and almost coarse touches suggest a *technique* at once vigorous and rapid; but it is, as a matter of fact, careful, delicate almost to the point of minuteness, subtle, and calculated, with exactly the right degree of finish, exact in drawing, and never tricky or meretricious. In the pictures here exhibited, Mr. La Thangue is especially sensitive to the varied effects of light and shadow, and renders them with a mastery and firmness which places him among the foremost interpreters of obvious natural effects. His limitations—judged by this exhibition—lie in the direction of this very obviousness; he does not, somehow, seem to pluck the soul out of his subjects, and "the sense of tears in mortal things," which marks the work of the master, is almost wholly absent. The figure subjects by which he is best known, such as the famous "Man with the Scythe," with their pathos and their deep feeling for the *lachrymæ rarum*,

are never misrepresented. These works would entitle him to a much higher level among the masters.

The scene of his labours is for the most part Northern Italy, and the Alpine borderland which parts it from the Swiss mountains. Venice, too, has drawn him, also Andalusia and Provence, and he paints them with vigour and appreciation. His expression of light is often dazzling in its brilliancy of noontide heat and glare; yet he can temper it well to the restraint of dawn or moonlight. One scene is painted under two aspects in the pictures termed respectively "A Brescian Sea" and "A Veronese Mountain." The Brescian region has furnished some of his happiest pictures, and his studies of vines and orange groves, arbutus and olives, are marvellous in their distinctive features and delicacy of foliage, under precisely natural conditions. A splendid effect of midday heat is given in the finished picture which he terms "Fetching Water from the Lake." In this the costume of the peasant girl in red-brown skirt, with scarlet kerchief tied round her head, and the bright-hued sail of the boat lying on the water against purple mountains beyond, are wonderfully rendered, without exaggeration, yet with no shirking. Of still white morning light he shows several examples, especially that which he calls "A Provençal Morning." A very clever *tour-de-force* is "An Andalusian Goat-Herd," in which a girl at three-quarter length sits in the immediate foreground on the parapet of a piece of artificial water with trees beyond it, as well as by her side, while immediately behind her a vivid blue sky hangs reflected in the still surface of the lake. Such a subject is a stiff test of *technique*, and Mr. La Thangue rises to the occasion. Another clever piece of *technique* is seen in "Trimming Grapes for Market," in which two women, gracefully and naturally posed in difficult perspective, are seen at work with a pile of grapes in the foreground of a courtyard. It is a brilliant piece of draftsmanship and colour, and the level of skill is maintained at all points, but somehow one appreciates better the more sympathetic renderings of light and landscape in the best of the other works.

If there was ever any doubt about Mr. La Thangue's position in contemporary art, it is now at an end. As compared with the Leaders and workers of that type, he is a giant. His landscapes are alive and palpitating with light and air; his handling and mastery of colour is daring and exact, and, above all, he is essentially honest in his work. In his figure subjects he has attained greater heights, but these, as we have said, are practically unrepresented here—in this exhibition he challenges a place as a landscapist, and in that view we have ventured to judge him.

"Camp Cookery: A Book for Boy Scouts," is the title of a useful pocket volume issued under agreement with the Boy Scouts' Association by Stanley Paul and Co. It gives invaluable hints as to the manufacture and arrangement of apparatus and a large number of simple and effective recipes.

Music

Kienzl and Some Others

IT is not a little remarkable, in these days when we think the world knows everything that its neighbour is doing, that in music, the most popular of all the arts, men and women and their works can rise to eminence and attain popularity in one country, or even in several countries in Europe, and yet remain unknown in others. The case of Robert Schumann seventy years ago was striking, but then the means of communication and of the distribution of musical compositions was not so facile and complete as now. Brahms' personal feeling of aversion to the English people delayed the popularity in this country of his works, but it did not prevent it. Even now both Anton Bruckner and his great follower, Gustav Mahler, are practically unknown here, notwithstanding performances of certain of their larger compositions and the records of the popularity of both in Germany and Austria, and of the latter in America. Other instances occur in the cases of Charpentier, the Frenchman; Pacius, the Finn; Paul Gilson, the Belgian; and Loeffler, the Austro-American.

The touring opera companies of Carl Rosa and Moody-Manners have recently been attempting to change this state of affairs with regard to our knowledge of Continental operas. Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba," and Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna," stand to the credit of the former, and the latter has been responsible for productions of standard works by Gounod, Saint-Saëns and Wilhelm Kienzl.

The last of these is perhaps the most notable in respect of his popularity in German-speaking countries and of his absolute lack of recognition in England and America for twenty years after his first and greatest success. The work which won his success was "Der Evangelimann," which, after being acclaimed abroad, was presented at Covent Garden in 1897 with practically no success. This result is difficult to account for, as the work is one which contains all the elements of popularity, combined with qualities which appeal to the artist without repulsing the man in the street. In other countries it has won extraordinary popularity, having been translated into seven or eight different languages and played in nearly two hundred opera-houses. As Mr. Charles Manners pointed out, during his first presentation of the English version at Liverpool on April 17, its *roles* are as necessary for the repertory of German opera singers as are those of "The Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Faust," and "Lily of Killarney" to the English opera singer.

Kienzl is commonly regarded in Germany as belonging to the same school and having much in common with Humperdinck, whose junior he is by little over two years. It is just twenty years since "Der Evangelimann" was first produced, so that it is exactly contemporary with "Hänsel und Gretel." Unlike Humperdinck, however, Kienzl has directed his thoughts

towards tragedy of a sterner order, and though not lacking a capacity for delicacy and lightness, he has done nothing of the type of "Hänsel und Gretel," "Dornröschen" or "Die Königskinder." Instead, he has found his expression in "Heilmar der Narr," a tragedy of power lost by selfish love and regained by sacrifice; in "Kuhreigen," a tragedy of the conflict of races; in "Der Evangelimann," a tragedy of jealousy; and in "Don Quixote," a tragedy of chivalry deranged.

He has followed Wagner in some respects, chiefly in his desire to bring to perfect unity the accent of words and music. His first association with this master was brought about by a book which Kienzl wrote, and dedicated to him, on "Die Musikalische Deklamation." In practice he is less obsessed by the principles of musical expression, of the power of musical sounds to convey their meaning by association and reminiscence, than was Wagner. He also adopts more of the older operatic methods in matters of construction. His orchestral parts, though commentary, are secondary to the voices. Apart from this, it would not be correct to assign him a position among the greater composers of the passing generation. His work possesses many characteristics that make it of interest alike to the student and the amateur. Like Wagner, he is his own librettist, and he has a complete knowledge of stage requirements that serves him well. He is hardly a poet, however, and is content to deal with the simpler and more obvious issues of life and its emotions. Nevertheless, his operas, of which Mr. Manners has produced two since Christmas, are well worth the trouble taken over them. With more of their quality and kind, of whatever nationality the composer, English people might yet fall in line with other nations in their appreciation of opera which is neither weak nor foolish.

H. A.

A one-act piece by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, "With Her Husband's Permission," is to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, under the management of Miss Muriel Pratt. It will first appear in the same bill with Mr. John Masefield's "Nan" on May 13. Later in the year the play will be seen at a West End theatre.

NEXT WEEK will appear in
THE ACADEMY

The Fourth of a Series of

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

No. 4 will be addressed to

MR. H. G. WELLS.

As these letters will be sure to attract attention and provoke discussion in literary circles, readers should order their next week's ACADEMY well in advance to avoid disappointment.

The Theatre

"My Lady's Dress" at the Royalty Theatre

IT must be very pleasant to have victories, the only disadvantage being that so many people are disappointed if you don't keep up the pace until the last stile is hent. After the wide successes of "Kismet" and "Milestones" and "one of the best of light plays," as that able critic, Mr. W. L. George, calls "The Faun," one had a sort of personal fear for Mr. Knoblauch's new play, "My Lady's Dress." But the reception entirely obliterated these gratuitous and, probably, to the author, unfelt alarms. The remarkable piece of dramatic work ran with perfect success throughout, from the charming opening scene, when a married couple, of some six years' standing, are talking of the disadvantages of giving fifty-five guineas for an evening dress and the advantages of gaining, by rather doubtful influences, an important Government post, to the very end when the post is secured and we have learnt the exciting, thrilling, and often pathetic history of the dress itself.

Seldom has a first night been so entire and complete a victory for author and actors alike; rarely, in a long experience, has so difficult and subtle and clever a play been received with such hearty and sincere applause.

The first act deals with the material of the dress; the second scene showing us the history of the growing of the silk, the third the weaving of it at Lyons. In each, Miss Cooper and Mr. Eadie appear as totally different characters, whose fortunes are linked together by tragic and deeply human interests.

The second act tells of the ornamentation of the silk. The lace, which is made in Holland in 1650, gives us a charming little comedy in the seventeenth century manner. The making of the roses shows us a room in Whitechapel; the third, a trapper's stockade in Siberia. Each scene gives us the characters we already know under entirely different circumstances and with new personages who help the power and interest of each situation. There is much of tragedy and pain and much of satiric humour in all of these, but there is never a moment of tedium or an ill-considered detail.

The third act takes us into the heart of a famous dressmaker's shop in New Bond Street. Here we are allowed to see before and behind the scenes, and made familiar with a very vital side of modern fashionable life. Last scene of all, we find the original John and Anne of the opening of the play more closely united than before, and learn of the success of the little plan for gaining promotion for the husband. Throughout the play Mr. Eadie enacts no less than seven different people, always with exquisite art, and Miss Cooper impersonates eight with equal conviction and effect. Possibly the newspapers may tell the complete story of "My Lady's Dress," but it will be an advantage

to the playgoer if he can come freshly and without knowledge to the rich feast of varied entertainment which Mr. Knoblauch sets before him. We will content ourselves with giving unlimited praise to the remarkable skill of the author and the accomplishment of the company who have worked with so much enthusiasm to set forth the writer's drama.

After a successful play such as this, people connected with the theatrical world used to ask: "Whose night was it? Who made *the* hit?" Such a question would be absurd in the present case.

Of last week's plays it would be possible to say that "Mam'selle Tralala" was the great night of Miss Arnaud and Mr. Blakeley; that the fortunate man at "The Mob" was the man who left the auditorium in the middle of the play; but of "My Lady's Dress" it was the night of nights for Mr. Eadie, Miss Cooper, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Miss Lynn Fontanne, Mr. Gulland, and the whole of the brilliant company who added life and truth to the vivid, extraordinary, and original work of art which Mr. Knoblauch had produced.

"Mam'selle Tralala" at the Lyric Theatre

MR. PHILIP MICHAEL FARADAY'S latest musical play, although built on well-worn lines, is the most superb and lively thing of the sort we have ever seen in England. The first performance proved to be a finished piece of art, in its particular *genre*. Its gay dialogue, its brilliant songs and music, its spacious, delicate scenery, its ingenious plot, its broadly comic characters and its beautiful ladies will make it a popular success for at least a year to come.

As with another famous victory at this theatre, Mr. Georg Okonkowski, Mr. Leo Leipziger, Mr. Arthur Wimperis, and Mr. Hartley Carrick have given of their best in regard to the book, while Mr. Jean Gilbert has used his graceful talents once more to brighten almost every incident of the play with his vivacious and various music. Then the personages of the cast throughout the play act as though they really meant us to enjoy the performance—a quality or intention sometimes strangely missing from musical comedies.

All the smart things the authors have given Mr. Blakeley to say—and, we fancy, a few more—are delivered with a rich and rare humour which won the house at once and held it enraptured with merriment until the happy end.

We said after the first performance of "The Girl in the Taxi" that there could be no more dull musical comedies, that the vogue for that sort of thing was over. As a matter of fact we have seen about twenty very stupid ones since, but Mr. Jean Gilbert's latest work, and the book of Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Carrick obliterate all those memories in a wealth of smiles and ringing laughter.

The story, which we will suppose you will most enjoy by discovering it for yourself, is conventional and yet

refreshing. Bruno Richard, Mr. James Blakeley—who was always on the stage and always intensely amusing during the whole three acts—is a maker of a famous chocolate, and one of those delightful elderly French husbands who cause the simplest actions of their lives to seem delightfully wicked merely by their general fear of society at large and Madame in particular. You know, ah, how well you know, the type—then imagine the miracle that Mr. Blakeley and the authors transmute the character into something charmingly fresh, harmless, kind and cunning. Miss Amy Augarde has the difficult task of making the conventional wife of such a husband interesting, and by some mystic power of her own she produces this result. If we had not already suggested that Mr. Blakeley carries the play to an infinite point of success, our statement that Miss Yvonne Arnaud as Noisette—known as Tralala in the play—endows the whole with her exquisite charm, her freshness and her alert grace would, we suppose, carry more weight.

However, honours here are shared rather than divided—dozens of other characters are brilliantly funny. Mr. Ernest Hendrie, for example, who, while desiring to be a clerk in the factory is received as the future husband of M'sieur and Madame's daughter, Claire, Miss Gayner, is amusing beyond compare. His stolid, commonplace acceptance of things as he finds them is of immense value to the conduct of the play. The casting of Mr. Hendrie for Aristide Volnay was a stroke of genius.

There are lovers of course: Mr. Weber as Pierre who, after ever so many difficulties, secures his Claire, and Mr. Pope Stamper who, after a good many strange adventures, is to be made happy by the brilliant, laughing, enchanting Noisette. Their loves are never silly as in ordinary musical plays; if they have any rubbish to impart it is done to the loveliest music. We may note, in passing, that all French wives, in this class of play, are plain, a nuisance, and generally derided, while all the ladies about to marry are too delightful for anything. It is very inartistic, but the public like it best that way.

But the things which are most charmingly artistic about "Mam'selle Tralala" are the setting, the *ensemble*, the beautiful dresses, the lavish display, and the abounding high spirits which inspire the production.

At a certain point some of the characters sing to Noisette the old air which helped to make the "Girl in the Taxi" a victory.

If a gentleman who is a very good second as a critic on a big daily paper and retains a little of his Scottish accent, would express the feeling of the house to the actress at this point he might write,

"Yvonne, Yvonne,
We love to a *mon*."

For after we have given every credit to the gifted authors, the gay musician, the lovely, lively choruses, the accomplished Mr. Blakeley, the inspired Mr. Hendrie, the arranger of the dances, the gentleman who

"presents," and to a hundred others who have worked for our delight, it is to Miss Yvonne Arnaud that we ought to hand the largest, the most delicious bouquet of compliments, the most sincere admiration for her art and skill, her indefatigable fun, her grace, her unfailing charm.

"The Mob": Miss Horniman's Season at the Coronet Theatre

How agreeable must be a life in the open air somewhere out of the sound of our every-day world, freed from the ordinary chains and fetters which we wear, free from all intimate knowledge of men and things. And in this sublimated atmosphere to write of the subjects which happen to interest us in an arid, desiccated fashion which shall remain beautifully ideal and utterly inhuman.

Such a departure from the busy haunts of men appears to be Mr. Galsworthy's latest mental attitude, at least, it might well have been when he wrote, was it eighteen months since? his heavy four-act play, "The Mob." Truly the dull story might well have been penned fourteen years ago, for all the topical force it contains.

His hero is Stephen More, an Under Secretary of State, a Member, of course, a man with a real woman as a wife in Miss Irene Rooke. Personally we dislike those orators and enthusiasts who are without humour; also we are not attracted towards the mob, and as the play is made up of the fortunes of the priggish speaker who is opposed to one of our little and, I dare say, very unwelcome wars and an unconvincing Mob, we find Mr. Galsworthy's work an absolute disappointment. He avoids showing us anything real; he never touches us for a moment. In fact, we were inclined to think we had forced our way into the wrong theatre. Where, we wondered, is the wit of the author of "The Pigeon," the penetrating satire of the man who would give us "The Silver Box," the brilliant sociologist of "The Eldest Son," the tenderness of "The Fugitive"? In our simple way, we looked forward to Mr. Galsworthy's new work with pleasantest expectations and then we have to face "The Mob," in four acts and ever so many scenes. This is a bitter disappointment.

The story of how Stephen More gives up his political position and his wife—how on earth he attained them we cannot imagine—so that he may fight a "stop the war" campaign, is already known; the fact that the point is made intensely unsympathetic by Mr. Milton Rosmer—who speaks like an elocutionist of the 'nineties and looks like an actor out of employment—does not really do much harm to the part. The author has delivered it stillborn. But yet we must own Mr. Rosmer is very *posé* and tedious.

The beautiful Miss Rooke as his wife is more beautiful than ever, but we would say to her, "O, dry those tears"; they mean nothing; the audience never

believes in the play from first to last, so why weep so much?

The Under Secretary and his wife have a changeling child—a Hebraic little girl with an excruciating voice, who would be better if she were just a little less spirited and intentional. She is called Olive in the play, and she must be an acquired taste, for her nurse and others said that they liked her. If Olive be a taste not originally bestowed by nature, we trust Notting Hill Gate will attain a taste for her as well as for the play as a whole. For Miss Horniman has given us so much pleasure, in the past, so much sincere interest, that we feel sadly depressed and, as it were, belittled by our failure to find any merit in the latest work of a man we have praised so joyously and welcomed with honest appreciation. Let "The Mob" be forgotten, and let us turn to the rest of Miss Horniman's season, which will surely fill us with delight. It is to last until nearly the end of May, and several plays are to be produced for the first time in London.

EGAN MEW.

The Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon

THE Festival has hitherto been so completely identified with Mr. Benson, and what we have known as the Benson Company (henceforward to be known as the Stratford-on-Avon Players), that their absence this year, on tour in America, has caused a double kind of interest. Any change from custom is sufficient to create such an interest, but in this case, timing as it does with a general desire for experiment over the whole dramatic field, the curiosity took a certain point to itself. Frequenters of these Festivals are not frequenters long before they become aware of centres of discussion and argument that are quite in the spirit of the Elizabethans who are being celebrated; and it is ever a question when these discussions will be turned into a renewed driving power. Certain it is that there is a force of interest—one might justly say a guild of interest—always ready to give new strength to the Festival spirit if it ever becomes aged. That, rightly considered, is the most hopeful thing about the Festival. It is the thing that invites enlistment.

Therefore, when Mr. Patrick Kirwan was given charge of the arrangements, curiosity was keen among the "revellers"—which should be the proper term for those who attend. With regard to the township part of the Festival, the result of his work has yet to be seen. Writing on the eve of the Birthday Pomp, we have yet to see what the significance of the change means outside the theatre itself. Already the town is being stirred nightly by the fanfare of trumpets, blown by heralds in gorgeous apparel, to declare that business within the theatre is about to proceed. That is a change, and a desirable change; for it is a false philosophy that considers pomp as rhetoric; or, more

accurately, that considers rhetoric in the sense of pomp as the badge and sign-mark of insincerity. On what is sometimes cynically spoken of as the practical side of things, it was time that the theatre should make itself known to the township as well as to the "revellers."

It is inside the theatre that the main interest centres, and there this year we noticed signs both of advance and of backsliding. We were glad to see, for example, that the artificial picture-frame stage went on its way towards abolition. Footlights were banished, and a forestage was extended into the audience. The lighting was not properly adjusted to meet this change, however; for it merely accentuates the lack of footlights to throw a single circle of light on to the stage from the back of the gallery. There are many devices that may be adopted, the simplest being a circle of lights from the auditorium, and the most satisfactory probably being a device, recently experimented with in Germany, put at the back of the stage itself for giving a proper diffusion of light. As it was, the actors wandered about within and without the circle of light with most disconcerting effects. That might have been foreseen; but the change, though unsatisfactory at the moment, was in the right direction. A more material objection is that, though the stage was extended into a forestage, that forestage was never properly used. It was merely taken as a convenience for actors instead of being adopted as an essential part of the speedy and more converging management of a play, or as a means of enforcing the continuity of action that Shakespeare was so careful to achieve whenever possible.

The tendency was in the right direction; but the essentially different outlook it incorporates was lost because into that framework was fitted an incongruous picture. We were told on the programme that "The Merchant of Venice" was "presented with the setting used by Mr. Bouchier at the command performance at Windsor Castle in the reign of his late Majesty King Edward VII"; but we hope that we shall not be accused of a lack of loyalty when we say that this does not interest us in the least. If august personages like to see curtains in the market square, and painted and unconvincing pictures set at the back of the stage, we must say frankly that we do not. No doubt that in the picture-frame conditions for which the setting was intended these, and other such things, were not very noticeable; but with the new lighting and extended stage they assaulted one violently. So with the text. The great, the outstanding, advantage of the new conditions is that it enables us to preserve Shakespeare's text and stage-management intact. What, then, was the purpose of hacking the text about, and fitting parts wrongly, with mutilation to the sequence of action? A glaring instance of this was seen after the Trial Scene. In the original a beautiful sequence of action is discoverable. Bassanio sends Gratiano off on the inner stage with the rings; and immediately, on the drawing of the curtain, Portia and Nerissa appear on the forestage, with Gratiano following them. But last

night, when we expected to see this continuity, we saw, when the curtain went up—not Portia, Nerissa and Gratiano, but the actors taking their curtain!

Mr. Bouchier as Shylock was excellent. He gave the old Jew what he so seldom receives, dignity. Moreover with this he gave him no lack of subtlety; and the interpretation was as good as any we have seen. Mr. Gerald Lawrence as Bassanio had a part with which he is very familiar. Possibly owing to that familiarity he scarcely troubled to act at all; but contented himself with continual recitations to the house. He could be seen getting into advantageous positions for those recitations as they became due; and, if one was wise, one turned one's head away at the outrage to the dramatist that was pending. Miss Margaret Haistons was entrusted with Portia; and she acquitted herself capably, in spite of the fact that she was obviously nervous. Mr. Wenlock Brown gave a spirited version of Lancelot Gobbo; and in seeking the confidence of the house he had some warranty in the text. Nevertheless a play is a play, not a series of recitations. In spite of the difficulties attending an obvious misfit of conditions the play was very well received. The house was full; and all the indications pointed to a very popular and very successful Festival. D. F.

Notes and News

Mr. E. S. Hole and Mr. John Hart have written a book on "Advertising and Progress," which will be published by the *Review of Reviews* office this week. The book, which touches new ground, is an attempt to trace the effects of advertising on many important social problems.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will publish immediately a new book entitled "A Child Went Forth," by Yoi Pawlowska, author of "A Year of Strangers" and "Those That Dream." It will be illustrated by the author's husband, Signor Antonio Maraini, whose monument to Ristori has lately been set up at Cividale.

"Magical Originalities" is a new volume by Mr. Ernest E. Noakes, who is well known in all magic circles. Mr. Maskelyne contributes a preface testifying to the author's unusual records as an inventor, a manufacturer, and a professor of tricks. The book will be issued by Messrs. Bell immediately.

Messrs. Jack announce the second volume in their "English Year" series. The volume "Autumn and Winter" attracted much attention owing to the beauty of the illustrations by some of the best-known artists of to-day. The present one is entitled "Spring." Mr. Beach Thomas and Mr. A. K. Collett collaborate in the text.

On May 14 and 15 there will be a "Camp Fair" in Kensington Town Hall, with the object of raising the sum of £3,000 to establish and equip suitable head-

quarters for the National Reserve in Kensington. Very many attractions are being organised in the borough, and concerts and theatrical performances are being specially given.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are publishing, at once, a revised and enlarged edition of Professor Robinson's volume on "Petrarch." The work contains new translations from Petrarch's correspondence with Boccaccio, and other friends, designed to illustrate the beginnings of the Renaissance. Professor Henry Winchester Rolfe has collaborated in the production of this volume

One of the chief events of the season will be a great costume ball, to be entitled the "Midnight Ball," which will be held at the Savoy Hotel on Thursday, June 25, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, W. The directors have generously put the whole of the hotel at the disposal of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, and for the first time in the history of the Savoy, a ball will be held on the entire restaurant floor, including the Café Parisienne.

Miss Mary Kernahan (Mrs. Charles Harris), whose novel, "Dr. Ivor's Wife," is announced by Messrs. George Allen, is a sister of Mr. Coulson Kernahan; she has frequently contributed to the magazines, and has published an amusing little book of verses called "Nothing but Nonsense," but this is her first novel. Another novel announced by the same house for next week is "Leentas," a story of the Boer War, by a South African writer, J. C. Stevens.

Mr. Werner Laurie is just publishing "The Two Americas," by General Rafael Reyes, at 12s. 6d. net, illustrated. General Reyes is the man best fitted to bring the parts of the continent into closer relations and sympathy. Thirty years ago he explored the large central territory of South America, since developed. He has been President of Colombia, has represented his country as Minister to France, Switzerland, Mexico, and the United States, and has recently completed a journey through all the important countries of South America.

The next production of the Pioneer Players is due on Sunday, May 3, at the Ambassadors Theatre, and a public performance will be given on the Monday afternoon, May 4. The play is "The Patience of the Sea," by Conal O'Riordan (Norreys Connell), and the principal woman's part is to be played by Miss Gertrude Kingston, supported by Messrs. Harcourt Williams and Basil Hallam. Tickets for the second performance should be obtained from the office of the Pioneer Players, 139, Long Acre, W.C.

"China Revolutionised," by John Stuart Thomson, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of New York and Indianapolis, at 2 dols. 50, is said to be the most important and instructive book on China which has yet appeared. It not only deals minutely with the historical development of the nation along political, social and industrial lines, but also offers information of the highest value concerning every opportunity which the country under the new regime offers men and women engaged in every known line of endeavour. The author is a man who spent years in China, and now offers his intimate knowledge of the land and its possibilities. The book has 70 illustrations and three coloured maps.

Literary Competition

SEVENTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION VII.

There is a real natural history of parties, and the division corresponds roughly to certain broad distinctions of mind and character that can never be effaced. The distinctions between content and hope, between caution and confidence, between the imagination that throws a halo of reverent association around the past and that which opens out brilliant vistas of improvement in the future, between the mind that perceives most clearly the advantages of existing institutions and the possible dangers of change and that which sees most keenly the defects of existing institutions and the vast additions that may be made to human well-being, form in all large classes of men opposite biases which find their expression in party divisions. . . . The one side represents the statical, the other the dynamical element in politics. Each can claim for itself a natural affinity to some of the highest qualities of mind and character, and each perhaps owes quite as much of its strength to mental and moral disease. Stupidity is naturally Tory. . . . Folly, on the other hand, is naturally Liberal. . . . The colossal weight of national selfishness gravitates naturally to Toryism. . . . On the other hand, the acrid humours and more turbulent passions of society flow strongly in the Liberal direction. Envy, which hates every privilege or dignity it does not share, is intensely democratic, and disordered ambitions and dishonest adventurers find their natural place in the party of progress and of change.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name

Address

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Coupon 7, April 25, 1914.

. . . Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

SOME people complained of the shortness of the Easter holidays, but the Government made up for it by not putting down for debate anything that mattered—much. There are several things to be done when the Opposition can do no damage; for instance, the Government Whips know perfectly well that we should never vote against anything affecting the integrity of the Empire, the Navy, or the Army; then, again, there are Bills of a non-controversial character; and, lastly, there are Bills, even if we were successful in a snap division, over which they would not resign.

This week, then, was devoted to odds and ends of legislation which did not require large majorities, and people could prolong their holidays if they wished until Monday, when war is resumed.

On Tuesday week we reassembled. Asquith entered in triumph from his walk-over at Fife. This advent was carefully stage-managed, although few of his colleagues on the front bench had troubled to return. After that we had the Committee stage of the East African Protectorate Loan Bill, in which we undertook to guarantee a loan of three millions. As it was a continuance of Unionist policy, the Ministers lolled back in their seats and allowed the Little Englanders to howl to their hearts' content. I well remember Lloyd George, McKenna, Sam Evans and Co. all playing the same game years ago, and I wondered whether fifteen years hence Josiah Wedgwood, Byles, Alpheus Morton, Hogge, and Outhwaite would be sitting on the Treasury bench and defending the action they now attacked. Responsibility alters one's outlook so!

Alpheus Cleophas thought charity began at home, and wanted the money for Scotland. Josiah said it was for the benefit of the land-grabbers, and that the natives wanted to be left alone and not civilised by the Britishers. Outhwaite said Nyassaland was a derelict jungle; the land had been got from the natives for beads, or a looking-glass, or a bottle of rum; "or a Bible," sneered Handel Booth. There was scarcely a bad motive that these men did not attribute to the Colonial Office. A stranger in the gallery would never have believed these were Englishmen criticising an attempt to help generously with money and credit a backward portion of their Empire. But it was not all genuine; some of them wanted to keep back the Defective and Epileptic Childrens Bill, which was the next order on the paper, and in this they succeeded.

On Wednesday the second kind of Bill I have mentioned came on—viz., an uncontroversial philanthropic Bill. It was called the Criminal Justice Administration Bill, and was brought forward under the ægis of the Home Office, in whose pigeon-holes it has been for some time. The idea is to keep more young offenders out of prison by giving them time to pay their fines; 80,000 people went to prison last year, and 13,000 of these paid their fines after commitment,

which means they had no money on them at the court, and they or their friends found it afterwards. I fear the cost of collection and supervision will be high, but the Government are calling various philanthropic agencies in to help them. It was described by McKenna as a step forward in the direction of keeping everybody under twenty-one out of prison, and was a mixture of probation supervision and Borstal treatment.

"Boadicea" Hunt had a private motion down at 8.15, but this was blocked by Rees, who thought the time inopportune; so Colonel Burn talked about the grievances of the Brixham trawlers, who for some reason are not allowed to fish in Start Bay. It was clearly a local grievance, but the gallant and popular member for Torquay doubtless did himself no harm in his constituency by bringing it forward. When I have the space I like to draw thumbnail sketches of members. Charlie Burn is quite an interesting character. He is extremely like Daniel Maclise's portrait of the Iron Duke in the great picture of Wellington meeting Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo, which hangs in the Royal Gallery, and in character he has also some similar traits. He can do with very little sleep; he lives like a Spartan, and keeps himself fit by rigorous exercise. He never rides if he has time to walk; he gets up early, and his muscles are like iron. A keen soldier, he is now a keen politician, and, as he devotes all his waking thoughts to politics, he will go far.

After this we had the old subject of short speeches. The length of the speeches on the front bench came in for much uncomplimentary comment. Some people said no one ought to speak for more than ten minutes, or at most twenty; others suggested that members should let the Speaker know how long they wanted to speak, whilst John Rees thought long speeches were a blessing—they checked legislation. It all ended in nothing, but it filled up the evening.

On Tuesday the Unionists annoyed the Nationalists very much by discussing the housing question in Dublin, and incidentally pointing out how much better Belfast was governed. Was Belfast to be put under the heel of a City like Dublin, which is so far behind it in civilisation. Griffith-Boscawen and Bob Cecil both made telling speeches, which the Irishmen found very difficult to answer. The remedy was in the hands of the Dublin Corporation, and many of them owned slum property—three of them actually owned houses declared to be unfit for human habitation, and yet had claimed and received rebates from the rates in respect of them. It was an able and effective sortie, well carried out.

Amery is getting quite pugnacious; he is always ragging the Government now. He wanted to know why the repudiation of the Government had never been communicated to General Gough and those most concerned. John Ward, whose capacious hat is now a very tight fit, grandly rose to defend the Government in the absence of Asquith. The Opposition cheered ironically. He asked why the new War Minister

should make the same mistake which had caused the resignation of his predecessor—which did not sound very convincing. McKenna accused Amery of bringing it on without notice, which Willie Bridgeman heatedly denied in the lobby.

On Friday, Banbury, the callous vivisector of Bills, brought in a Bill to prohibit dogs being used for scientific experiments, whether under anæsthetics or not. He is one of the kindest-hearted men in the House, and loves all dumb animals. He was seconded by "Uncle Mark," who made a breezy and eloquent speech on behalf of man's best friend. It was whispered that the wives of both members wrote their speeches. The position was vigorously defended by the members for various Universities, who denied all cruelty, and said that the results of vivisection had been incalculable. However, it was no good; the House was in a sentimental mood, and the Bill got a second reading by 122 to 80. They then passed a far more useful measure to protect grey seals.

Between the time when the House rose on Friday and reassembled on Monday another incident had occurred which inflamed the Unionists to fever heat. Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry had issued and signed a long statement giving facts to show that the Government had been guilty of a deliberate plot to provoke Ulster to riot, and thus to give an excuse for the military to interfere and crush resistance.

History will show whether Asquith knew anything about it or not. Watching his face narrowly—and it is not difficult to read—my opinion is that it is the work of his subordinates, but that he means to stick by them and not to give them away if he can help it. He answered a torrent of questions by various forms of the negative. He was openly insulted and derided, but he stuck to the position and declined to admit anything.

Bonar Law demanded an inquiry—that is, a judicial inquiry where evidence would be taken on oath and counsel employed—quite a different affair from the Marconi Committee. Asquith said he saw no occasion for an inquiry; whereupon Law said impressively: "Very well, then; I shall put the question to-morrow, which will give the right honourable gentleman time to reconsider his decision."

Talking of the Marconi business, it is always cropping up in one form or another. Archer-Shee asked if the two Ministers had divested themselves of their shares, as they had undertaken. The answer was "Yes." Archer-Shee wanted to know if it was a really *bona-fide* sale out and out, and not a colourable transfer. Asquith paused for an instant. "Answer! Answer!" shouted the Unionists imperiously. "It is not a very polite question," replied Asquith (and it was not). "But it is necessary from you," came the instant retort—and Asquith said: Yes, they had "divested themselves" in the fullest and strictest sense of the words. Things have come to a pretty pass when the Prime Minister is not believed until he has undergone cross-examination, and yet he has only

himself to thank for the suspicions that have been aroused. There has been so much *suppressio veri* that it is not to be wondered at that the Opposition suspect curt replies.

We then began the second reading of the Welsh Church Bill for the third time. The Parliament Bill, as I said before, has killed all debate and all interest. People left the chamber in battalions as Lord Robert Cecil rose to open the case for the Church; even Asquith and Winston rose to go; but as they did so Lord Robert hurled after them the bitter comment: "A Government accused of wholesale murder is not likely to pay much attention to a mere charge of robbery."

It appears 100,000 Welsh Nonconformists have signed petitions against the Bill. That patriotic Welsh member, Alfred Mond, said the signatures were got by misrepresentation; but he knew little of his Welsh fellow-countrymen if he thought that in a religious matter 100,000 Welshmen could be deceived into putting their names to something contrary to their real opinions.

The stout little Bishop of St. David's, who has directed the attack on the Bill, is in excellent spirits; he told me that "the Welsh are coming to see what a despicable measure it is."

On Tuesday we had another dramatic scene. It is not in order to call a man a liar in the House of Commons, but Bonar Law, whilst keeping within the bounds of order, went as near to it as anything I have ever heard. During question time he repeated his demand for an inquiry. Mr. Asquith declined the inquiry, but offered a day for a vote of censure. Governments, when they are in a tight place, always love a vote of censure, because it pulls their own party together, and all differences are sunk in defeating the common foe. In these circumstances, Bonar Law rightly judged that a debate in the House of Commons would be of no use whatever. What we want is evidence on oath before judges who are not pledged to vote beforehand in a given direction, whatever may be said or proved.

Mr. Asquith said that Mr. Bonar Law's allegations were against the honour of Ministers. Rather to his surprise, we cheered tumultuously. Yes, that is exactly what it is, and Bonar Law rubbed it in by saying that he had already twice in the House of Commons accused him (Mr. Asquith) of making a statement which was false, and that he had refused to take advantage of the opportunity of either explaining or denying it.

Winston Churchill and Colonel Hogg, of the 4th Hussars, were old comrades in that regiment. Kinloch-Cooke shrewdly suspected that a telegram might have passed from one to the other, and boldly asked Winston for the contents of it. Winston protested against his private correspondence being interfered with, but finally read out a telegram which put the case in a nutshell.

After that we had the Welsh Bill. Balfour spoke with all his old grace, and Asquith's speech was also

on a high plane. Little Ormsby-Gore, waving his hands excitedly about, palms uppermost, like a gentleman of the ancient race, made a capital speech, full of facts and illustrations showing the iniquity of the Bill. Bonar Law was the last speaker on our side, and McKenna wound up in a venomous speech. His last words were drowned in execration because he was saying that communicants in some parts of Wales cost seven guineas apiece. The Government had a majority of 84.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE POLICY OF PRESIDENT WILSON.

AFTER exhibiting a patience almost without parallel in history, President Wilson has at last been forced to take drastic action against the Mexican Government. At the moment of writing there seems little hope of a peaceful settlement of the particular issue which has been made the occasion of a change in the United States' policy. Nor, in the light of the developments of the last few days, does it appear that either party to the dispute ever seriously expected that a conciliatory way out of the difficulty would be found. As a matter of fact, the incident of the arrest of American marines was merely one of a long series of unfriendly manifestations on the part of the Southern Republic. We need not, therefore, waste space in investigating the charges and counter-charges presented at great length by both sides. It has long been notorious that Mexico was in a state of anarchy, and that the problem she presented had become ripe for solution. That being so, it would be idle to examine critically the rights and wrongs attending the incident that has produced the present grave crisis.

The course of events has indeed closely resembled the preliminary stages that usually precede war. A long-existing tension has tightened to the breaking point; there comes an insult which swells the aggregation of offence to an extent that is unbearable; and the voice of diplomacy is stilled that the guns may speak. The situation, therefore, has developed along lines that suggest many precedents. Its distinguishing feature, as we have said, was the extraordinary patience displayed by the American Government. It is not surprising that on this account President Wilson should find himself subjected to severe criticism. He has been told that his stubborn refusal to recognise Huerta was responsible for the rotten state of Mexico. His opponents pointed out that there was no one to substitute in the Mexican Presidency, and that in giving support to the enemies of the existing regime America was upholding men whose methods were just as villainous as those of the Federals. Taking into consideration these circumstances it is argued that intervention can lead nowhere unless it be intended to

establish military occupation of the country, an enterprise calculated by competent experts to require the employment of three hundred thousand men in a prolonged and hazardous campaign. But President Wilson, steadfastly pursuing his policy of restraint, declares that he wages war not upon the Mexican people; his quarrel, he is careful to explain, is with Huerta and his adherents. He still entertains the optimistic belief that certain punitive measures will suffice, as, for example, the establishment of a strict blockade, the seizure of one or more of the principal ports, and perhaps an expedition to Mexico City.

Once intervention has begun, it is difficult to foresee where it may end. The critics of President Wilson speak as though he were not aware of this self-evident fact. The jingo Press, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the fanatic, Hearst, in command, is screeching aloud for blood and conquest. As was only to be expected, the people of the United States in patriotic accord uphold the Government in its drastic policy. Nevertheless, save with a very small section in the nation always given over to hysteria at such moments, it is not pretended that there is any enthusiasm for hostilities against Mexico. That the task in hand will be accomplished with grim thoroughness is not to be doubted by anyone at all acquainted with American energy and courage. In the United States, as elsewhere, it will be recognised that this task constitutes the enormous price which the higher civilisation must pay if it is to impose its will and character upon neighbouring communities retarded in advancement.

With the lapse of time we are confident that the policy which President Wilson has pursued will be appreciated at its proper value. The Administration at whose head he is came into office with frankly avowed ideals which had received the endorsement of the majority of the American people. That it clung tenaciously to these ideals, unto the very last degree of practicability, marks a memorable episode in the history of our own times. That the issue has been unhappy, constituting as it does a violent termination to a lofty policy of peaceful watching, cannot be said in any way to have tarnished this policy. Nor can it expose the President to a charge of inconsistency. For he was bound in honour to give a patient trial to those ideals which were to him as much a religious creed as they were a political aim. It is perfectly true that these ideals have yielded under strain, but under what a strain! Certainly the world has gained in that it has been given a fine example of national restraint and diplomatic patience. And we venture to say that the dignity of the United States, which in no event stood in need of reinforcement, has profited to an immeasurably greater extent than it would have done had the national temper shown itself quick at irritation.

Putting aside, however, all questions of academic interest which suggest themselves, one cannot see how a policy of complete indifference on the part of America would have led to tranquillity in Mexico. President

Wilson's motives in refusing to recognise Huerta on the score that he had illegally seized power, taking advantage of assassination, may conceivably be looked upon as altruistic. Yet, had he recognised Huerta, how can it be reasonably urged that the situation would have been substantially changed for the better? Huerta is clearly a man totally unfitted for high office. By instinct and temperament he is a braggart and swashbuckler, not a statesman or an administrator. Rebels are in the field against him. Had he been recognised by the Washington Government, Mexico would still have remained in a state of anarchy. That the insurgent camp was no better than his did not really affect the issue. There was always the hope that, with the notorious Huerta out of the way, some settled form of Government acceptable to civilisation might emerge. The retention of Huerta on the scene, we repeat, could not mend matters; for, the man and his administration being bad at the core, disorder was destined to continue under any circumstances.

President Wilson's patience is therefore quite comprehensible. His quarrel, as he himself explained, is with Huerta and his adherents. Precipitate action would have aroused the indignation of the Mexican people, and in that case war on a great scale could not possibly have been averted. As it is, there is a fair chance that Huerta will find himself deserted by the masses of his own people.

MOTORING

DURING the last year or two the demand for motor fuel at a reasonable price has been increasingly insistent, and the result, as was naturally to be expected, has been the launching of schemes with the ostensible object of supplying the motorist with the spirit he wants under conditions which eliminate the "middleman" and relieve the consumer from paying the huge profits admittedly pocketed by the big petrol corporations. Practically all these schemes have been based upon the co-operative principle, the usual process being that the motorist is invited to take shares in a concern incorporated under the Provident and Industrial Societies Acts, in return for which he receives so many gallons of petrol per month, at a price materially below that at which it can be obtained in the ordinary way, in addition to a share in the "profits" earned by the company.

The prospect of cheap fuel is always alluring, and it is not surprising that several of these flotations, backed, as they have been, by names of standing in the motoring world, have attracted a considerable amount of capital from the motoring community. Further, it has to be admitted that many motorists who have speculated in one or more shares in the concerns have been regularly receiving the agreed supplies of petrol at the prices promised in the prospectuses.

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But how long will this satisfactory state of affairs continue? There is danger of this vital point being overlooked by the investor, and we thoroughly endorse the advice given by *The Motor* that the proposals set forth in the prospectuses which are being issued almost every week should be very carefully examined before a decision is arrived at. Nothing is easier than to pay profits, or allow rebates, out of capital—so long as the capital lasts.

It is announced that the Automobile Association and Motor Union has given urgent and specific instructions to the whole of the members of its extensive scouting organisation to join in the search for the motorist who recently ran into two cyclists, killing one and injuring the other, and then disappeared without even stopping to ascertain what damage he had done. This action is only what might have been expected from the A.A. and M.U., and it is to be hoped that the efforts of the scouts will be successful. But it is a little difficult to understand why there should be this delay in tracing and identifying a car, the make of which is known. The number of privately owned Unic cars in this country cannot be very great, and, unless the registration system is radically defective, it seems that it should be an easy matter for the authorities to compile a list of their owners and ascertain the movements of each car on the day of the incident.

From a copy of a R.A.C. certificate recently received we note that a 15.9 sporting model Belsize was timed to cover the flying half-mile at Brooklands at a speed of 77.02 miles per hour. If, as we understand to be the case, this car was, to all intents and purposes, standard pattern, as far as the chassis is concerned, the performance was a notable one, and will surprise many who have not hitherto associated the Belsize cars with unusual speed qualities. The Brooklands achievement was, however, confirmed at the Bank Holiday meeting, when the 15.9 Belsize driven by its owner, Mr. R. W. A. Brewer, finished an easy winner of the 75 m.p.h. handicap, covering the 8½ miles at an average speed of 68.75 m.p.h. As the chassis price of this new model is only £265, tyres included, we are not surprised to learn that it is becoming very popular, and is likely to prove the biggest success the Belsize people have had in the pleasure-car section.

It has long been evident that the motor car is destined to become a factor of the highest importance in the development of our Colonies and Overseas Dominions, but with a few notable exceptions our manufacturers have preferred to confine their attention to the home market rather than incur the heavy expense and trouble of designing and building cars suitable for Colonial use. The consequence is that the Oversea market is, so far as the British car is concerned, practically in the hands of one or two makers, among whom the firm of D. Napier and Son, Ltd., is conspicuous.

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No firm has taken greater interest in providing cars suitable in every way for use in the Colonies and Oversea countries than Messrs. Napier. For years their representatives have been engaged in travelling to and motoring through the majority of these countries, ascertaining systematically and at first hand the individual requirements of each country. The well-known 15-h.p. Extra Strong Colonial Napier was the first outcome of these investigations, and it undoubtedly proved a big success in all parts of the world. A demand has arisen recently, however, for larger carriage bodies and more power, and to meet this demand an entirely new model of 20 h.p. has been produced. This is considerably more powerful than the 15 h.p., and has a frame large enough to easily accommodate six- or even seven-seated bodies if necessary. It has not been built to compete with cheaply made cars, but is intended for those who require a car which will run as perfectly after many years of hard use as when first turned out of the works. The chassis not only carries the usual Napier three years' guarantee, but also the Napier reputation for continuous reliability. The most important of the special features which are essential in any car adapted for Colonial use are: strength of general construction, exceptionally good springing, a carburettor easily adjustable for widely varying altitudes and temperatures, ample road clearance and adequate protection for the engine and other vulnerable parts, a thoroughly efficient water-cooling system,

and protection of the valves, etc., from dust and grit. All these points have been carefully studied in the new Napier—as is evident from a series of photographs sent to us for inspection—and, in fact, it is confidently claimed by the makers that there is no other colonial model yet produced which embodies all its special features. We have not space for a complete specification, but it may be mentioned that the engine is of four cylinders with a bore and stroke of 89 by 127 mm., the wheel base is 10 ft. 4 in., the track 4 ft. 8 in., the minimum clearance from the lowest point to the ground 10½ in., and that the price, inclusive of R.W. detachable wire wheels with 920 by 120 tyres and a spare wheel, is £420.

The drivers of the Vauxhall cars to take part in the forthcoming Tourist Trophy Race are Mr. A. J. Hancock, Mr. W. Watson, and Mr. J. Higginson. Mr. Hancock and Mr. Watson have, of course, had plenty of experience in road racing. Mr. Higginson is a well-known Lancashire amateur who has met with success in hill-climbing competitions, and though this is not the same thing as long-distance racing, complete confidence is felt in his ability to give a good account of himself.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THIS week has been one of troubles. Before THE ACADEMY was in the hands of its readers last Friday a tale was cabled over that Huerta had climbed down; on Monday morning that story was contradicted, and now war between the United States and Mexico is a certainty. Some people think that it will not affect the London market. I am not of that opinion; huge sums of money have been invested in Mexico, both here and in Paris. It is now impossible to sell Mexican securities at any price; dealers have marked down quotations and will not put any stock on their books. They will continue these tactics; therefore people whose funds are invested in Mexico will have to sell other securities if they want to raise money. There are a few sanguine souls who hope that even now peace will be patched up, and all kinds of cables come in; but they are manufactured news. My Mexican correspondent, who is particularly well informed, does not believe that Huerta will give way.

There have been half a dozen new issues; the Kansas City Terminal bonds were over-subscribed in a few hours. This is always supposed to be one of the best securities in the American market. It certainly should be gilt-edged, for it is guaranteed by no less than twelve railway companies. The Walker Stores was a clean prospectus with no promotion profits and no underwriting. It will probably go amongst the customers of the various shops. The Salta (Argentine) Syndicate is a ridiculous affair; no one should subscribe a single penny towards it. The City of Edmonton is once again in the market, but I cannot call the security first class. Nova Scotia has also asked

us to lend money. The Province is carefully managed and the security reasonable. They are not by any means gilt-edged. The underwriters of the City of Montreal loan had to take 37 per cent. Considering the security, I do not agree with the newspapers in calling the issue a success.

MONEY.—Money seems definitely harder. The Bank of England is not getting the gold back that it has sent into the provinces, and the Russian demand still continues. There are even people who talk about an advance in the Bank Rate. I do not think there is anything in this, but until the position at the bank is sounder we shall certainly not get cheaper money. Speculation is entirely at an end, and as prices are falling the demand for money from the trade centres is declining.

FOREIGNERS.—The health of the Austrian Emperor is causing great anxiety on the Continent. It is clear that his death would produce a small panic in Vienna, where the money position is not good; all sorts of questions would come up for settlement. The Empire hangs together by a thread, but perhaps we all take too pessimistic a view. There is no doubt that the position in Paris is so bad that most London houses who do a large business in Continental securities are suffering from an attack of nerves. Paris has been selling Peruvians, and they have been flat all the week. Speculators have also been unloading their Tintos. The Copper position remains tender.

HOME RAILS.—There is no business in the Home Railway market. The Yorkshire strike has come to an end, but the settlement had no effect on prices. It seems a bold thing to suggest a purchase of Home Railways at the present moment, but with trouble all over the Continent surely it is sound business to buy Great Western at 114½ or London and North Western at 131. Underground Electric bonds have been weak, as the London Electric Railways are once again in the market for money and borrowed a large sum on short-dated notes, a rotten system of finance which the market did not like. Great Easterns look attractive round 50, but Midland deferred have been sold, and North Easterns are very unsteady.

YANKEES.—The news I gave in last week's ACADEMY in regard to Missouri Pacifics caused a heavy slump in the stock. The whole of the American market has been absurdly weak. New York Centrals seem cheap at 90, and Pennsylvanias at 55½ are also worth picking up. Unions have been offered, and Missouri Kansas have also been sold down to 15, as there is talk of the preference dividend being passed. The fact is, traffics throughout the whole of the United States are very dull. The Government seems determined to make things disagreeable for the companies and shows no signs of coming to terms over the rate question. Canadian Pacifics have been sold both in New York and Berlin. It is said that the reduction in Western freights will mean at least a million and a half dollars decrease in the annual profits of this company. Grand Trunk Pacific should lose about 800,000 dollars and Canadian Northern about 700,000 dollars. The Canadian Pacific is quite strong enough to stand such a paltry loss, for after paying 10 per cent. dividend last year, it had over sixteen million dollars surplus. But Canadian Northern is in a dangerous position and no one should hold the bonds of this unfortunate road.

RUBBER.—As I anticipated last week, the rig in pale crepes shows signs of breaking up. At the auction smoked sheet sold down to 2s. 10d., and there is no doubt that we shall get rubber back at 2s. 6d. within the next month. Batu Tiga profits have fallen from £38,800 to £24,800, and the dividend has tumbled from 35 per cent. to 22½ per cent. The crop for the current year is estimated at 520,000 lbs.; therefore, it is quite probable that the

present dividend will be maintained. Riverside (Selangor) had also to reduce its dividend and is going to increase its capital, and it has a great deal of young rubber to attend to. However, at the reduced dividend it should be able to hold its own for another year, and the shares are certainly worth keeping.

OIL.—The little gamble in Egyptian Oil shares broke on Saturday last, but the news published on Tuesday to the effect that the production for the week was 8,069 tons caused prices to spurt again, and Red Seas, Suez and Egyptian Oil were all bid for. Roumanian Consolidated has eased off a little, but the price is still too high. Spies have been weak, and it is clear that the insiders are unloading. A rig has been attempted in United British Oil Fields of Trinidad, a company that is now controlled by the Shell. The A shares, which are 10s. paid, have been bid up to 20s. premium. The bulk of these shares are held by Shell, Burmah and Standard Russe, but the public still has a few, and I should advise holders to take their profit.

MINES.—Rand Mines report shows an increase of over £100,000 in the profits of the year, and the dividend of 220 per cent. is maintained. It can hardly be said that this dividend has been earned as the company has invested about £230,000 in new securities; but no one quibbles over £100,000 more or less in a big concern like this. City Deep looks promising, and we are told that Village Deep will also have a good year. The public take no interest in Kaffirs. The activity in the Russian Mining section still continues. Tanalyks and Kyshtims have been the feature, and Russo-Asiatics, after having fallen under 9, are now much harder. Russian Minings slumped probably because the Hirsch crowd were unloading, but they are now better. It is a curious thing that both Russo-Asiatic and Russian Mining hold portions of the Thurn and Taxis concession, and yet the one share is quoted just over £9 and the other just over £2. As far as I know, there is no real difference between the two properties.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The American Marconi report is very bad, and no dividend was paid in spite of a statement made by the chairman at the last meeting that some sort of distribution would be made in future each year. Babcock and Wilcox figures are admirable. The Waldorf Hotel, which is an admirably managed undertaking, again shows increased profits. The San Paulo Railway, in spite of the fact that it has over two millions of reserve fund, proposes to issue £600,000 new capital. This suggestion has completely mystified the market. International Lino-type once again pays 8 per cent., and the stock looks very cheap at the low price of 77.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CASE FOR THE WORKER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In putting the case for the worker, it is necessary to make a relative distinction between Capital and Labour issues, or, to come directly to the point, between Capital's industrial organic ground and Labour's financial organic ground of income production. Capital, for instance, which has no industrial organic ground of production, and Labour which has no financial organic ground of production, can, in each case, be but a self-contained organic form of production.

These are seen in Bank rates of interest in the one case, and Trade Union rates of labour in the other case. But neither is organically related.

The rights of Labour cannot be arrived at by ignoring the rights of Capital any more than the rights of Capital can be arrived at by ignoring the rights of Labour. Bank rates are not, in an industrial sense, a financial organic form of production; and Trade Union rates are not, in a financial sense, an industrial organic form of production.

What, then, constitutes the ground of unity between pure financial forms of organisation (i.e., Bank rates of interest) and pure industrial forms of organisation (i.e., Trade Union rates of labour)?

Obviously, the National or Crown form of adjusting the two. Thus, the Crown basis of valuation is twenty shillings to every sovereign. It is here that we get Capital's industrial organic basis and Labour's financial organic basis of production.

Where the question of profit is involved, it is but natural for Capital and Labour to contest their rights from a point of view of Banking or Trade Union rates; but that which is free or independent of the Crown Law of Valuation should not be confused with or maintained as Crown law. Parliament needs a clean sweep in this respect since it is wholly composed of members whose outlook upon economics is, in one form or other, biased, either in a pure financial or a pure industrial sense.

As representatives of the Crown (which is supposed to be incorporate of the interests of the nation at large) the Commons Assembly has gradually assumed a state of illegal proportions (inimical of its just rights), since its composition is the equivalent of isolated groups.

In one form or the other the writer has argued for some considerable time upon the abused manner of Crown legislation; but, apparently, because his weapon of contention has been one of Right against Might, his arguments and service have failed of support, though not of generous encouragement.

Might, alone, has its axe to grind. The workers, whose interests the writer has always kept in mind, have been, either from immoral instincts or sheer ignorance, fatuously obsessed by the preaching of their charlatans. The present discredited state of the Labour Party in Parliament is voucher for this.

Now, it was just because of the purely financial economic administration of the Commons that the introduction of an industrial economic element became necessary. Thus, the advent of the Labour Member was a sound legislative innovation. Unfortunately, however, the sound principle (that of an industrial balancing or economic factor) has been transformed into an unsound principle (that of an industrial antagonistic factor). To put it plainly, the advent of the Labour Member of Parliament was the advent of Trade Unionism in Parliament.

Instead of a Crown form of representation, therefore, which admitted the Labour Member solely for the lawful purpose of opposing pure financial forms of economic legislation, there entered into Parliament a power of representation, lawful enough as a Commons' form of representation, but which sought and has succeeded in creating adjustment by mis-adjustment, that is to say, has succeeded in combining one illegal system of economics (Trade Unionism) with another illegal system (Bank Unionism).

What is the consequence of this combination in the House? A worse muddle than was ever previously experienced in political economic legislation. Outside as well as inside Parliament we are faced with a permanent economic warfare. Outside Parliament, Trade Unionism, by strikes and systematic stoppages of trade, has tried its hardest to smash Bank Unionism (organised Capital). Trade Unionism might as well attempt to convert the whole of the race of Islam to Christianity. Inside Parlia-

ment, Bills and Measures, just as futile and paralytic as the strikes outside, have been rushed through; the result being that the Crown, in both cases, has become an illegal and immoral cover for the popular prostitution of national rights.

What an appalling condition for a great nation like Britain! It is nothing less than a condition where the supreme interests of the nation are surrendered to a common and widespread system of filching and robbery. The Crown basis of political economics is twenty shillings in the £. The great hope of the worker (if he is honest) is to obtain this value.

What the other grounds of political economics may be I leave to the charlatans to state. If Mr. Lloyd George, for one, did his duty by the Crown, instead of attempting impossible and fantastic economic feats, he might still retrieve his character and reputation by saving the situation.

The course foreshadowed in this letter must be taken sooner or later. Is it weakness or strength to own to one's mistake? There will be a dreadful day of reckoning and a great fall of pride should mistakes continue. In conclusion I would ask the Labour Leaders of the Commons a question. The answer involves their character as representatives of common law and common justice. Did they or did they not enter Parliament with the intention of upholding a twenty-shilling limit to the £? If not, why not? They are not better than their brother members to whose economics they are opposed. They are, in fact, apostles of Might not Right.

To the worker I put this question: Does he or she want a system which allows and maintains more or less than a twenty-shilling limit to the £? If so, they have it already, and are reaping the benefit of it either in a prosperous or unprosperous sense.

But the end, even of Might, which has no element of Right, is written down. What, for instance, will your fat kine do when there are no more lean kine to swallow? When British trade is ruined, what is the worker going to do? Apart from the question of Ulster, the Government is preparing, under a fatuous sense of helplessness, a future period of worse chaos and disaster.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. C. DANIEL.

ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am afraid that Mr. Edwin Ridley and myself are arguing from very different standpoints, and it is not very likely therefore that we shall agree except to respect each other's opinions. As I have said before, I take little interest in questions of foreign, or even of Colonial, trade; and that, because I regard "self-containedness" as an indispensable foundation for true national prosperity. The country which has engaged in successful commerce has never lasted; and I can see no reason why our own country should have an exception.

With regard to Mr. Ridley's Imperial Zollverein, he has surely failed to appreciate the enormous cost of safeguarding the connections—a cost which will inevitably become even greater as other nations build fleets in order to challenge our world-wide domination of the sea. The maintenance of the British Fleet has already raised the cost of living to such an extent as to threaten us with social upheavals which will put us out of court as a first-class Power: and it is quite on the cards that the people will insist on naval reduction, whatever risk may be involved thereby; for the people themselves care nothing at all about Empire.

Mr. Ridley refers to my forecast as to the ultimate

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destiny of Canada. Well, the first part of that forecast is already in process of fulfilment, and the United States have embarked on the first steps of an unwilling absorption of Mexico. The thing was inevitable as soon as the States decided to carry through the scheme of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama: and the northern half of Mexico will doubtless be sending representatives to Congress in due time. I therefore repeat my question, "How is the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race in North America to be preserved except by a fusion of Canada with its great neighbour?" Are not the interests of the two, and their *perils*, identical? So why should they *not* amalgamate? IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institute, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—You have doubtless heard of the severe loss that English painting has sustained in the death of Mr. Spencer Frederick Gore, who died on March 27 last at the age of 35, leaving a widow and two children.

It is proposed to invite subscriptions with the object of purchasing a representative canvas by Mr. Gore for a public gallery, and to give the net proceeds to Mrs. Gore.

We are, yours very faithfully,

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- The Life of the Rt. Hon. John Edward Ellis, M.P.* By A. T. Bassett. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Irish History for Young Readers.* By Rev. H. Kingsmill Moore, D.D. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)
- A First Book of English History.* By F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)
- Memories of John Westlake.* With Portraits. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
- A Great Adventuress: Lady Hamilton and the Revolution in Naples (1753-1815).* By Joseph Turquan and Jules d'Auriac. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- Mistress Charity Godolphin.* By Gladys Murdoch. (John Murray. 6s.)
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- The Red Wall.* A Modern Romance by Frank Savile. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)
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VERSE.

- In Quest of Love, and Other Poems.* By Rev. E. E. Bradford, D.D. (Kegan Paul and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)
- The Poet's Dream, and Other Poems Grave and Gay.* By A. T. Agnew. (Adnitt and Naunton, Shrewsbury. 6d. net.)
- Saloon Sonnets: With Sundry Flutings.* By Allen Norton. (Claire Marie, New York City. 1 dol. 25.)
- Gain and Loss: A Lyrical Narrative; and Other Verses.* By E. K. S. (St. Catherine Press. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Shadow of Etna.* By Louis V. Ledoux. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Farming Lays.* By Bernard Gilbert. Illustrated. (Frank Palmer. 2s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

- Apostolic Religious Instruction.* By the Rev. Robert Craig, M.A., D.D. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)
- Unity in Diversity.* By Henry Scott Holland, D.D. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford.)
- Can We Still be Christians?* By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by Lucy Judge Gibson. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Christianity and Ethics.* By Archibald B. D. Alexander, M.A., D.D. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Religion of the Sikhs.* By Dorothy Field. (John Murray. 2s. net.)
- The Historical Christ.* By F. C. Conybeare, M.A. (Watts and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
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- Fresh Voyages on Unfrequented Waters.* By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)
- Les Emprunts de la Bible Hébraïque au Grec et au Latin.* By Maurice Vernes. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 7 fr. 50.)
- The Church in the New Testament.* By E. E. Genner, M.A. (C. H. Kelly. 1s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- La Paix Armée et le Problème d'Alsace dans l'Opinion des Nouvelles Générations Françaises.* By Marcel Laurent, Philippe Norard, and Alexandre Mercereau. (Eugène Figuière and Co. 2 fr. 50.)
- The Ancient Irish Epic Tale Táin Bó Cúalnge, "The Cualnge Cattle-Raid."* Done into English by Joseph Dunn. (David Nutt. 25s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- "The Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel, 1914; Bird Notes and News; Constitution Papers; La Société Nouvelle; The Herald of the Star; Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement; Mercure de France; Bookseller; Wild Life; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique; Review of Reviews for Australasia; Literary Digest; Publishers' Circular; Chinese Review; Mind; Atlantic Monthly; The Collegian.

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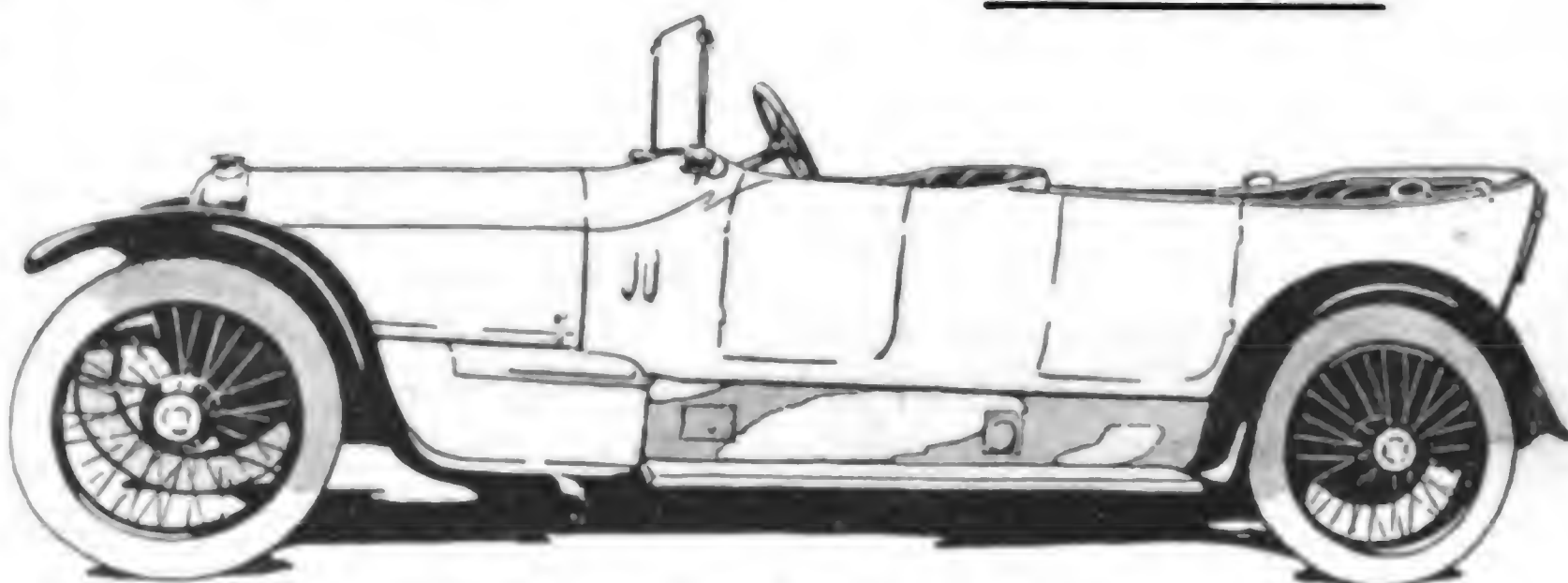
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Notes of the Week

WE note that Mr. George Cave, the Member for the Kingston Division of Surrey, ventured the opinion that the closing sentences of Mr. Churchill's speech could not have been uttered without some authority derived from his colleagues; we refer to that passage in which the right honourable gentleman dilated on the effect of civil war as it would affect the position of this country abroad in relation to its legitimate influence and obligations, and coupled his remarks with a suggested policy for settlement. Mr. Churchill at length realises that, in a State internecine struggle, the high mission of this country in external affairs would be thought to be in abeyance, and the balance of Europe be deranged. These words of the first Lord were spoken on April 28, after the failure of the plot in which he took so prominent a part to bring about the situation the dangers of which he is now able to perceive. We are not in receipt of £5,000 a year, nor are we generally credited with statesmanship of unheard-of ability; but we make no apology for reproducing an opinion which we published in THE ACADEMY of March 21, the truth of which the Minister at length recognises:—

An internal question of the utmost gravity is portrayed; a question which, if it is not treated with the finest attributes of statesmanship, will reduce the authority of Great Britain to a negligible quantity in the estimation of European Powers. The film—to use

the hateful jargon of the picture theatre—shows Ireland. At once all sense of proportion, all dictates of responsible guidance, are cast to the winds. What is the use of the big fleet, of what essential value is the weight of authority which Sir Edward Grey has secured for the country in the realm of international policy, when out of sheer obstinacy and suicidal fatuity those who are supposed to understand the science of statesmanship are prepared to provoke civil war?

Mr. Asquith, who may be acquitted of the extraordinary levity of other Ministers, but may share with the late Lord Hartington the sobriquet of "Rip van Winkle" so far as his alertness and knowledge of current events respecting Ireland obtained until March 25 in the present year, cannot escape criticism for negligence. We can sympathise entirely with the Prime Minister for the abominable manner in which he has been jockeyed by his more enterprising colleagues, but the nation has a right to expect and to demand that he will now unequivocally state whether Mr. Churchill was talking, as not seldom, at random, or whether he put forward a proposal for the settlement of the Ulster question which has the authority of the united Cabinet behind it.

Sir Edward Carson has beaten the Government at their own game. The Government coup against Ulster failed: Sir Edward Carson's against the Government has been a complete and unqualified success. This gun-running business is wanting in no element of daring or of perfection of organisation. It is really very difficult to know whether to laugh or lament. We do not approve of gun-running as a general principle, less still as a practice. But even in legal matters circumstances alter cases. Here we have a Government, anxious, as there is little doubt the Churchill-George-Seely contingent were, to move ships and troops which might place the Ulster Covenanters at a disadvantage, if they did not actually provoke the disorders which would give the authorities an excuse for actual fighting. The plot came to nothing: thanks to the bungling of the triple contingent, the scruples of the Army and the fine self-control of Ulster, counselled by Sir Edward Carson. The Government having failed egregiously, the Ulster people give the Government the neatest of object-lessons in the way a thing should be done. To say that Ministers have been made to look unutterably foolish is to put the matter very mildly. In this game with Imperial cards they led trumps, and Sir Edward Carson held the ace up until it gave him the odd trick and, we venture to think, the rubber. It is very shocking, no doubt, but it is great, all the same, and we do not envy the man who can read the account of the affair without a quickening pulse. Probably it is the only occasion in history when such a feat has been accomplished by men whose cause was loyalty. After the arms and ammunition had been successfully landed, the fleet began to play with its search-lights along the Irish shore. They are not the only search-lights at work just now. Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen

Chamberlain are bringing quite a number to bear on Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, and a pretty medley of intrigue, chaos, and helter-skelter they reveal.

How are the trade unionists of Great Britain going to meet the appeal of the trade unionists of Belfast? "In the name of our common trade unionism we beseech you to believe us when we affirm that the democracy of Ulster is the soul and body of the Ulster movement against Home Rule." Everything the organised workers of Belfast hold dear is menaced. The Government prefer loyalty to their taskmasters rather than loyalty to the Empire. The Labour Party supports them: why, is easy to understand. If there were anything in the talk of the solidarity of Labour, the document in which the trade unionists of Ulster set forth their case would be irresistible. It is a flat denial of the Radical and Socialist contention that opposition to Home Rule is an "aristocratic" plot engineered by the "aristocracy" of Ulster to prevent the people of Ireland from securing the ineffable boon of self-government. The working man of Ulster knows why a Radical Government refuses to refer the question to the people. He is pretty sure what the verdict of the people would be: he seems less sure of the verdict of his fellow trade unionists on this side of the Irish Sea. The passing of the Home Rule Bill would be a deadly blow to trade unionist principles in Belfast: yet we should not be at all surprised to learn that trade unionists who will upset society in Great Britain without a thought will ask their fellow unionists in Ireland by what right they presume to override the wishes of the majority of the Irish people.

"Don't stop me: this is Mr. Churchill." It was the plea, or the command, of the chauffeur who was to be ignominiously fined, like any ordinary driver, for exceeding the speed limit in the Park. Nor would the park-keeper see that a First Lord of the Admiralty who breaks the law should be exempt from its penalties. Publicity is all very well, but a common police-court summons is not the sort of publicity Mr. Churchill seeks. Fate has not been kind to this superior person of late. He has hardly been a greater success at the Admiralty than he was at the Board of Trade or the Home Office. His arduous efforts to attain efficiency by means of self-imposed sea-trips on the Admiralty yacht or a warship, whenever he could be spared from Whitehall, have not helped him much. His methods at the Admiralty have savoured of the autocratic self-sufficiency which made the democratic Morley a trial at the India Office. His proposed international naval holiday made him a laughing-stock outside Utopia; his policy has upset the Dominions; and certain naval Lords are, rumour says, quite absurdly opposed to some of his projects. His great naval demonstration in Irish waters was a personal fiasco; his telegrams get known; his secret inquisition into the political views of his Majesty's bluejackets is dragged into the light of day; the sea-plane in which he takes a trip off Clacton breaks down.

Nothing apparently goes right with the would-be Colossus of Little England. Fate, any more than the park-keeper, will not permit him to set the pace: and an annoying world refuses to listen to the megaphone blast: "Don't stop me: this is Mr. Churchill!"

Thaxted Church is one of many delightful ancient churches in Essex. Few people know it, though more will doubtless know it every year now that Thaxted, primitive village rather than town that it is, has been linked up with the railway. Thaxted Church was probably intended to be the cathedral of a city which it was hoped would spring up round about it. When the new Essex See was decided on Thaxted was mentioned as a possible centre of the bishop's activities: it is, however, out-of-the-way, and Chelmsford was fixed on. Thaxted Church has, as Mr. Arthur Machen said the other night in the *Evening News*, escaped damage at the hands of Reformers, Puritans and Restorers alike. It is a lovely specimen of mediæval ecclesiastical architecture. But it is in a state of disrepair—not for the first time. Among the interesting things about the church which Mr. Machen does not mention are the common wooden chairs. Years ago they were fine oaken pews. They were sold to provide funds for repairs! And now a sum of £5,000 is wanted. The appeal is made by Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Sir Walter Gilbey and Lord Rayleigh. Mr. Machen endorses the appeal: so do we. Thaxted Church is one of our old-time treasures: it must be preserved.

Research, like virtue, is too often its own reward. It is among the scandals of civilisation that to the discoverer, the inventor, and the brain worker the profits seldom go. Hundreds of cases might be cited, particularly in regard to scientific labours which confer boons on mankind. When we think how meagre is the recognition which, with exceptions, research brings to the patient worker in the laboratory, we wonder that men spend days and nights and years in pursuit of hidden mysteries, the solving of which ensures them just nothing. Sir Ronald Ross and certain other eminent men are petitioning the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make grants on account of scientific work, especially medical, of admitted benefit to our common humanity. Put moderately, the scientific researcher who achieves things is at least as useful an entity as a politician whose only anxiety is to obey the party Whip. On occasions the scientific researcher might even be deemed to be of as great service as a Minister of the Crown: if a member is worth £400 a year and a Minister £5,000, the successful scientific researcher should surely be worth something, even though he is only concerned with microbes, whilst they are concerned with votes. We admit the disparity.

We are informed by the Library of Congress, Washington, that an amendment of the Copyright Law is now in force providing that a deposit of one copy only is required of works by foreign authors, instead of two copies as directed until recently.

The Silent Watch

WRITER, lay down thy pen. Time's turning wheel
 Labours its ruthless cycle in thine ear,
 Urging thy haste. The demon-spirit, Fear
 With madding frenzy spurs thy backward heel:
 And the wild flood of crazed humanity,
 Drunken with speed, vents its vibrating roar
 With thundering boom on life's long-suffering shore.
 But hark! The movement of eternity
 O'er the chaotic clamour sounds afar,
 In distant sweetness like a singing star.
 Strike discord dumb! Let but one soothing strain
 Steal like an angel in the hour of need
 From out that music o'er thy tortured brain,
 Then trace the message that the world shall heed.
 Beyrout, Syria. E. J. GLOCKLER.

The Late-Comer

IF Love and I had met at early morn,
 Amid the shadows of the primrose-lane,
 Or, when broad noon was on the harvest-wain,
 Trysted and kissed, beside the ripened corn,
 I think I had not made that boon my bane,
 Nor, for my love's sake, seen myself forsworn.
 Still, with youth's dreams, I might have fed my brain,
 Still, through the autumn-years, my burden borne.

Yet, as Love finds me on this twilit marge,
 I own the wiser choice of Destiny.
 'Tis Love's best ends shall be fulfilled in me.
 It shall the narrowing world of Age enlarge,
 Stand at my side upon the dark-sailed barge,
 And tell me when we sight Eternity.

G. M. HORT.

On Flirtation

A FEW suggestions, or side-lights, on the gentle art of flirtation recently appeared in a daily contemporary. The writer was evidently an adept in his subject, but the impression is conveyed that the editor invited him to feast on a tabloid when he should have placed before him a sumptuous banquet of space. The consequence is that the writer, who appears at all events to have been a past master (*vixi puellis nuper idoneus*) in the arcana of his subject, only offers a few pregnant observations which are no doubt apt and fruitful as far as they go.

It is an error to suppose that the range of flirtation is a restricted one, or that the methods of its expression are limited enough to be dealt with adequately in half a column. In the ratio of the versatility of human endowments, flirtation finds various interpretations. In Spain, the fan is, or was, largely its medium. In Turkey, the yashmak fulfils the same office. In Ireland, the lustrous blue eye has conveyed and still conveys the scarcely concealed emotion. To some it is given to flirt with the mouth, even without the spoken

word, and the eloquence of the eyebrow has been testified to by our national poet. There is, however, no doubt that the acme of attraction is reached by the personality in whom all fascinating attributes are united, and who appeals to the onlooker in such a way as to induce him or her to exclaim: "I could eat him, or her, and deliriously enjoy the meal." Of course there is no suggestion of cannibalism in the remark which we have offered; it merely means that there is a sympathy between certain natures which encloses, without any overt demonstration, the innate genius of flirting, and perhaps the fatal disability to avoid it.

The writer to whom we have referred has dealt with flirtation employed with the deliberate intention to please, and the remarks which he has made, and the references to which he has alluded are entirely just. He has referred, for instance, to the French term "ar-rivisme," the gallant art of "getting there"; but the whole of his article suggests that flirtation implies effort, whereas in our view the only flirtation which will in the true sense "arrive" is that which in the main is unconscious, and merely arises from the pleasure which association with certain personalities induces, leading to a display of powers which in other conditions would be latent. We agree with the writer that "good manners are a part of morals," and that morals include manners; but we like to concentrate upon the view that manners should be the unconscious outcome of the philtre which exacts response to its magic influence.

But what after all is "flirting"? Where does it begin and how does it pursue its appointed course? We will not inquire what is the goal to which it not infrequently attains. The dictionaries are dead against the flirt, as thus: "a pert, giddy girl, one who coquets for amusement"; and again, "to act with levity or giddiness." Of the professional coquette such a definition need not be carped at. It has been attempted, however, in this article to show that flirtation may be referable to impressions which are not reprehensible, because they are natural. If there were no response between kindred natures, the world would indeed be a dreary shelter. To stifle such natural expression would involve the constant enactment of a part—dis-simulation carried to an intolerable limit, a disingenuous and noxious veneer daubed over the living marble.

In classical times we find no parallel to the unnatural suppression loved of dictionaries. If we pass over somewhat lightly Lesbia, Chloë, Delia, and Cynthia, we can at least concentrate on Ovid's lovely idyll of Hero and Leander, and view with all sympathy the waves of mutual feeling true to nature which passed—as it were by suggestion—across the Hellespont.

In the matter of flirting we confess we are on the side of the angels, and we hold that so far as it is the outcome of healthy and normal attraction it is a pastime which is not only delightful but which is also highly commendable—not least because it is wholly devoid of Pharisaism.

CECIL COWPER.

The Broad Arrow Mark*

MR. GEORGE IVES states in his Preface that he has attempted to show how offenders ought to be classified on rational principles in order that each may receive the attention proper to his condition, in other words, the scientific sorting-out of Society's failures and their individual treatment according to their various and widely differing needs; but we venture to think he has not succeeded.

The industry shown in the compilation of the book, which begins with the penal methods of the Middle Ages and is brought right up to date, is marvellous. It is a résumé of all the literature on the subject, and the authorities quoted are over 850 in number. Mr. Ives is therefore entitled to the gratitude of all persons interested for having given those who wish to study the subject in detail an opportunity of doing so, and our thanks must be given to him for this industry. The only work that we can compare with it so far as references to other books are concerned is Adams' (Headmaster of the High School of Edinburgh) "Roman Antiquities," of which book we have even now some memories.

The result of all this study on the part of Mr. Ives is, however, rather pessimistic in character. He points out the penal methods of the Middle Ages, the treatment of witches and the torture and violent methods which were adopted with regard to criminals when civilisation had not reached its present standpoint. He goes on to the period when our worst prisoners were banished, this in turn being succeeded by the modern system of penal servitude, and the silent system which followed. His idea is that Society has just those criminals that it deserves, and that with the higher civilisation criminals ought to be unheard of; also that whenever poverty and wealth dwell side by side, crime is as sure and certain to evolve as are the two parts of a seidlitz powder to effervesce when they are mixed together. But poverty and wealth are inevitable under present conditions. Even if the wealth of the world or of one part of it were re-distributed equally to-morrow, some one would be found who would take his neighbour's portion during the night, and some equally energetic person would be floating a company in the morning and persuading his neighbours that he could do much better for them as regards investments of their portion than they could possibly do for themselves—and he would succeed.

The first recorded instance of actual crime was very shortly after the exit from Paradise of our ancestors Adam and Eve, and we do not think that however highly civilised people may become they will be able to maintain a standard of perfect uprightness. That would only be an Utopia which we venture to think is many ages distant. To our mind, whatever the state of civilisation, there will always be a necessity for laws for the protection of the general public, and the enforce-

ment of these laws must be by some sort of punishment, or prevention of the individual from repeating the crime against the society of which he is a member. Religion has nothing to do with this advanced state of civilisation, because one finds that religion, speaking quite generally and without any prejudice, has always been conspicuous for the hardship and severity of its punishment of those who have broken its laws or so-called laws. In our opinion the present method of treating criminals is humane, and, if anything, is not severe enough. There is no doubt that the present prison system is in process of very rapid improvement with regard to persons who are punished for breaking the law by a fine, and by imprisonment in default of payment of that fine. Every possible opportunity should be given to enable a man who has broken a law, although he can hardly be said to have committed a crime, to pay that fine.

It is a very short-sighted policy to send a man to prison for a minor offence, because the result of it is not only to ear-mark the man as a criminal, but to put the country to the expense of keeping him and to throw the maintenance of his wife and children also on to another department of the State. The practice with regard to the infliction of this sort of punishment has been improving, and there is a Bill at present before the House which will give magistrates an even greater discretion to avoid putting a man under actual confinement.

Prisons were never intended for short sentences; the amount of trouble and expense caused, for instance, by sending a man to prison for five, six or seven days is out of all proportion to its benefit to the community. If time is given for the payment of a fine, then the wife will take an interest in seeing that the fine is paid in order that she may not be deprived of the benefit of the labour of her husband.

With regard to intentional criminals, that is, men who show that they have given up all idea of being honest citizens and only intend to live on their fellow-creatures, our idea is that the longer they are kept in prison the better not only for themselves, but for the community at large, and their treatment under present conditions is exceptionally good. Prisons are well-ventilated, the prisoners have their religious wants supplied by clergymen of their own denominations, their physical health is carefully attended to in the shape of special treatment for tuberculous cases, and general ailments of all kinds in well-equipped hospitals. There are schools and schoolmasters for those deficient in education. If fit they are employed at useful work, comprising shoe-making, leather work, blacksmiths and tin-ware work, carpentry and cabinet making, out-door employment, and also occupation as cooks in the prison kitchen. Their food is good and ample; regular exercise is given them under proper conditions as to weather, and in fact many of the present inmates of prisons have told us that prison life is infinitely preferable from every point of view to that of the modern workhouse. Mental cases are treated up to a certain stage by the prison doctors, and if on examination it is found that

* *Criminals, Witches, Lunatics.* By GEORGE IVES, M.A. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

special treatment is required, then the prisoners are certified and sent away for such special treatment. If they recover during the period for which their sentence runs they finish their sentence in prison; but if, on the contrary, it turns out to be a chronic case, then they are retained for so long a period as may be necessary.

The writer of the book has much to say with regard to insanity, and states that persons who are not responsible for their actions should not be treated as criminals; but surely it is necessary for the preservation of society at large that these people should be taken proper care of, both in their own interests and in the interests of others. One does not see that any hardship is inflicted on them by confining them in a prison-hospital, or, if a case is sufficiently serious, by sending them away for special treatment.

Many of the arguments used by Mr. Ives, although directed against the prison system, are really directed against matters which should be dealt with by the State itself; our concern is merely to contend that as matters stand the man who breaks the laws in this present year of Our Lord is dealt with reasonably and humanely, both on the part of the magistrates who try him and by the members of the administration who have to supervise the system of his punishment. This statement, of course, is qualified by what we have previously said, that in our opinion short terms of imprisonment are a mistake and should be abolished.

The author also makes a great point of the results of prison punishment in the shape of the difficulty that exists for a man to resume once more his place in society. This of necessity must be a part of the punishment; very much, however, is done to mitigate the after effects by means of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, which are in active operation at every prison. Substantial funds, contributed from individual sources, and also from Government grants, are applied in helping a prisoner to get on his feet again. He is assisted by grants of clothes and boots, board and lodging, stock, railway fares, tools, assistances in minor ways both physical and otherwise; and young men who have only been convicted perhaps once or twice are often sent to sea. In addition to the ordinary Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies in operation at individual prisons, there are general societies, such as the Church Army, the Royal Society, Mr. Wheatley's Mission, the Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society, and the Salvation Army, who all work in this direction, and whose efforts one is glad to be able to say have not only been productive of much

good, but the good has been recognised by the recipients of it.

We welcome the addition of this book to the current literature on a subject which is rightly engaging a great and growing amount of interest, and is vital to the nation's welfare. The past few years have seen great advances in the direction of preventing the manufacture of criminals by and at the expense of the State, and the working of the Probation Acts under the supervision of experienced officers has done more good than ages of imprisonment. This mode of treatment is to be still more extended, and it rests with an intelligent magistracy to work in the same direction, and thus diminish materially their unpaid labours.

W. NEGUS.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

No. 4.—TO MR. H. G. WELLS

SIR,—It is perhaps due to my own limitations that, with all the will in the world to get a thorough grip of the message which I have no doubt you have for your contemporaries, I so far have found you the most elusive of propagandists. It is my misfortune that I cannot, like our mutual friend Seccombe, take you in my everyday stride and, with a quill-flourish, place the reading world in possession of the true inwardness of your personality, your philosophy, and your many and varied qualities as man, as thinker, and as publicist. Sometimes I am inclined to regard you as a Spencer, a Huxley, a Darwin, a Ricardo, and a More rolled into one who elects to make fiction the vehicle of all truth as it is revealed to keen intelligence. Sometimes you have seemed to me just a Jules Verne, anticipating in your imaginative work the great achievements of science: at others, I have said to myself, "Wells is a modern Dickens, with all Dickens' knack of exaggeration": and then, when I read your essays or such a letter as you recently addressed to a Labour daily, I feel that you are not far removed from a Shaw as a master of paradox. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the editor of the *Daily News*, once said of you that, had your education been more formal, you would have "emerged a learned professor of whom the great world would probably have heard nothing, except once when he revealed his famous theory as to red seaweed to the British Association, and once when he died." As it is, one may say, without fear of contradiction, that you have given the 50,000 people who, in your

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view, make up the serious reading public enough theories to bring notoriety to a dozen professors, at the same time that you have kept the novel-devouring section of the community edified by your stories of this and other worlds.

It has always seemed to me a matter for congratulation that you were not available at the Creation. You might have brought your genius to bear in the ordering of the universe in a way which would have been logical and scientific, and "mankind in the making" would have been a creature incapable of enjoying, or forming the raw material of, the romances which the foibles of the Almighty have provided in abundance. The fact is that you started to put the whole world right, to rearrange Cosmos, in a very haphazard—you have yourself confessed, a stupidly haphazard—way, and, when you had given a trusting public quite a fair taste of your views on things in general, you then wrote a book "in order to clear up the muddle"—the words are yours—in your own mind "about innumerable social and political questions." It was at least frank of you to admit so much, even though in the process you admitted also, by implication, that you had to an extent befooled as well as beguiled the "serious" reader, "who is often no more than the solemnly impatient parasite of great questions." When I think of the Utopia or the New Republic you would construct for a suffering and sorely wronged humanity, I confess I am much tickled to turn to my "New Machiavelli" and to find that on first reading it I specially marked this passage, which seems to me to provide a most excellent commentary on not a little that has fallen from the fertile brain of its author: "In the development of intellectual modesty lies the growth of statesmanship. It has been the chronic mistake of statecraft and all organising spirits to attempt immediately to scheme and arrange and achieve. Priests, schools of thought, political schemers, leaders of men, have always slipped into the error of assuming that they can think out the whole—or, at any rate, completely think out definite parts—of the purpose and future of man, clearly and finally: they have set themselves to legislate and construct on that assumption, and, experiencing the perplexing obduracy and evasions of reality, they have taken to dogma, persecution, training, pruning, secretive education, and all the stupidities of self-sufficient energy."

What does all this mean but that when men begin to try to create a new heaven and a new earth they show what finite and limited beings they are? Are we to take it that in yourself we have found the one and only individual who could hope to set an errant society on the way to a salvation qualified by none of the elements of tragedy and economic barbarity which have hitherto confounded civilisation? You are an earnest advocate of thought as a corrective of the incongruities and the shortcomings which afflict the relations of men and women to-day, and so far as I can gather the aim of your teaching is to encourage every one of us to enter into a competition with a view to the evolving of Utopia. "There is not a man in

England to-day, even though his hands are busy at work, whose brain may not be helping in this great task of social rearrangement which lies before us all." We shall, of course, get no assistance from the "accidental oligarchy of adventurers" who constitute Parliament, and as, according to your theory (in my opinion, a perfectly correct one), we could hardly be more misrepresented in the House of Commons if it were appointed haphazard by the Lord Chamberlain, or selected by lot from among the inhabitants of Notting Hill, I wonder what sort of a jumble we should get from the collective wisdom of people who cannot even give us a decent Assembly. The idea is appalling. You will doubtless reply that, until mankind has been moulded according to the patterns which you are prepared to send out on "appro," there is nothing to be done. If that is so, then you are concerned only with posterity, and I am afraid there are a good many very selfish folk in the world who will ask what posterity has done for them that they should take so much trouble on its behalf. A universe cannot be metamorphosed in a day or a year or a generation. And the one absolutely sure thing is that political and social and moral devices cannot be contrived to their ends as a linotype machine or an electric tramcar can be run. Eugenics is a fine thing in itself, but eugenics, like socialism, eliminates human nature. An Eros guided by scientific laws and directing his subjects with reason is about as hopeless of realisation as—shall I say?—conventional thinking in the author of "Kipps." If one did not know you for the virile person you are, one would have to treat your suggestion of a world state as the work of the merest simpleton. A world state does very well for the purposes of cosmopolitan exaltation in a poet or an after-dinner speaker. But don't ask me to agree that there is no essential difference between yourself and a Chinaman. It is possible that you have been so keen to promote the world state in order that, when the Martians put in an appearance, the inhabitants of the whole earth may present to them a united front. One touch of Mars would doubtless make the whole world kin, paradoxical as it may sound.

You have told us that you have a habit of anticipation which makes you "curiously not interested in things and curiously interested in the consequences of things." In philosophy it seems to me you are inclined to be unconcerned with facts, whilst in fiction you would have us believe that facts are your business, not ethical principles. Has any man who ever wrote put more romance into his facts, and more philosophy into his romance? For this reason one never knows whether he is listening to the real Wells or merely his temporary embodiment. An acknowledged sceptic in spiritual things, you have in your novels given abundance of occasion for scepticism in things temporal. The Ideal splits on the rocks of the Real. Could one sum theory and practice up more neatly and conclusively than in one sentence from that most fascinating and poignant of all socio-politico-personal novels, "The New Machiavelli"? It is this: "Directly any

of us young socialists of Trinity found ourselves in immediate contact with servants or cadgers or gyps or bedders or plumbers or navvies or cabmen or railway porters, we became unconsciously and unthinkingly aristocrats." There you get the element of human nature which kills Utopia at its birth. It has been said that, as a rule, a self-made man is a man badly made. You are a splendid exception. I yield to none in my admiration of your achievement. But I grow a little impatient of the constant reminder that "Kipps" is to a considerable extent autobiographical, and I rather fear that you have encouraged gossip as to your early days. One who has forced the Citadel of Knowledge as you have is entitled to be proud of himself, but, as there is a conceit which apes modesty, so you will not need to be reminded that there is an element of vain-glory in a too frequent proclamation of plebeian origin. Its only excuse is that it is not the sort of confession which the man who cannot disguise his origin, if he would, is ever eager to make.

I am, your most obedient

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

The Ulster Man

A FEW months ago, when idle gossip was rife about the possible defection of certain important people from the Ulster cause, and the quidnuncs of the clubs became more assured than ever that the preparations in the North of Ireland were humbug, we had the opportunity of discussing the position of affairs with a well-known Belfast man. We said to him, speaking as one good Unionist to another: "Now, frankly, is there not just an element of bluff in this Ulster business?" He took the question in grim earnest, and answered with eyes aflame: "Bluff? Have you read y'r Macaulay? Do you remember the story of the siege of Derry? Have you ever stood by those grand old walls and thought for a moment what that story means to any of us born and bred in the very atmosphere? Why, the ghosts of the defenders haunt the place! Bluff? I hear it said that F. E. Smith is wavering—I don't believe a word of it—but suppose he were, suppose even Carson himself were to go back on us—it would make no real difference to the determination of Ulster. Ulster would go straight ahead over their bodies. Bluff, indeed! You can take it from me that if every one of our leaders thought fit to compromise with the Government, if every man in Ulster who to-day is training were to throw up the sponge, the cause would still go on; for, believe me, when all else failed, the women of Ulster would come out and strike for freedom! You do not know the men and women of Ulster if you lend ear for a second to this nonsense talk about bluff. The bluff is not ours."

How true this was the Government and the gun-

runners between them have made clear. Not everyone in England was, perhaps, until quite recently, as well instructed concerning the stuff of which the Ulsterman is made as, in the name of popular education and patriotic decency, he should be. The story of the Ulster Scot is of profound interest to all who are as anxious to understand the cause, as to grapple with the effect, of things. Peculiarly important is it that present controversy should be informed by something more than a superficial knowledge of the past, and we are inclined to regret that the Rev. J. B. Woodburn's account of the history and religion of the Ulster Scot* was not available months since. It might have saved some politicians from the unpleasant, undesirable and wholly contemptible experience of having to learn facts under the menace of armed opposition. Lord Rosebery once summed Ulstermen up in one of those happy sentences of which he has ever been a master: "I love Highlanders, and I love Lowlanders, but when I come to the branch of our race that has been grafted on to the Ulster stem I take off my hat in veneration and awe." Ulster's devotion to Great Britain to-day is not one whit less significant than that of the Highlanders, once so implacably anti-English. The wrongs of the Roman Catholics and Celts have so persistently been drummed in our ears that we are apt to overlook the wrongs which drove thousands of Ulstermen across the Atlantic to become the bitterest foes of England in the War of Independence.

Ulster has suffered from the causes natural, economic and legislative which are supposed to give the Nationalist case its strength. The Nationalists owe it entirely to their own mad prejudices and criminal brutality that the men of the North are not on their side in the present controversy. Ulster took part in the rising of '98, and reaction came when the Roman Catholics started indiscriminate massacres of the Protestants. "The Ulster Scots," says Mr. Woodburn, "began to ask themselves the question whether if the rebellion succeeded it would not be for them one of the greatest of calamities. They felt that it would be better to be under the landlords, however merciless they might be, than under the Roman Catholics, who murdered not only men, but women and children." A century has not shown the Ulsterman that he was wrong, and the bitterness bred in '98 is stronger than ever in 1914. There is no Blarney stone in Ulster, and the plain-spoken, honest, courageous and unsophisticated men of the North just say what they mean and act as they speak. They may have lesser gifts of imagination than the pure Celt, but peoples do not live and grow great by imagination alone.

It is hardly a stretch of language to describe Ulster as England's—and Scotland's—first colony; and if in the past Ulstermen have contributed in full quota to the troubles of the Imperial Government, they have more than made amends by their contributions to the

* *The Ulster Scot*. By the Rev. JAMES BARKLEY WOODBURN, M.A. (H. R. Allenson. 5s. net.)

achievements and glory of the Empire. To "the passion, alertness and quickness of the Celt" they unite the "adventurous spirit of the Norseman." Whilst the South dreams the North acts. It has been said that the history of India is largely the biography of Ulstermen. In soldiership and statesmanship the Ulster roll is one long distinction. Men like the Lawrences, the Nicholsons, the Dufferins, the Thomsons, the Cairns, and a host of others would have imparted lustre to any community. We feel almost inclined to say that when the Ulster Scot has not elected to provide a Chief Magistrate for the United States of America he has elected to provide rulers for the British Dominions and Dependencies. He has been an Empire breaker as well as an Empire maker; and he has given America nearly 50 per cent. of its Presidents. "In all the historic achievements of Scotland," says Mr. Whitelaw Reid, "is there any more remarkable than the conquest of leadership in a new land by men half a century behind other and strong races in entering upon the scene?" Ulstermen were not born to be placed under the heel of any other race; yet they are the people whom a tied Government thinks it can sell into bondage. Even though the case for Home Rule were overwhelming in equity and logic, the character of the Ulsterman would make any measure which gave dominance to the South absolutely chimerical. Ulster has not won through the economic, agrarian and commercial trials to which she was subject in the old bad past merely to become the milch cow of the less prosperous and less progressive section of the country. Her people are prepared to acknowledge allegiance only to the flag which they have assisted so largely to make the symbol of a world-wide state. With Lord Rosebery we doff our hats to all Ulstermen; they are the rock on which the vessel which carries a cargo of Little Englanders and Disloyalists will founder. Britons who do not stand by the Ulsterman in the crisis which he is quite ready to face alone are unworthy of their Imperial heritage.

The Cure for Hailstorms

THE Loire shimmered in the white sunshine, a broad sheet of silver. Far up, a bridge stretched like a laced thread across its noble breadth. Here and there on its shining surface was a flat-bottomed boat, under which the motionless figure of a fisherman was elongated, apparently to infinity, in its depths. The lazy current flowed silently by beaches of yellow sand. An islet was tufted with low bushes. The farther shore was dim through a mist of heat.

Near by on the north bank rose low sandstone cliffs, and in the cliffs were the curiosities we had come to see—cave-dwellings which still sheltered men and women in 1912 as they had housed the Troglodytes who lived here before Cæsar came to Gaul. Curious were these holes in the rock, like giant rabbit burrows

with glazed windows, and very curious was it to see lace curtains and green-painted doors in the face of the cliff! But the Troglodytes of the twentieth century were not very different from the dwellers above ground, and, as to their caves, they are said to be better than most houses—miraculously adaptable, indeed, like the whisky in the Scotch story which was cool in summer and warm in winter.

So the cave-dwellings did not detain us long. But the superb river kept us a whole day watching the thousand transient phases through which it passed under the varying lights from noon till night. Before we left it, the blood-red sun had sunk into the haze away where the Loire rolled towards the western sea; it had reflected the last gleams of the afterglow; the fishermen had punted home; the lace-work of the bridge had faded into the shadows, and the great river had become a ghostly suggestion of mysterious power and incalculable distance, a grey infinity in the dying crepuscule.

It haunted us as we walked back in the gloom to V—, not uncannily but as a friendly spirit. She, recalling its wayward course of a thousand miles, the cities whose bridges spanned it, the hoary castles whose walls it washed, the pageantry of war and peace it had witnessed, personified it as a wise greybeard, an aged philosopher, slow of speech and step, but restless in disputation because of his mighty knowledge and unbounded experience. I was rather for the figure of Demeter, mother of the riches of earth, thinking of the limitless fields and the vineyards fed by its fertilising waters.

We were erring through the Valley of the Loire. There is no other word for it. We turned aside here and there to see a castle or an old town; but we were far more interested in the river itself, the little communities on its banks, the cottages of the fishermen, and the daily life of the vineyards. It was because we had been told of a certain vineyard owned by M. Benet that we had made a halt at V—.

The inn of the village had fortunately not yet been promoted to the dignity of a hotel. That was to come later when the light railway was completed, when Benet had started his Syndicat d'Initiatif and had begun to "boost" the district, as they say in America. We, at any rate, were in time to catch the primitive colour of V—.

When we reached the inn, the landlord was lighting the lamp that hung from the ceiling and dripped its oil on the once green cloth of the little billiard table in the middle of the room. Somewhere in the shadow was a customer, with whom the landlord conversed as he held the sulphur match in the hollow of his hand. This was the snatch of talk we heard:—

"I have seen the ground at Tours, *mon ami*. It's quite simple. The waste land along the river bank, a few stretches of sand, a bit of smooth turf here and there, and—*voilà tout!*"

"Curious," said the landlord, rubbing the edges of the wicks with his match.

"Oh, yes, curious enough! But there you are, you see. Two or three kilometres of ground that nobody wants between here and the bridge, a few thousand francs, and the thing is done. The golf course of V— becomes famous, the rich English arrive, and the rich French follow the fashion. Then Goujon of the auberge 'Aux Vignerons' becomes Monsieur Alexis Goujon, proprietor of the 'Hôtel du Lion d'Or,' and as for Mademoiselle Angeline—she marries the English milord who comes to V—to run after the little white ball."

"Tenez, Monsieur Benet," said a voice from another part of the room; "there are people here."

The landlord had by this time made his lamp burn clearly, and raised the wicks. He climbed down from the *billard*, and turned to greet us. The yellow light revealed his daughter sitting behind the pewter-topped counter, and at a table near by a large, black-bearded, florid man, who stopped rolling a cigarette to look at us.

"Ah, madame, monsieur," said the landlord, "you are returned—and in good time! Monsieur Benet, these are the English lady and gentleman who are inquiring for you."

Monsieur Benet was courtesy personified when he learned that we desired to see his vineyard and the cellars in the cliff that had been described to us as a curiosity of the district. They were curious enough, those catacombs of barrels and bottles which we saw next morning, those tunnels and galleries cut in the sandstone under the spreading fields in which Monsieur Benet grew his grapes.

But, again, somehow the subterranean storehouse of all this wealth of gold and rubies was less interesting to us than Monsieur Benet himself and the outlook of Monsieur Benet upon the river with which he lived. I mentioned the fascination it seemed to exercise over us. He nodded his head. He had, he said, heard that there was a fascination of the sea—that those who were born near it and lived near it got the sea into their bones, that they could not remain long away from it, and that when they were inland they mounted every hillock and shaded their eyes to look for the sea.

"So I, madame and monsieur, when I am at a distance, I am restless: I look over every hill, wanting to see the Loire. . . . Yes, I understand the fascination."

We sat on a terrace of the cliff in front of Monsieur Benet's house, and tasted the good wine of V—, and heard from the *vigneron* something about the processes that went to its making, and about the culture and the harvest of the grape. We heard also something of the enemies with whom he was in constant conflict. The worst of them were summer hailstorms.

We had descried on one of the sandy beaches of the river below us an instrument which resembled the upturned trumpet of a giant phonograph.

What was that? Ah! said Monsieur Benet, that was the artillery which the proprietors of the vine-

yards opposed to the artillery of heaven. It was the gun which was fired at the clouds when a storm was gathering, in order to precipitate them in rain. In this desperate contest the *vignerons* were sometimes successful; but sometimes not. Then, when the clouds resisted every assault from the guns on the sandy beaches, they coagulated into ice and descended upon all these smiling hectares of grapes and cut them to the ground and ruined the harvest, and brought tribulation into the whole valley.

"Ah," said Monsieur Benet, with a shrug of the shoulders, "*la grêle, la grêle!* It is the curse of the vineyards. Who would be a *vigneron?*"

We ventured the suggestion that, hailstorms or no hailstorms, the vineyard seemed to have prospered Monsieur Benet.

Doubtless, but the anxiety was very great.

"Voilà, monsieur! You see that corner by the bend of the river—the slope covered with vines? It is the favoured spot of my vineyard. It is there the white grapes grow, with which I make the sparkling Vin de V—. But, let me tell you, I think of parting with that corner."

Our astonishment was question enough.

"Yes; as I was saying last night to Goujon, a bit of waste land along by the beaches that nobody wants and that corner taken in, and I am told that there is a perfect course for the golf. I think seriously of it."

By order of Cecil Cowper, Esq., J.P.
"OLNEY,"

PALACE-ROAD, EAST MOLESEY.

The Entire Contents of the above, comprising DECORATIVE FRENCH and ENGLISH ormolu-mounted, Kingwood, Vernis Martin, rosewood, mahogany, and other cabinets, commodes, tables, chairs, settees, fauteuils, mirrors, dining and drawing-room suites, a boudoir grand pianoforte by Hagspiel, a full-size mahogany billiard table and accessories by Burroughes and Watts, long-case, bracket, and mantel clocks, a large Crown Derby service of 130 pieces, Dresden, Worcester, Sèvres, Vienna, Wedgwood, Chelsea, old Delft, and Chinese porcelain in figures, groups, vases, beakers, etc., bronzes, armour, and weapons, fine specimens of bear, tiger, and other skins, tapestry and cut velvet panels, paintings, drawings, miniatures, by and attributed to Titian, Kneller, Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Teniers, Morland, Pigersgill, Nasmyth, coloured engravings, prints, etc., a painted white bed-room suite with panels in the Wedgwood style, carved walnut, satin pine and other suites, brass bedsteads, Oriental carpets, rugs, portières, outdoor effects, and miscellanea, which

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There was no doubt that it was a very passable bit of ground for the purpose; but I looked again into Monsieur Benet's well-stocked cellars, and found it difficult to believe that he was in earnest.

Two days after, we had descended the river and were at Nantes. Taking up the *Phare de la Loire* in the hotel, we read among the *faits divers* that a heavy thunderstorm had done much damage throughout Touraine and Anjou. It had come on suddenly in the afternoon, after we parted from Monsieur Benet, and unhappily the vineyards of V—— were among those which had suffered most.

Our acquaintance with the rotund and worthy *vigneron* was of very short standing; but he had been so courteous that I felt bound to write him a note of commiseration. Before we left Nantes I received his reply—a few words, but brave. It was a terrible disaster, he said; but, as the proverb said, “il vaut mieux tâcher d'oublier ses malheurs que d'en parler.” He hoped we would come and visit him again next year: then we should see how a Frenchman could recover himself after misfortune.

With a regretful thought for the denuded vines of V——, which had bloomed with so rich a promise only a day or two before, we turned northwards. The next year, however, we gratified the wish of Monsieur Benet that we should visit him again. On arriving at V—— we received a series of shocks. It was difficult to imagine that so much could be changed in a short twelve months. Nothing was the same except the eternal Loire. The light railway brought us into the square which was the omphalos of V——. The auberge of the Sign of the Vignerons had disappeared and Goujon had fulfilled Monsieur Benet's prophecy by becoming the proprietor of the Hotel du Lion d'Or, with electricity and all modern comforts, including the handbooks of the Syndicat d'Initiatif, and a verandah on which a number of golfers were discussing their handicap or some other abstruse subject connected with their game. Monsieur Benet was more rotund and more cordial than ever, and bubbling over with a great scheme for avoiding the ravages of hailstorms in vineyards.

“I have found it, my friends!” he cried. “I have found the prophylactic against *la grêle* for which we have all been searching for so many years. There's a fortune in it.”

Indeed, we cried, and added our congratulations, and superadded our demand for an explanation of the marvel.

“It's quite simple,” said Monsieur Benet, rubbing his hands. “If you would be secure against *la grêle* in the vineyard—do away with the vineyard, and put a golf-course there. A golf-course is impervious to hail—and it pays better—*voilà!*”

He took us to see what he had done. There was a green just below us, with two players upon it and two waiting to go on. At the corner which had produced the sparkling Vin de V—— there was a smooth run of turf, and a man was just playing from the tee to reach over it.

Monsieur Benet chuckled at our wonderment.

I called him a vandal, and lamented the scene of last summer, when we were alone with the vines and the shining river.

“What would you? One must live,” declared Monsieur Benet. But in pity he showed us where, farther from the edge of the cliff, his vines still clothed the country in their dark greenery. And later on he produced to us practical evidence that there was still a good bottle or two in the caves of V——.

R. A. J. WALLING.

In the Learned World

DR. PINCHES' lecture last month to the Victoria Institute on “The Latest Discoveries in Babylonia,” drew a crowded house, the theatre of the Society of Arts being hardly large enough for the audience. A great part of it dealt with Dr. Arno Poebel's new “creation-tablet,” which has been already noticed in this column. Dr. Pinches thought that it represented an older form of the Babylonian legend of the Creation than that preserved in the opening chapter of Genesis, the distinguishing feature being, according to him, that the Poebel tablet makes the creation of man or the more perfect animal to precede that of the lower or less perfect “beasts of the field.” He also said that these legends, as Damascius long since observed, really assumed a dualistic origin to the universe, the monsters of the waters or Chaos being therein represented as evil and only gradually overcome by the good principle, thereby supplying, in his view, a primitive theory of evolution. His idea that the Hebrew account of creation in this respect was not derived from the other, but issued as a counterblast to it, deserves attention. Another curious point was that a tablet, which Herr Poebel thinks belongs to the same series, calls the hero of the Flood story, generally accepted as the prototype of the Biblical Noah, by the Sumerian name of Ziugiddu, instead of by the Semitic ones of Uta-napistim or Khasis-adra (in Greek, Xisuthros), by which he was formerly known to us. This confirms Dr. Pinches' view as to the early origin of the tablet, and it is noteworthy that the two tablets taken together ignore all the purely Semitic deities and make the triad of Enlil, god of the air, Enki, god of the earth, and Nin-harsag, who is perhaps an early form of the great mother-goddess of Asia, responsible for the creation of man. It is also Enki who appears throughout as the friend of Noah, who warns him as to the fate coming on the earth through the Flood, and who deifies him after the seven-day cataclysm has taken place. Almost simultaneously with Dr. Pinches' lecture, M. Delaporte summarised Herr Poebel's discoveries in the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*. The tablets themselves are to be published shortly by the University of Pennsylvania.

Light has also been thrown on the history of another

Biblical personage, in the shape of that Salome who danced off the head of John the Baptist, and has supplied the modern European stage with a new choreographic type. M. Théodore Reinach, in the current number of the *Revue des Etudes Anciennes*, draws attention to some facts in the history of this lady, and shows with fair conclusiveness that the daughter of Herodias was born at the earliest in 15 A.D., and was therefore less than 14 years old at the time of her celebrated dance. A few years later she was married to her uncle, the tetrarch Philip, who was governor of the Trachonitis, and died not long after his marriage with his young wife, whereupon she married "en secondes nocces" her cousin Aristobulus, made later King of Armenia Minor by Nero. She had by him three sons, one of whom also became a kinglet under the Romans, and her portrait, as shown on a coin or medal of Aristobulus which M. Reinach reproduces in the article quoted, exhibits her as a staid and respectable matron of middle age, with a Grecian nose and a well-cut mouth, in which it is easy to see a certain regal charm. From M. Reinach's data it would appear that she died at the age of 43 or thereabouts, and although the Byzantine story that she was fixed by the feet in the ice while attempting to cross a frozen river is evidently fiction founded on some idea of political justice, M. Reinach is right in seeing in it a proof that she died in Armenia, where the rivers *do* freeze in winter, and not in Palestine, to which her husband was retransferred about the year 72 A.D., where they do not. The portrait of this last, which M. Reinach also gives us, shows a heavy and rather stupid-looking personage of Semitic features with a bald head. The fact that, in spite of the Jewish law, which forbids, like the Koran, the representation of the human figure, these Herodian monarchs put their busts on their coins, shows how skin-deep their Judaism always was. The real history of post-Alexandrine Judaism, could it be written, would astonish, if it could be made popular, those who are not scholars.

In his excellent "Notes Archéologiques" in the same journal, M. Henri Léchat draws attention to several masterpieces of Greek sculpture which have been perhaps rather neglected by amateurs owing to the earlier discovery of their rivals. Thus, he reminds us that among the works of Praxiteles two of the most famous were his representations of the god Eros. One of these was given to the temple of Thespieae, in Bœotia, by the celebrated Phryne, a native of that town, who had reason, as M. Léchat says, to be grateful, if anyone were, to the God of Love. Later it was transferred to Rome, as were so many of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Greek sculptors; but it was surpassed, according to Pliny, by the statue of the same god made by Praxiteles for the town of Parion, on the Propontis, which seems to have had the same effect on its beholders as the Venus of Cnidos. It was often reproduced in the coins of the town, and shows the naked figure of a winged boy in the prime of youth, with the right hip in prominence after the pose much affected by Praxiteles. M. Léchat hopes that some day the soil of Greece or

Italy may yield us a copy of this statue, which its contemporaries regarded as the most perfect representation of masculine beauty; and all artistically inclined must echo his hope.

M. Adolphe Reinach, another of the talented family whom L'Affaire Dreyfus brought somewhat suddenly before the public eye, begins in the revue first quoted above a series of studies on two Homeric legends which must have often puzzled schoolboys. The first of these, which is the only one dealt with in the current number, is the snatching-away of Cassandra by Ajax Oïleus from the altar of Athena, at which she had taken refuge, followed by her transfer to Mycenæ and her murder there by Clytemnestra. M. Reinach thinks that this, like all the Greek legends of the ravishment and violent deaths of marriageable girls, covers the idea of a *hierogamia*, or sacred marriage, such as that which was undoubtedly enacted before the eyes of the initiates in the Mysteries of Eleusis and elsewhere. In this case, he would connect the story with the tribute of two virgins which a newly-discovered stela shows was sent by the tribe of Ajax in Locris to Ilion to expiate the crime of their ancestor. The two girls, who were chosen by lot from the noblest families of the town, were at first, at any rate, laid in wait for by the Trojans, who tried to stone them to death on landing, and could only escape by being shown by friendly natives the subterranean entrance to the Trojan temple of Athena. Thereafter they had to serve the altar clad in a single garment, with bare feet and with dishevelled hair, and were liable to be put to death did they venture outside the temple precincts. Later, the general softening of manners brought about the mitigation of their captivity, which was reduced to a year only; but the custom persisted some time after Alexander, and is a curious specimen of the survival of the savage customs chronicled by Dr. Frazer in the "Golden Bough." M. Reinach's other theme will be the Rape of Helen, which he will perhaps identify with the same anthropological ideas.

F. L.

The following special courses have been arranged for the Third Term at University College, among others: Four Public Lectures on "The Ethnology and Pathology of the Ancient Egyptians," by Dr. D. E. Derry, beginning on May 5, at 5 p.m.; a course on "Computing, and Some Mechanical Aids to Calculation," by Mr. H. E. Soper, beginning on May 5, at 6 p.m.; six Public Lectures on "The Individualism of the Renaissance," by Dr. Rachel R. Reid, beginning on May 7, at 5.15 p.m.; a Public Lecture on "Ptolemy's Map of Germany and the Cimbric Chersonese," by Professor Gudmudd Schütte, on May 11, at 5 p.m.; and a public introductory lecture on "Recent Discoveries in Egypt," by Professor Flinders Petrie, on May 21, at 2.30 p.m.

REVIEWS

The Maker of Italy

Cavour, and the Making of Modern Italy, 1810-1861.

By PIETRO ORSI. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

IT is often debated whether the political mind ever attains true greatness. Compromise is one of the necessities of politics, if not the supreme necessity, and compromise is the enemy of sincerity, which is generally held to be the touchstone of greatness. No writer, singer, or thinker can attain to that life beyond the tomb which is the measure of greatness, unless he has expressed with genius that which he believes to be true. Mahomet may have deceived himself over small things, but he believed in the essential truth of his mission; the sincerest people are those who tell the most incidental lies; besides Mahomet was, for many purposes, a politician. As for Napoleon, whether he was truly great or not still hangs on the votes of precarious majorities in college debating societies.

If ever a statesman was a supremely great man, Cavour was one. George Washington was another, and for very similar reasons. Both the Italian and the American strike our imagination because they had imagination of their own and because, facing facts, they were privileged not to waste their inspirations, but to translate them into new facts. Cavour has this advantage over Washington that he was an Italian long before there was an Italy, while the other did not become an American till he had created America.

Signor Orsi has written a very clear and interesting book. It is not quite a life of Cavour, but then it is not meant to be merely that. The series of which it forms part deals primarily with movements and epochs, and uses the individual chiefly as a focus. It would be a curious experiment to try and write the history of Italian regeneration without mentioning the name of Cavour. It might almost be done without Mazzini, but without Cavour—well, it would be a curious experiment!

Italy had to buy her freedom dearly, not only in blood and money, in the loss of a province even, but in the repeated sacrifice of her pride. Lombardy was the gift of the French, Venetia of the Prussians. It was in his readiness to give what had to be given that Cavour showed himself a statesman, and something more than a statesman. When he eventually ceded Nice, he said: "Popularity is as dear to us as ever, and moreover in many circumstances my colleagues and I have tasted that sometimes intoxicating beverage; but we know how to renounce this popularity in so far as our duty imposes renunciation upon us." On the other hand, when the advantages to be gained from renunciation were not so obvious, Cavour's patriotism sometimes took a more violent and passionate complexion. When the negotiations of Villa Franca deferred the fulfilment of his splendid hopes, "in vain the King tried

to calm him; he allowed phrases of scanty respect to escape him; it seemed that he had lost his reason. When he saw that his remonstrances were useless he resigned."

Signor Orsi says, in contradiction of what we have just said, that Cavour "had no imagination," nay that he admitted himself that he had none. Imagination is a difficult thing to define, and, as contrasted with Mazzini's, maybe Cavour's was the concrete mind. But if imagination is the power of seeing things that do not exist, then Cavour had it in abundance; true, he made that to exist which did not exist before, and thus destroyed the stuff of imagination. There can be no question that Cavour saw Italy erect and free while Italy still lay prone and tortured, and only filled the mouths of men as a "geographical expression" or a talisman of antiquity.

The best defenders of the permanent in our civilisation, the greatest "Conservative" leaders, have often sprung from obscurity; the great revolutionaries and reformers tend to issue from the "privileged" classes. Cavour's upbringing ranged him originally on the side of what even Signor Orsi sometimes calls the reaction. We are by no means denying, by the way, that there are reactionaries, and always have been, especially in the days of the "Holy Alliance," but, if the school where Cavour learned his first lessons of life had been really reactionary, there would have been no United Italy in his time. The danger lay in a too early formulation of "Whatever is, is right." Cavour broke away from that formula in a letter, written while he was still a sub-lieutenant of engineers—"An innate sense of self-respect . . . has repelled me from a course in which the first essential was that I should deny my own convictions and no longer see or believe except with the eyes and understanding of other men."

Cavour was the true Liberal-Conservative that makes modern democracy a possibility. He did not mind being hissed occasionally by the Radicals; their demonstrations gave him a chance of speaking his mind, and that was all he wanted. Opposition tautened his mind; from opposition comes all that is great in statecraft. But here is a confession of faith in democracy, uttered by a statesman who used most of the methods of the autocrat—"I have never felt so weak as when the Chamber has been closed." That is the faith of every true Liberal-Conservative statesman.

To-day it is possible to doubt—though it is still rash to doubt it—that war is the true solvent of impossible political conditions. In Cavour's time the doubt was not yet born. Cavour believed in war, or, at least, *the* war, with an unshakable faith. He prepared for war as he prepared for peace, by taking administration seriously. A brilliant foreign policy was reinforced by a laborious fiscal and economic policy; if he had lived in less stirring times, he would have come down to us as a great domestic and financial minister.

Signor Orsi handsomely acknowledges Italy's debt to England as a friend of her national freedom. Cavour himself looked to England for instruction and en-

couragement, and the most fruitful of his early wanderings was that which brought him to our shores.

Cavour died at the right moment—at the moment of achievement. He did not live to see Venetia incorporated into the Italian kingdom, but he knew it must come. Another may reap one corner of the field, but the harvest belongs to him who sowed the grain.

Philosophy and Jargon

The Concept of Consciousness. By EDWIN B. HOLT.
(George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

WE are fully prepared to admit that the author may have had in his own mind very definite ideas upon the topics with which he deals in the work now before us. Owing, however, to the exaggerated use which he makes of modern pseudo-philosophical jargon, it is impossible for any normally constituted reader to fathom what those ideas are. He is also unfortunate in the arrangement of his subject. We should have imagined that a learned writer holding views so exalted as to the dignity of the art of logic would have, at the very least, arranged his various theses in some sort of logical sequence. As it is, 70 pages elapse before we are privileged to discover that the author has so much as deigned to consider the existence of "consciousness" at all.

It is not until the closing pages of the book that we are told anything about the actual nature of consciousness. For all the information the reader receives as to the human brain such an organ might be non-existent until suddenly in these closing pages it casually makes its belated appearance.

This is not as it should be. But the defects in the way of arrangement are as nothing compared with those of the language in which the learned author is pleased to reveal the results of his studies. "*Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus*" is a citation which we are unable to withhold in the case of this farrago of mountainous words and microscopic meanings. To be told that "the correspondences which natural science deals with are correspondences between equally neutral manifolds" is enough to make one resolve to renounce the natural sciences for ever, and causes us to wonder whether there ever was such a language as Anglo-Saxon in the world. The author appears to believe that any statement may be made to appear a true statement, provided it be sufficiently veiled in voluminous folds of abstract terms.

There could be no more grossly untrue statement than that which is made in the preface, namely, that "The love of knowledge commits us to a quest after coherence, demonstrable structure, unity." Love of knowledge not only commits us to nothing of the sort, but from its very nature forbids us to set ourselves any other goal save the understanding of things. The question of whether or no things are arranged upon any definite plan is irrelevant save as an object of inquiry.

To set out with the definite purpose of proving the existence of "unity of the facts" is the exact negation of the attitude of a seeker after truth, truth as it is and not as he would have it be.

And this vitiation of any honest endeavour to solve those ancient difficulties which have created the abominations of metaphysics extends to the whole work. In the chapter which bears the same title as the book the author reminds us that the aim of the volume is a "deductive account of consciousness." Any deductive account of anything in the world is an account which results in the information that a thing is that which you have determined beforehand it should be. A truly deductive account of the world would, in effect, tell us exactly nil of the world. By what the author calls a "deductive account" he must mean, if he means anything at all, an "inductive" account. No amount of verbal quibbling will convert deduction into induction.

To mix the mangled remains of physiological propositions with pseudo-metaphysical analogies in the manner of this chapter is simply a *reductio ad absurdum* of both physiology and metaphysics.

The only explanation we can offer for the phenomenon of such an amazing conglomeration of meaningless phrases and sentences as we have vainly striven to disentangle in perusing these pages is that if, as is the case with the author, language be used not as a medium of expression but as a set of verbal chessmen, so to speak, there can be no end to the number of combinations possible, no one of which will bear the slightest relation to the phenomena which are the "concept of consciousness."

The Spirit of Travel

The Tower of the Mirrors, and Other Essays on the Spirit of Places. By VERNON LEE. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN days when the influence of a journalism of the meaner type spreads like a blight over so much of our writing it is refreshing to light upon a new book which has most of the qualities that make true literature. Apparently, the short studies that compose "*The Tower of the Mirrors*" were written with almost journalistic haste; but it is the haste of a matured intellect, full and ready, able at will to draw forth illustration, parallel, simile, incident to light up its theme, and not the hurry of the mere wordspinner to produce his daily toll of so many "thousand." One marvels at the mind which can lay under tribute all the arts and several histories while travelling in the train, or halting on a journey. There is a flavour about all Vernon Lee's writings in this manner that the really bookish person finds both full and sweet; and the present volume is quite equal to its predecessors in this respect.

The very attempt to catch and confine in the medium of print so elusive a thing as the spirit of a place strikes one as being a sufficiently hazardous adventure, especially when announced on the title-page. We remember so many dismal failures in this kind, so much grandiloquent nonsense about the souls of cities and such like, which failed to convey anything beyond the petty egotism of the writer. Here, however, we have the triumphant preservation of mood and atmosphere, which are, after all, the essential and precious results of travel. These essays are much more than studies in descriptive writing, though the book contains many notable instances of the art. They bear the same relationship to ordinary guide-book prose that a fine water-colour drawing does to a colour-photograph. The "Tower of the Mirrors" is the almost legendary forerunner of our modern camera obscura; and even as the wizardries which were imagined for the Tower of Virgil surpass those of our scientific contrivance, so the haunting qualities of Vernon Lee's chapters surpass the bald outlines of the merely descriptive scribbler. Let her put the matter in her own inimitable fashion:—

Moreover, this Tower of the Mirrors can flash a symbolical meaning even into the metaphysical depths of Being. The analogy thereof lets us guess at the universal mirrorings by which all outside things exist as we know them only in the reflecting and refracting mirrors of our memory and our emotions; while yet those mirroring surfaces of our spirit themselves exist, and pivot to receive images, only in that universe which themselves reflect. Nay, the symbol may help us to conceive that the mirroring material whereof they are made, is consubstantial with the universe reflected in their facets; and that the very modes of that reflection and deflection of Reality are but one of Reality's own modes of existing and acting.

But leaving such metaphysics, and passing to practical moralisings, the analogy of the Tower of the Mirrors may bring home to us that, if we would possess the world and its kingdoms, past, present, and future, and not merely our own image reflected in our own wash-pot, we must take the trouble to ascend into towers, and go to the expense of furnishing our soul with as many mirrors as possible, and a steady, well-oiled winch wherewith to turn them in some directions and avert them from others.

Which is both good philosophy and good literature.

Yet these are not wholly dream-pictures, as we are compelled constantly to realise. The mention of aeroplane and motor in a book dealing so largely with "old, unhappy, far-off things" gives one a little shock; a new contact with reality is made. There is a quiet undertone of humour, and an occasional touch of the grotesque, as when the writer says: "And there, against the sea-line, were the marble miracles of Pisa, looking, at this distance, the two domes united into a shell, the tower pricked up askew like a horn, for all the world like a snail taking a walk."

What an alluring picture is this of the Bernese Lowlands, reminding one of the wistful dreams of William Morris's "News from Nowhere":—

It is certain that I had an extraordinary feeling of

friendliness and familiarity on finding myself again in the valley village, with its procession of cows under the electric light, and its Brahms' variations played in the eighteenth century farmhouse. It is a good country, this, of rich and well-educated people, who are still peasants at bottom; a country modern yet ancient, and with so much rusticity in its towns and civilisation in its villages. And perhaps the good Europe of the future will be more like Switzerland than like our bigger busier countries.

One could continue to quote; but perhaps enough has been said to compel all true travellers and readers to possess this book.

A World's Hostel

South Africa, 1846-1913. By A. WYATT TILBY. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is fitting that this sixth and last book in the series, "The English People Overseas," should be the best. Its author, without in any way detracting from the historical value of his work, has struck a more personal note than in the other volumes of the series, and we are thus faced with an intimate relation of the incidents attendant on the growth of a people, as well as with a well-considered recital of the main events which went to the building up of the civilisation of a sub-continent.

In that Capetown was, from the beginning, a world's hostel, a halfway house of call for all the ships that went the way of the Indies or the Antipodes, the author points out that the Dutch and Huguenot settlers of the early days, who hoped to find a place in which they might isolate themselves and go free of any outer government, were doomed to disappointment from the outset. Briefly, yet comprehensively, the rise of the Cape to a strength that was beyond the control of the old Dutch East India Company is told; old Van Riebeeck and the Van der Stels, father and son, figure humanly in these pages, and the old-time tragedy of the Slachters Nek rebellion is told fairly and with due regard to the sentiments that animated the rebels, as well as with full realisation of the ugly problem that was forced on the English governor of the time.

In later days, the evil wrought by missionary work, against the spirit and way of the settler, is detailed. The incredible folly of the Imperial Government at the time of the emancipation of the slaves, as told here, is a story that will help the student to understand how wars between Dutch and English have come about in South Africa. By an economy of a million pounds the Government of that time set up a legacy of many millions worth of hatred and distrust on the part of the colonists; so short-sighted was the policy pursued that it was almost worthy of a Liberal Government of the present day.

These things are told with a wealth of illustrative anecdote; the author has made good reading of valuable work—he has written history in the full sense of the word, and at the same time he has told a good

story, though it is true that he had fascinating material from which to draw. In the later stages he is not so capable of holding a true balance between the opposing forces by which South Africa has been shaped. In the case of Rhodes this is especially true. Here Rhodes is pictured not only as a Colossus, but as a Colossus dominated throughout his life by one single Imperial aim. Admitting the greatness of this truly great man, we must at the same time admit that his earlier years were marked by anything but an Imperial aim. There was a stage of his career at which he was opportunist rather than patriot: "Eliminate the Imperial factor," his early war-cry, was changed by virtue of necessity to the policy that made Rhodesia, and Mackenzie, the missionary whose action forced Rhodes's hand, and who to-day goes almost unheard of, was a greater and purer-minded patriot than Rhodes. Mackenzie's work, briefly outlined in three pages, is hardly valued at its full work by the author. In saying this we would not attempt to undervalue the splendid work done by the great Empire-builder, but would draw attention to the fact that the Colossus was only human, and even in his career there were incidents which, for the sake of his good fame, had better go unrecorded. The value of history consists in a recital of all the facts, and in the life of Rhodes and the history of South Africa these facts should have a place.

Yet the story of the later days, the story of Rhodes and Kruger, the war and the making of the Union, is wonderfully well told here. The author, by his manner of writing, proclaims himself an Imperialist, but when one comes to reckon up the wrongs done to the colonists by muddling, senseless limitations and economies inflicted by Home Governments, it is possible to admire the Imperialist bias of the work, for surely the treatment which England has accorded to South Africa is sufficient to cure any man of Imperial sentiments.

In the preface to the volume the author says "the book shows little party spirit, and reflects neither Whig nor Tory doctrine." Though, in certain phases of the story that the book tells, we find evidence of party spirit, we agree that the effect is unimpaired thereby—save for the omission already remarked. The graceful tribute of thanks with which the preface closes is a fair index to the spirit animating the author, and we trust that the book will get the prominent place it deserves among serious historical works on South Africa.

The new arrangement at the Haymarket for booking the pit came into operation for the first time on Wednesday, April 29, at the matinée. All the seats in the pit may be reserved, and a separate box office is opened in the pit entrance, where seats can be booked on the day of performance only, from half-past six in the afternoon for the evening performances, and half-past twelve in the day for matinées. Tickets will only be issued for performances on the day itself, and will not be booked in advance.

Shorter Reviews

The Beasts, Birds, and Bees of Virgil: A Naturalist's Handbook to the Georgics. By THOMAS FLETCHER ROYDS. With a Preface by W. Warde Fowler. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROYDS' little handbook to the Georgics will be quite indispensable in future to every student who takes more than a purely academic interest in the study thereof. The author does a great deal in the way of clearing up certain difficulties which have hitherto defied the efforts of commentators. Where he too has failed he has not hesitated to declare the fact. The birds of Virgil in particular have long been the cause of much perplexity. Virgil made many mistakes in regard to the habits of bees, and Mr. Royds does not attempt to palliate them. But on the other hand the poet was a far more accurate observer than many of his more favourably situated successors. Perhaps the most notable example is "the utter nonsense, with an error of fact in every other line, and instinct throughout with a total misconception of the great bee-parable" of Shakespeare's "Henry V." (1, 2). Mr. Royds is also doing a great service when he insists upon a fact often left out of sight, namely that what may not be accurate of conditions in this country may be the truth of Italy, for example in respect of the singing season of the nightingale. We cannot too strongly recommend this commentary to every student, not merely of the Georgics, but of Virgil as poet and nature-lover.

Table Mountain. By A. VINE HALL. (T. M. Miller, Cape Town.)

Cornish Catches. By BERNARD MOORE. (Erskine MacDonald. 2s. 6d. net.)

Poems: with Ballads of Old Birmingham. By E. M. RUDLAND. (David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

It is a worthy purpose to endeavour to remove the reproach that "South Africa has no literature," and Mr. A. V. Hall's poem, "Table Mountain," if it makes but a small splash in the great sea, was worth writing. It is, we understand, in its seventh thousand, and the present issue is revised and enlarged. The reading of it brings no thrills, but the verse is careful, and in certain passages reaches a level which is genuine poetry inspired quite evidently by sincere feeling.

"Cornish Catches" contains a number of poems quite apart from the county of the West, though we like the dialect verses as well as any. The first set, "Well, there 'tis," brings a strangely sweet emotion to one who knows that lovely land well, and "Grocery" is a capital rhyme. "Mevagissey" is excellent; and one who has often tramped the coast "from Donderry to Looe" has enjoyed "A Looe Lay" exceedingly. As to the

other part of the book, Mr. Moore may be known as a true poet by many of his lyrics, some of which have appeared in these columns; "The Return" is one of the finest, and we are glad to see these really talented verses preserved in more permanent form.

Mr. Rudland's poems are musical; we prefer his lighter moods in "The Little People" and "Youth's Dreams" to the more ambitious pages which he would probably value as his best work. The "Ballads of Birmingham" embody in rhyme certain stories and legends of the town, often historic. The best of them tells of how the news of Waterloo was brought to the city by coach—it has a fine speed and a ringing measure, and is a great success in its way. Others in the mode of the rhymed couplet seem rather spiritless and slack; on the whole, however, the collection is well worth reading and keeping.

"*The Queen*" *Newspaper Book of Travel*, 1914: *A Guide to Home and Foreign Resorts*. Compiled by The Travel Editor (M. HORNSBY, F.R.G.S.). Illustrated. ("Field and Queen" Offices. 2s. 6d. net.)

To those who are able to take long and expensive journeys, to see as many countries as they wish, as well as to those who can afford merely the one holiday in a year, this travel book issued by the *Queen* will be of much use. Tourists visiting countries many miles from their own can consult this little volume with regard to necessary clothing, the customs of the people, the cost of living, and the many details which it is well to know before setting forth for unfamiliar lands. The description of the various health and pleasure resorts both at home and abroad is very good, and should enable anyone to choose those most likely to suit their taste. The maps also give an additional value to the book, and are clear and well selected.

Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two. By MRS. C. W. EARLE and MISS ETHEL CASE. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

"POT-POURRI Mixed by Two" undoubtedly bears out its name, for it is a heterogeneous mixture of such varied concomitants as roses and onions, suffragettes and the Salvation Army, pauper lunatics and crowned heads, uric-acid-diet and occasional snatches of verse, together with many other things too numerous to mention. Ostensibly a work on gardening, at least so we gather from the publishers' preliminary announcement, the two ladies responsible for it have not been satisfied with instructing the reader in the science of horticulture, but have generously added to much sage advice their opinions on affairs in general in a more or less desultory manner.

British Trees and How to Name Them at a Glance Without Botany. By FORSTER ROBSON. (Holden and Hardingham. 7d. net.)

LOVERS of the country, and particularly those who dwell in towns, will be glad to welcome this small book dealing with the trees of their native land. Care has been bestowed on the many diagrams produced and the short descriptions given with each illustration, but at the same time we wish that small tinted drawings could have been given of sprays of leaves as they actually grow on the trees; in this way it would be easier for the novice to distinguish them than by the flat diagrams, although the latter serve their purpose when the difference between certain trees is very slight. Perhaps we may look forward to a larger edition of the same book with additional illustrations of leaves and, where possible, blossoms.

Woman and Crime. By HARGRAVE L. ADAM. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

"WOMEN are the whips of Satan" is one of the sayings of Mohammed, and with regard to the majority of those members of the so-called "gentle" sex considered in this work the indictment is not an unfair one. So far as official figures show male criminals outnumber female ones; but, as the author observes, there are women who "are the cause of, directly or indirectly, a large amount of crime in men for which they receive no statistical credit." This assertion he supports in a section of the book on aiders and abettors of crime. Other subjects dealt with are poisoners, murders by violence, baby farmers, vitriol throwers, financial defrauders, and in fact everything pertaining to female criminology. The cold and brutal truths which Mr. Adam presses home are not pleasant reading, and we hesitate to recommend such a gruesome, though studious, work to the general public, for in the hands of a degenerate there is no knowing what harm it might not cause.

Fiction

Mistress Charity Godolphin. By GLADYS MURDOCH. (John Murray. 6s.)

FEW periods of English history have been so much exploited by fiction writers as the time of the Monmouth rebellion, and here is yet another story written round the theme. The hero is one Michael Cameron, a Lowland Scot, who had fought against Covenanters at Bothwell's Bridge before he came south to take part in that sorry attempt of a weak man to upset a bad king. The heroine's name adorns the title page of the book, and her father, old Sir Hugh, is represented as a friend of the Lady Alice Lisle, whom he, with Cameron, attempted to rescue after her arrest. As is the custom

with this class of story, everything comes right at the end, and Charity and her lover are united, after various barriers have been set up and knocked down.

The character of the father is weakly drawn, and that of Cameron is practically the only clear portrait in the book. This is a distinct drawback, for stories of this romantic type depend almost entirely for their effect on a clear presentment of the characters. The author does better work in picturing the terrible Judge Jeffreys on his bloody assize—though that particular scene of history has been described so often that reproduction is of necessity an easy task. The trial of Lady Alice Lisle is given fairly fully, and we must say that our sympathies go out to her far more than to anyone else introduced here, probably because we know she is real, while the others never achieve a greater dignity than that of lay figures, round whom a plot has been constructed. There is too much evidence of construction, too much making of a story out of threadbare incident, for the book to impress the reader to any extent, while the sentimentality on the part of the writer betrays extreme youth and inexperience in the art of story making.

Splinters. Anonymous. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

WE prefer to shirk the question as to whether this series of letters is a reproduction of authentic documents, or a cloak for the story told, for the book is the record of a love that could end only in tragedy, and the record is sufficient without further question. The correspondents are Elaine Hamilton and Guy Desmond, and Elaine is a soiled woman before the writing of the first letter. By reason of this and a lack of incident, the book will probably never achieve popularity, but such a record of love in the highest, finest sense of the word, is seldom penned, and there are some to whom the story will appeal: the lovers of the world may take and read the book, finding therein what they themselves would fain express. "It is no credit that I keep true to you: all else repels," writes the man, out of his longing and waiting. Out of his bitterness he writes again: "Wedding gifts that outlast the marriage are such a bore to dissect on dissolution," this concerning the marriage of a mutual acquaintance. But quotations from such a book are useless, for this is not a story, but two sets of bared nerves laid out, quivering. It is too intimate a record for print—we feel it too intimate for cold criticism, much as we dislike the character of the woman revealed here.

The end is in keeping with the letters; the two come together, and, before the commonplaces of life can spoil their high passion, they die together. We could wish them no better fate—unless they could have taken those terribly poignant letters with them. If the letters are not authentic, then a fine artist in emotions wrote the book, for, poor as it is in actual story, it has the rare grip of utter reality.

The Sheep Track. By NESTA H. WEBSTER. (John Murray. 6s.)

A FEW years ago Father Bernard Vaughan drew the half of fashionable London to Farm Street by a course of outspoken sermons on "The Sins of Society." "Society," conscious of a pleasant thrill, applauded—and went its way. The author of this novel has chosen the deadlier rôle of the satirist. Deadlier, because, while people have no objection whatever to being denounced, they have all the objection in the world to being laughed at. Miss Webster is less concerned with the "sins" of society than with its futilities, which are, indeed, many. It is just here that (being an artist) she parts company with the preacher; though, like the preacher, she starts off with a text. It is from Epictetus—"Look to it that thou do nothing like a sheep, or thus . . . had the man perished." Society—or that negligible group of bored nobodies which arrogates to itself that title—she figures as a sheep-track. "The people you have been amongst are simply sheep—with sheep's mentalities, sheep's instincts, the sheep's submission to following along the track chosen for them by the bell-wethers." These words are addressed to Marica Fayne, a girl of natural instincts and human sympathies, whom circumstances and the culpable neglect of an elderly parent immersed in some nonsense called archæology had set adrift in the bleak and soul-destroying wilderness of a "London season." Of how Marica rose superior to her environment the reader must learn for himself. The book is one which deserves to be read and remembered.

The Day of Days: An Extravaganza. By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

IT is not possible to apply the ordinary canons of criticism to this novel. The author disarms in advance all who might take exception to his work by labelling it an extravaganza. One knows that one is reading nonsense, and that the nonsense will continue to the end of the book. Yet the story is not merely melodramatic absurdity. It has a deeper purpose, and that is to satirise modern New York as it appears in the sensational Press and in a certain class of melodramatic fiction: New York as portrayed in these media of information is absurdly impossible. It is only when Mr. Vance emphasises and exaggerates all these absurdities that one realises how absurd it really is. But the author is very prodigal with his material. Perhaps it is not for the reader to complain of this, for he thereby obtains an excess of amusement and excitement. Nevertheless, he seems to have crowded into the space of twenty-four hours enough action to satisfy the ordinary author of half a dozen novels. The continued and persistent use of American slang grates somewhat on the reader, but presumably, unless Mr. Vance departed from his scheme, it could not be avoided. However, any imperfections there may be are of minor consequence; the book is essentially one to fill pleasantly an idle hour or two.

The Theatre

Tentative Performances

THE old difficulty of which the dramatist of the past used to complain in regard to getting his first play produced seems now to have passed away. At least, this is the case in regard to many promising pieces and one-act plays. The societies which are kind enough to invite us to such trial performances are now very many. At the London Pavilion that particular one which is called "West End Productions" recently gave no fewer than six short pieces. We greatly regret that this group did not appear very happily chosen. But one short play by Mrs. E. M. Harris, "The Girl from Australia," although, alas, a not very brilliant affair, showed a young actress, Miss Rosie Dane, whose future appearances we shall look forward to with great hope. Miss Dane evidently has a fine sense of the theatre, and in a more telling and dramatic part would, we believe, produce a lively effect. In many of the others there was much clever acting, but the plays seem to us too ephemeral for record.

Miss Willoughby, who is greatly interested in developing new talent, is producing some fresh and perhaps more interesting works on Friday, in some of which we note that versatile actor Mr. Heath Haviland is appearing.

The Little Theatre

ITS CHARMS AND IDIOSYNCRASIES

LET us take a typical first night. As you have not the chance to spend an idle half-hour in the theatre, you arrive when all is in darkness. The refined lady who looks after the seating arrangements cannot see your number, for she has no electric lamp, but she gets a vague idea of your outline, and with the charming note of amateurism which haunts the theatre she points vaguely to a seat which she thinks will suit your personality. She asks you if you would like a programme in a manner which shows clearly that nothing really matters. About this time you lose your eye-glass in the dark. Your stall is probably at the side and the back. You crumple yourself into it, and the first piece begins. Soon two stout ladies shining with theatrical jewels and brilliant in the fashionable gold-coloured transformations of two years ago tell you that you are using one of their places, and you are put in the corner, not exactly with your face to the wall, but still sufficiently cramped to feel you are being punished—mainly for not being a stout lady in a gay transformation, but for a good many perfectly just reasons as well, we have no doubt.

DUSK.

is the appropriate title of the first piece we have come to enjoy. For we happen to have a great belief in

the cleverness and talent of the author, Mr. Robert Vansittart, whose plays "Cap and Bells" and "People Like Ourselves" will be gladly remembered by all playgoers who take a pleasure in modern art.

"Dusk" is called an Oriental fantasy, the sort of thing we like best in the world. It is staged by Mr. Kenelm Foss; it is decorated by Mr. Victor MacClure; its music is written by Mr. Edward Jones. We make a great struggle to see it from our corner. But Mr. Foss, with the wisdom of the ancients, knows that only those pleasures which are fought for with long-continued bitterness really matter. So he has decided "to recreate the heady, woolly-outlined, ecstasy of a hachish"—or, as we should spell it, hasheesh—"dream." In carrying out this honourable idea the producer has obliterated a good deal of the value of Mr. Vansittart's work, because his "woolly-outlined" actors are not allowed to show us the various emotions which would in an ordinary way be seen in a theatre. As their voices also appeared to be affected by the "ecstasy of hachish," just a little of the beauty of Mr. Vansittart's verse was lost—probably only to a few obscure people like ourselves. We have no doubt those illustrious ones in the front rows could enjoy this dream of a stranger in a strange land who makes love, as many another has done, so that he may write an entertaining book of travel and adventure, and dreams of tragic issues. We feel certain that such personages could appreciate "Dusk" as is deserved. There is certainly beauty, romance, fantasy, wit, and a very useful philosophy in it.

We fancy it must have been in Persia, before the Sardar's Palace, about 1740, that the following phrase was first heard: "It is better to be lying down than sitting up; it is better to be sleeping than waking; it is better to be dead than living." For this is something of the meaning of the rather long speeches by a slave, Mr. Fred Lewis; he has occasion to console the beautiful Child Bride of the dream, Miss Alice Bowes, who has loved the foreigner, and whose death is a natural concomitant of such a lawless affair. But we gathered that the excellent philosophy of the slave who felt that "Death was God upon earth" was not needed by the child-bride, who already well knew that the joy of life was an Occidental fantasy and had nothing to do with the immemorial truths of Persia, before the Sardar's Palace, period 1740. From the little we know of "Dusk," we feel Mr. Vansittart has created a work of art which will be greatly appreciated by those who are allowed to see it.

ACCOUNT RENDERED

proved quite easy to hear and see, although Mr. Foss feels that he has presented Mr. Robert Elson's play in a manner which is both whimsical and new. Doubtless it was a whim of his to take up the curtain on the comedy nearly an hour late; very likely it is fairly new in England, although old-fashioned on the Continent, to have intervals between the acts that extended to nearly half an hour. Apart from these side issues, Mr. Elson's four-act comedy interested us immensely. To

us it seems a cleverly told story of how a pushing woman of the world, Lady Mary Burjoice, Miss Ruth Mackay, "runs" her good-natured, simple-minded, and devotedly attached husband into the Cabinet and towards some important peerage and post abroad, incidentally makes use of many cunning arts, and eventually almost shames her husband by taking a great deal from a political enemy and not making him her lover in return as he expected. D. Q. Gershon, M.P., Mr. James Carew, who is the would-be lover, is a little melodramatic and a little unphilosophical in his affair with a beautiful political woman. Most men would know that her view of what was cricket would be different from his—but then the point of the play would be squandered by such obvious knowledge. At any rate, the story is lively enough and Miss Mackay is convincing; so is Mr. Weguelin as her simple husband, and Mr. Fred Lewis as a candid Prime Minister. And there are several younger people with love affairs and little scenes of that sort who are entertaining: Miss Elsie Margetson as a very sporting and sensible Canadian girl, and Mr. Ronald Squire as an attractive young Englishman. In short, "Account Rendered," although it has not been greatly praised by those who have to get their copy into the daily papers by as near 12.0 o'clock as possible, is well worth seeing, and we trust that the rather curious way in which Mr. Foss presents the play, we mean as regards the setting, will become popular, for it possesses freshness and charm—qualities that are by no means too general in stageland.

BRER RABBIT AND MR. FOX.

Always of an afternoon at this theatre, except Saturdays, Mrs. Percy Dearmer's version of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus" makes a most charming entertainment. We have certain awful regrets in regard to our youth. We did not read Chandler Harris, Charles Dickens or Walter Scott before we were fourteen, so we have never been truly enthusiastic on the works of these immensely popular authors. But Mrs. Dearmer—with the aid of the music of Mr. Martin Shaw—has saved us in regard to "Uncle Remus"; she has given us a delightful play, or series of little gay dramatic stories, which hold us with delight. All children will love her entertainment, which should be renewed every holiday time for years to come. The author gives the essence of her play much better than we can in these phrases:—

Brer Rabbit is the child of the Plantation, but in reality he is many hundreds of years older; he is as old as the earliest folk tales of the most primitive peoples, as are also, not only Fox, Bear and Tarrypin, but also "Miss Meadows an' de gals"; these, clothed in the bonnets and crinolines of Uncle Remus' date, are in all probability no more than the wood-nymphs living in the forest on equal terms with the animals, and speaking their language in the same way; the place is nowhere in particular; all the scenes pass in Brer Rabbit's wood. "Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox" cannot be treated in any way historically—the Play is a Frolic, a Fantasy, an Extravaganza in which King Deer's daughter is a human child, and coloured

folk, white folk and animals all live together on intimate and friendly terms, inquiring after each other in consecrated idiom "an' how does your corporisity segastinate?"

All the persons of the story are admirably played, Mr. Hayden Coffin being seen quite at his best as the curious Mr. Kildee. The girls have gay and charming voices; the animals are engaging beyond description. The fun is simple and delightful from the first scene in Brer Rabbit's wood to the last in his comfortable home. Somehow the clever actors and actresses are the personages they represent, and we do not trouble, for the moment, about their personalities off the stage. Of course, this is quite unfair, but it is their own fault for making us so attached to them as the queer persons they represent. Every child in London must see "Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox"—twice; but just for the present the play is being taken off.

EGAN MEW.

The Shakespeare Festival

THE centre and cause of being of the Stratford Festival are of course the festivities attending the Birthday Celebration. Outside the theatre, it is well to remember there is no such thing as Shakespeare the dramatist—a stout fact despite Charles Lamb's pronouncement. But, with equal truth, without the birthday the significance of a festival at Stratford is lost. It is a thing worth remembering; for thereby it is possible that Stratford may become the Mecca of English poetic drama at a time when the major part of the critics have decided that poetic drama is no more than an interesting literary revival. The presence of the whole body of Shakespeare's work at Stratford proves that poetry, in form as in content, is an entirely convincing dramatic medium. That, if it be properly considered, is as much as to say that drama may still be literature and not journalism. We do not think that the Governors of the Memorial Theatre have realised the implications of their position, and therefore have not taken advantage of it to capture an idea that might make Stratford in the fullest sense the rallying centre of a cause. It is at Stratford—supremely if not exclusively—that such a thing may be done. The wear and tear of large cities makes the imaginative exercise of Art a difficult, if not indeed an impossible, thing. It is not in such places that drama may be built up again in its form of imaginative literature; because, as time has proved, the natural drift in such places is towards triviality, actualism and the variety stage—in a word, journalism of one sort or another.

We have alluded to this for two reasons. Firstly, because the Governors of the Memorial Theatre have strangely seemed to miss this obvious thing. Secondly, because Mr. Arthur Bouchier in his speech at the Birthday luncheon took advantage of the occasion to plead for funds for one more theatre in the West End of London. He might, and did, call it the National

Theatre—of which we have heard so much, and seen so little—but the fact is as we have stated. This, be it noted, was spoken at Stratford, where there is already a theatre to Shakespeare's memory, and where an unrivalled opportunity presents itself for a forward policy in the very kind of drama that Shakespeare made. If Stratford came to London with a request for funds to prosecute such a policy, part of which might well be the proper production of Shakespeare's own plays, the situation would be intelligible. Moreover, London, with its redundancy of theatres, most of which are engaged quite frankly in pure journalism, would have an appeal made to its honour. But for London to come and ask Stratford for funds is surely a strange position.

If there is one thing certain it is this, that if a truly healthful school of acting is to be founded, where the play would be the thing and the star-actor meet with scant ceremony, and that if a theatre is to be sought whose study it would be only to present drama that was literature and a high imaginative exercise, London is not the place for them. Apart from all other reasons London is but one city in England, having rivals and competitors in each of the other large cities, and therefore we must go outside to some neutral position in order to focus a truly national interest. No better place could be found than the township in which the greatest of all dramatists is celebrated.

To do so, however, it is necessary that the Memorial Theatre should set itself to give us a high ideal in production. We ourselves have always treated it from this necessary standard. Productions that might pass muster elsewhere; mutilations of the text, disruptions of the network of characterisation that Shakespeare intended, such as have become habitual in other places; these and other such things are not to be condoned at Stratford; and we have always endeavoured to hold firmly by that standard, even at the cost of seeming pedantry. For example, when Mr. Bouchier, in the "Comedy of Errors," came up to his twin-brother Dromio at the end of the play, and said: "Oh, Dromio, Dromio, wherefore art thou Dromio?" we were amused. It was right to be amused. But we wondered what would happen to the Stratford Festivals as an international Shakespeare Memorial if such licences were to prevail. For what one actor may do, whoever he be, every other actor should have the right to do. Even less to be condoned was the common buffoonery with which this Dromio tied on a breastplate over the hindmost portion of his anatomy, for Antipholus to whack with loud resounding blows, while Dromio cried "Come in!"

Upon Mr. Page's thoughtful and eloquent speech in giving the toast "To the Immortal Memory of Shakespeare" the effect was more than incongruous. It is certain that the American Ambassador would scarcely find it worth his while to come down and make another eloquent and sincere address in a place where Shakespeare was thrust aside so unceremoniously in his own plays. The same faults marked the production of

"Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Bouchier introduced his own entertainment into the interpretation of Benedick; and, indeed, he can scarcely be imagined as the ideal of possible Benedicks. A mature and portly Benedick is scarcely to the point; and it was undoubtedly owing to this that he was compelled to introduce much "business" of his own into the play. Miss Margaret Halstan was an admirable Beatrice, and gave her retorts pat and directly to the issue. Nor did she labour the vivacity. Mr. Gerald Lawrence made a good Don Pedro, and Mr. Pittar as Leonato was admirable.

The following afternoon saw the "Midsummer Night's Dream" taken through with but one stop, with the result that the accumulation of interest was never hindered. Mr. Patrick Kirwan himself took the part of Bottom, and rendered it well, although he was not very familiar with his lines. The fault of speaking lines as recitations into the auditorium was noticeable here, as it has been throughout. In fact, the play scene was given to the auditorium instead of to the Court. The actors who have avoided this fault have been Mr. Napper, Mr. Howlett, Miss Lawrence and Miss Hayward; and the gain they often secured in this respect, in conviction and in restfulness, was considerable. It has been strange to see a Festival in which not one of Shakespeare's greater plays has been presented; it is difficult to understand why. In their place we have had two plays by Shakespeare's contemporaries, "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon" and "A Woman is a Weathercock." These we will deal with next week.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

The Booksellers' Provident Association

ON Friday evening, 24th inst., another interesting lecture was arranged by the indefatigable secretary of the Booksellers' Provident Association, Mr. Cecil Palmer. On the occasion of this evening's lecture, the subject, "Humour and Pathos of the Country Side" was made interesting and amusing by Mr. Raymond, a Dorset man who, in addition to relating many of his own reminiscences of the people among whom he dwelt, gave extremely good renderings in dialect of the poems of William Barnes. The lecturer had his subject well in hand and never for a moment faltered over the poems he recited. Like many other lovers of the country he regretted that the dialects were now fast dying out or were losing their purity through the introduction of alien words. He hoped that his discourse would induce his audience to renew their acquaintance with the Dorset poet and to learn from him the habits, customs and superstitions which had existed, and to some extent still existed, in the south-western county from which he came. It seemed a little surprising that in dealing with Dorset Mr. Raymond made no mention of Mr. Thomas

Hardy, so closely associated in the minds of many with this and the neighbouring counties. The audience throughout the evening was most appreciative, and a hearty vote of thanks was proposed and seconded, the chairman, Mr. Grant Richards, introducing the lecturer and added a few closing remarks.

Notes and News

"Richard Jefferies and Civilisation" is the title of a forthcoming volume by Mr. Arthur F. Thorn, to be published by A. H. Stockwell.

With last week's issue of *Canada* (the well-known illustrated weekly published in London and representing all the varied interests of the Dominion) was presented a well executed portrait in colour of Mr. Hugh A. Allan, President of the Allan Line. This is the first of a series of similar portrait supplements, each being accompanied by a letterpress study of its subject and the phase of Canadian life and work he represents.

A special meeting in connection with The Browning Circle of the Poetry Society will be held at the Arts Centre, Mortimer Street, W., on Friday, May 8, when the Lady St. Davids will give an Address. This will be followed by a repetition of a memorable performance of "In a Balcony." Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge will take the Chair at 3 p.m. Tickets:—5s. (reserved); 2s. 6d. and 1s., may be obtained from the Secretary, The Poetry Society, 16, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, W.C.

One of the House Exhibitions of photographs, held at frequent intervals by the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, is now open at 35, Russell Square, W.C., free to the public on presentation of visiting card, daily from 11 a.m. till 5 p.m., until Saturday, May 23. The present Exhibition is of a collection of photographs in colour and monochrome, by members of that very strong society, the Liverpool Amateur Photographic Association, and comprises work of much artistic merit.

The *Dresdner Nachrichten* (Nationalist) for April 16 has a long article on the "Extension of the Triple Entente into a Triple Alliance," which has lately been broached on account of the manifest desire on the part of France and Russia to induce England to join in the formation of a second Triple Alliance. Viewing all the pros and cons of such an Alliance for England and the reciprocity and conflict of interests between the Powers of the Triple Entente, the *Dresdner Nachrichten* holds that the Powers can watch with equanimity the development of affairs, for Great Britain will never allow herself to be dragged into an alliance which would destroy her freedom of action.

By the death of Joseph Chelmonski on April 6 Poland lost one of her greatest painters. Born in 1850,

a contemporary of Alma Tadema, Chelmonski was the greatest representative of that school of painting which clung to spacious canvases, the grand manner, and an almost life-like interpretation of nature. At first under the influence of the school of Munich, he soon escaped into the more generous atmosphere of Combet and the great French masters of that time. His large landscapes were admired alike in the salons of Paris and the international exhibitions of Germany and Italy. In Poland, where he has just died, his name was famous, for no small proportion of the progress made by Polish painting has been due to his talents and his influence.

From the middle of May to the beginning of October two highly interesting art exhibitions will be held in Darmstadt. For years now, the Grand-Duke Ernst Ludwig has been a recognised patron of art, not only of the past but the present. He has gathered round him a colony of artists and artist-craftsmen who have built for themselves near the town a sort of garden city, and has thus done on a large scale what Morris and others did in England. One of the forthcoming exhibitions will show the newest works of these artists. The second exhibition has been initiated by the Grand-Duke and Professor Georg Biermann, who is director of the two leading German art magazines. It will show, for the first time, art as it was practised in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland from the time after the Thirty Years War to the end of the eighteenth century. This art is as yet practically unexplored, and the organisers have personally sifted most of the material, so as to ensure only exhibits of really high quality. They wish it to be known that the result will be a revelation both as to the individual works exhibited and the artists represented, who are now more or less forgotten.

On April 16 an interesting paper on "The Earls and People of Orkney from 872-1350" was read at the meeting of the Viking Society by the President, Mr. A. W. Johnstone. He described the origin, history and characteristics of the old inhabitants of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, who still retain many of their ancient peculiarities. These descriptions of the islanders, mostly taken from the old Norse sagas, were, on the whole, not very flattering to the Gaels. Nevertheless, notwithstanding their evident exaggerations, they throw valuable light on the Gaelic and Norse inhabitants of the Northern Isles and provinces of Great Britain. The Gaels, said the lecturer, are described by old Norse chroniclers as having black hair, swarthy complexions; of quarrelsome disposition, given to witchcraft; the Norsemen had fair hair, were peaceable, and made hard bargains but kept to them. The Orkney and Shetland Isles were colonised by them between 600 and 872 A.D. The invaders settled among the aborigines, the Picts, who became their thralls. The Pictish element is still in evidence, represented by a strain of small, dark people. The Earls of Orkney, Shetland and Caithness, except the first three, were never more than half Norwegian and partly Gaelic. The Norse Earls, though half Gaels in blood, continued to give their children Norse names, while the Gaelic Earls gave their children alternately Norse, Gaelic and English names. The lecture showed great ability and the results of patient research.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

QUESTION time is now by far the most important, exciting and interesting hour in the day's work. On Wednesday week the work of dragging bits of information out of various Members of the Government went on with unabated vigour. Every fresh piece of information only adds fuel to the fire, inasmuch as it is usually inconsistent with what has gone before. Both sides were in a pugnacious mood. The Ministerialists were in high feather because they thought Bonar Law "funked" the result of another vote of censure debate.

Amery is like a little bulldog. With his exact mind stored with every date and incident he hangs on to each reply and pours in supplementary questions of "If that is the case why"—order, or "How comes it that"—and so on. When was Asquith going formally to notify General Gough that the assurance conveyed to him in the peccant paragraphs had been repudiated by the Government? Asquith replied, "I do not think it necessary to do anything further." Are we to understand that the repudiation was a pure piece of parliamentary stage management? In future were officers to be guided not by instructions from the Army Council but by the light of speeches subsequently made by Members in the House of Commons? "No," said Asquith, seriously, "the circumstances were exceptional and cannot be taken as a precedent."

Allegations were made by the Opposition; accusations were made by the Radicals that officers had betrayed confidence. Bonar Law put in a quiet remark: "Would not the simplest way to clear up all these points be to have a judicial inquiry?" The Prime Minister in answer to further heckling made the astonishing admission that he had countermanded the order for the battle squadron to steam to Lamlash. "Then who told lies on Sunday?" asked Amery. "I must ask the Member for Birmingham not to shout out offensive remarks," said the Speaker. The obstreperous Kinloch-Cooke took a hand. "Churchill used the word 'hellish' the other day, but I got him yesterday," he added gleefully. "If the hon. gentleman wants to say offensive things he had better go out into the Lobby," said the Speaker, sternly; whereat the Ministerialists cheered.

In spite of all the talk there had been about the Unionists interfering with the Army Annual Bill with a view to preventing the troops being used for political purposes, the debate on the committee stage was a dull affair. John Ward, who has assumed the leadership of the Labour Party, tried to make capital out of the cry of the Army against the people, but it cut no ice at all. Arthur Lee defended the Army and repelled the insinuation that officers were eager to shoot down strikers; but the general feeling was that some changes ought to be made when soldiers are sent to put down

rioting caused by strikes. It was felt that it ought not to be left to the decision of one magistrate to order troops to intervene, and that in the first instance the soldiers ought to be armed with something less deadly than rifles. Colonel Burn said that in his opinion cavalry were more useful than infantry on these occasions, and the House felt that he was probably right.

At 8.15 the philanthropic young millionaire Astor, on a private member's motion, called attention to the necessity for fresh legislation with regard to the milk supply, and asked that the present powers should be more thoroughly administered. He has put his hand to the plough with a view to mitigating the horrors of consumption, and has come to the conclusion that milk has a good deal to do with it. Herbert Samuel made the usual official reply; he agreed with much that had been said and promised to consider the matter.

We then went "back to the Army again." The Chairman said that Keir Hardie's motion that a clause should be inserted making it illegal to employ troops in the case of any disturbance arising out of a trade dispute was outside the scope of the bill, and it must be withdrawn; so the Bill passed through Committee and was read a third time. On Thursday we got to closer grips. Asquith challenged the Leader of the Opposition to formulate his charges in a vote of censure—"to be decided by the grand inquest of the nation," viz.: the House of Commons—a grandiloquent phrase he has borrowed from Mr. Gladstone. Asquith was not at his best, for, shrewd leader as he is, he knows and everybody in the House knows, and he knows that everybody in the House knows, and he knows that they know he knows that a vote given in such circumstances would be a purely party vote having no real value whatever. Bonar Law sat quiet whilst the Ministerialists howled with delight. The Leader of the Opposition evidently thought that discretion was the better part of valour.

Eugene Wason, the ponderous New Zealand solicitor who sits for Clackmannan and Kinross, asked if the Prime Minister had noticed a motion he had put down to the following effect: In the opinion of this House, the Leader of the Opposition should substantiate or withdraw without delay in this House the charges of falsehood which he has brought against the Prime Minister. And whether he would grant the earliest possible day for the discussion of that motion.

Asquith said he was waiting for the charges to be formulated; when they were he would be delighted to give the earliest possible day. Bonar Law paused for a moment to allow the Radical cheers to die away, and then asked a most unexpected question—albeit a usual one on Thursday: "What business was to be taken next week?" He understood that it had been agreed by the Whips that Tuesday and Wednesday should be devoted to a motion to be issued from these Benches in connection with the movement of troops. "I have already formulated my charges in the plainest and most unequivocal manner, and I shall repeat them and shall

be glad to hear the explanation of the Prime Minister."

The jaws of the Ministerialists dropped with one accord. Asquith looked surprised; it was evidently the first he had heard of it—"I shall have to modify the arrangements I have made; when will the terms of the motion be put in the paper?" said he. "All in good time," said Bonar Law, quite at his ease. "Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who is away to-day, will move it, and I want to consult him before the exact terms are put down, but it will be a demand for an impartial inquiry." Asquith, in answer to the usual hail of questions, declared that the movements of the battle squadron had nothing to do with the disturbance in Ulster, and in fact it could not have arrived at Lamlash in time. The reason he had countermanded the order was to allay excitement and because the precautionary measures had been peacefully carried out.

We then had Supply, which included an interesting report by little Wedgewood Benn on the repairs to the roof of Westminster Hall. Sixty-five per cent. of the timber could be saved; a new hidden steel roof was to be erected outside it which would support its own weight and also hold the splendid old roof of Richard II—which, as he truly said, was one of the architectural glories of the world—in position for all time. It would probably cost £60,000 altogether.

On Friday William Moore, the Ulsterman, had a small private Bill on hand to make the law in Ireland with regard to the appointment of Revising Barristers exactly the same as it was in England. At present they were appointed by the Executive, and he proposed to put it into the hands of the judges. The few Nationalists present got up and ostentatiously walked out with some Liberals. Hogge pointed out there was no quorum, and the debate stood adjourned until 3. "This is what you call winning Ulster," James Campbell called out sarcastically. It was a mean little trick which will do the Nationalists no good. At 3 o'clock a quorum was obtained, but Birrell was not going to offend his Irish allies. The whole difficulty arose because there were four or five constituencies in Ulster where the majorities were narrow and the Revision Court became of the highest importance. He made the admission that the present state of feeling in those constituencies was such that it was better for the Executive to bear the criticism on appointments than the judges. The Bill, in his opinion, would do more harm than good. The Bill was rejected by 24 in a house of only 158 members.

In these days everything exciting seems to happen at the week-end. On Saturday the result of the Cup Final at the Crystal Palace was actually overshadowed by rumours from Ulster, and on Sunday and Monday morning we learnt that 50,000 guns and 3½ million rounds of cartridges had been landed at Larne and elsewhere, for the use of the insurgents. The story which the *Daily Express* told in ten closely printed columns was like a page from R. L. Stevenson or Max Pemberton. The *Fanny*, picturesquely renamed the

Mountjoy, after the vessel which helped to relieve Londonderry, had been hanging about in the offing of the North Sea for a month, dodging cruisers and waiting for orders, until lack of coal and food had forced the starving crew to run the gauntlet. She had communicated with the shore, and a huge body of Ulster Volunteers had manned the roads, held up police and coastguard, stopped telegraphs and telephones, and assisted a convoy of 600 motor-cars to meet her and distribute the contraband stores when landed; and all this was done, without a hitch and in secret, between 10 p.m. on Friday night and 10 a.m. on Saturday morning!

On Monday we crowded down to hear what Asquith would have to say to this last evidence of Ulster's determination not to have Home Rule, and the Radicals cheered like mad when the Prime Minister described it as "a grave and unprecedented outrage" and assured the House "that the Government will without delay take the proper steps to vindicate the authority of the law." All the questions on the paper were about the Government plot against Ulster. The Prime Minister was consistent in his policy of blocking every ball. He snapped and snarled, and said "No" or "The question did not arise" to scores of answers. He was again pressed to tell what Sir Arthur Paget said to the conclave of officers: would he write out a report? "He has too much to do," said Asquith—a reply which evoked much scornful laughter.

"Is Sir Arthur Paget quite happy in his present position?" asked "Polly Carey." "No man can say if he is happy," ruled the Speaker, with subtle humour.

After questions the Plural Voting Bill came on for the second time, but, important as it is to us as a party, it seemed almost insignificant in the light of recent events. Lulu Harcourt was facetious and at times rather vulgar. He quoted a speech made last year, when the question of a stake in the country had been considered. Was the number of his children to be reckoned? "It would be interesting," he remarked, "to see a revising barrister trying to hold the balance between a man's stake and his sterility." He practically called old Chaplin the embodiment of a modern suburban "nut"—a description which the old Squire repudiated, saying that he was "too old to be so well versed in modern slang as Mr. Harcourt is."

It was a dull debate, ending in a majority of 77 for the Government. To become effective, the Bill has to be passed next year. Can the Government last long enough to accomplish this?

On Tuesday Austen Chamberlain moved the resolution for a judicial inquiry into all the events of the last two or three weeks. It was admitted on all sides that the gun-running at the week-end had modified the situation considerably. "Who were the Tories to demand an inquiry about the action of the Government when their friends the Ulstermen were doing such illegal things?"

Austen had a difficult task, but he performed it admirably. He was calm, cold, judicial. He told

the whole story point by point. Asquith occasionally interrupted him, but Austen immediately quoted chapter and verse to show that the Government had been concealing the truth.

Winston replied. At first he was all fire and fury. "If rebellion comes," he said, "we shall put it down"; and he threatened the utmost chastisement to those who had been guilty. "We shall not use force till force is first used against the representatives of law and order. We shall in no circumstances use more legal force than is necessary to maintain or restore order. Lest, therefore, they take life first, their lives will not in any circumstances be in danger. But if they do, we are bound to use all the forces at our disposal, and to take all necessary measures to secure the vindication of the law and the repression of disorder."

At this point he suddenly turned round and made a dramatic offer to Sir Edward Carson. As his words may become historic, I give them verbatim:

"I am going to run some little risk upon my own account in what I am going to say. Why cannot Sir E. Carson say boldly, 'Give me the amendments to the Home Rule Bill I ask for to safeguard the dignity and interests of Protestant Ulster, and in return I will use all my influence and goodwill to make Ireland an integral unit in the Federal system.' If the right hon. gentleman used language of that kind in a spirit of sincerity, it would go far to transform the political situation, and I firmly believe that procession of hideous and hateful moves and counter-moves which we are forced to discuss, and that hateful avenue down which we have looked too long, would give place to a bright prospect which would bring honour and not discredit to all concerned, and would save these islands from the evils for which our children will hold us accountable."

From that moment the debate took a milder turn, and it may be that the common sense of the English people will once more reassert itself and a way out found to the *impasse*.

After all, if Ulster is left out of the Bill and is allowed to come in if and when she likes, she will have gained all she asks for.

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It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION VIII.

Much has been written by critics, especially by those in Germany (the native land of criticism), upon the important question, whether to please or to instruct should be the end of Fiction—whether a moral purpose is or is not in harmony with the undidactic spirit perceptible in higher works of the imagination. And the general result of the discussion has been in favour of those who have contended that Moral Design, rigidly so called, should be excluded from the aims of the Poet; that his Art should regard only the Beautiful, and be contented with the indirect moral tendencies, which can never fail the creation of the Beautiful. Certainly, in fiction, to interest, to please, and sportively to elevate—to take man from the low passions, and the miserable troubles of life, into a higher region, to beguile weary and selfish pain, to excite a generous sorrow at vicissitudes not his own, to raise the passions into sympathy with heroic struggles—and to admit the soul into that serener atmosphere from which it rarely returns to ordinary existence, without some memory or association which ought to enlarge the domain of thought and exalt the motives of action;—Such, without other moral result or object, may satisfy the Poet, and constitute the highest and most universal morality he can effect. But subordinate to this, which is not the duty, but the *necessity*, of all Fiction that outlasts the hour, the writer of imagination may well permit himself other purposes and objects, taking care that they be not too sharply defined, and too obviously meant to contract the Poet into the Lecturer—the Fiction into the Homily.

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Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN EAST AND WEST.

FROM time to time students of affairs, dividing the world arbitrarily into two spheres, attempt to sum up what they choose to call the relations existing between East and West. It was so after the Russo-Japanese campaign of 1904-5. The ogre of a Yellow Peril then obsessed the minds of men. Some few years later the revolutionary torrent in China which swept away the Manchu Dynasty revived the spectre of terror. It needed no emphasis to bring home to dwellers in the West the tremendous importance of the popular assertion of a race computed to number four hundred million souls. China, so it seemed, instead of being a far-off land whose ways and customs were as dark as they were devious, suddenly, like some colossal iceberg threatening the ship of Western civilisation, loomed so near as to provoke a chorus of terror-stricken cries.

About the same time as the events of which we write, the manifestations of unrest in India developed violent symptoms. In Turkey, the Young Turks carried all before them, and Persia toyed with a Constitution. All the signs and portents went to show that, guided by the lustrous star of Japan's ascendancy, the peoples of Asia, with angry countenances turned towards the West, were awake and aglow with a burning zeal to uplift their destinies. Mediums for the expression of public opinion were hastily improvised. There was less of Oriental stoicism, more of Oriental fanaticism. Causes were advocated with a vehemence that has no parallel with us. The masses left the bazaars where they had been accustomed hitherto to discuss daily events and in great assemblies gathered in public places where, in their own tongue by men of their own breed, they listened eagerly to eloquent statements of principles that were new to them, the principles of equality and fraternity in the truly universal sense. Printing presses were imported and set up, and the literature, not of the past, which alone had been accessible, but of the living, topical present, was served up to them in the form of daily newspapers. The idea of citizenship spread rapidly; parliaments were composed; armies drilled after the modern fashion; and worthy attempts made to restore to balance the scales of justice which had long been heavily loaded on the wrong side.

All these things, as we have said, produced a feeling of dismay throughout the West. Then the process of self-analysis, always the resort of man when in moods of depression, was indulged in far and wide. The cycle of the world's civilisation, it was said, was revolving rapidly. European peoples had eaten to their fill of the luxuries of life, and with them the swift decay of senility had set in. The history of the world shows that its peoples are afflicted with alternate waves of optimism and pessimism concerning their own future. Living as they do in the present, shaping merely as units the evolution of the time, and influenced by an

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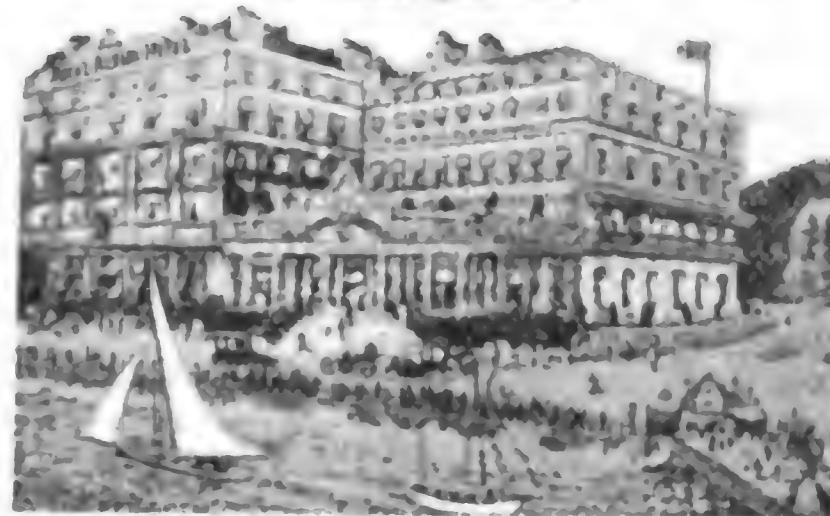
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environment which they cannot explain, their vision becomes distorted by the very reason of its limited perspective. Thus it was that we of the Western races cowered before the dramatic manifestations that illuminated the Eastern skies. The precedents of history were remorselessly dragged to light. By the method of comparison the nervous imaginations of clever students conjured up pictures of the devastating ruin that was about to shatter the imposing fabric of Western civilisation. If, declared the logicians to our day, fatally wedded to the habit of hasty deduction, Kublai Khan, with his imperfectly armed hordes and lacking any other means of communication save the desert and mountain track, was able to accomplish so much, what fearsome peril might we expect from a United Asia, led by leaders brilliantly versed in the strategy of the time, and having at their disposal vast armies trained to Prussian precision, together with the transport facilities of modern railway organisation? No regard was had for the capacity of the West to resist the onslaught. The West was a camp divided against itself, and it was effete. But there is no determining or, to speak more correctly, arbitrary point at which it is possible for the contemporary observer to say, fearless of contradiction, that the cycle of one civilisation has run its course and is succeeded by another.

The historian alone, looking back, is competent to locate the exact period when human affairs undergo a change on so vast a scale as to warrant the judgment that civilisation has shifted its basis. For the influence of the event of to-morrow eradicates that of the happening of to-day, and though man may claim far-seeing qualities, frequently in his striving towards the ultimate border of vision he neglects to notice the stupendous facts that intervene nearer home. This last circumstance accounts for much of the misconception that has arisen in the study of the fascinating problem of the new relations that exist between East and West. For example, it was assumed that because Russia had been beaten upon the plains of Manchuria her position as a Power was destroyed for many a year to come. No allowance was made for the extraordinary conditions characterising that historic campaign. Individuals removed far from the scene saw merely Russia, whose one-time might won for her the wholesome respect of the world, retreating before the forces of an Oriental nation long despised and cold-shouldered. They did not stop to think of all that Russia had achieved even in the hour of her disaster. Insufficient credit was given to her for the creation of that vast organisation which succeeded in transporting nearly a million men over six thousand miles to the field of battle. The amazing fact was not so much that she should have had dominion of the Pacific wrested from her, but that she should have brought to a halt the armies of her enemy long before these were in sight of her own territory. Once again in her history she acted as a breakwater upon which the stormy tides of Asiatic aggression were broken. Men, too, underestimated the capacity of Russia to recuperate. Their

outlook has been obscured by the blinding rays which emerged from Japan's brilliant triumph.

All these things have become evident with the lapse of time. But so quick has been the reaction that the public mind has become perplexed and the moment is therefore opportune for a calm survey of the subject. In the first place it is desired to emphasise that to speak in a carelessly comprehensive fashion, as many do, of the East as an entity in itself is to commit a fundamental error upon which much fallacious reasoning may rest. Japan is playing a lone hand. At present she is undergoing sweeping transition no less momentous than that which came upon her at the time of the restoration of the Monarchy. Of this aspect more will be said in a later article. But it is important to bear in mind here that while the gravity of her internal condition more or less discounts her importance in international affairs for the time being, she can only thrive and prosper in the future at the expense of her neighbours on the Asiatic continent. China, though aroused, is encumbered by the sheer proportions of her vast territories, which in turn produce a complexity of problems such as almost threaten a division of North from South. China, therefore, is moving slowly. To prophesy concerning her future would be as fatuous to-day as it was in the era of Manchu misrule. No special knowledge, however, is required for the realisation that she cannot suddenly conquer her difficulties to take a place of rank with the world's Powers. Through the lowered mists that obscure her future one incontrovertible fact is as evident as light itself, that unless overwhelming pressure from the West compel otherwise, Japan, who again and again has subjected her to territorial aggression and other ignominies of various kinds, will remain her implacable antagonist. For, as already implied, Japan, in the very nature of things, can only profit so long as China is unfortunate. As we glance at the East that is nearer to us we find that recent events in this region compel a revision of the idea that all Asiatic countries were about to follow the lead of Japan. The Ottoman Empire has been thrown into the melting pot, and Persia has come permanently under the domination of two Western Powers. It is perfectly true that the success of Japan inspired the races of Asia to a sense of national consciousness. But at the same time it is undeniable that they have met with a check in their forward movements, and that all alarmist prophecies as to the imminence of dire peril from this quarter have thus early been falsified. We now see plainly that forces have been newly awakened in the West such as will act as an effective check upon the aggressive movements threatened from the East.

It is remarkable that men should have overlooked the possibility of counter developments of this kind. That they did so, however, is evident from the existence of a widespread feeling up to a few years ago that a Yellow Peril was a contingency to be reckoned with during the present generation. Here we have an illustration of that unaccountable neglect on the part of a whole generation to detect the shaping of one of those

stupendous facts of supreme importance to itself. This hope of the West, as might easily be expected, comes from Russia and her Slav protégés in South Eastern Europe. So recently as two years ago few people in this country were aware of the enormous progress which has been made in the Tsar's dominions since the calamitous period of 1904-5. Russia was looked upon as a snow-bound land altogether inaccessible to foreign visitors. Difficulties in regard to the police and passport system were believed to be insurmountable. Moreover, stories that dated back to the time of revolutionary activity created the impression far and wide that there was no security of life or property in the country. In short, the ignorance that prevailed concerning Russia and the Russians was as dense as that which could be attributed to the Siberian *mujik* in regard to England. Indeed, we knew far more about Japan, situated six thousand miles away in the remote East, than was the case with Russia, whose frontiers are within a journey of only fifty hours from London. Then the wonderful art of Russia began to force its way into popular favour in London. It followed that interest was stimulated in all aspects of Russian life, and to-day, as a consequence, England is becoming well instructed as to the great developments that are in progress in the Russian Empire.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE general position on the Stock Exchange shows some signs of improvement. The failure of a firm of jobbers in the Foreign market depressed everybody, and it is quite likely that further failures will occur. At least two firms are openly talked about. Whether we get any more failures or not, there is no doubt that the account just closed will prove disastrous. There is, of course, no "bull" account open, but those who purchased stock and pawned it with the banks are finding considerable difficulty in keeping up the limit.

The news from Mexico varies from day to day. My information is very bad. I am assured that Huerta has no intention of giving way, and I am afraid that the tales cabled over are sent from an American source and are not reliable. Holders of Mexican securities should certainly realise. We now hear that the Mexican Northern Power is to issue three millions of prior lien bonds, ostensibly because the dam must be raised to save the property from destruction by flood. This is a mere excuse, for everyone knows that the works are right in the heart of the revolutionary country and that no work has been carried on for a long time past. The truth is that the company wants money to pay some of its debts, and we shall see the same game played here as was played over Mexico North-Western, another concern with a Canadian head office. The public have no control over these companies registered in Canada, and it should be a warning to them not to invest their money in any company whose registered office is outside the United Kingdom.

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The poor reception given to new issues has frightened away the promoter; this week the only company bold enough to offer its shares is the Stocall Enamelled Tile and Iron Company, which appears to have invented a new process for enamelling tiles and advertisement signs. It is difficult to form any opinion about such an enterprise, as the business is not yet thoroughly established. It may or may not prove a success.

MONEY.—Money has been harder during the past few days, mainly because the banks are collecting their funds for the usual end of the month window dressing. Gold still remains at a premium, and nearly the whole of it is purchased by the Continent. If this premium continues, the Bank of England will have to reconsider its decision not to purchase above the normal price. We cannot go on many weeks longer without adding to our stock of gold.

FOREIGNERS.—The news that the Disconto has purchased the Schaffhausen Bankverein did not surprise anybody. The bank has been doing badly of late, and it will be remembered that some years ago it practically agreed to amalgamate with the Dresdner. That arrangement fell through. The Disconto will now be the largest bank in Germany. Nearly all the German, French and Russian banks are busily engaged in strengthening their position. In Russia all speculation has ceased, and in Berlin the banks give no encouragement to the gambler. The position in Paris is not good, but the longer we can drag on without a failure, the more chance there is of an improvement. Tintos and Perus are very weak, and the Brazilian news is bad. It is feared that the French banks will after all decline to make another loan to Brazil. The position of the Brazil railway grows worse each week, and it is now almost impossible to sell the bonds at all. There is a ridiculous disparity in the price between London and Brussels amounting to over 20 points.

HOME RAILS.—In the Home Railway market, all the gambling stocks have been sold steadily, and Dover A are now 47½. The Great Central junior securities are weak. There is no reason why people should sell heavy stocks like London and North-Western, Great Western, and North-Eastern. The traffics are reasonably good, and it is certain that savings will be affected on each of these railways. Great Western at 113 look very cheap.

YANKEES.—No one has a good word for Yankee rails. The Wall Street speculator has sold as much as he dare. The banks decline to encourage any weak gambling. Everybody is waiting for the decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. If this is in favour of a rise in rates, then we may see some improvement in the market. Whatever buying there is comes from large foreign banks who think this a good opportunity to lay in stock. Certainly, Unions at 155½ look very cheap. If we deduct the bonus of thirty dollars, this brings the share down to 125, which is low for a stock yielding 8 per cent. Southern Pacific have also been sold to below their real value. The line pays 6 per cent., and at 91 looks a bargain. But there have been large blocks disposed of, and this has made the market weak. Everyone dreads a receivership in Missouri Pacific, as it is felt that this will once again weaken the market. Canadian Pacifics are now 198, and have been lower. Both Germans and Americans have been selling, and the British investor, who is usually so keen on this railway, now stands on one side. I do not think that there is any chance of the dividend being reduced, but there is no doubt that the road is suffering from the severe depression in Canadian business.

RUBBER.—The "bulls" were quite unable to maintain the price of crepe rubber, which has now fallen to 2s. 7d. per lb., and once again we find hard cured Para quoted higher than plantation. As a result, all Rubber shares have been easier. The Grand Central report shows a sad falling off from the estimate promised in the prospectus, but the dividend of 6 per cent. is maintained. I am sorry to see that the item coast advances is still creeping up. This item figures as an asset, but it is, of course, quite irrecoverable and should really be charged against working costs. The shares are very much over-valued. Vallambrosa report is anxiously awaited, and the Scotch people think that the dividend will be cut to 30 per cent. If this rumour be true, the shares are ridiculously over-valued at 12s.

OIL.—There has been very much less speculation in the Oil market during the past week, and in spite of the really good returns from the Anglo-Egyptian the price of Red Sea has weakened. No. 13 well seems to be giving a very large production, but the really satisfactory feature of the Egyptian oil field is the steady return from the new field Hargada. If this territory turns out as well as the rest of the land controlled by the Shell, then their policy of enlarging the refinery will have been justified. Spies have been sold and are now almost low enough to buy back. North Caucasians have had a bad break. There is a curious position here. The West End has a large "bull" account open and the Stock Exchange is short to a man. As a rule the Stock Exchange wins whenever it is up against the West End punter.

MINES.—There is nothing doing in the Mining market. The Globe and Phoenix meeting resulted in another of those *coups d'état* for which this company is so famous. Mr. Miller and Mr. Howard were elected to the board, apparently at the instigation of Mr. Hope. Mr. Haldin-stein saved his seat because he was supported by the chairman, but Mr. Pitman resigned. This is a great pity, as Mr. Pitman is a thoroughly sound, clean man. How-

ever, the Scotch now hold three-fourths of the shares in this company, and they therefore do what they like with the board. The Russian section has been very weak, but some support has been given to Russo-Asiatics, and they closed a shade harder.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market everything has been weak, Marconis having been sold on every occasion. Brazil Traction, Mexico Light and Power, and Mexico Trams have also been offered. The City of Santos report shows steady improvement, but Spillers and Baker's profits have tumbled heavily, although the dividend is maintained. Lagunas Nitrate again pays 2 per cent. dividend, but the shares should be sold, as the company does not depreciate as it should do.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

DICTIONARIES AS HELPERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—With reference to my letter of the 21st ultimo, I beg to submit to you another case in point.

About twenty-five years ago an English gentleman—a lieutenant-colonel of an English regiment garrisoned in Mauritius*—applied to me for private lessons in French. I examined him and found that he knew French grammar very well. My advice to him was to the effect that he had at that moment but to read French newspapers and periodicals, together with the best French authors. But he insisted upon taking French lessons, on the ground that he could not express himself fluently in the French circles in which he moved. He then acquainted me with his weak points. We began work the following day. I immediately supplied him with the materials that he required under the circumstances, and advised him at the same time to do for French what I was doing at that moment for English. He followed my advice, and nine months afterwards he sent me as a "keepsake" the following charming literary production, which I have treasured as one of the most precious "souvenirs" I ever received from my former pupils:

NOTES ET IMPRESSIONS D'UN ANGLAIS.

Est-ce qu'il y a au monde une Ile plus ravissante que Maurice? On y découvre partout des rues pittoresques, des coups-d'oeil magnifiques. Pour s'en faire une idée, il faut voir le panorama qui se déroule à vos pieds, près des *Sept Cascades*, lorsque vous avez gravi la dernière colline qui domine la *Rivière Noire*. Partout des champs de cannes; les chemins y serpentent comme sur une carte gigantesque, et une montagne sombre se dresse plus loin comme une sentinelle sur la baie d'un bleu verdi.

Derrière, tombent les eaux qui bondissent de cascade en cascade; puis, le contour du profond bassin se dessine comme une silhouette sur le bleu azuré du ciel.

* Perhaps His Majesty, King George, who paid a compliment to the Mauritians in his speech at Paris yesterday, might be glad to know the impression their Majesties left in Mauritius. One of the inhabitants of that Colony being asked what he and his countrymen thought of the present sovereigns of England replied: "Les Anglais, en 1810, ont pris l'Ile Maurice par la force des armes; c'était une belle victoire; mais le roi Georges et la reine Mary y ont remporté depuis une bien plus belle victoire; leurs Majestés, par l'aménité de leurs manières, y ont conquis l'affection des grands comme celle des humbles, et ont emporté les cœurs de tous. . . ."

Au loin, la mer, immense, silencieuse, paraît dormir ; mais au pied des roches noires, on voit l'écume blanche des vagues qui déferlent sur le rivage.

A l'horizon, une voile blanche, aussi petite que l'aile d'un oiseau, se dirige vers le Port.

Nous sommes maintenant au bord de la mer, au "*Grand Port*" ;* le ciel est pur et calme ; une brise fraîche, chargée d'ozone, souffle doucement, poussant les chasse-marée qui glissent comme des hirondelles, au niveau de la baie.

Les montagnes, toutes vertes, s'élèvent de la plage, formant le cadre d'un tableau ravissant. Sur le récif qui barre l'entrée du port, les grosses lames se heurtent, en cherchant vainement à submerger le phare. De petites criques, où de légers nuages laissent une ombre pourprée, s'avancent vers les montagnes et nous attirent, malgré nous, dans leurs mystérieuses profondeurs.

Souillac, plus petit, plus séduisant que *Mahébourg*, semble se cacher au milieu de ses arbres touffus, qui se penchent sur l'eau de l'estuaire, comme pour y contempler leurs agrestes images. A très peu de distance, se trouve *Gris-Gris*, où sont étalées sur le sable de la plage les coquilles merveilleuses de l'atelier de la Nature.

Mais on ne peut trouver une perspective plus idyllique que celle qui s'offre au touriste du haut de *Moka*, à *Crève-Cœur*. La montagne s'ouvre, pour ainsi dire, afin de vous montrer une vallée, où l'ange de la paix semble s'être réfugié. A quelque distance de là, des chaumières se cramponnant aux pentes de la montagne, sont entourées de champs cultivés, d'une verdure fraîche et tendre.

Le bêlement d'une chèvre et le chant d'un coq rompent seuls le silence de la Nature rustique. Au loin, au bord de la mer, le *Coin de Mire* et l'*Ile Ronde* bornent la vue. Au milieu du paysage, les murs blancs et la haute cheminée d'une usine se détachent de la verdure des champs de cannes.

Mais je m'aperçois qu'il faut m'arracher de ces lieux enchanteurs, car la cloche de la chapelle du village de *Moka* tinte d'une façon douce et triste l'Angelus du soir.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—How many of those of your readers who have been lucky enough to obtain an Easter holiday are prepared to give a thank-offering for their four or five days' respite from work? What value do they set upon that little break in the year's toil which makes the journey through the months so much less burdensome, upon that change of scene which brings them back to their occupations with renewed energy and zest?

I venture to ask them these questions, remembering the vast population of poor London children who not only have never been away for Easter, but who have never slept a night out of London at all. Their only chance of renewing their health and strength is in July and August, and under the auspices of a society like the Children's Country Holidays Fund. Through the generosity of the public and the help of the parents, over 45,000 children were able to enjoy a fortnight's fresh air in the country or at the sea last year. But with wellnigh a million children in the London schools, it should be the aim of all who love children con-

* It was in the district of *Grand Port* that the decisive battle was fought between the English and the French, in 1810.

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stantly to increase the number that we can deal with. We must appeal early in order the better to estimate our resources; and we ask for an early response, for the sooner the money comes in the easier it is for us to increase our numbers.

Your readers have generously supported us in the past. Our gratitude is even now due to them, and to you, for the ready response to the recent appeal for workers in the Press by our president, trustees, and other officers. But as our treasurer, the Earl of Arran, reminds me, however well supported we are with workers, we simply cannot exist without funds. Contributions sent to him at the C.C.H.F. offices, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., will be most gratefully acknowledged.

I have the honour to be

Your obedient servant,

FRANCIS MORRIS,

Chairman, Executive Committee.

18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.,

April 24, 1914.

THE STUDY OF SURNAMES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Absence from England deprived me of an earlier opportunity of referring to Professor Weekley's interesting article under the above heading which he contributed to your issue of the 4th instant. It was not my intention in the notice of his book which I contributed to an earlier issue to controvert some of his derivations so much as to suggest alternatives. Many names common in England can be traced to more than one origin. For instance, take the name Pool. Professor Weekley's attribution to the pool and also to the town of Poole cannot be gainsaid, nor had I any desire ever to attempt to do so.

Nevertheless, to my knowledge, the surname Pool borne by a widespread English and American family denotes an origin from Poland, and came to this country via Holland. Sometimes it appears as Poole. Again, Conyers undoubtedly supports the attribution which Professor Weekley gives to it. Yet without diminishing the force of his arguments in the slightest, one may hold the view that a surname derived from "Le Convers" may well have been merged in it. In fact, such might be expected to be the case. The designation "Le Convers" was by no means uncommon in England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and even earlier. This the records of the "Domus Conversorum" show. The converts were not converts from Heathendom on the introduction of Christianity. They came with very few exceptions from Jewry and relate as a rule to the period when Norman-French was current in this country. Another name to which Professor Weekley refers is that of Selinger, to which I attributed a German origin. So far as the name is now current in England, I believe this to be correct. Selinger is, of course, practically the same as St. Leger. An occasional St. Leger of the past may have adopted this alternative; but in such a case it does not appear to have survived. The English Selingers of to-day all came from Germany. If they had any predecessors a century or more ago, were they of English origin? I am, sir, yours obediently,

April 27, 1914.

YOUR REVIEWER.

THE U.S.A. AND MEXICO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We look to THE ACADEMY for plain speaking in affairs. I find your remarks on the action of the Americans in Mexico cryptic and wanting in that rigour and insight

which you bring to bear when you are discussing and exposing the iniquities of the English Government.

Let there be no mistake about it: the Mexican expedition is a buccaneering expedition—nothing more, nothing less. There would be peace in Mexico to-day if the Americans had not made it their business to prevent peace entirely for the service of their own ends. Blood has been shed in rivers, innocent men have been ruined, capital—mainly British, certainly not American—has been wasted in millions—for what purpose? To give the Yankees the right to dictate how others shall be governed. If Great Britain had a spark of its ancient nerve it would have said long ago to the United States: "Recognise Huerta in the interests of everyone concerned; stop your illicit gun-running over the border, abandon your connivance at the doings of the Villas—in a word, hands off, or take the consequences."

The Monroe doctrine is not International Law: yet in its name Europe allows the Americans to play the part of tyrants and robbers in the Western hemisphere. Americans are hated in Mexico, and one of their grievances against the Mexicans is that the word of any nation is taken before that of America. Europe is playing a contemptible part in not raising a hand to help Huerta, whom the Americans alone refuse to recognise. Even Carranza, with all his desire to unseat Huerta, will not tolerate America's armed intervention. Let us not humbug ourselves any longer as to Yankee intentions.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR WALLACE.

AUTHORSHIP WANTED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Can you tell me the authorship of the following lines? or if your encyclopædic knowledge fails, perhaps some of your readers can help me:

"God made man frail as a bubble,
God made love, Love made trouble;
God made the Vine: Was it a sin
That man made wine to drown trouble in?"

Yours truly,

CURIOUS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Basis of Anglican Fellowship in Faith and Organisation.* By Charles Gore, D.D. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 6d. net.)
The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists. By Robert Tressall. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Freedom of Science. By Joseph Donat, S.J., D.D. (Joseph F. Wagner, New York. 2 dols. 50.)
Science and Method. By Henri Poincaré. (T. Nelson and Sons. 6s. net.)
A Short History of Feudalism in Scotland. By H. B. King. (W. Hodge and Co., Edinburgh. 3s. 6d. net.)
Seaside Wonders and How to Identify Them. By S. N. Sedgwick, M.A. (C. H. Kelly. 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Cambridge University Reporter; Bookseller; Revue Bleue; Cambridge Magazine; Irish Review; Revue Critique; Wednesday Review; Publishers' Circular; La Vie des Lettres; Revista Gráfica; The Bodleian Quarterly Record.

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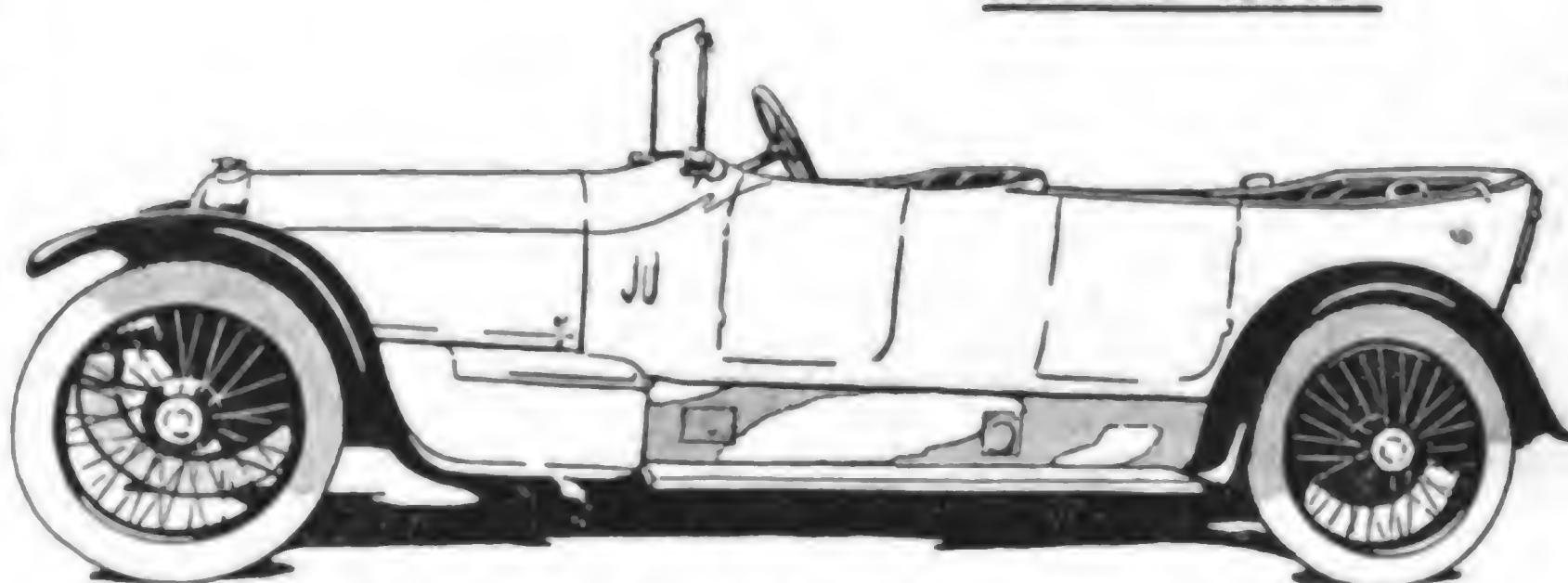
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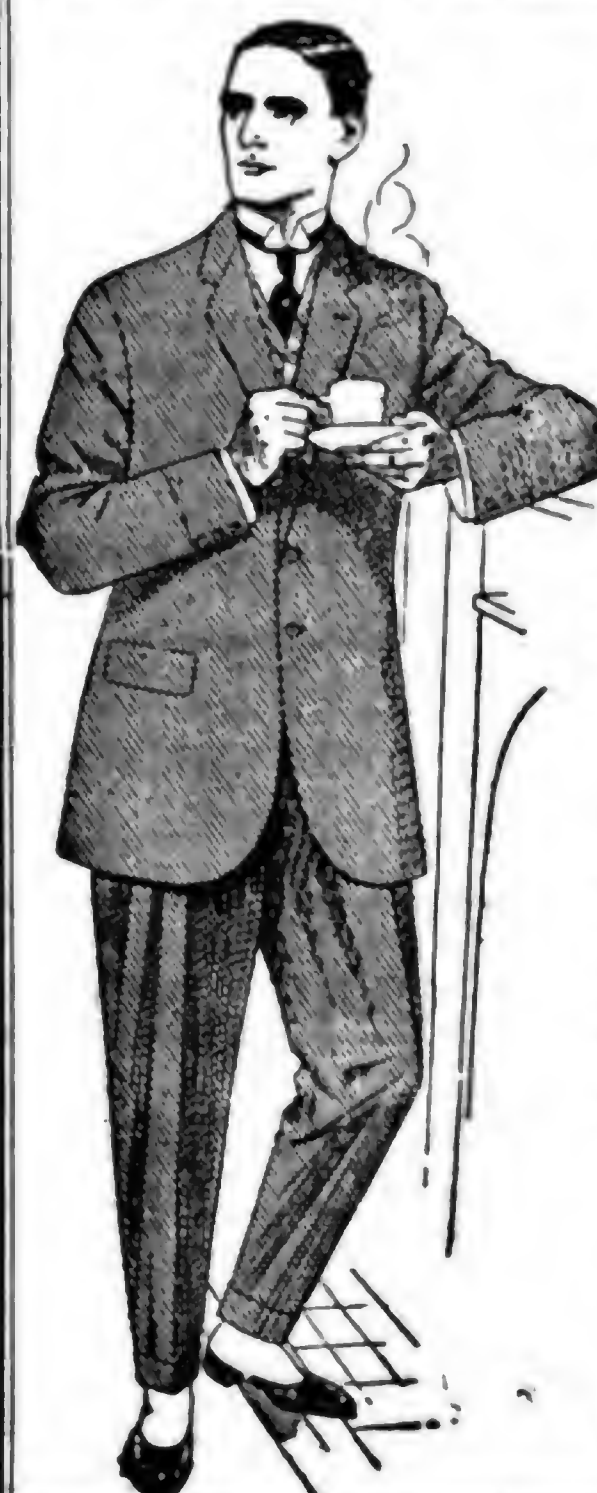
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Porter's Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History Freemasonry, 3 thick vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; James' Painters and Their Works, 3 vols., £3 3s.; Habershon Records of Old London, Vanished and Vanishing, coloured plates, folio, £2 2s.; Yeats' Collected Works, 8 vols., £3 3s.; Walpole's Letters, large paper, 16 vols., £7 10s.; Oscar Wilde, by L. E. Ingleby, 12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.; Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Landor's Lhasa, 2 vols., new, 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cambridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP**, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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Notes of the Week

THE Budget statement has been so much commented on in the daily Press that we do not think it necessary to enter into any detailed examination of it, more especially because the Chancellor of the Exchequer is notoriously inaccurate in his statements, and, like the other Chancellor, is quite capable of crossing the t's and dotting the i's later on. Therefore it is better to reserve any minute criticism until the Finance Bill makes its appearance. Possibly there is not, in the circumstances, much reason to quarrel with the proposals which the Chancellor shadowed forth in his speech. It was not to be expected, with a General Election in the offing, that any new taxation on the most numerous class of voters would be directly proposed. The poor widows haven't got votes, and therefore Mr. Lloyd George is down upon them. The man who pays rates in his rent is penalised because the Chancellor thinks he won't have sense enough to know it. His rent will not be lowered because there is to be relief to local taxation; but that relief will have to be found in the long run out of the price which he pays for consumable commodities, and therefore a fresh impost is placed upon him, although it is done after the manner of the Artful Dodger. It is very doubtful policy to relieve rates whilst they are made by thoroughly incompetent bodies. In effect such a method is only a premium on extravagance, because as soon as

you relieve the rates, the people who make them, each of whom has his own particular axe to grind, will put on an equivalent for some worthless object which the majority of his constituents, if they were not too indolent to exert themselves, would heartily condemn. The idea that investments abroad can be taxed is worthy of its author, whose financial obliquity is almost past comprehension. By his "People's Budget" of 1909, which we have not hesitated to describe as a conspiracy against employment, the Chancellor has driven profitable capital out of the country. He has crippled industry, and restricted employment; and now, clever man as he is in other directions, his imbecility in finance again asserts itself, and he imagines, in his folly, that he can follow capital and tax it. Does the man believe it, or is it a mere parade to cover up the disastrous effects of his sentimental but idiotic finance, when the auctioneer helped him to frame his Budget of 1909, which was condemned by the country so far as its representatives in Parliament were not suborned to commit a crime against the State?

Ulster has thrown the personalia of party politics into something like chaos. Radicals are striving to find a way out without admitting they are beaten, and Unionists are seeking some *via media*—federal or other—which shall prevent civil war. Everyone seems at sixes and sevens. Opinion is veering in favour of the solution we offered months ago. "The only possible solution," we said, "if the *status quo* is to be departed from—which we do not admit—is one assembly for Catholic Ireland and another for essentially Protestant Ireland." Mr. Balfour's and Lord Lansdowne's speeches show that there is no bolting and barring of the door to peace. But peace, says Mr. Balfour, can only be secured by cutting off the North-East from the rest of Ireland, once and for all: that is, peace can only be secured on the precise terms which the Nationalists reject. Without Ulster, Ireland would be one-legged and one-eyed. Lord Lansdowne wants to do something to meet the Government, but is fearful of being told that he has surrendered. He has not forgotten the little lesson of the Parliament Act. He surrendered then, and has been pretty constantly reminded of his mistake since. He does not show much of the spirit of the Die-hards now, but he is clearly more afraid of being thought afraid than of the consequences of a stalwart policy. Civil war is a thing too horrid to contemplate; but if it comes, let there be no mistake. Not the Unionists and Ulster but the Government will be responsible. The Government realise that, and are at their wits' ends to satisfy Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson at the same time.

The Radicals and the Nationalists are hopelessly at sea. Mr. Churchill, having read Ulster lecture after lecture and menaced her with the might of the British Navy, finding that she is not to be scared, holds out a new olive branch. He acts on the principle that, if browbeating fails, conciliation must ensue. It is the

policy of the bully. He mistakes the Ulsterman if he thinks that he will win him to friendship, having once made an enemy of him. Lest there should be any mistake, however, as to the backbone of the Ministry, Mr. Asquith promptly tells Parliament and the country that Mr. Churchill spoke entirely on his own responsibility. And whilst the Government are groping in the dark and trying to find a means of escape with a wax vesta, Mr. O'Brien comes along with a speech which blows Redmondism into the air. This of all others is the time when Roman Catholic intolerance should be held in check. Yet here is Mr. O'Brien, at Ballineen, exposing the sort of thing Ulster might expect if ever she were mad enough to allow herself to come under the Nationalist heel. Under the benign auspices of Mr. Devlin's Board of Erin Hibernians there must be no Protestant—even Protestant Home Ruler—on a County Council. This "mad campaign of intolerance," Mr. O'Brien says, is more fatal to Irish liberty than any Ulster rifles. It is also a neat little object lesson for the benefit of waverers who would solve the Irish question only by aggravating it.

The tension in club room and domestic circle will be relieved by the momentous interim announcement of the Portland Club regarding auction bridge rules. For two months past a reform committee has been in anxious conclave. The upshot of its deliberations is apparently that the democratic and defensive call of Spades is to go, and Royal Spades, between Hearts and No Trumps, is to receive the official imprimatur. No doubt the decision will be warmly approved by players, but it involves the elimination of a good many lady-like conventions. Why does not the committee take a little more courage and decide that the dealer, if he does not want to call, may "leave it," as in ordinary Bridge? That would be really revolutionary and sporting, and a great boon to timorous souls eager to make discoveries of their ground before plunging even ankle deep.

Mr. Herbert Samuel seemed quite happy in the rôle of *advocatus diaboli* when opposing Sir Thomas Roe's proposal to give ratepayers in holiday resorts the privilege of spending their own money in advertising the attractions of their localities. None so unwilling to concede purely democratic rights as your Radical when there are no votes to be caught! The aim of the measure is moreover patriotic. Sir Thomas Roe and his friends want to give English holiday places the opportunity of competing with the foreign attractions which are proclaimed on every hoarding and in every newspaper. Mr. Samuel quaintly contends that competitive advertising stultifies itself. Of course Ministers who take a run abroad as often as circumstances permit, do not want to be reminded that there are quite nice places in England. They are not like Sir Frederick Banbury, who has been described as a "phenomenon"—much abused word!—because he has not been out of England for forty years. The Bill was read a second time by

a majority of 157: it authorises a maximum rate of one penny. With its principle we are in entire agreement, but some experience of these things suggests that a halfpenny rate might meet the case. But halfpenny or penny, English health and beauty spots should be free to pay for the proclamation of their peculiar claims on Radical and Tory holiday makers alike.

Better sense has been written by correspondents of the *Times* on married life and the income tax than is usually heard when the idea of differentiating between bachelors and Benedicts is under discussion. Not to penalise the unmarried man but to secure a larger measure of fairplay for the family man is the ideal. Thus correspondents like Mr. Fred Bullock and Mr. W. C. D. Whetham suggest that instead of treating the incomes of man and wife as joint for purposes of taxation, the income of the man who marries a woman without an income of her own should be split up. He has, say, £500 a year; she contributes nothing. The income tax should be assessed on both at £250, and the family would get the relief of twice £160. The scheme might be carried to its logical conclusion: in which event a man with an earned income of £500 a year and a wife and two children, would escape the tax altogether. The income of each member of the family would be £125 a year! Mr. Lloyd George is recognising the principle. By allowing 15s. for every child under sixteen years of age he admits that it is unreasonable to tax the married man on the bare income as he taxes the bachelor. The family as the unit of income for this purpose is a gross fallacy, and the *Times* deserves the thanks of all whose income is under £1,000 a year for drawing attention so forcibly to the hardships of the existing system.

In the Duke of Argyll we have lost a very estimable and devoted servant of the Empire. It was in some ways unfortunate for him that he was the son of his brilliant father. More was expected of him than he was capable of giving. He took himself very seriously; there was a certain austerity about his personality; and he had a weakness for literary effort which the world at large did not estimate as highly as its author. His Governorship of Canada was chiefly noteworthy because it associated a royal princess with the office. Greater Britain dearly loves a lord, but prefers royalty all the same. The Dominion has never had a more popular Governor-General than the Duke of Connaught. The Duke of Argyll did not impress our Lady of the Snows with his personality as a Dufferin or a Grey impressed her. He never forgot that he was the Duke of Argyll.

The Cobb Lecture at the Society of Arts on Tuesday next will be given by Mr. H. Plunket Greene, and the theme, "Folk Songs," with vocal illustrations, should be especially interesting in view of the attention directed of late years by musicians and students to the old songs of various districts and nations.

In The Valley

STUMBLING across the sand-dunes from the sea,
He came upon the valley. There his blood
Grew quiet, eased: his tears poured in a flood;
And, letting loose his full distressful fear,
It seemed the whole earth soothed him, drew him near.

For in the valley all things merged and passed
That so had held him crippled, bound him fast.
Stirred his free limbs; and on the long cold breeze
Came balsams from the solitudes of the trees;
Pale leaves and eager flowers rose peeping, dim
With the long shade, and pressed them close to him;
And down the valley's length Desire's dead host
Went moving, moving, fleeing like a ghost.

All, all he feared was memorised and pale:
The foul diseases that had bidden him ail:
The dread and dream of death that filled his skies:
The love of life: the wonder of the eyes:
Fever of heart and blood: desire's hot stress:
And the dull loneliness, the loneliness.

Within the valley's deepness lay the fine
Sane core of things, reposeful and divine,
The Shadow of illimitable good.
Wise as a child he gave his body rest,
And let the valley heal him as she would,
Easing his hurt upon her quiet breast.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

Women At The Roulette Table

I HAVE so often borne testimony in these columns to the lovable qualities of women that I feel no compunction in this week's issue in drawing attention to some of the situations in which I hold that women do not shine to advantage. The field is a wide one, and I can only try to touch on a few aspects.

Women, in my view, do not show to advantage in the arena where games of chance, and above all games of profit are practised. A woman cares very little for the game—any game you like—unless an element of gambling is present. There is nothing strange in this. Woman from birth is a gambler—a very charming one, no doubt—but still a gambler. She gambles with her affections; she gambles with her happiness; and, above all, she gambles with her life. If a foolish legislature could only be logical for once in a way, it would pass a stringent law against women and consign them to durance vile as incorrigible rogues and vagabonds. But no! To instance a parallel case, the legislature says that the tout at the street corner with betting slips shall be sent to prison for three months, but the over-fed person in Tattersall's enclosure may do precisely the same thing with impunity.

If Mr. Lloyd George has left any money in anybody's pocket to enjoy himself with, that person may accept advice from his broker and gamble it away. It is even possible to gamble for a seat in the House of Commons plus £400 a year, but you mustn't put a sou in a lottery; and so the mockery goes on.

Women are more logical. Although they have got no sense, they just realise that they were born gamblers, and they range the whole gamut with a perfectly light heart and a conveniently elastic conscience. All honour to them! They are brave, and there is no necessity to pursue the argument further.

Now about roulette, which I have, for the moment, overlooked. I have compared notes with clubmen and ex-clubmen, and they all agree—and the latter ought to know something about the inwardness of the subject—that for downright barefaced cheating, practised with the utmost effrontery, you can't touch the lady addicted to games of chance. In her case they are games of certainty, because the issue is of no importance at all, she—or, at all events, the stakes—always gets right there, which being interpreted means that the stakes flow into her pocket.

No doubt it is "sweet and commendable" in her nature to help the "Bank" to get along, and it is quite certain sure that, if any absorbable cash is within reach, "rien ne va plus" will be heard much sooner than in any other conceivable contingency.

But whilst we are discoursing pleasantly on one phase of dishonesty, why not touch on a few others? Cheating at roulette is child's play, but how about Bridge? You don't suppose that nice women have spoiled their complexions and ruined their nerves, smoking and not infrequently drinking day and night, because they cared about the turn of a twopenny-halfpenny card. No—they were there for business. The milliner in the Lowther Arcade, or Mlle. Chloe, the hair artist, was getting troublesome, and just the substitution of one card for another, or the gentle art of espionage over a neighbour's hand, induced by certain uncanny pressures under the table, might ease the situation. Madame Lesbia or Mistress Chloe knows perfectly well, as if to the manner born, where the money came from, and the means by which it was obtained—but hers not to reason why, hers but to do and dye, and so all parties are quite satisfied, including the foolish masculine who treasures the remembrance of a second-hand pressure under the table.

It would be unbecoming in an ambulatory discourse of this kind to disclose the application and the origin of goods which are rotting in the warehouse. No doubt some day they will be sold in lieu of charges which will never be paid, so long as money can be disposed of in other directions, perhaps not wisely, but quite effectively. Were we, however, compelled to give "discovery," there is little doubt that our case would be proved up to the hilt, and many particular hairs would stand on end, as quills upon the fretful porcupine. CECIL COWPER.

The Royal Academy

I.

FOR the first time we discovered that those who write on art for the papers have a slight advantage over the general public—in one respect. The people at the Press and private views at Burlington House had the pleasure of seeing the portrait of Mr. Henry James which Mr. Sargent had painted for presentation to the alluring novelist from some of his ardent admirers. As soon as the exhibition was open a member of a political body, which we understand is gaining considerable attention, smashed the glass and the portrait, and so the public will see it no more. Although not perhaps a great work of art—a generalisation of Mr. Henry James as he appears to the world at large, rather than an intimate and subtle piece of characterisation—still, it was a picture of intense interest to a very wide public, and will be greatly missed from Gallery No. III, where it hung close to the same painter's beautiful "The Lady Rocksavage." This is a most engaging, if slightly insincere, work from the American master of English portraiture. We returned to it again and again, for, after all is said, it is these lively pictures of living people which make the Royal Academy for us. The elaborately made-up subject, historical or poetical, leaves us a little cold; vegetables and the weather, however sympathetically felt, need an immense personality, such as that of Corot, to make them as attractive as the world outside which we can see for ourselves. And then the old "Good Night, Mamma," and the even less seductive problem, "Should She Tell?" or "Which is Sin and which the Sinner?" are not much in evidence this year. But the portraits are more intriguing than ever. Mr. John Lavery has only one picture, but it is a grand view of his studio—in the manner of a Spanish master—in which two beautiful ladies of his family and a little girl are posed with perfect candour and grace. There is a largeness of feeling, a delicacy of colouring, a mastery of effects, which makes it *the* picture of the Academy this year—for us, at least.

But never was there an exhibition at the Royal Academy which needed less one important work to carry it through to success. This season many things have been changed, and every change is an improvement. The pictures are better hung, there is an all-round higher standard, there is a general feeling of comfort and space. The sculpture is much better arranged; the excellent exhibition of black-and-white work and engravings which used to be hidden in a very small space is now allowed to expand in Gallery X; and the miniatures, which for ages have been in rather a cramped position and a bad light—with plenty of reflections—are now at ease in Gallery XI. One alteration is perhaps not an improvement. You will no longer be able to nod during a warm summer afternoon on the comfortable leather seats of the

Architectural Room. A new spirit reigns here. The old, highly technical drawings which were produced in the offices of architects have been replaced to no small extent by attractive water-colour drawings of houses, palaces, public buildings, as they are going to look at some not far distant day. An extremely good example of this class of work is Sir Aston Webb's "New House at Brooke, Isle of Wight." We do not know if one stone stands upon another yet, but Mr. Charles Gascoyne, who signs the water-colour, gives us a delightful picture of a well-placed, comfortable house that looks as though it had weathered the wild winds that cross the Island downs for many years, and already made warm and happy many a blithe generation. Thus, the room that used to be so stiff and secret is now overrun with interested visitors, and the retreat of those already satiated with the harvest of a year's art is cut off for good and all. Next week we would venture to point to the pictures which seem to us most hopeful and amusing, although we have often been told that the visitor to Burlington House knows what he likes, and that the views of those who are more especially interested in art do not matter much nor greatly influence him.

EGAN MEW.

New Editions

BEFORE many years have passed, we suppose that every publisher in London will be devoting his chief energies to the issuing of any book by any author, from the olden days to the recent past, at a moderate price and in a "popular" form. Even now one could form a very fine library of pure literature from the handy volumes in this class of work—a collection that should represent ancient and modern prose and poetry, fiction, essay, and travel most creditably. The latest series to appear is Messrs. Blackie's "Library of English Prose," and eleven volumes are now to be obtained; the authors taken are De Quincey, Washington Irving, Boswell, Walpole, Defoe, More, Nelson, Holinshed, Gibbon, Walton, and Raleigh, and the general appearance of each little book is wonderfully good at the price—tenpence. It is an excellent thing to avoid the too heavily trodden paths, and to issue such books as Irving's "Companions of Columbus" or Raleigh's "Discovery of Guiana" in this form.

Another series—although of quite a different class from those of Messrs. Blackie—is the cheap reprint of popular works of fiction: "The Secret of Chauville," by David Whitelaw; "All Sorts," by Dolf Wyllarde (S. Paul and Co., 6d. each); "The Countess of Mountenoy," by John Strange Winter; "The Wooing of Monica," by L. T. Meade (John Long, 6d. each); "Thrice Armed," by Harold Bindloss (John Long, 7d.). The first four are in paper covers; the last in the handy edition for which a few publishing houses are now well known.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

V.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

SIR,—The other night I happened to be reading a little-known but quite good novel of the straightforward kind, by one Herbert George, called "The Master of Means." You, I dare say, have never heard of it, and I should not venture to introduce Mr. Herbert George to your notice but for the fact that a phrase used at the end of the book made me think of you. One of the characters is a very decent type of journalist, and in a moment, when he wished to make a certain avowal to a most charming lady, he found himself the victim of that phrase-paralysis not unknown to greater men in similar circumstances. "Words, mere words, his puppets, had mutinied," says Mr. Herbert George. "Now," I said to myself, in a moment of irritation that a journalist should be "held up" on so critical an occasion by a set of rebellious syllables which ought to have been standing at attention, "what they want is a Kipling in command." Whether that thought was a reflection on Mr. Herbert George or his journalist, or a compliment to you, I must ask you to decide for yourself. One thing at least this rather incongruous association of ideas does prove: it is that of the many writers whose works are more or less familiar to me you are firmly fixed in my mind as the Generalissimo at whose command the whole of the various Vocabulary Corps will move, be they the Guards of Noblest English or the Infantry of Sterling Slang—the Kitcheners or the Mulvaney of the language. I might go further. For all your Songs of the English you are capable of turning English to a purpose which suggests that you could, if need be, take charge of a cosmopolitan rabble of Verbiage. I shall never forget the effect of the first reading of one line in "The Files." The Sub-Editor makes a pun which is about the most daring that has ever found immortality outside the pages of *Punch*. In case you do not remember this little excursus into the field of the innocently atrocious double entente (which in these days might almost be accepted as a tribute to the entente cordiale), I venture to quote these lines from "The Files," written by the author of "Pay, Pay, Pay!" and "The Recessional":—

Warn all future Robert Brownings and Carlyles,
It will interest them to haunt among the files,
Where uninvited, a-cold,
Lie the crowded years of old
In that Kensal-Green of greatness called the files—
(In our newspaPère-la-Chaise, the office files),
Where the dead men lay them down
Meekly sure of long renown,
And above them sere and swift,
Packs the daily deepening drift
Of the all-recording, all-effacing files—
The oblitative, automatic files.

In an essay devoted to yourself on "the handling of words"—the phrase reminds one still of the part of Generalissimo—Miss Vernon Lee once took you to task, very gently and appreciatively, on account of the

tense in a passage selected at random from that masterpiece of East-cum-West fiction, "Kim." If disposed to quarrel with your syntax, she nevertheless gave you credit for commanding attention by methods which she likened to the conjurer's trick. NewspaPère-la-Chaise is the conjurer's trick in excelsis: it might appropriately be the burial-ground of a literary reputation. Tom Hood never perpetrated a more astonishing verbal contortion. What chance have words of rebellion when they can be made to perform such antics by a mere wave of the Kipling bâton?

"Enough of this!" I can hear you say. And, indeed, my object in writing to you was neither to indulge in a measure of chaff at your expense nor to read you a Johnsonian homily on the atrocities of punning. It was to express a regret that in these latter days we have had so little from your pen. One hears of you occasionally addressing a meeting, or contributing a poem on affairs to a newspaper, but where are the successors to "The Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Light that Failed," "Life's Handicap," "The Seven Seas," and the rest of the treasures that made the end of the nineteenth and the first years of the twentieth centuries ever memorable to the reader who is patriot as well as worshipper at the shrine of the Muses? We want more of the daring with decency, more of the Truth which can flout the Conventions without bringing an avoidable blush to the cheeks of our dear friend Mrs. Grundy, more challenge thrown to those commonplace canons of Art which are about as unreal and wide of Life as a meretricious virtue could wish; we want someone to go on extracting for us the poetry of a scientific and machine-made age, someone to get a heart throb from a steamship's propeller, and to show that all the romance of the sea did not vanish with the last of the wooden walls which carried the flag of Old England into the Seven Seas. Wells has done something to provide thrills from the possibilities of modern science. It was left to you to see that there is as much poetry and romance to be got out of a modern cruiser as out of an old-time frigate.

Your service to the Empire has been incalculably great. Thomas Atkins owes you much, and, no doubt, many a worthy Sergeant has held his head the higher for realising that he is the prototype of Sergeant Whatisname, at the same time, perhaps, that some of the would-be spoilers of England have held theirs low in a momentary access of shame that they have had to learn from Pharaoh and the Mohammedan schoolmaster of Bengal Infantry the real meaning of the Sergeant's work for England and those he has assisted out of bondage. And as one who has no mean concept of the achievements of his fellow countrymen in every part of the globe, who believes with Lord Rosebery that the British Empire is the greatest secular agency for good in the world, I make my acknowledgments of the call of the Blood with which every line of your verse is instinct. I would have Fletcher and Kipling's "History of England" in every child's possession: the Kipling tags drive home points as surely as the Æsop Morals indicate the purpose of the

fables. If any man wants my view of the true spirit of a great free empire, I say "Read Rudyard Kipling." Little Englanders should give you a wide berth or a short shrift if they would escape the infection of the larger patriotism. You have done more than make effective appeal to that particular quality: you have done something in your own person to disprove the generally accepted truth of your own words:

East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.

They have met in you, as, in my opinion, they met in Kim. If you have not taught the East, which is able to read you, to think more of the West and the manner in which the White Man carries his burden, you have at least taught the West to look Eastward with more sympathy and understanding than it ever did before in history.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Literature in a Hurry

A LEARNED Lord Justice once, in the course of a case he was trying, termed journalism "literature in a hurry." As to the hurry there can be no doubt; the literature, it is regrettable to have to confess, is more often than not conspicuously absent from the columns of the hastily written and hastily produced modern morning or evening paper. Nevertheless, it is probable that the great majority of us would be decidedly miserable if deprived of our dailies. When Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) visited Palestine he came across an American who was making all haste to get away. After a few greetings, such as two English-speaking persons meeting in a foreign land might be expected to exchange, the American asked Dr. Watson where he was going. "To Jerusalem," was the reply. "Jerusalem!" exclaimed the Yankee, in tones of unfeigned disgust. "You don't want to go there! I've just come away. It's a slow town. Why, there isn't a daily newspaper in the whole place!"

A hundred years or so ago the total daily circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom was only 60,000; some fifty years later it was about 700,000; and now it probably exceeds nine millions. But the huge circulation to which the present-day newspaper has attained is almost all it can legitimately boast of. Its usually ungainly and unwieldy size, its diminutive type so trying to the eyes, the execrable paper upon which it is too often printed, its pompous dullness and inaccuracies, its misused words crowding upon the typographical eyesores so freely and impartially disseminated by the vaunted type-setting machine, its fits of hysterics and its literature of St. Vitus's dance, though possibly meet (or meat) for a few, can scarcely be said to make it attractive, so that its great sale must be mainly due to the existence of a demand which will be supplied, no

matter how defectively. With our improved machinery, which will print, cut, and fold the paper, and insert and paste in insets, where is the sense of issuing a sheet which, as regards its proportions, is more fit to be spread over a bed, or put to any other purpose than the one which is presumably its real *raison d'être*—to be taken in the hand and read?

"Miscellanists are the most popular writers among every people; for it is they who form a communication between the learned and the unlearned, and, as it were, throw a bridge between those two great divisions of the public," wrote Isaac D'Israeli, in his "Literary Character of Men of Genius." The Press is a power in the land, and those who aspire to serve it might at least take the trouble properly to qualify themselves for the duty. Yet, as Charles Lamb says in "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," when dealing with newspapers, "No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment." And the late John Hollingshead once observed that most writers were like a hurdy-gurdy, and had only a certain number of tunes to play. When they got through them they should change their pitch. The English language has been described by one author as "the finest, the most practical, and the most sonorous medium of speech yet discovered by the sons of man," and by another as "wonderfully rich in synonyms and in words suited to the expression of various shades of meaning. There are few thoughts for which the exact word cannot be found in our language. There is no necessity for making words do duty for others simply because some persons are not acquainted with the others, and some are too indolent to seek for them."

This degradation of the language is to a great extent due to the ascendancy of the daily newspaper. In the haste of producing it many niceties of speech are neglected; and as the largest number of readers of English are the readers of newspapers, looseness in the employment of words is easily spread. Descriptive reporters are responsible for much slipshod writing: as, for instance, when describing a fire, "between six and seven fire-engines dashed up to the scene of the conflagration simultaneously"; when reporting an inquest, "the post-mortem examination showed that the unfortunate girl was a teacher's daughter"; or when giving an account of a street accident, "the gas-lamps, which at this time were not yet lighted, made the streets appear still darker." In obituary notices he will feelingly observe: "Thus two of the three have passed to that bourne whence no traveller returns in less than a week"; and, again, "he will find in the world beyond many friends to give him a warm welcome," which is a somewhat unfortunate expression to use in such circumstances. But even the leader-writers are not faultless, for one once declared that the Liberal Party without Mr. Gladstone was "like a rope of sand without a shepherd"; and there are many other instances.

Compositors and proof-readers are responsible for many ridiculous, if amusing, mistakes. Here are a few that came to the cognisance of the late Andrew Lang: "The tortures of their prisoners" appeared in print as

"the futures of their prisoners"; "there is truth in the converse" of a certain proposition became "there is truth in the universe"; and Browning's "Just for a handful of silver he left us" was printed "Just for a handle of silver he left us," which the proof-reader accounted for by explaining that, as no one understood Browning, he thought it was all right. A correspondent having been sent by his paper to Tours, availed himself of the occasion to visit the house in the Rue Royale where Balzac was born; and finding it tenanted by a dentist, had a decaying molar, which was troubling him, extracted there. In alluding to the circumstance in an article, he wrote: "I had a tooth drawn where Balzac cut his." An intelligent compositor fancied he had detected an omission, and kindly resolved to supply it, so that on publication the passage read: "I had a tooth drawn where Balzac cut his throat." It is not, however, always the fault of the compositor or proof-reader, for some journalists are the despair of printers in the matter of their handwriting.

A Little Englander's Life

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

WHEN Lord Roberts marched triumphantly into Pretoria on June 9, 1900, some important letters were found in the capital of the Transvaal, proving that there was a party in England secretly but actively sympathising with the Boers and advising them on the course of events. The chief culprit was Labby, but one letter stood out more than any of the others. 'It was from the subject of this memoir,* and was evidently one of a series in a correspondence. It ran as follows:

We want a stream of facts concerning suppression of telegrams, opening of letters, arbitrary arrests, unfair trial, unjustifiable prison treatment, interference with free speech at meetings—but most information sent lacks the element of fullness of detail and accuracy which are vital for Parliamentary purposes.

The Government had all its work cut out to subdue an obstinate and determined foe, and to find itself attacked in this way by Englishmen in the House of Commons added immensely to the difficulties, for it encouraged the resistance which at that time was by no means at an end.

A storm of indignation arose; for a time John Ellis was the most unpopular man in England, and as long as he is remembered his name will be associated with a "stream of facts." The incorrigible Labby did not care a bit; but I always thought that, although Ellis did not show it, he took the discovery of the letter very deeply to heart, and his biographer hints at this in a trenchant sentence: "He was crucified upon that cross

of political suffering to which every politician of mark is almost inevitably bound at some crisis of his career."

Supposing you had asked me what sort of man he was, I should have recalled a shrewd-looking man with thin lips and handsome, clean-cut features, always very neatly dressed—a man very much in earnest, fond of his work in the House of Commons; an impartial chairman of committees and a careful speaker, but, as the writer says, difficult of access and with a manner easily mistaken for harshness. I knew him slightly, and perhaps for that reason I should also have added that I thought he was cold, precise, hard and unsympathetic—a partisan who was always able to convince himself that his party was in the right and too prone to forget that his opponents may have been actuated by motives as conscientious as he felt satisfied his own were. He always seemed to me to be on the lookout to find that English statesmanship was in the wrong. I have frankly stated my impressions before I read this excellent and clear biography, and as frankly acknowledge that it enables one to see very clearly his point of view and at times to sympathise with it.

John Ellis was a Quaker—one of that body which has produced so many remarkable men. Without expensive tastes or vices, thrown together for united support by the active hostility of those who differed from them in the earlier part of the last century, by prudence, frugality, strict attention to business and a keen eye to the best of a bargain, they have risen to wealth and influence in England—very much owing to the same causes which have made the Jews even more powerful. The earlier chapters of this book remind one of "John Halifax," and to the close of the volume John Ellis uses "thee, thou, and thy" in his domestic correspondence. Carefully and piously brought up, his early years were devoted to self-culture, Young Men's Mutual Improvement Societies, and local affairs in the countryside where his family had lived for many generations. Educated at two Quaker schools, he might have gone, if he had wished, to the University, and I think perhaps it was a pity he did not, for it would have widened his views at an impressionable age; instead of this, he was sent to look after some of the interests of his father in America, and returned to be apprenticed to the engineering firm Kitson and Hewetson, of Leeds, in 1858, at the age of seventeen. Here he worked with the same intensity which he showed in everything he put his hand to, until family interests again interfered with his career, and he was made the manager at the age of twenty-two of a new colliery belonging to the family at Hucknall.

He took interest in the local school board elections and inevitably drifted more and more into politics. His business-like aptitude, his earnestness and zeal, marked him out as a leader, and he reorganised Liberalism in Nottinghamshire. He was invited to stand for Rushcliffe, one of the three new constituencies for Nottingham under the Redistribution Act of 1885, and sat for it for over twenty-one years. He took himself seriously and did his duty by his constituency with all his might,

* *The Life of the Rt. Hon. John Edward Ellis, M.P.* By ARTHUR TILNEY BARRETT. With a Preface by VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

attended to her interests, served her zealously, and made himself by sheer ability and hard work a power in the county and subsequently in his party.

One of the pleasantest traits shown throughout the book is his love of his family, and of the beautiful home he had built for himself. Again and again there are descriptions of this hardworking, self-contained man, who never spared himself, running down to Yorkshire for the week-end to revel in his home and farm and country life, amid his family and friends.

One or two phrases in the book form curious commentaries on the methods of to-day; for instance: "The pitfall of the demagogue is inaccuracy." "No one was more persistent than he that a Government ruling by force was bound to give every information, as to the main facts by which its policy should be judged." He was much disgusted when Lord Rosebery laid it down that before Home Rule could be carried it was essential that there should be an English majority in its favour—a dictum which he describes in his diary as a "blazing indiscretion."

It is interesting to see what care he took with his speeches; he noted with fairness the effect they had. No one would ever have guessed it, but he was shy and nervous, and like most shy men, not wanting in self-esteem; he wrote down, however, with strict impartiality when he felt he had failed, and why and when he had succeeded.

It was his unhappy fate to get the character with the general public for always believing the worst of his fellow-countrymen when his opponents happened to be in a majority. He would have grimly said, "So much the worse for my countrymen." He was on the side of the Irish when crime was rampant in Ireland in 1887. He spoke against the stricter form of closure now known as the guillotine, which the late W. H. Smith had been compelled to bring in, and which has been so remorselessly used by his own side ever since. He fiercely attacked Rhodes and Chamberlain on the Jameson Raid, and sat on the South African Committee which inquired into that event. He never seems to have been in the least degree conscious that he was a judge, and not a hostile partisan bent upon extracting everything that told against the accused.

In the midst of his unpopularity over the "stream of facts" letter he began an action to restrain the publication of a poster issued by a Conservative Association headed "Radical Traitors," declaring that members of the Opposition had been in correspondence with the enemy, and quoting the letter; but Mr. Justice Bucknill refused the application—to the open joy of his many foes. "I am asked," said the Judge, "to draw the inference that it is stated as a fact, and falsely stated, that Mr. Ellis was in correspondence with the Boers for the purpose of obtaining the information. The poster makes no such statement." One cannot help admiring the courage of the man at such a time—it reminds one of Macaulay's description of "the bitter and intrepid spirit of the Solicitor-General Williams, who, after the acquittal of the Bishops,

strove to make himself heard above the din, and called upon the judges to commit those who had violated by clamour the dignity of a court of justice."

Over the letter he defended himself in the House of Commons with characteristic vigour, in an able speech:

As to the matter and substance of my request I had received during February, March, and April from the lady (Mrs. Solly), who is an enthusiastic philanthropist, a large number of statements in regard to alleged occurrences in Cape Colony which horrified her. In July I sat down and wrote her a private letter. It was written under the stress of a great deal of work; it was not written with any great care as to expression. In it I summed up my advice; I told her in that letter that such statements as she was sending to me were useless for Parliamentary purposes.

He declined to express regret—he said his conscience was clear.

He attacked the management of the concentration camps, seeming to forget that no other country in the world had ever looked after and fed the wives and children so that the husbands were able to continue to fight us in the field, free from anxiety on their behalf. He complained how they were removed in open trucks. He complained of what was being done for the religious services in the camps and what for the education of the children. He complained of the death rate, but never said what it might have been if we had left them on the open field of war. He declared we must lay down our methods of barbarism.

He naturally believed the Chinese labour lie: "Tens of thousands of Chinese have been brought into the Transvaal and set to work there under servile conditions." He was made a member of the Privy Council, and for a short time served as Under Secretary of State for India until his health compelled him to give it up.

The book is interspersed with interesting sketches of Gladstone and other public men—vivid descriptions of historic scenes and notes on travel.

To sum up: it is a well-written, concise life of a Puritan of somewhat narrow and bigoted views, with an irritating cocksureness that he was right and everybody else wrong, holding unpopular ideas with a courage which everyone must admire. As far as I can discover, only England produces such men. They are partly responsible for our character amongst other nations for hypocrisy and perfidy. Do not misunderstand me—John Ellis was no hypocrite, but men of his opinions are widely quoted against us abroad, and if we do not act up to their opinion or take their advice we are not unnaturally called pharisaical.

Ellis was narrow, and hard, but he did his duty and served his country and his party according to his lights with unswerving devotion, at the cost of his health. It cannot be truthfully said that outside his home circle he was a lovable man or a popular character. I am convinced he was entirely honest and conscientious, but this generation must pass away before the views and actions of John Ellis are viewed in just perspective. His biography, in fact, has been published too soon.

Tarpon Again

OFTEN, since those first days and nights in Western seas, I have wished that it might be my lot once again to visit the gleaming waters of Boca Grande with the more sportsmanlike rod and reel of to-day, and without the murderous gaff that popular prejudice has at last condemned; not that I particularly desire to fight any more tarpon, but for the pleasure that it would give me to reel these noble fish to a finish and then give them their well-earned liberty, much as those duellists who, in other days, having disarmed their adversary, would sheathe their own blade and declare that honour was satisfied. There would also be the novel sport of stalking these silvery aeronauts with a camera. In those days the only genuine pictures of the tarpon in the air were the ones taken by Mr. Dimock, of New York, whose studies of the subject are still the best ever exhibited; but it has since been found that, in the atmospheric conditions of summer on the Gulf coast, any hand-camera working at only a two-hundredth of a second is sufficiently rapid for the purpose, and that the complex mechanism of the focal-plane, heretofore considered essential, is superfluous.

Apart from its supreme interest for the fisherman, who delights in the tarpon's symmetrical shape, brilliant sheen and superb strength, this fish shares with the salmon much of the attraction inseparable from mystery. Each of them is, so to speak, a fish with a past. That we are still so ignorant of the ways of salmon reflects little credit on those who have had unusual opportunities of studying its life-history, though their want of knowledge is far less irritating than their assumption of it. Scores of volumes have been printed on the subject, yet we remain to-day as ignorant of the manner in which the salmon spends its time in salt-water as our forefathers were a hundred years ago; and its career, instead of being discussed by the canons of exact science, has been made the subject of a mass of speculation on evidence so slender as should not deceive a child. The case of the tarpon is different; for, instead of having been, like the salmon, an object of net fisheries and legislation for centuries, it has only been casually caught in nets, and has been fished for with rod and line only a little more than thirty years, so that there is some excuse for our knowing very little about it.

It is generally accepted as a relative of the herrings, and we further know that it grows to a weight of over two hundred pounds, and to a length of approximately seven feet; that it has a curious elongated ray on the back fin and large scales, scalloped on the lower edge, and thickly silvered at one end. Those reluctant to kill so great a fish that they cannot eat, yet pardonably curious to form some estimate of its weight without putting it on the scales, are also glad to use one or other of the two simple formulæ devised for calculating this from its length and girth.

Than the foregoing meagre facts the text-books go no further. On the tarpon's geographical distribution, its food, its wanderings, and the time and place of its

spawning, they are, for the best of reasons, silent; and what little I have been able to gather in different parts of its range may be added in very few words.

The geographical range of the tarpon in the world's seas is much more extended than most people have any notion of. The prevalent impression that this splendid fish can be caught only on the coast of three States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico—Florida, Mexico, and Texas—is mainly due to the efficiency with which the three best-known resorts, Boca Grande, Tampico, and Aransas Pass, have been advertised in tourist literature. It is not to be denied that the conditions of shallow, sheltered water are peculiarly favourable to sport at these places; yet not only are these by no means the only haunts of tarpon, but I would even hesitate to describe the Gulf of Mexico as what naturalists call the tarpon's centre of distribution, since the fish is found throughout the West Indies and along the Spanish Main, and has been caught with rod and line on coasts as far distant as those of West Africa, at Lagos, and Northern Queensland. Indeed, it is safe to predict that, long after the too popular American resorts are fished out, excellent tarpon-fishing will still be available under the British flag in other seas.

The breeding of tarpon is an unsolved problem. So far as I am aware, the spawn has not even been identified, so that, although we recognise the fish as a member of the herring family, we are unable to say whether its eggs sink in salt-water, like those of the herring, or float, like those of the pilchard and the sprat. There

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is, however, one piece of evidence that it does not deposit them far from the coast in deep water. In certain lagoons in the Island of Grenada baby tarpon are found, and these inland waters, having no communication with the sea, can have been stocked with these fish only through the agency of waterfowl, which commonly carry the spawn of fish that deposit it in shallow water adhering to their feet or feathers.

It is probable that, like most of the herrings, the tarpon is a traveller, though there is no connected evidence of either the extent or direction of its migrations. All that we have to go upon are such disjointed reports as those of the lighthouse-keeper at Boca Grande, who says that tarpon, though never altogether absent, are most numerous in the Pass during the summer months, and of observers at Trinidad, where the fish goes by its old French name of "Grand' Ecaille," who have seen these fish in the estuaries during every month of the year.

Of the tarpon's food we know even less than of its travels. It may, also like most of the herring tribe, feed on very minute food, compared with its own size, as I found in one of mine a small crab and the bony remains of a little fish; but, like the majority of very active fishes, it has a habit of rapidly digesting its food, or perhaps of getting rid of it when fighting for its life, so that an autopsy is not, as a rule, attended by appreciable results. It does not, like the tuna, leap after flying fish or other small fry, though there are moments in the Pass when it certainly seems to be in pursuit of garfish and mullet, to judge, at any rate, by the boil in the water, often followed by a perfect panic among the small fish, which are so plentiful in those waters that it is impossible to wade in the shallows without coming in contact with their shoals.

The character of any game fish—and the tarpon deserves this distinction above most of those found in salt-water—is of greater interest to the fisherman than the number of its scales, and that of the tarpon has been variously estimated by its admirers, who are by no means agreed on the subject of its intelligence and strategy. One writer, a resident in Trinidad, credits the tarpon with Machiavellian cunning, declaring that it displays remarkable caution in taking the bait and amazing tactics in getting rid of the hook. So great is his regard for this wonderful fish that he even accuses it of feigning death, lying motionless at the top of the water, and suddenly coming to life again that it may cheat the unsuspecting angler of his prize. I have twice experienced what might carelessly have been construed as such deliberate "foxing," but was on both occasions much more inclined to regard the behaviour of the fish as actually due to exhaustion, from which it did, as a matter of fact, recover in time to give more trouble before reaching the last act in the drama. It is also true that a tarpon will, like most fish, occasionally trifle with the bait before taking it, or even refuse it altogether; and it also knows, as has been shown, the trick of throwing out the hook at the first jump, or, if that should fail, of doubling towards the boat and shaking out the loosened hold. Yet I cannot

regard it as a particularly clever fish, and it is certainly an uneducated one. It displays at once carelessness and bravery. The large mullet bait dangling from a brightly tinned hook is enough to frighten any fish, yet, five times out of six, the tarpon seizes it with only a moment's hesitation. This initial error may prove fatal, but the tarpon, having realised its mistake, certainly does its best. If its best fails, it dies fighting. It is a very gallant fish, and I never hope to meet its better under any sky.

F. G. A.

The Shakespeare Festival

NO age can claim a monopoly of the distinction between drama that is art and drama that is journalism. It is a distinction proper to the work of men in all times. Fashions in both may change, but the two things, nevertheless, run at different levels—and in different directions, too, for that matter, since one runs into, and the other out of, memory. Just as it is with us to-day, so it was with Shakespeare's contemporaries; the deliberate artist was at work beside a major host of others whose only desire it was to make goods for sale in the market; and that Shakespeare himself intended to be enrolled among the former is clear from many indications in his work—such, for instance, as the many revisions and deliberate care he gave to "Hamlet." But the journalists held the field; and we have laments from Shakespeare continually in his plays that ring strangely similar to some of the laments we may hear in any month of any year in the England of to-day.

It is certain that that old-time journalism is not worth revival, while some of the better plays await attention; but it is even questionable whether they can be properly revived at all. They depend from the flavour of the time, and that flavour is not altogether to the present taste. At least, let us say that that flavour is as much to the taste now as it was then, but that it is not so honestly confessed. In "The Two Angry Women of Abington," by Henry Porter, and "A Woman is a Weathercock," by Nathaniel Field, both of which plays have been "revived" this year at Stratford, this particular flavour is very marked. There are lines given to Moll Barnes in the former that it would be, well, difficult to reproduce on the modern stage. As it was, Miss Estelle Greville had lines to speak that she covered with simple skill, and which the audience pretended not to notice. Whereas in the latter play there is one character—Mistress Wagtail, Lady Ninny's gentlewoman—who had to be cut out altogether, with the not unimportant part she has in the play. If the two plays be carefully examined, it will be found that both dramatists, at moments when the action seems to hang, bring forward this element to support the interest. Especially is this the case with Field, since his play is ill-constructed at best, and leans so heavily at times on the Mistress Wag-

tail "business" that she and her affairs almost become part of the major action. In her lesser degree she is not unlike Falstaff in "Henry the Fourth"; and we are sure that it was she who was the chief attraction when the play was first done at the Whitefriars by the children of Her Majesty's Revels—some of the "eyasses" against whom Shakespeare made complaint.

Clearly, then, when Mr. Patrick Kirwan and Mr. Alfred Mansfield undertook the production of these plays they had a task of exceptional difficulty. Being journalism, both plays are remote of interest; and in one of them the main matter of contemporary interest had to be eliminated altogether. Little wonder that the experiment could scarcely be called a success. Other incidental difficulties peeped through the productions, for a new company freshly put together for a fortnight's heavy repertory cannot be expected to be part-perfect in every play. But the plays could never have been made successes, although there were scenes in each that excellent acting, both of comedy and tragedy, made to ring well. In "The Two Angry Women of Abington," for instance, Miss Rose Edouin as Mistress Goursey was an admirable termagant. Miss Lydia Hayward as Mistress Barnes made as excellent a match for her; and when the two were on the stage together, none could complain that the interest flagged. Moreover, the contrast between the two was very happy. Mistress Goursey's broad anger and carelessness for mere dignity made an excellent background for Mistress Barnes's spurious elegance; with the result that the humour the two aroused was not only one of broad comedy, but had hints of a well-balanced characterisation. This remained so long as the two of them held the scene, and held it in anger; but when the other characters came forward to occupy the scene, and when towards the end the anger between the two wives was relieved, then the bare bones of the play peeped through.

"A Woman is a Weathercock," on the other hand, has some stirring scenes. The producers wisely determined to let it take the stage as pure melodrama, and it essentially is that; but there are moments when that melodrama rises into something more. The highest drama has a melodramatic basis, into which it may sometimes slip, as does "Hamlet." Similarly, melodrama may suddenly rise into something else when a tenseness of situation brings truth of human nature. It was so in the Church scene in the second act, and in the scene in Sir John Worldly's House in the third act, in spite of the more than doubtful consistency of Bella-front, that Miss Hayward, nevertheless, covered well. Mr. Howlatt, in the latter scene, was patently nervous, and therefore sometimes lost conviction; yet he was very good throughout, and the play owed a very great deal to his direct and forceful occupation with the part. Mr. Harry Gribble as Sir Abraham Ninny would have had a much more varied part to play in the original play as written, and in one scene an obvious shift gives a hint of all that was left out. We confess we would like to have seen him in the original part, because he was so

good in so much of it as was left. He was admirable all through the play, especially in the delightful lines, so difficult to make convincing, when Sir Abraham un-hooks his garters, cuts his shoe-strings, and unloosens his doublet at Lucida's disdain. Apart from the initial difficulties of making the play at all maintain a sequence of interest, one of its greatest hindrances was that Mr. Wenlock Brown was the last person who should have been cast as Count Frederick. He shouted his lines, and so mismanaged the part that Count Frederick, instead of appearing as a little dandy, became rather the broad comedy of the piece. Mr. Noble, also, as Captain Pouts, threw away his chances of conviction by ranting and mouthing the part. These two were chiefly responsible for a good deal of unnecessary unreality about the play. Moreover, some missed cues gave indications of other difficulties the players had to encounter. But the chief fault was in the play itself. There are not many of the old Elizabethan and Jacobean plays that will bear reproduction; too many of them are just journalism of the time, though written with a good deal more gusto than the journalism of our day. But we think a better choice could have been made, especially as there is dramatic literature of that age still waiting modern production. Yet they were interesting to see, and the actors deserved praise for their endeavours to wrestle with their difficulties.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

The *Deutsche Zeitung* for April 19 refers to the visit of Berlin business men to London from June 17 to June 27, undertaken for the special purpose of furthering friendly relations between the two countries. The journey will probably be made, by sea, on the new liner *Imperator*, from Hamburg to Southampton, and the return journey via Amsterdam and Cologne; in the latter town a visit will be paid to the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts.

Mr. Murray will publish early this month the reminiscences of Mr. George Leslie, R.A., under the title of "The Inner Life of the Royal Academy"; the book, besides clearing up many popular misconceptions, in regard to the work and usefulness of the institution, gives interesting details of the artistic activities and friendships of the author.

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REVIEWS

The Reformation in Italy

Men and Women of the Italian Reformation. By CHRISTOPHER HARE. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE French Revolution, the Hegira, the Rationalist Movement and the Reformation all began between the years 5000 and 4000 B.C.—the only chronological chart on which we can lay our hands for the moment has not the precision of its prototypes about the Creation, so we have to be content with a date of the “floruit” variety. Incidentally, we ought to justify the one case where we have appeared to strain the word “began”; the Hijrah—no, we have already written “Hegira”—the Hegira did not begin with the first stealthy stride towards freedom of a Prophet who had decided that the climate of Mecca was unhealthy for him. The Hegira was in germ when the Arabs began, and the Arabs began when mankind began.

Mr. Hare is not an idolater of dates. He does not bow down before A.D. 1517, as so many others have done before that year or the year 1789. The Reformation is for him a single incident in an unending struggle. We have interpolated the word “unending,” for it seems to us that, if Catholics and Protestants have existed from the foundation of Christianity—and before that (another interpolation)—Protestants and Catholics will continue to exist to the end of the world’s history. What Mr. Hare says is this: “This great awakening of the religious spirit was no new thing in the world’s history, for the Reformers claimed kindred with many heralds and precursors since the very dawn of Christianity.” From our point of view this is really only a truism, but we have heard it so often insisted on that we suppose the converse must be sometimes asserted.

The points at issue between the Reformers and the adherents of the old Faith are summarised by Mr. Hare in his account of the preaching of Friar Bernardino Ochino: “His published sermons are most striking and interesting, and a careful study of them shows the gradual change which was taking place in him, towards a more earnest and simple faith; a religion of the heart rather than of outward observances.” There is evidently a certain amount of bias in putting the matter thus, but the historian is entitled to, nay, needs, a measure of bias and *saeva indignatio*, and the blood of martyrs is there for his justification. But the Catholics, at least, the best part of them, did not stand exclusively for “outward observances,” any more than the Reformers, or those among them “qui ont fait souche,” stood entirely for “a religion of the heart.” These were the two extreme points, and there were many intermediate places of rest. “Only by thus giving up the spirit of free inquiry”—by accepting Calvin’s theology—“could the Protestants in France attain that cohesion which would enable them to remain stead-

fast.” A religion is, after all, “a body of rites and beliefs,” and the “religion of the heart” is bound to get complicated, more or less, and sooner or later, with “outward observances.” The pendulum had swung too far in one direction; the Protestants helped to get it back; but Catholicism was not all devil-worship, nor all early Protestantism its sublime converse.

The Italian Reformation has not been as well served by history as the Reformation in some other lands. This is due partly, no doubt, to the completeness of its defeat. Its ruthless enemies did what they could to suppress even the traces of its passage through Italy. It is due to an accident, as Mr. Hare points out—the accident of Louis XVIII failing to restore to the Vatican the complete set of secret archives carried off by Napoleon—that the facts about the persecution of prominent Reformers have become known. But the question cannot help presenting itself whether Italy was ever a land where Protestantism could make a home. On the intellectual side, Italy has generally been more inclined to sudden revolt than to that laborious persistence which is the salient characteristic of orthodox Protestantism. The Italian Reformation was in the main an aristocratic movement, as Mr. Hare’s book abundantly proves. A French Princess, Colonnas, Gonzagas, Roveres, Cibos, are the people dealt with here; the ecclesiastics of the movement were mostly high dignitaries of the Church; their most implacable persecutors were men who had once shared in their aspirations. There were, it is true, popular movements—in Lucca, Modena, and Ferrara, for instance—but they were local phenomena, and were due to the magnetism of some preacher or the influence of some high-born lady.

The great ladies—they are nearly all “great” ladies—presented in this volume form an imposing group. Mr. Hare has already given us a Life of Giulia Gonzaga Colonna; among the portraits contained in the present work are those of Vittoria Colonna, Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara, and Caterina Cibo, Duchess of Camerino; of less exalted rank, but closely associated with the highest Italian society is Olympia Morata, whose story is told at great length. They were, in most cases, not only Reformers, but intellectuals. They could make Latin prayers and Greek verses. Their great position was no guarantee against danger. We learn, for instance, that the persecuting Pope, Pius V, declared, on seeing certain letters of Giulia Gonzaga, after her death, “that if he had seen these sooner, he would have taken good care to burn her alive.”

The ladies of the Italian Reformation were gifted, gentle and heroic, but somehow they fail to touch us very nearly. The fault is probably more with us than with Mr. Hare. At the same time, we cannot help feeling that his narrative suffers from want of arrangement. The impression is left of a kind of “Who’s Who?” of the Italian Reformation. And the personages are not presented to us once and for all; some of them are repeatedly reintroduced, with a slight but bewildering change of formula. And when it is all done, we do

not feel the definiteness of acquisition about our new (or old) acquaintances. We are in perpetual fear of the solecism of confusing one introduction with another. Mr. Hare wants more "high lights." We were very much baffled by a letter of Olympia Morata to Bishop Vergerio, which is supposed to illustrate the "more sympathetic side" of the latter's character. The letter in question appears to us to contain and imply nothing more than the merest civility from a devotee of a struggling cause to one of its more conspicuous representatives. But we are prepared to believe that the spaces between the lines are more crowded with significance than they appear to be.

Religion and Science

The Anatomy of Truth. By F. HUGH CAPRON.
(Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS century is witnessing already a great change in the relations between Religion and Science. Religion is no longer afraid to face the legitimate deductions of scientific investigation. The day of panic is past. Theologians accept the discoveries of science, without the old fear that they meant the destruction of religion. In fact, new discoveries are welcomed. The attitude of science, too, has changed. Not that the truths enunciated by Huxley and Haeckel are disproved; but many of their deductions and hostile criticisms are set aside as out of date and illogical; just as the condemnation of Galileo by the Church in an age of scientific ignorance is no proof that Christianity is false, though it has often been cited with that intent. In short, it is understood that science and religion are working on different planes to the same end—viz., the discovery of truth. Between them there is no polarity. The position that one is negative, the other positive, has been finally abandoned. The scientific agnostics of the nineteenth century, as Mr. Capron points out, "refused to take into account in their interpretation of the Universe anything which they did not know." But modern science refuses to adopt this illogical attitude, and "recognises the existence of a supra-human intelligence." So the enemy of religion to-day is not found in the man of science, nor in the philosopher, but in the Socialistic atheist, with an unintellectual but "a factious and emotional opposition, compounded of debased passion and degraded ignorance." This is the man who exploits the abandoned position of the last century.

Mr. Capron's aim is to analyse the truths of religion considered as a psychical cosmos. He desires to show "not only that religion is true and substantial, but also that personally something is to be gained by practising obedience to the dictates of religion." It is impossible to ignore the existence of religion as a phenomenon and factor in human life, though many men try to do so.

Mr. Capron believes in a coming reaction towards an age of greater faith. Mere theism is not religion. For the religious concept implies that "*God is accessible to*

mankind, and that He takes an active interest in human affairs and exerts an influence over them." Carrying out this idea, Mr. Capron reviews the gradual progress of the whole phenomenon of religion—natural, pagan, Judaic, and Christian—in its internal structure, in its application to human life, and in its relation to time and eternity, on which he has a striking chapter. He believes that the "question of the efficacy of prayer lies at the very root of all religion," and this question he discusses with philosophic and logical clearness. Science is beginning to agree with philosophy and religion that the problem of eternal life is soluble; and in an age when many are halting between two opinions, this work will be found a valuable aid to faith.

The Lighter Moments of a Mathematician

Science and Method. BY HENRI POINCARÉ. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 6s. net.)

THE late Henri Poincaré, says the Hon. Bertrand Russell in his preface to this translation, was the most eminent man of science of his generation, and there is none now living who can compare with him. As the science which formed his life-work was mathematics, we might expect this volume to be full of nothing else. But it is not so. Hardly an equation is to be found between its covers, and it deals with a great number of matters—of which one need only mention, perhaps, the many properties of radium—in the discovery of which mathematics have indeed played a considerable part, from a delightfully untechnical point of view. The author points out at the outset that men of science cannot know all the facts in the universe, and that therefore they are driven to the selection of the facts that they should study. These should be, according to him, not those "useful," or out of which, as the plutocracy would have it, money can be made, but those which best show the beauty, that is to say, the harmony and order manifest in the universe. Had the physicists of the eighteenth century, he says, treated electricity as the mere toy it must have appeared to them, where should we be now? Let us first seek science for science's sake, in fact, and all its results shall be added unto us.

So far for the method which he thinks should go hand in hand with science. But when he comes to its practical application he tells us many things which are even better worth knowing. In speaking of mathematical discovery, he tells us that he, the greatest mathematician of the age, was absolutely incapable of doing a sum in addition without making a mistake, and that most of his discoveries were unconscious. Thus, he says, he succeeded in forming the series called Theta-Fuchsian—he kindly tells us that there is no occasion to understand such expressions—after a fortnight's hard work without any apparent result. One night a cup of

black coffee kept him awake, and he made the first step in the solution of the problem. The further steps came to him on a scientific excursion arranged by the School of Mines, and just as he was getting into a brake at Coutances to resume a conversation which had nothing to do with it; and the final solution while he was serving his time in the army at Mont Valérien. From all which he gathers not that the unconscious or subliminal ego is a cleverer fellow than the conscious, as some mystics would have us believe, but that he is constantly forming a number of combinations, mostly useless, from which the conscious mind chooses by intuition that which best satisfies its idea of beauty. He warns us, too, that this can never happen without a long preliminary period of conscious work, and that unconscious work never supplies us with the "ready-made" result of a calculation. The same thing might be said, one fancies, of any other discovery whatever.

This idea of selection by intuition as opposed to logic or conscious reasoning runs all through the book, and even brings M. Poincaré's ideas into conflict with those of his translator. Mr. Bertrand Russell says with much modesty that "his [*i.e.*, the author's] criticisms of mathematical logic do not appear to me to be among the best parts of his work," and more than one chapter is devoted by M. Poincaré to the refutation, or at least to pointing out the real or supposed weakness, of the argument in certain work of Mr. Russell's. These matters we may safely leave to those technically interested, and Mr. Russell is doubtless right when he says that Poincaré, to the day of his death, remained a follower of Kant, instead of worshipping, as Mr. Russell and Signor Peano, with whom Poincaré couples him, at the shrine of Leibnitz. The "general" reader may be thankful; for Signor Peano's "pasigraphy" or logistic, which aims at expressing all mathematical reasoning by symbols, would, according to the specimen here given, repel even an adherent of the "Simplified Spelling." It all goes to explain why, as M. Poincaré says, to the actual majority of mankind mathematics remain obscure, and that yet it is as well that all should study them. He thinks that mathematical study develops the faculty of intuition, and he would defend the complete mathematical training of the engineer on the ground that it enables him to "see the different aspects of things, and to see them quickly."

There remains the technical part of M. Poincaré's book, which is, in fact, an exposition in plain and simple language of the different problems arising out of the discoveries in physics of the last two decades, such as radio-activity, the structure of the atom, the principle of relativity, and their influence on astronomy. It shows us the rapidity with which these problems have arisen; that although the work of which the present volume is a translation was published only six years ago, his views seem already a little old-fashioned, and it is evident that he had not heard, when he wrote, of the late Professor Poynting's experiments demonstrating the mechanical pressure of light. Yet M. Poincaré's explanations are always sound, and his demonstration

that we can have no intuition of magnitude, but can only get at the relation of the magnitude of anything to our measuring instruments, really covers nearly the whole field. He perhaps goes rather further than some would do when he assumes that the negative electrons, or corpuscles have no actual mass, and, if we read him rightly, are not matter; but as he admits in another place that it is impossible to find a logical definition of force, this seems to make little difference. He touches the point with a needle when he says that the controversy between Sir William Crookes and Hertz recalls the Newtonian controversy as to the corpuscular or undulatory origin of light, and, as he says in another place that Hertz got the worst of the dispute, he might perhaps be claimed as advocating a reconsideration of the earlier question. However that may be, the book is most interesting, can be read with pleasure and profit by those who are not mathematicians or even physicists, and has been extremely lucky in its translator, who has rendered M. Poincaré's beautiful French into nearly as clear and perfect English.

Per Angusta

C. F. Meyer, sa Vie, son Œuvre (1825-1898). By R. D'HARCOURT. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10 fr.)

C. F. Meyer. La Crise de 1852-1856. By R. D'HARCOURT. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 5 fr.)

A GREAT many stories and parables are available for the instruction of the young man impatient to fling himself into the battle of life, but the story that for the moment claims most persistently our recollection is Daudet's "Chèvre de M. Seguin." The appositeness of this story lies in its being particularly addressed to the young man of letters, and K. F. Meyer was a young—or, at least, a budding—man of letters up to an age when most people have begun to look back on their life's work. The moral of the story, and of all the similar stories, is true and excellent; but, applied to Meyer, it breaks down, for once, in a most startling manner; that is what makes the interest of this biography.

This is, like all the books in the same series, a big book and a solid book. We refer, of course, to the biography: "La Crise" is merely a collection, headed by an introduction, of "select documents intended to illustrate" a part of the text of the main volume. Over four hundred pages of biography are followed by more than a hundred of critical appendix. The analyses of books are too full for our taste, and there are one or two other failings (by excess) incidental to the prevailing academical fashions in literary biography. But, with all its virtues, this is an extraordinarily attractive book. M. d'Harcourt writes well, tells his extremely interesting story well, and has a rare and perfect command of the psychology of his subject.

We do not know how well Konrad Meyer is known in England: less well, probably, than his Zurich compatriot and contemporary, Gottfried Keller. Whether any of his works have been translated into English we are equally ignorant. German-Swiss literature has been only the affair of a few in this country. Yet, though his poetry is not an "article d'exportation," many of his stories have high and universal romantic qualities. One of them deals with our Becket in a very original way. The chancellor-archbishop is presented with a daughter, and "le mobile de la conversion de Becket sera la vengeance d'un père."

But, while the effect of this biography should certainly be to inspire the reader to try "Jürg Jenatsch," "das Amulet," or "Plautus im Nonnenkloster," it is possible to enjoy it without any previous knowledge of the work of its subject. The biography and the letters together comprise a "human document" of the fascinating kind. It is impossible to give more than a bare outline of the story. Konrad Meyer was born at Zurich in 1825, and died there in 1898. Hereditary neurasthenia had marked him down for its most formidable assaults. The despotism of a mother, herself neurasthenic, who feared everything for her son, particularly on the religious side, and had little faith in his ability eventually to stand on his own feet, reinforced the defect in his will. At twenty-seven he was ashamed to show himself in Zurich, so keenly did he feel his inefficiency. Then came a period in an enlightened *maison de santé*, travel and preparation for an academic career. Then, when he was thirty-one, his mother committed suicide, he came into an inheritance, and his real life began. He achieved fame, prosperity, and a good old age, and has left an enduring monument behind him.

Meyer's first attempts at literature had been trivial, and had been put in his way largely with therapeutic intentions. His serious work did not begin till he was nearly forty, and his great period was only opening when he reached his fiftieth year. The impossible dream he had once confided to his sister, his life-long confidante, was at length realised—"Figure-toi le rêve que j'ai eu cette nuit: j'étais assis dans une carrosse, j'avais une femme et une moustache!" He had taken long to grow up, but the doubt had been whether he would ever reach maturity at all. For once home, "a basis of operations against the world," had failed, and a *maison de santé* and a Parisian boarding-house had been more efficient. As might have been expected from a craftsman kept so long from his tools, Meyer's work was polished work; he had had time for comparison, criticism, and self-criticism.

Of the correspondence, that between Konrad and his sister Betsy (given in the original German) contains some of the best touches. For the rest, "La fortune a voulu que les biographes futurs de C.-F. Meyer fussent . . . tout particulièrement riches de documentation." That might have been extremely regrettable; fortunately the documents have fallen into the hands of M. d'Harcourt!

Shorter Reviews

Progress of Education in India, 1907-1912. By H. SHARP, C.I.E. Vols. I and II. Illustrated. (Superintendent Government Printing, Calcutta. 6s. each.)

FROM some points of view these volumes are of very great interest, especially as showing the progress of education in India under British rule; and such progress means, roughly, the advance in civilisation, which is the main justification of that rule. But it would be affectation to ignore the comparative dullness of the whole subject. In England it interests only certain specialists, though it may arouse warmer feelings when political or religious controversies are involved. This report deals with an area of more than a million square miles and 255 millions of people. It is as admirably arranged as it is readable and exhaustive; with the help of the contents and index, any portion of the twenty-two chapters can be found easily. Figured statements are mostly relegated to the second volume.

A Government Resolution of sixty-two paragraphs, prefixed, explains the official policy. The present Viceroy has devoted special attention to education, and the grants of public money have been enormously increased. The total expenditure upon education has risen in five years from $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling to $5\frac{1}{4}$ millions—that is, by forty per cent. The number of pupils is still less than seven millions, but it has increased by 26 per cent. in the quinquennium. Less than 18 per cent. of the population of a school-going age are now at school. The girls under education are less than a million. Literacy is now defined as "ability to write a letter to a friend and read the answer to it." Even with this low test the total literates only number 59 per 1,000; male and female literates respectively number 160 and 10 per 1,000. Clearly there is ample room for further developments, though compulsory free primary education is impossible on account of its costliness. Religious education is as difficult a question as

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in England, though for different reasons. The Government are content to watch experiments and "keep the matter prominently in view." It is appalling to think of the numbers of graduates turned out every year, and of the innumerable candidates for limited groups of appointments. Other employments than Government service are doubtless available to some extent, but the supply of educated or quasi-educated youths largely exceeds the total demand; the growth of this class—and its possible diversion into wrong channels—is a subject for serious anxiety.

A Handy Guide to Jewish Coins. By the REV. E. ROGERS, M.A. (Spink and Son. 3s. 6d.)

THE claim made by the publishers on behalf of this volume that it is accurate, interesting, and cheap is one that is well founded, for the modest price charged bears no relation to its value, and will prove no bar to its possession, not only by every numismatist who specialises in the coins of the Holy Land, but also by every student for whom Palestinian archæology has an interest. To both of these classes the book is a necessity, for literature of Palestinian numismatics is rather sparse. The two volumes of Frederic Madden were in their time the last words on the subject, but they are now a little out of date. More recently, Mrs. G. F. Hill has translated into English M. Theodore Reinach's "Les Monnaies Juives." An earlier French work which has remained in that language is F. de Sauley's "Recherches sur le Numismatique Judaïque." Within the past few months a History of Jewish Coinage, in Hebrew, by Mr. Samuel Raffæli, has appeared. Finally Mr. G. F. Hill, the keeper of medals at the British Museum, has in preparation, and hopes to publish shortly, a catalogue of the Jewish coins under his charge.

The volume under notice does not deal merely with Jewish coins—of which there are very few—struck by Jewish rulers in Palestine. The author expands his catalogue so as to cover all coins, so far as he can trace them, that were current in Palestine or had a direct connection with that land, ranging from Biblical times as far down as last century, for it was as late as 1861 that the House of Savoy, on acceding to the throne of Italy, discarded the title of King of Jerusalem. One of the many excellent reproductions is that of a five-lire piece of Victor Emanuel I, inscribed "Rex Sar. Cyp (Cyprus) et Ier (Jerusalem)." The earlier terminal of the catalogue is not so distant as some of Mr. Rogers' readers might hope. The second century B.C. is the earliest date which he indicates for a Jewish coinage. Previous to that period the reader is told that coins were not current in Palestine, the references to money in the Bible indicating certain weights of precious metal. The shekel was thus in the first instance not a coin, but a weight. The earliest Jewish coins Mr. Rogers attributes to the Maccabean rulers, Simon and John Hyrcanus.

Fiction

The Lost Tribes. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

IT is not always exactly fortunate for a writer to be labelled humorous. So much is expected of him; he has always to live up to the reputation he has—most likely quite legitimately—acquired. In the present instance the publishers announce that "The Lost Tribes" is a "new humorous novel," and there is no reason for anyone to take an entirely opposite view and declare that it is nothing of the sort. At the same time it must be said that great mirth-provoking passages are not numerous, and seem chiefly to occur in the opening chapters. The story is slight; a well-meaning and much too energetic American widow arrives in the West of Ireland in order to find and benefit with her wealth the brother-in-law and niece of her late husband. The brother she seeks has a small living in a place named Druminawona. His house is managed by his daughter Delia, who is assisted by an Irish maid and a lazy man-of-all-work, or, more correctly speaking, of none, Æneas. The names of parish and people charm the American lady; she thinks the place requires a little "boosting," however, and discovering a resemblance in one or two of the inhabitants to the Semitic race, she immediately rushes to the conclusion that her husband's theory, namely, that the Irish are the Lost Tribes, was a correct one. She then sets to work to organise a Miracle Play. At this suggestion both her brother-in-law and the Roman priest are seriously alarmed. It cannot be done; it must not be done; their respective bishops are to be appealed to; a council is to be called; a way should be looked for immediately to divert this active person's attention. And so the story romps through to the end. Wrapped up with the fun are a good many of Mr. Birmingham's opinions on things in general, although he steers remarkably clear of Irish politics and the unhappy feud between the branches of the Christian Church.

An Enemy Hath Done This. By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.)

TOM GALLON, a short time ago, assured us very definitely that "It will be all right," by making that phrase the title of a book; and now this veteran mystery maker and solver, Mr. Joseph Hocking, presents us with one of his mystery stories and assures us that "An enemy hath done this." We decline to believe it, for the story is as good as is usual from Mr. Hocking's pen; we dislike these titles made up of assurances, more especially when they have but a vague bearing on the plots they fail to adorn. They are so easily rendered ludicrous, and one imagines the library subscriber unintentionally persuading the man behind the counter that "it will be all right," or informing

him that "an enemy hath done this," to his amusement or amazement. This form of entitling is almost as bad as the old-time Puritan nomenclature, when Oh-Bel-Joyful Jones and Stand-Fast-In-The-Faith Smith would meet and hold sweet converse. There is a lack of originality about the clumsy phrases.

For the rest, the story is good Hocking melodrama. There is a mystery, very carefully constructed in Cornwall, of thirty or forty years ago; even in the opening chapter we have a savage dog, an almost equally savage old man who asks impertinent questions, and a lost wanderer looking for a night's lodging, which he finds by running into the thick of the mystery. The solution is just as exciting as the preparation—but we wish Mr. Hocking would avoid such redundancies as "an elderly woman, of about sixty years of age." This, slipshod work on the face of it, mars the interest of a good story of its class.

The Loadstone. By VIOLET M. METHLEY. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

HERE is a novel which affords a striking contrast to the majority of novels written nowadays by women. It is developed along conventional lines towards a foregone conclusion. It is a story in which the course of true love runs not smoothly for a while, but in which at the end virtue is magnificently triumphant. There have been many thousands of such stories. Nevertheless, "The Loadstone" is a novel which the reviewer is able to praise unreservedly. Once get fairly under weigh, and you will have no rest until you are safely landed into port. Never for an instant does the interest flag, and excitement follows excitement with an almost breathless rapidity. Benedict Saint-Anne is the hero. An officer in the service of the French Empire, he had been captured by the Spaniards, recaptured by the Moors, rescued by an English ship, and finally (having made his escape) thrown on to the Island of St. Helena at the very time when Napoleon was in captivity at Longwood. This, you would imagine, was sufficient adventure for one man; but Saint-Anne is only at the beginning of his career as a soldier of fortune. Of how he took service with Napoleon, became entangled with a plot to effect the escape of the Emperor from the island; of how, too, that plot missed fire, and Saint-Anne, in order to warn Napoleon, made a pretended attempt upon his life—of these things you may read in the novel. Intertwined with all this intrigue and adventure there is a very pretty love story, the heroine of which—one Felicity Churchill—finally embarks for Europe in a submarine with her lover, the ship that is to convey them thither being conveniently handy in the offing. The lover, we need hardly say, is Saint-Anne. All ends well, and an epilogue to the book contains an impressively written description of the burial of Napoleon in the Invalides.

Shorter Notices

IN "The Iron Passport" (J. G. Hammond and Co. 6s. net.), Mr. Maxime S. Shottland takes the reader behind the scenes of revolutionary Russia of the present day, and as may be expected pistols and bombs and sudden death, dungeons and executions and Siberia, figure largely in his pages. It is all very thrilling and in parts very improbable also; but the latter is no drawback in a work of fiction of this nature, except to the hypercritical. The central figure is Princess Olga, cousin to Czar Nicholas; and a very dashing and determined young person she is, too, turning up here, there and everywhere when least expected, in spite of bolts and bars and patent locks. Her "open sesame" is the "iron passport," a *ukase* written by his majesty's own hand, "making the Princess Olga immune from arrest or detention for any cause and in all places in his dominions, and giving her absolute freedom of entrance anywhere throughout the length and breadth of all Russia." She makes full use of it for the good of "the cause," and the result is a capital story.

"Desmond O'Connor," by George H. Jessop (John Long, 6s.), is the romance of an officer in the Irish Brigade which rendered such services to France in the days of the Grand Monarque. Love and war and intrigue, loyal friendship and implacable hate, form its basis, and these supply plenty of thrills for the reader. The fighting takes place in Flanders early in the eighteenth century, a picturesque period when Marlborough and Vendôme were measured against each other. Desmond naturally performs prodigies of valour, and eventually becomes colonel of the regiment and a count; but, better than all, husband of the lovely and wealthy Countess Margaret. It is a pity that the pages of this stirring story should be disfigured by more than the usual number of printer's errors.

The scene of "Leentas," by E. J. C. Stevens (George Allen and Co., 6s.) is laid for the most part in the Karroo district, South Africa, and the opening chapters give a pleasant glimpse of the happy pastoral life of the farmers and their families shortly before the outbreak of the last Boer war. The sub-title to the volume describes it very accurately as "A Tale of Love and War," and in the course of the narrative the two ruling passions become most tragically intermingled. But for some rather unnecessary digressions, the author tells the story in a way that is sure to fix the reader's attention to the last page. The conflicts on the veldt and among the kopjes are graphically pictured; the sad fates of Martha and her father, Gerrit Wasserman, are told with rare feeling, and the end of Herman Schultz, the German agent and spy in the pay of the Boers, is a fine piece of writing. From a scoundrel he becomes a hero. There are many Boer words scattered throughout the pages which might have been explained for the benefit of the uninitiated. Leentas is short for Helena.

Bludgeon or Butter-Knife?

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

WHEN one comes to think of it, the polemics of the book-world are curiously repetitive and monotonous. They are practically confined to some three or four stock subjects of controversy, which claim attention at intervals with the persistency of recurring decimals. If we are not discussing the ethics of the problem-novel or the banalities of the circulating library censorship, the chances are that we are attempting to bring home responsibility for the present-day plague of superfluous books. Just lately, the last-mentioned topic has had another of its periodical turns; and, as usual, the publishers have been placed under the harrow for their misdirected activity in flooding the book-market with worthless novels and other assorted rubbish. But on this occasion they have not been called upon to bear the whole weight of the reproach, for there has been a tendency to lay no small share of the blame for this deluge of unnecessary books upon the shoulders of the reviewers.

It has been complained that present-day literary critics are a feeble folk, who have allowed the microbe of indiscriminate amiability to infect them to such an extent that their "notices" are not only devoid of judicial value, but positively mischievous in the encouragement which their tolerance gives to the incompetents and undesirables of authorship, whom it is the duty of criticism to castigate and repress. Apparently there is no suggestion that this weak shrinking from the pronouncement of any but the mildest censure has its origin in corrupt or venal motives. It is denounced as an unfortunate expression of the spirit of an age which cultivates such hyper-sensitiveness in its moral as well as its physical nerves, that any sort of corrective discipline has become as painful to the executioner as to the culprit. The morbid fear of giving offence by calling a spade a spade, with the appropriate adjectives when the spade happens to be a thoroughly worthless one, is declared to have done much in these latter days to reduce public criticism to futility; and we are invited to contrast the modern reviewer, so scrupulously tender to work which he is unable to approve, with the uncompromising wielder of flail and bludgeon who sat in the seat of judgment in more robust and less nerve-ridden generations.

There is, let it be admitted, a grain or so of truth in the indictment. The tendency of much present-day criticism is towards an amiable if slightly cynical toleration which is content to suffer fools more or less gladly, rather than undertake the distasteful duty of scourging them for their folly. A good deal of literary trash—and pernicious trash at that—has been allowed in this way to escape the condemnation it deserved, or at least to pass with a hinted and half-apologetic censure absurdly inadequate to the need of the case. There is evidence here of a weakening of critical fibre which is for every reason to be deplored; though it is only fair to remember, of course, that the contemporary libel

laws, and the rigour with which they are apt to penalise outspoken criticism when the Philistine British juror holds the scales, place the reviewer of to-day at a disadvantage as compared with his predecessor in less squeamish times.

Yet, whatever of timidity or excessive complaisance we may have to regret, it should be far from us to desire a return to the promiscuous savagery of the bludgeoning and scalping type of criticism that flourished in the days of our great-grandfathers. The Byronic theory that the sensitive soul of Keats allowed itself to be "snuffed out by an article" has never been endorsed by the poet's biographers; but, whatever its precise effect upon its victim, the sort of treatment which the author of "Endymion" received from the critical pundits of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's* is now recognised to have been stupid in proportion to its brutality. One cannot turn back to the performances of the hobnailed author-crushers of those days without marvelling at the extent to which the literary conscience of the time allowed them to play the bully's part, and to prostitute criticism to the gratification of prejudice and personal spite. There is, happily, small fear of a reversion to that kind of abuse, which, of the two evils, was infinitely more pernicious than the too comprehensive good nature which is the subject of complaint to-day. Better, surely, to give mediocrities an undue conceit of themselves and their powers—even though the rubbish-heap of current literature threaten to "o'er-top old Pelion" in consequence—than, in the fashion of those ruthless times, to break butterfly scribblers and writers of nascent genius indiscriminately on the wheel.

In the vices of the old style of criticism and the weaknesses that vitiate much of the new, we have antithetical examples of the falsehood of extremes. The former method proceeded on the theory that the critic's *métier* is simply and solely that of a fault-finder; the latter too often suggests, in practice, an acceptance of the position that the reviewer exists chiefly for the purpose of smoothing the path of literary ambition and providing quotable lines for publishers' advertisements. The criticism that is of any real service to literature has no use either for the bludgeon or the butter-knife. Its guiding principles are generous appreciation and uncompromising candour; it is as quick to acknowledge merit as to point out defect; and, while patient with the shortcomings of all work that has any sort of claim to consideration, it has no scruples about coming down with a heavy hand upon prurience and sensationalism, or dealing faithfully with charlatanry and incompetence.

Of this kind of criticism we have, fortunately, no small amount at the present time, whatever the grumblers may say. But what we may truly be said to lack is the—in some cases—still more effective criticism of silence. It is a truism that a very considerable proportion of the superfluous books rained upon us in such profusion, season by season, is deserving of no kind of notice at all. Why not, then, give this fact practical recognition, and treat worthless and obnoxious literary products as outside the sphere of the reviewer's

duty? The "detrimentals" of authorship are accustomed to confess that they greatly prefer a "slating" notice—the more violent the better—to no notice at all; and that is as good a reason as any why they should be ignored. In the case of an objectionable book, the silence treatment is especially advantageous, seeing that an honest criticism of its character merely serves to advertise and commend it to the class of readers for whom it is designed. If the present vast outflow of literary rubbish, and worse, is ever to be checked, a reviewers' league of judicious silence would certainly do more than all the "slatings" in the world to bring about that most desirable result.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

APRIL.—Herr Konrad Burdach concludes his interesting thesis, "Über den Ursprung des Humanismus"; the beginnings of true German Humanism he relegates to the eighteenth century. An anonymous and dispassionate article deals with the recent French military reforms. Letters of Friedrich Julius Stahl, converted Jew and Conservative politician, are communicated. Herr Wirth's historical and prophetic article on the Balkans is a most valuable summary. Frau Marie von Bunsen continues her travels, in Japan this time. "Die Bibel. Eine moderne Bearbeitung und Nachdichtung von Paul Kaegi" is severely handled. The specimens taken from this new "Bible," illustrating its author's use of popular literary language and his compressions, justify some degree of severity.

LA REVUE.

March 15.—"Le Comité Central de l'Autodémocratie" expounds its plan for getting rid of the "Machine" and obtaining Clean Government. There is to be a hierarchy of "Juries"—Communal, Régional, and National; there is nothing very new about that, *but*, their members are to be elected by lot. There is also to be a hierarchy of consulting committees of specialists: Cleisthenes jostles Mr. Bottomley. Prince Nasser-Eddin-Khan traces the history of French influence in Persia. M. d'Ivray concludes his interesting study, "Bonaparte et les Femmes d'Egypte."

April 1.—Princess Radziwill describes, in two numbers, "La Société de St. Pétersbourg" of a past date. M. de Marmande attacks, also in two numbers, certain police methods, such as *agents provocateurs*; his historical sketch of these phenomena brings us down to the present day. A well-illustrated article, by M. Lacaze-Duthiers, deals with the Russian sculptor, Innokenty Ioukoff. M. Gaubert has an interesting study of "La Littérature des bals de l'Opéra."

April 15.—M. Morizot-Thibault is inspired by the Rochette scandal to examine the historical and actual relations between Executive and Judicature in France.

M. Camille Mauclair contributes a panegyric of M. Paul Adam. The application, by Mlle. Chassevant, of Montessori methods to music is explained, with the aid of pictures. A decimal division of the day, into "hores," "chrones," etc., is advocated by M. Flamant.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

March 16.—M. Chaumié appreciates the work of the Spanish writer, Don Ramon del Valle-Inclan, the first part of whose "Geste des Loups" is given, in translation. Mme. Augagneur describes the lepers' quarters in Madagascar. M. Vollard gives a vivid picture of Cézanne at work; it may surprise some readers to learn what importance the painter attached to his copying-work at the Louvre.

April 1.—M. J. de Gaultier concludes his "Le Rationalisme contre la Raison." An article by Mr. Havelock Ellis, on "La Philosophie de la Danse," is translated.

April 16.—M. L. Tailhade writes brilliantly but inconsequently about Ulrich von Hutten, quotes a long poem of Victor Hugo against the Transmontanes of his day, and compares Hoogstraten to M. Maurras. The translation of "Le Geste des Loups" is concluded. M. Gaubert pays homage to Mistral.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

March 14.—M. Flat discusses "la Question des Eglises" à propos of recent books of MM. Barrès and Péladan. M. André Maurel contributes "Quinze Jours à Venise."

March 21.—M. Flat appreciates M. Maurice Donnay and M. Morizot-Thibault starts a disquisition on Women's Suffrage. The Montesquieu letters are concluded.

March 28.—The anonymous critic of the operations in the last Balkan War continues his articles, and shows how Marshal Putnik saved the situation for the Servians. M. Flat writes an appreciation of M. Ribot. Mme. Poradowski's touching account of Pauline Panam is concluded. MM. L. and F. Saisset, in two numbers, describe the material conditions of the seventeenth-century drama.

April 4.—M. Paul Beauregard discusses, in two numbers, the proposed "Réforme des Bourses de Commerce." M. H. Hauser publishes letters of Michelet which appear to show that the historian was not an unnatural father, as has been alleged. M. Maurice gives a sketch of the late Cardinal Kopp, the most influential prelate in Germany.

April 11.—M. Faguet dwells on "Le Sentiment de la Nature dans Horace." M. Péladan says farewell to Mistral. M. Caussy writes of the Duchess d'Aiguillon, the friend of various *philosophes*. An article by M. Flat on the scandals contains a daring phrase; speaking of MM. Briand, Barthou, and others, he says: "le jour où ces hommes-là ne seraient plus le bouclier protecteur contre l'équipe des Monis et des Caillaux, la République serait bien malade!"

April 18.—Hitherto unpublished letters reveal Benjamin Constant in an agreeable and domestic light. An anonymous writer attaches great significance to the recent military reforms in Russia; the Germans are made, rightly or wrongly, responsible for everyone else's trouble and expense. M. Flat appreciates M. Etienne Lamy.

L'ACTION NATIONALE.

January-March.—This review has changed in size and appearance. M. Chautemps contends that German influence in Turkey is exaggerated, and shows that some of the most critical posts are filled by Frenchmen and Englishmen. M. Bellet examines the history of the Channel-Tunnel project, and shows where it stands today. M. Sabin estimates the situation in the Balkans. M. Pichon's article on Peru is illustrated by a map.

LA SOCIÉTÉ NOUVELLE.

January.—More appreciations of Georges Eekhoud and a good little account of Adrienne Le Couvreur, by M. Serge Evans.

February.—An article of M. Mareuil on "La Troisième République et l'Armée" is worth reading, both as a study in Jesuitomania and for the parallels it suggests with contemporary agitations in England. There is a translation of a striking little story by M. Andréief. M. Dupierreux contributes a good article on "Les Sculpteurs Wallons à la Cour des Ducs de Bourgogne."

March.—M. Dupierreux writes of the sculptor, Jacques Dubroeuq, of Mons. M. F. Hellens contributes a story.

April.—Two poems by M. Verhaeren distinguish this number. M. de Marmande discusses a forgotten writer of the eighteenth century, Pigault-Lebrun, and finds in his work striking analogies with that of M. Anatole France. M. del Palancio writes of the Spanish dramatist, Jacinto Benavente.

LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

March 14.—M. Bloch's "République Romaine" and Mrs. Stopes' book on the Burbages, both reviewed in THE ACADEMY, receive favourable notice, and M. Chuquet deals with Colonel Dupuis' historical dissertation on "La Direction de la Guerre."

March 21.—The thirteenth volume of "Klio," and M. Gsell's history of North Africa—the latter has been noticed in these columns—receive attention.

April 4.—Professor Ridgway's work on the origin of tragedy and Mr. Hunter Wright's "Authorship of 'Timon of Athens'" are discussed.

April 11.—M. Chuquet reviews a number of historical works.

April 18.—Several works of classical philology are reviewed, and others on ecclesiastical history are noticed by M. de Labriolle.

VARIA.

We have received a bulletin of the Institut International d'Agriculture, in which Mr. David Lubin,

delegate of the United States, sets forth the reasons for appointing an international commission to regulate the freights on agricultural produce. It is pointed out that the extraordinary variation of these freights has a universal and unsettling influence; with the systematic collection of statistics the way would be paved for an alleviation of this evil. Letters from other delegates are enclosed.

The Theatre

Wyndham's Theatre

YOU are, we apprehend, pretty familiar with the doings of the stage *précieuses ridicules* who have appeared again and again in comedy since the days of Molière. So you will know the sort of things that the personages of Mr. Alfred Sutro's play, "The Clever Ones," do in the cultured world of Hampstead. They are not very new or natural or amusing things, but the cast does them with a zest which appears to impose an inclination to enjoyment on the audience. Because the young daughter of the clever mamma and the Philistine father is stupid enough to think that she could love an anarchist for a husband, an equally stupid gentleman of fortune pretends to be the sort of social improver that he thinks she would like. He makes himself an anarchist by ruffling his hair and talking bosh.

Soon both the girl, who is supposed to be one of the clever people, and the man, who is being so ridiculous on her behalf, get tired of one another, and Mr. Sutro provides a little machine-made plot so that they can separate and go their ways into the outer happiness that lies beyond the last curtain of a comedy. Unfortunately, throughout "The Clever Ones," greatly appreciated by the audience, we always feel that the author is composing a little play for our amusement, and that Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Gwenn, Mr. Holman Clark, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Sevensing, and the rest are giving us a performance which even they hardly hope will convince. Miss Mary Brough as Mrs. Small, the char-lady at the rooms in Bethnal Green to which the anarchist takes his love with the intention of disgusting her with the life there, is superb. She and Mr. Talbot Homewood, as the lover's manservant, Brown, are splendidly drawn and admirably acted; as for the rest, you must be in your cheeriest mood of make-believe before you can accept them. Fortunately for the success of Wyndham's Theatre, under its present management, there appear to be thousands of people who find this very artificial style of work both interesting and amusing, and thus we have no doubt that Mr. Sutro's old-fashioned comedy—with new cosmetics, of course—will cause Mr. Du Maurier and Miss Marie Löhr to go on playing in their peculiarly unexciting way for a long time to come. After such an extraordinary victory as "Diplomacy," almost any play should run for hundreds of nights at Wyndham's.

The Queen's Theatre

THE management of Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Edward Laurillard gives us the welcome opportunity of seeing that which they advertise as the greatest American success presented on the English stage.

"Potash and Perlmutter," by Mr. Montague Glass, has already made a thousand friends here, as have many foreign plays before it. For it is absurd to keep up the fiction of this so-called comedy being written in Anglo-Saxon by an Anglo-Saxon for Anglo-Saxons. It is American for Americans, and Dutch-American Hebraic sentimentality and humour at that. We do not know if there chance to be half a million Jews in London, but, judging by the joy with which each Semitic point of satire or of fun or of stupidity or cuteness is taken up and made much of, we should say there were enough here to make "Potash and Perlmutter" an abounding success throughout the season.

Of course, the greatest victories fall to Mr. Robert Leonard and Mr. Augustus Yorke, the partners in the firm of coat and skirt makers which gives its name to the play. They are our old, old friends, the American Jewish cross-talk artists of the minor music-halls developed into the main personages of a three-act play. Naturally, unless you happen to belong to their world—as most of the audience appears to do—or have the good luck to be an American, you get just a little tired of Mawruss and Abe, of their simple rudeness, of their sly dodges in business, which often seem very stupid and unsuccessful, of their obviousness and their laughter and tears, which are alike far-fetched and dear-bought.

But, as the author has to make the cross-talk artists into a funny yet sentimental Jewish-American play, there is a widely reaching plot about a very unattractive Russian book-keeper, Boris Andrieff, Mr. Ernest Milton, who has suffered "Melting Pot" terrors before coming to God's own country, and is being pursued by a cruel government, and is, incidentally, deeply in love with Irma Potash, Miss Elsie Martin, and is, of course, a divine musician and far more romantic than he looks.

When time can be spared from the funniments of Mr. Potash and Mr. Perlmutter we meet all sorts of other, to us, rather impossible people, who work out the plot about the innocence of Boris and the probable bankruptcy of the firm owing to their kindness to this unengaging member of their all-important race. But there is one character that seems uncommonly real among all these stage figures. It is Abe Potash's wife, as played by Miss Matilda Cottrelly. While Miss Madeline Seymour poses as an affected goddess out of the machinery, a designer who saves all sorts of situations and never convinces us for a moment, Mrs. Potash gives us the real thing, and gives it with both hands. For us she makes the play, but that is not so with the crowded audience. They are avid of every crumb of forced humour, of every touch which suggests the workings of an uninteresting and rather cunning business concern, of the cracked notes of pathos and the

dark and bitter allusions to the treatment of Jews in Russia. They love the lovely gowns by Lucile and the rest, they like the slang and Jewish Americanisms, and perhaps they admire the furniture supplied by Lyon. In any case, very many audiences for very many nights will laugh and cry with "Potash and Perlmutter"; and if a play be popular, has it not fulfilled its immediate object? It is a happy idea of Mr. Grossmith and Mr. Laurillard to cater for the large Hebraic population of London, and we think they will have their reward in shekels of gold and shekels of silver.

Vaudeville Theatre

AFTER early youth everyone thinks their own is "The Dangerous Age," but for the purposes of Mr. H. V. Esmond's clever new play in three acts the years are forty.

Miss Eva Moore is a delightful widow, Mrs. Dunbar, with two pleasant sons, a very human tendency towards a slightly elderly romance, and no appearance, yet, of the number of years that the locust hath eaten. Mrs. Dunbar is a little awkwardly placed. Her rich father has left her more or less dependent upon her elder sister, Ethel, Miss Estelle Despa; her husband has been dead ten years, and Sir Egbert Englefield, Mr. Esmond, wants to marry her. But he is fifty or so, and Betty Dunbar still feels young, and is in love with a boy just half her age, who returns her devotion. But, of course, she knows that there is no future for two people so placed. Her lover is to go towards Africa, or somewhere, for five years. She receives a telegram telling her that he has to leave at once, and she invents a little story so that she can fly from her sister's manor-house, where she is living, to town and have one last farewell. As might happen in such a case, it proves to be a rather long one. In fact, she says good-bye to the romantic boy, then stays and dines with him, and then remains the night at his hotel. It is very sad, of course, that such a mistake should be made by the mother of such charming boys as Bill and Jack, respectively and admirably played by Reginald Grasdorff and Roy Royston, but such is the case.

While she is away, Jack falls from a high tree and is nearly dead on her return. Loving remorse, which Miss Moore can so well portray, is one of the bitter penalties she has to pay on her return. Gradually her story comes out, and her unsympathetic sister, who has arranged a marriage for herself with the decadent and curious young Marquis of Murdon—made a vivid character study by Mr. Leslie Banks—goads poor Betty Dunbar into a desperate state. Eventually the author finds a very sweet and touching way out for his heroine, but in the meantime the audience has become intensely interested in the two boys, in Sir Egbert, who is, perhaps, a little too good to be true to life, but none the less engaging on that account, and, in fact, in every character who helps to make up the happily conceived play.

The dialogue, after the first act, is strong and to the

point; the acting throughout is the finest that the Vaudeville has given us for many a long day. The audience cheered the comedy from first to last, and its success appeared as sure as it was deserved. Mr. Esmond has given us nothing so clever and enthralling as "The Dangerous Age," nor has Miss Moore for several years been provided with a part which so completely affected the house. Her art, which we must own we thought had begun to fail her, has renewed its youth, her powers increased threefold since we last saw her at the Criterion—was it not?—and the support she receives from the whole cast, especially, perhaps, in the telling characters of Bill and Jack, will be the delight of all playgoers throughout the season. Although, of course, Miss Moore carries the main burden of the play, much praise should be given to the other personages who each in his or her way added greatly to the truth and victory of "The Dangerous Age."

EGAN MEW.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

THE situation changes with such rapidity that between the time I write this and when it appears in print an entirely different state of affairs may be in being, and all that has passed may be forgotten; yet, as a faithful chronicler of events, I must put them down in the order they occur.

I told last week of Bonar Law's insistence on a judicial inquiry into the false statements that had been made and the existence of a plot by Ministers to goad the Ulstermen into a revolt.

Then came the successful gun-running expedition and Winston's olive branch—which some of our Press called the white flag. On Wednesday week we continued the debate on the motion for the inquiry. At question-time Asquith was so badgered that he declined to answer any more questions on the subject after this week.

Ronnie McNeill asked if he would issue another White Paper giving a list "with particulars of the various misapprehensions that had occurred." In reply to a question Asquith said Winston had made his offer on his own initiative, but he sympathised with it.

This is one of the difficulties we have to face—a Cabinet Minister of first-rate rank suggests a mode of settlement one day, and the next day it is repudiated by his leader.

Over and over again, since I have been in the House, I have heard men declare that the last speech they have listened to is the best Balfour has ever made, but there was more than the usual chorus of praise when he sat down to-night. First he dealt with Winston. Balfour's blow, when he chooses, is like the kick of a pony, and he gave Winston one which caused that gentleman to turn all the colours of the rainbow.

Winston had said that the motion was on a par with criminals censuring the police; Balfour, looking Winston calmly but straight in the eyes, said very quietly, "There was one creature disgusting to every policeman and execrated by the meanest criminal, the *agent provocateur*." Having said this, he went off into a kind of reverie. He spoke almost as if thinking aloud and not to the House at all. He seemed to think that all he had fought for was to end in failure. He believed as firmly as ever that Home Rule was not the proper solution of the question. He had looked forward to secure a calm, happy, prosperous Ireland united to England, and he believed that, if let alone, this would have come about. An Irish Parliament, even with Ulster excluded, would mean the failure of his life's work. It is impossible in a few lines to describe the pathos of his words; when he sat down there were not a few of us who had "frogs in our throats" and eyes that were not dry.

Carson, also, was strangely subdued. If Home Rule were passed, much as he hated it, it was his earnest prayer that the Government of Ireland for the South and West would prove such a success that it might be in the interests of Ulster to join voluntarily in a federal system: but he added, "You can never take in Ulster by force." It was plain that both these men were prepared to sacrifice their dearest hopes and beliefs to avoid civil war.

Bonar Law was equally pacific. If he was not a *persona grata* to the Government, he would gladly stand aside and allow Balfour and Lansdowne to negotiate on behalf of the Unionist Party. What we are looking for is not whether the best solution shall be adopted, but finding a tolerable way out of an impossible situation. As to the inquiry, he summed up the Government reply in this wise: You say, "We didn't do it, and, if we did, we were perfectly right in doing it."

Asquith wound up the debate with all the skill of a trained advocate; he called the accusations flimsy and contemptible; he denied everything. He said there was no inquisition of officers at the Curragh; he denied he had told lies; he had countermanded the order of the battle squadron to allay public excitement. He asserted that not a word had been said as to the nature of the inquiry demanded, or who should preside over it, and scoffed at any body of men sitting in judgment on the Government. But at the end he, too, softened down—the door to negotiation would never be closed by him. He paid a handsome tribute to Balfour and Carson: "I earnestly pray we may secure a settlement with the honest and sincere assent of the two great parties in the State." That was the end. The House declined to have an inquiry by a strict party vote with a majority of 80—the exact number of the Irish Party.

It is easy to criticise one's leaders, but I cannot help thinking that two things weakened their arms—viz., the gun-running expedition and Winston's clever *ballon d'essai*. Personally, I should have stuck more closely to the demand for an inquiry, and sketched out its constitution of Judges of the High Court; boldly ad-

mitted that the gun-running was illegal, and asked the Government why they did not prosecute the leaders? This would have forced the Government to act, or admit they cannot coerce Ulster and are powerless to stop the arming that is going on.

However, there it is, and Asquith's fatal policy of *laissez-faire*—"Wait and see"—still holds the field. Meanwhile, as Franky Drake said to Medina Sidonia at the Armada, "My matches are burning."

On Thursday the Budget was to come on, but at short notice it was postponed until Monday, and the Post Office Vote was taken instead. The Lobby was thronged with postmen, telegraphists, postal engineers, sorters, and all kinds of Civil Service clerks. I do not know how it strikes other members of Parliament, but the Civil Service is becoming the curse of our lives. Directly a man gets into the Civil Service, his first act seems to be to join an association to better his condition, or found a new one with the same object. What is spent in printing circulars, statements, and complaints must cost a tremendous lot of money. Civil Servants threaten, cajole, and occasionally write for subscriptions to their cricket clubs on Government paper and use Government envelopes with the Royal Arms cut out; and I suspect that a great deal of secretarial work is done in Government time.

However, be that as it may, men of all parties determined to attack the Holt report, and, if they had succeeded in confining the debate to that alone, it is clear it would have gone hard with the Government. But Hobhouse is no fool; the Post Office Vote generally was under discussion, and he brought in all sorts of side issues. It reminded me of Lord Palmerston praising Gladstone for all his splendid feats of finance when Disraeli condemned the action of the Government over the Schleswig-Holstein affair in 1864. It had nothing to do with the question, and yet it had everything to do with the question, because it meant that the wavering Liberals, if they voted against the Government, would turn out Gladstone and let the Tories in. Hobhouse played the same game this afternoon. People asked: What had telephone improvements to do with postmen's wages? They had everything to do with it because they were meant to stop a direct vote on a single issue.

Gilbert Parker put forward a strong case; he showed how the cost of living had gone up, and urged the appointment of a Committee of three to see why and how far the Report had failed to meet the grievances of the postal servants. Holt, the chairman of the Committee, stoutly defended his report. Captain Norton said the postman's demands would cost a further £10,000,000 a year, and as so many men wanted to speak, the matter was adjourned for another day.

The Navy, the Army, and the India Votes were discussed in an almost empty House. To-day the House was crowded. Why? Because the Civil Service is organised, and the men have the Votes and make their power felt at every election.

On Friday the Unionists had on the paper a Bill to put down the traffic in titles. It was felt by the Radicals that there might be some awkward allegations,

if not disclosures, so they determined to debate the first order with elaborate oratory from 12 until 5. The first order was a Bill to allow towns to levy a penny rate to enable them to advertise their advantages. Almost all of the seaside members spoke and incidentally advertised the advantages of the places they represented. Samuel, of the Local Government Board, poured cold water on the whole scheme. Banbury said, if seaside landladies wanted to advertise, why did they not do it at their own expense? He alluded to Jack Hassall's clever poster, "It's so bracing!" and said the G.N.R. had made Skegness by it. Hilarious cheers, because Banbury is a director of the G.N.R. There was dawdling in the division lobbies, accusations of men voting twice, and other devices to spin out the time, and it eventually proved successful. Radical plutocrats can still be tempted to pour money into the Radical coffers in exchange for peerages, without fear of the result.

The House was not very full when Lloyd George expounded his sixth Budget on Monday. Since he brought in the famous Budget of 1909 he has been resting on his oars and getting the people's backs used to the new burdens. During the last two or three years he has brought in practically the same Budget, and treated the House and country with contempt by bringing in his Budgets when he liked; this year he brought back things to the old order by introducing it early in May.

His voice was not at all good, and he irritated the Unionists by leaning on the box, turning his back to Mr. Whitley, and addressing the Labour benches almost exclusively. Again and again the Unionists shouted "Chair" and "Order," and he turned round—but he was back again in his old position after a sentence or two.

The deficit was about five millions—an amount which would have caused dismay in the City a few years ago—but our jaunty Chancellor did not care a bit; in fact, he piled Pelion on Ossa by saying that he wanted to spend another five millions on overdue reforms. A member coming in just then, and not knowing the state of affairs, would have thought he was dealing with a huge surplus. He fell in with what the Unionists have been urging for years, namely, that the Imperial Exchequer ought to bear some of the burdens Parliament has so light-heartedly placed on the local rates during the last forty years and give the latter some relief. He did something for the roads, and gave a few hundreds of thousands away here and there—with "vote-catching" written all over it.

I have always said that Harcourt's death duties were taxes on capital and not income, and ought not to have been used for the purposes of income; Lloyd George increased the death duties. Knowing he had the rich absolutely at his mercy, he raised the income tax and the super-tax, and plainly hinted that his recent land valuations would form the basis of further taxation. The house and land owner has been in doubt as to how to fill up the forms, and not one in a hundred

has known what "original site value" means. "If you object to the value and put it lower, you will escape excessive taxation," was the advice some gave. "Yes, that is all very well," said other advisers, "but, if you put it up, you will escape the 20 per cent. tax on the alleged profit you make if you sell it for anything above the lower figure." People did not know what to do, and in the end they gave in, and, as a rule, accepted a fair valuation. This showed the artfulness of the Chancellor; he has now obtained figures which he can tax to his heart's content. He will catch people either way.

The injustice to the middle classes of adding the husband and wife's income together is apparently not to be remedied; and the clerk who has to keep up appearances is taxed, whilst his more fortunate brother, the artisan, escapes his fair share. Lloyd George openly boasted that, when his party came into power, taxation was about equally divided between direct and indirect—a policy which had the approval of so distinguished a financier as Mr. Gladstone; but Lloyd George is not bound by any of the rules which governed his predecessors. He boasted that direct taxation now exceeded 60 per cent., whilst indirect was under 40 per cent.

He made fuller inroads into capital—he has put up the income tax to a war rate, and thus weakened our great reserve in the case of war, and suspended the Sinking Fund to the tune of a million this year, "and more next," on the ground that we had actually paid off £100,000,000 of debt. He spoke for nearly three hours, and then the House, stupefied and amazed, adjourned to consider the matter. It was frankly a raid on the rich and industrious. Whether it will have the effect of sending still more money out of the country remains to be seen. The Chancellor is going to penalise all those who try it on, and by this means he hopes to net a quarter of a million this year and half a million next.

On Tuesday the Government evidently thought that we ought to have more time to recover from the bewildering effects of the Budget, so the diet was light and digestible. Lloyd George is not by any means a clear or accurate speaker, and it is only when the figures were examined in the papers the next morning that the full effects of the fresh imposts were to be seen. I suppose some 60,000 or 70,000 people are affected; against their will and without their permission they are to be forced to contribute towards various philanthropic schemes for the benefit of the poor.

We had a listless debate on the subject of blocking motions, and the only solution seemed to be to place further powers in the hands of the Speaker, who in future will have to decide whether the tactics pursued are genuine or merely obstructive.

After that we had an instalment of the Mentally Defective Children Bill.

The House rose at 9 o'clock. Meanwhile we are waiting for Asquith's next move *re* Home Rule.

Literary Competition

NINTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION IX.

I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongue's continual slanders ride ;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence ;
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter. Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name

Address

Coupon 9, May 9, 1914.

... Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

Notes and News

Mrs. Newmarch, the authority on Russian music in this country, has completed a work upon which she has been engaged for many years past, entitled "The Russian Opera," which will be published on May 21 by Mr. Herbert Jenkins. In her book she reviews the whole history of Russian Opera from the performance of the first Singspiel at the Court of Alexis Mikhailovich in 1673 down to the present day, and gives accounts of the chief operas. The volume will contain sixteen illustrations.

Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco, will soon publish a volume entitled "A Tramp Through the Bret Harte Country," by Thomas Dykes Beasley, with a foreword by Charles A. Murdock. The narrative describes a walking trip through the region made famous by the "Forty-niners" and their chroniclers, Mark Twain and Bret Harte. The volume will be illustrated with twenty-three reproductions of photographs taken by the author on his trip through these mining regions of the Sierras. A map of the country traversed will also be included.

The entries to the skill-at-arms competitions at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, which is to be opened on May 14, at Olympia, by the King, have exceeded all expectations. This is gratifying, as the conditions this year are all on "service" lines, such as would be met with in warfare. The new competitions for charging and for the triple use of sword, lance, and revolver have become popular, and the entries exceed those taken under the old conditions of tent-pegging and lemon-cutting. A new feature of the competitions lies in the entry of officers from overseas.

The Council of the English Goethe Society have decided to hold another dinner on May 20, 1914, at the Empire Rooms, Trocadero Restaurant, at 7.30 for 8 p.m. The President, Sir A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, will occupy the chair, and H.S.H. Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador, has accepted the Society's invitation to be the guest of honour. It is hoped that members will do their best to make the function a success by being present and by inviting guests. Tickets are 7s. 6d. each, and early application should be made to the Secretary, 129, Adelaide Road, N.W.

To meet the needs of visitors to Hendon who wish to learn more about aviation, a series of articles entitled "The Triumph of Aviation," by Mr. John H. Ledebor, A.F.Ae.S. (editor of *Aeronautics*), is appearing in the pages of the Hendon Aerodrome Official Programme every week. The series, profusely illustrated, will form a valuable work of reference and a concise, non-technical history of aviation from the earliest days down to the present time, dealing in a most interesting manner with every phase and development of the new science. The first article, "Mythology and Aviation," appeared in the issue of April 18.

In 1904 Mr. T. O'Neill Lane, of Tournafulla, Limerick, published an English-Irish Dictionary for students, but though it was a great advance on any-

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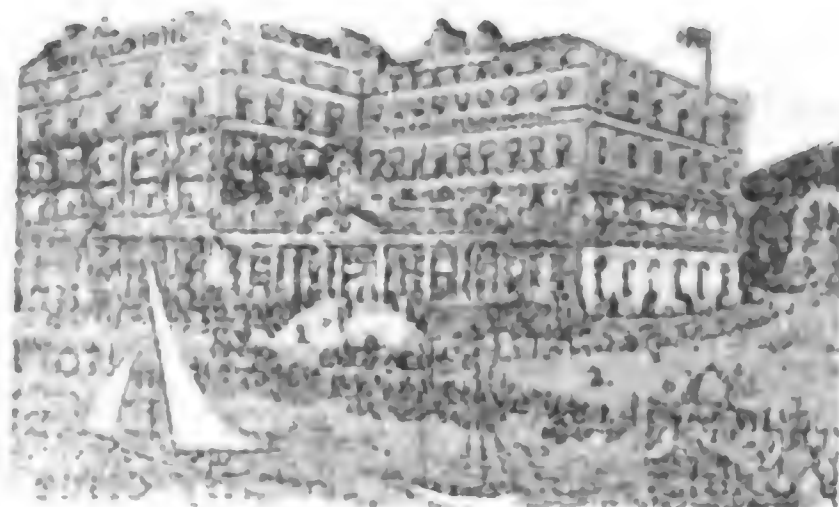
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thing that preceded it, it was suggested to him that he should compile a complete English-Irish Dictionary. Mr. Lane at once undertook the gigantic task, and the manuscript of the dictionary prepared for the printer now covers about 5,000 quarto pages. The book runs to 1,800 pages, and is nearly ready for the press. A copy of the book when finished will be sent direct from the publishers to subscribers of 15s. Managers and teachers of schools, Gaelic League branches, and all associations of Irishmen are especially asked to help this standard work forward.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE RE-AFFIRMATION OF THE ENTENTE.

THE King's visit to Paris has resulted in the re-affirmation of those principles upon which the Entente is based. That advantage should also have been taken of the occasion to discuss freely many important questions of detail arising out of existing circumstances or depending upon conceivable contingencies was only natural. It would, however, be fantastic to suppose, as in many quarters was expected, that anything in the nature of a binding alliance or a rigid military convention was entered upon. Whether in this connection Sir Edward Grey had to meet the embarrassment of diplomatic hint or suggestion only some future "indiscretion" may reveal. But that he could ever have been caught in such a trap is unthinkable. And yet the wildest theories were rumoured in London, Paris and St. Petersburg that the ties which bound France with England and those two countries with Russia were about to be cemented into an offensive and defensive Triple Alliance.

On the principle that smoke is a certain indication of fire it may be objected that there was an abundance of warrant for such theories. Let us see. It is true that for months past a section of the Russian bureaucracy has been more or less silently working with the object of persuading Great Britain to throw in her lot with the military destinies of France and Russia. Many French statesmen also are known to favour the military strengthening of the Triple Entente. And even in this country there has recently come into being a school of thought which, with the loftiest of motives, that of universal peace, openly advocates the conversion of the Entente into an Alliance. It need hardly be said that to be effective no Alliance can exist without its military convention arranged to the minutest detail for the meeting of all possible contingencies both offensive and defensive. Here at a glance then we find the origin of the rumours that were to send Sir Edward Grey to Paris vested with authority to conclude a binding compact with our European partners. A little clearness of vision, however, a little sane reasoning would have exposed the utter unlikelihood of any such consummation. We shall make no apology for examining

this question at the present stage for the reason that the net results of the King's visit to Paris have merely disappointed, not deterred, the advocates of alliance.

We have no space to deal with the movement as it is espoused in this country, and will dismiss it with the comment that its promoters appear to let zeal run away with discretion. They are obviously singleminded and enthusiastic in the cause of peace; but in imagining similar motives to animate the advocates of alliance on the Continent they lay themselves open to the charge of being ingenuous.

Looking back over the years we can safely challenge the most hostile critic of the Triple Entente to produce a jot or tittle of evidence to show that in any single instance that instrument has ever been brought into play to the detriment of peace. On the other hand the simple truth is that whenever Russia, France, and England have taken concerted action the world in general has gained by such action. It is the very elasticity of the Entente which has made this possible. Had the bonds been drawn more tightly it would have been a matter of extreme difficulty for any one of the partners to avoid being drawn into a sanguinary quarrel, however much she might have deprecated it, which was precipitated by the headstrong attitude of her friends.

Let us take the case of the long-standing tension existing between Russia and Austria. At times international dissension has reached such a point that the armies of these two countries have been mobilised almost within striking distance of each other. While giving due credit to the lofty restraint exercised by the statesmen of St. Petersburg and Vienna, it is still permissible to claim that the absence of rigid obligation from the constitution of the Triple Entente has been a contributing factor to harmonious issue. It is clear, therefore, that experience has proved the efficacy of the Entente as a counterpoise to the more burdensome and sinister Triple Alliance. And yet there are men in France and Russia who are dissatisfied with the present state of relations governing the three friendly Powers. If they could have their own way they would see that an iron-bound alliance made it obligatory for the Naval and Military forces of Great Britain to be summoned to joint conflict at their will. To appreciate this point of view and to get at the truth it becomes necessary to examine motive. We in England, alone of all the Powers, are irrevocably and sincerely committed to the maintenance of the status quo in Europe. We cherish no ambition and harbour no resentment on the Continent. Even with Germany—and the qualification, though necessary, must be excessively distasteful to all thoughtful men—we desire to live on terms of unbroken amity. But is all this true of France or of Russia? Has Russia ceased to look towards the Bosphorus or to watch with concern over the kindred millions that people the Austrian States? Has France forgotten Alsace-Lorraine? To answer these questions is to find the motives which lie behind all Continental advocacy of alliance.

MOTORING

A DEVELOPMENT of the highest importance in connection with the cheap home-manufactured motor fuel question may be expected almost immediately. At the present moment it is not permissible to give any details, but it may be said that the development referred to has relation to a new process of low-temperature distillation of coal which, it is confidently claimed, will completely revolutionise the existing position and enable a perfectly efficient motor spirit to be manufactured in this country in practically unlimited quantities and, so far as actual cost is concerned, at a purely nominal price. It is fair to mention that these developments in the home-produced motor fuel movement are almost entirely due to the persistent efforts of *The Motor*. Our technical contemporary has from the beginning consistently maintained that it is to coal that we must look for immediate relief from the burdens imposed by the petrol monopolists, and already through its instrumentality some eight million gallons of benzole are being used by motorists as a substitute for petrol. Comparatively insignificant as this quantity may appear in relation to the total consumption of motor spirit, it has certainly had the effect of preventing further advances—otherwise inevitable—in the price of petrol, and for this alone the enterprising journal in question deserves the thanks of the motoring community. But *The Motor* has always realised and admitted that the existing plants and methods of coal distillation are inadequate to supply the demand for a fuel to compete with petrol, and it is the impending events in this direction which will justify its belief and policy.

* * *

According to a return obtained by Mr. J. F. Rose-Soley, the secretary of the Motor Traders' Association of New South Wales, from the Department of Trade and Customs, the total motor importations for the Australian Commonwealth for last year show a decrease as compared with 1912, the respective figures being £1,683,862 against £1,801,420. This is inclusive of chassis, bodies, and motor-cycles. The falling off is in the two former items, the motor-cycle imports showing an increase of over £9,000. The most significant feature of the return is the fact that, although the total value of the imports of chassis during 1913 was less than in 1912, Canada and the United States have more than maintained their position, and for the first time on record their united chassis exports to the Commonwealth exceed those of the United Kingdom. When it is considered that the American and Canadian manufacturers specialise in the light, cheap car—especially for exportation—it becomes evident that there is a great demand for this type of vehicle, and it behoves our own makers to consider this very carefully. The fact of the matter is that in the Commonwealth, as in this country, the market for costly, high-class-cars is limited, whilst there is a very large field indeed for inexpensive, but reliable, cars of the run-about type.

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Surely one of the most curious advertisements that ever emanated from any section of the motor industry is the one which is at present appearing in some of the technical motor journals under the heading "Good Roads," and which reads as follows:—"We estimate that £75,000 is lost by the Road Board owing to motorists using benzole, and thus avoiding the Government tax of 3d. per gallon. Every motorist is interested in good roads, and should therefore support the Good Roads Movement by using petrol." Considering that the whole motoring community is groaning under the burden of high-priced motor spirit, the idea that any single member of it will voluntarily pay a penny more for his fuel than he is compelled to do is staggering in its ingenuousness. If the big petrol monopolists are reduced to such a forlorn policy as this, it certainly looks as though they were beginning to realise that the days of their monopoly are nearly over.

* * *

Messrs. Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., send us a photograph of the 25 h.p. Vauxhall "Prince Henry" which Mr. Murray Auger recently drove from Melbourne to Adelaide in three hours' less time than is taken by the express train between the two cities. The following comment taken from the Melbourne *Punch* enables one to realise the nature of the feat:—"The most wonderful feature of the drive was Mr. Auger's time across the Coorong desert, his average pace from Kingston to Meningie (92 miles) being $34\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. The everyday motorist who makes this trip considers himself fortunate if he gets through this desert stage in six hours. Yet Mr. Auger only took 2 hours 42 minutes. Many a motorist has been stalled in the Coorong sand drifts, and has slept out in the lonely wastes all night. There is little doubt that Mr. Auger's magnificent drive has set up a standard in road records that will stand supreme for many a long day in Australia."

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

ALTHOUGH the news from Mexico is on the whole favourable, and although no one now believes that there will be any trouble over the Ulster question, the Stock Exchange remains severely depressed. To be quite plain, there has been heavy liquidation for many weeks past, and it is well known that two or three important firms are in difficulties. The liquidation has been so persistent that it speaks well for the House that it should have been able to absorb all the securities offered without a small panic. We have had a very definite slump, but nothing worse. Even as I write, it is uncertain whether one or two of the firms will be able to pull through. Help has been given and everyone hopes that there will be no big failure. I cannot be more confident

than this: I wish I could. In Paris, the position is also bad, and the London firms who have been doing business with the French bankers have also been liquidating their stock. But London is only involved to a small extent, and no serious difficulty is expected. The sensation of the week has been the announcement that the Canadian Government would under certain very stringent conditions guarantee forty-five million dollars of Canadian Northern bonds. These conditions require a new company to be registered. They call for satisfactory guarantees that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann will pay off the floated indebtedness of the company out of funds other than those provided under the guarantee, and it is expressly stipulated that the Canadian Government has the right to dismiss the Board in the event of a default. The Canadian Northern must have been in dire straits for money or it would never have consented to the terms. Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann pawn their real estate as a portion of the security. Reading between the lines, one imagines that the Canadian Government know a default on Canadian Northern to be imminent, and that they are preparing for it. However, English bond holders will probably be reasonably protected, as it is said that the income bonds will rank in front of the Canadian Government guarantee bonds. This statement, however, may be qualified when the whole matter comes up before the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa. Considerable opposition may be made to the terms, although on this point I have confidence in the political influence of the Mackenzie and Mann crowd.

Another amusing incident is the letter addressed to the Press by Mr. Edgar, of Sperling and Company, supplementary to the announcement made by the Mexican Northern Power that they were proceeding to issue three million dollars prior lien bonds. This letter lets the cat out of the bag, for it quotes Mr. James Mitchell as saying that the only danger now is shortage of funds. Nothing is said in Mr. Mitchell's cable as to the danger from a flood, but he tells the bond holders that unless they find the money they will lose their property. It is sincerely to be hoped that a meeting of bond holders will be called and that a receiver will be appointed. It would be the merest stupidity to give up the security.

The Pecol Oil combine is a questionable attempt to extract money from the British public upon entirely new lines. It is a combine of twenty-nine companies which own supposed oil territory in New Mexico. They will not drill for oil; that will be done by somebody else, and if oil is found the vendor has the right to purchase back the property at a fixed price. It is a clear case of heads I win tails you lose, and no initiated person would apply for shares. Leyland Motors appears a very reasonable proposition. The company has been quite successful and makes large profits, and the preference shares are a reasonable speculation. Albert Gate Cinema is a moderately capitalised picture palace with the energetic Mr. Charles Hawtrey on the Board. Messrs. A. B. Leach and Co. offer six million dollars three year 6 per cent. notes in the West Penn Traction Co., secured by bonds and other securities. There will be no market in such a note, and it is not a very desirable speculation. Chicoutimi Freehold Estates offer £246,550 6 per cent. bonds at 93. The experience of the British public in wood and pulp companies has been bad, and I cannot suggest an investment.

MONEY.—Money is at the moment rather plentiful and Lombard Street bankers are anxious to get bills; but gold still continues to be taken. There is no chance of any alteration in the Bank Rate, but the general feeling is

that we shall have a year of cheap money and that as soon as the present liquidation is over all gilt-edged stocks will rise.

FOREIGNERS.—In the Foreign market the failure of a well-known Paris banker upset a few houses, and the rather bad news with regard to the Austrian Emperor is also a disagreeable item. Berlin appears to be strong, and it is said that the banks in St. Petersburg are determined to cut down all speculation. We cannot expect an immediate rise in any foreign securities, but there is no chance of an important collapse unless, of course, the Austrian Emperor were to die.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market has been dull throughout the week, mainly because a certain number of firms have been liquidating, probably for the purpose of raising money. Traffics remain reasonably good, and the present is certainly an excellent opportunity for people to buy stock. The dealers are very short, and if any improvement in the market occurs the heavies will all rise sharply. I do not advise speculation; this is not the moment to gamble in anything; but people with money to invest cannot go very wrong if they buy the leading heavy lines.

YANKEES.—The American market has been so over-sold that the Mexican news has frightened the "bears," and as a result we have seen a hardening of quotations all round. The fate of Missouri Pacific is still doubtful, but it is believed that a strong group will take the line in hand. The definite default has now been made on Rock Islands, but it had no effect as the news has long been discounted. The figures of the Steel Trust were very bad, the dividend on the common stock not having been earned. It is said, however, that the directors intend to maintain the distribution out of the surplus profits.

RUBBER.—The auctions are going off fairly well, but the share market is definitely weak. Linggi dividend has tumbled to 70 per cent., and the shares are over-priced. Kuala Selangor dividend is reduced from 150 per cent. to 100 per cent., but as this well-managed little company will easily maintain its present distribution, those who hold should certainly not sell. Very good contracts have been made over the present year, and the price is certainly too low.

OIL.—The Oil market broke badly on the news that the Anglo-Egyptian Oil Fields well No. 13 was now giving a mixture of oil and water. The production has also fallen very seriously, and, what is equally bad, the production on the new field has tumbled. Speculators scrambled to get out. Spies have not been supported, and if they dropped to 21s. they should certainly be bought. I hear good news of Burma, and as I think that a revival in the Oil market is possible, this share appears to me the most likely purchase.

MINES.—The Central Mining passed its dividend, and this considerably depressed the whole Kaffir market. Goerz and Co. have also had a bad year and their securities show a depreciation of over £480,000. The Waihi dividend is reduced, but Waihi Grand Junction, on the other hand, puts up its rate of distribution 10 per cent. Neither is good enough to hold, for Waihi is dying and Waihi Grand Junction ore is very complicated. The Rhodesian market is dead, but the clique that run Kirkland Lakes are talking very big. Speculators who have a profit here should certainly take it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market Brazil Tractions have been offered. The liquidation here seems to be unending. Continued attempts to get out of Cuban Ports are made. I warn my readers against buying the

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CORRESPONDENCE

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORDBOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The following 15 words are not found in every Wordbook. In the 2nd edition of "Our Antipodes," by Godfrey Charles Mundy (London: 1852), *BARTERABLE*, vol. 2, p. 234. The trade, while it lasted, was nevertheless of good service in employing the attention of the Maoris, who so long as they found it a barterable commodity, *TRAM-WAY*, vol. 3, p. 206. The tram-way, alongside of which there is a bridle-road, lies (original "lays") through a forest-track of the most splendid timber,

In *Boscobel* (1748), p. 108, *GALL-BACKED*.

In *The History and Practice of Aerostation*. By Tiberius Cavallo, F.R.S. (London: 1785).

ALLANTOIS. 32 and 33. . . . I applied to Dr. Monroe, dissector, to prepare for me the allantois of a calf. The allantois was prepared . . . ; but finding generally some difficulty in providing an allantois at the proper time, I never made the experiment. The Oxford Dictionary gives no instance of this word between 1879 and 1691.

ASCENSIONAL. 195. It is mathematically true, that the ascensional power of balloons, . . . increases incomparably faster than the proportion of their diameters:

EOLIPILE and *STEAM-ENGINE*. 205. Others would direct it from the wind by the action of a steam-engine or eolipile:

GORE. 96. This balloon was made of gores of silk, The Dictionary has no quotation earlier than 1796, to shew this sense.

NITROUS. 156. . . . ; this air, being tried by the admixture of nitrous air,

STEAM-ENGINE. See *EOLIPILE*. 205.

In *An Essay on the Weather*; . . . by John Mills, Esq.; F.R.S. (London: 1770.)

SHOOT-FORKED. xxi. The cold and too much rain did great damage to the vines, and made them shoot-forked.

CHICKLING occurs in the Dictionary, on the authority of those of S. Johnson and others; but no specimen of its use in writing, nor any locality where it is heard is adduced. It is as common as *duckling* in parts of Dorsetshire.

THICKBACK is used at Weymouth for a fishling like a baby sole, never weighing more than six ounces, found off the south-west of this island, and different from the plaice or the *limande*. The Lexicologists have not caught it.

Oxford.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

St. Georges Day, 1914.

P.S.—*SEPTEMBRISING*. From *The Times* of 1814, Tuesday, April 5, reproduced on April 4, 1914. They are gone

toward Italy, to divert their chagrin by the pursuits which Sir HUMPHRY ought never to have quitted, for the honour of associating with *septembrising* Counts.

COCKING and *MAIN*. In *The Times* of April 26, 1814, quoted in the number for April 25, 1914. *COCKING*. A *GREAT MAIN OF COCKS* to be fought at the Cock-pit Royal, Tufton-Street, Westminster, May 16, and five following days between the Gentlemen of Sussex and the Gentlemen of Essex, for ten guineas a battle, and two hundred the odd.—E. S. D.

BIRGAUS OR BIRGILIVS?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—On one of the tiles excavated at Calleva, now Silchester, one reads *BIRGILIVS*, if I am not mistaken. But on the label in the case where it is kept in the very interesting Museum at Reading the name is transcribed as *BIRGAUS*; which does not read like good British or good Roman. An other tile from the same site, which lies in the same case bears the Virgilian words "conticuere omnes"; which is a clear proof that the Epic of the Mantuan bard was part of the local culture.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

Reading, April 22, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion. Third Edition. Part IV. Vols. I and II. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co. 20s. net.)

The Modern Chesterfield. Edited by Max Rittenberg. (Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d. net.)

A Modern Mystic's Way. By W. Scott Palmer. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd. A Drama in Three Acts by D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Making of Musicians: The Rhythmic Method of Teaching Music. By T. H. Yorke Trotter, M.A. (Herbert Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)

Library Jokes and Jottings. By Henry Coutts. (Grafton and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Plays by August Strindberg: Swanwhite; Advent; The Storm. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland. With Portrait. (Frank Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.)

Playing with Love. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by P. Morton Shand. (Gay and Hancock. 2s. 6d.)

Between Sunset and Dawn. A Play in Four Scenes by Hermon Ould. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.)

Woman and Superwoman: A Comedy of 1963 in Three Acts. By Adam Neave. (Francis Griffiths. 1s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Cornhill Magazine; *Bodleian*; *Fortnightly Review*; *Cambridge University Reporter*; *Poetry Review*; *Nineteenth Century and After*; *English Review*; *School World*; *Book Lover*, Melbourne; *Bookfellow*, Sydney; *St. George's Magazine*; *Librarian and Book World*; *Literary Digest*; *Mercure de France*; *Revue Bleue*; *Revue Critique*; *Modern World*; *Wednesday Review*; *Deutsche Rundschau*; *University Correspondent*; *Bookseller*; *Publishers' Circular*; *Harper's Monthly Magazine*; *Empire Review*; *La Revue*.

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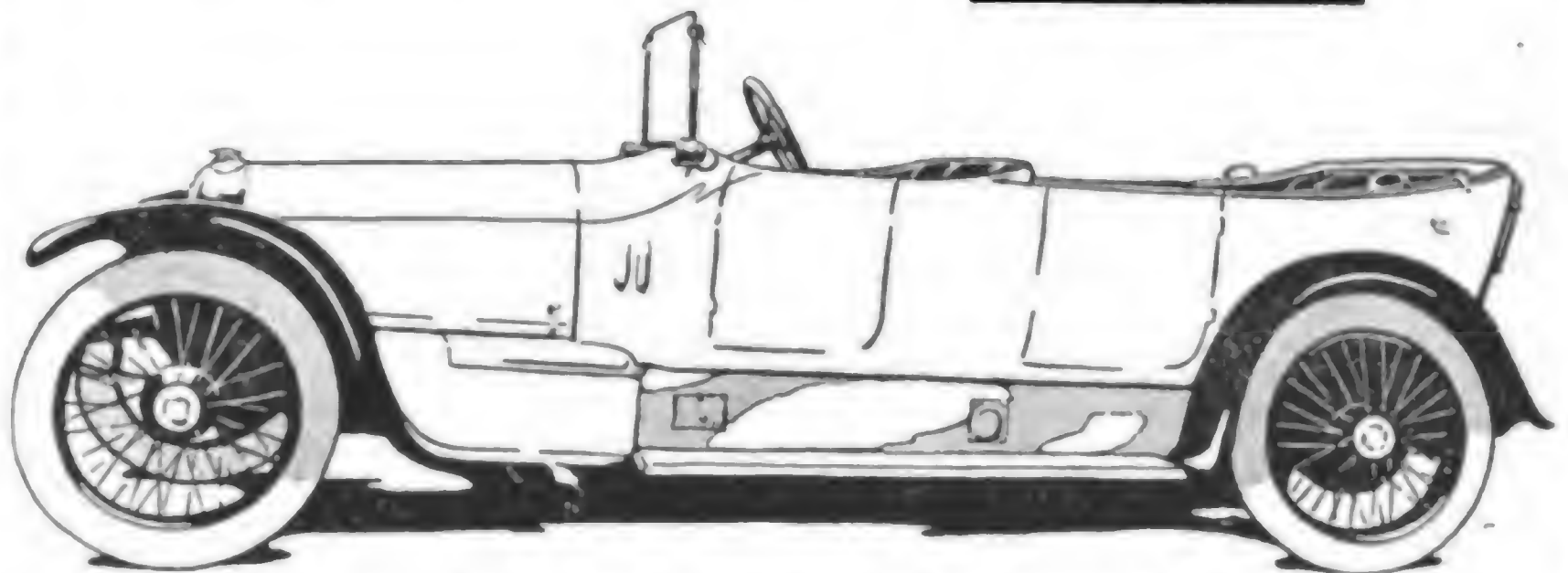
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Porter's Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History Freemasonry, 3 thick vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; James' Painters and Their Works, 3 vols., £3 3s.; Habershon Records of Old London, Vanished and Vanishing, coloured plates, folio, £2 2s.; Yeats' Collected Works, 8 vols., £3 3s.; Walpole's Letters, large paper, 16 vols., £7 10s.; Oscar Wilde, by L. E. Ingleby, 12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.; Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Landor's Lhasa, 2 vols., new, 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cambridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP**, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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Notes of the Week

THE outstanding feature of interest in national affairs in the present week is the possibility of any exit from the intolerable position which the Government have created for Ireland. Our own view might, in some quarters, be thought to be biassed, but the halting, limping article in the *Westminster Gazette* of May 13 confirms us in the view that the present situation is hopeless. Mr. Asquith, whom we have previously likened to Rip Van Winkle, is at last awakened, and has discovered a situation which has been aggravated into almost impossibility during his lengthened siesta. He is striving manfully to please everybody—a difficult task—we think. We have been fortunate enough to get first-hand knowledge of the impression created in the House of Commons by Mr. Redmond's vitriolic speech delivered on Tuesday. We are not in the habit of sending out circulars offering to discount bills, but, if we were engaged in that line of business, we would offer to discount Mr. Redmond's "No Surrender" declarations at one per cent. Poor man! He is between the Devlin and the deep sea, and he must show a front of brass instead of the front which he would prefer to show of a much softer metal. We think he is wise in his generation—*toujours Devlin ne vaut rien*—and even the Hotspurs of the Irish Party are beginning to sicken of the horse-boy of the O'Neills. Mr. Devlin is played out; Mr. Redmond, who is far more astute, is not. The member for West Belfast was under the impression that the member for Waterford was his jackal; but Mr. Red-

mond, who served his apprenticeship under the late Mr. Parnell, knows his way about, and a little later on will be able to ring the ostler's bell when he wants Mr. Devlin to take his orders. A truce to nonsense and futility on the Irish question—to use the phrase of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, "Enough of the foolery." It is impossible to stand where we are, much as the hide-bound Tory would like to do so; it is impossible to accept any such scheme of Home Rule as the Government has proposed. The sane and sensible man—statesmen are cheap to-day—will look for a reasonable solution of a not insoluble problem, which will be in the interest alike of Ireland, the United Kingdom, and the Empire.

The precise interpretation to be put upon Mr. Asquith's statement on Tuesday is much canvassed. To our mind it has only one possible meaning. The Home Rule Bill is to be passed simultaneously with an amending Bill, and—Ulster is safe! The House of Commons has, Mr. Bonar Law suggested, become the registry office of a Radical-cum-Separatist Ministry; we suggest that the House of Lords is to become a mere Chamber of Protest against Ministerial treachery. It will not be able even to claim that it has once more stood between Loyalist Ireland and Home Rule. That has been done by Ulster for itself. No Second Chamber was ever so hopeless a cipher as the Hereditary Chamber of Great Britain to-day. All that was involved in the Parliament Act is now brought home to peers and people. The Government have broken faith over the Second Chamber question, and are determined to carry an iniquitous measure, however qualified by amendment, by means as dishonourable as the bargain to which it gives effect.

We take it that Ulster is safe, because otherwise the amending Bill could never embody the conclusions arrived at by parties in conference. The Unionist leaders could consent to nothing which did not leave Ulster outside the operations of the Home Rule Bill without blasting their chances of ever again securing the confidence of the British people. They are not likely to have committed themselves to any course so criminally foolish. If the settlement proves to be one which averts the possibility of Civil War, we may all give a sigh of relief. No settlement can put the Government right in the eyes of decent-minded men. They will go down to history as a body who, for the sake of office, were prepared to sell the most loyal of the King's subjects to their implacable and inveterate enemies. The outrage is unparalleled. So long, however, as Ulster is spared, we wish the Irish and the Government joy of their precious achievement. When it is all over, we shall at least get the advantage of a reduced Irish vote in the Imperial Parliament.

Hardly had we written the words last week "Greater Britain dearly loves a lord, but prefers royalty all the same," when it was announced that the successor to

the Duke of Connaught in Canada is to be Prince Alexander of Teck. It is an excellent appointment, and has given great satisfaction in the Dominion. But it may not be without certain consequences on the other colonies. "Where," they will ask, "do we come in? Why are royal governors being showered on Canada and not on us?" Moreover, two Princes in succession having been sent to Canada, what is going to happen in the future? Canada may not henceforth be satisfied with anyone of lesser standing. The number of Princes available is limited. It looks as though there was something in the idea that the time is coming when a Prince once appointed will have to regard himself as a life governor. There are possibilities in that on which we need not now speculate.

Mr. Roosevelt has been exploring in Brazil, and the momentous announcement comes that he has added to the glories of a great career by discovering a new river. Mr. Roosevelt is nothing if not a discoverer. His adventures have provided material for more than one book. If, however, we were inclined to make a book of another sort on his latest achievement, we should be prepared to give reasonable odds that the discovery is a hare's nest of the Brazilian forest. Mr. Henry Savage Landor laughs sceptically, but he cannot forget that Mr. Roosevelt discovered Uganda and Egypt. Mr. Roosevelt did more: he took the trouble to come to London and tell us, out of his world wisdom, how we should govern these territories. He is apparently coming to London again, when he will put Mr. Savage Landor in his proper place. We hope he may. It will be at least amusing to see these two explorers cracking this Brazil nut between them, and the bout should be as instructive as was the little Cook-Pearry controversy over the North Pole a year or two ago.

Mr. Tickler's victory at Grimsby is great. The significant thing is not that the Unionist majority has been reduced, but that there is a Unionist majority at all. Sir George Doughty was a personality who could probably hold the seat against all comers. But Sir George Doughty is dead, and Mr. Bannister had every advantage except principles on his side. If Grimsby does not see its way to elect a Grimsby man, and a Radical to boot, then we may take it Grimsby sees something very rotten in the party whose colours he carried.

Will some kind friend supply us with a list of the tender mercies showered upon a much-trying country by Mr. Lloyd George? He is accomplishing such wonders, according to his supporters, that we are getting a little curious to know where the benefits lie. Perhaps Professor A. C. Pigou could point them out. Mr. Lloyd George has been a boon to those who have secured snug berths under Government. He has advanced bureaucracy, and he shifts the burden of taxation in order to pay for bureaucracy. What is his new

scheme of site and improvement valuation but a way of finding employment for some of the failures under another great valuation project? We hope, by the way, that Mr. Austen Chamberlain will keep a sharp eye on the Chancellor's tampering with agricultural rating. Agriculture bears quite enough burdens, without having to face new ones.

How truly Balfourian was Mr. Balfour's charming address on poetry at Bedford College. "Have I been speaking in favour of using verse as a vehicle for argument, or have I been speaking against it? Well, I really hardly know myself." Mr. Balfour must give us another treatise: this time "In Defence of Poetic Doubt." One person at least will be grateful: Mr. G. K. Chesterton, an instance of the use and abuse of paradox. We should now like to hear Mr. Chesterton on Mr. Balfour, himself a paradox.

The normal man, when he is happy, gives vent to his feelings by whistling a few bars of a tune as a matter of course; the normal boy too often whistles all the time. The *Musical News* is taking the matter up, and protests vigorously against a by-law recently passed by the Urban Council at Carshalton to the effect that whistling in their new recreation-ground must be forbidden. It seems to us, however, that not all the Councils of civilisation will be able to prevent the errand-boy from indulging in his favourite more or less musical recreation. He is born to whistle; he is brought up among whistles and the sounds of hooters and horns; his imitative faculty urges him to do the best he can to reproduce these questionable noises. Even were we to import a contingent of boys from some clime where the art was unknown, they would be found, at the end of a month or two, to have become expert at the production of this particular sound. It is irritating at times, we all admit; but the whistling boy had better be let alone. He might take to singing, in self-defence or self-expression; and that would be far worse.

A pathetic letter appeared in the correspondence columns of a contemporary last week under the heading "Down-trodden Parents." The writer, who signs himself "Anxious and Broken-hearted Parent," complains that he has to "put up with" scandalous treatment from his large family of boys and girls. When asked to do anything, these youngsters do it grudgingly and reluctantly, and, if remonstrated with, tell him to "do it himself"; should he insist, "they say they will run away and hint at suicide." The poor father asks piteously for a remedy. He need not look far. We imagine that those boys and girls would not need twice telling to do anything after one application of the "remedy," which we have in mind. It can be bought for a penny, and might do much to restore harmony to this anxious parent's unhappy household. Really, we are ashamed of him.

Aloofness

YOU have called me Psyche, purple-winged and pale,
Wanderer in the starry clouds of thought,
And dreamer on a couch of lilies cold;
Ah, know you not the miracle is unwrought
That could emplume these purple wings with gold,
And from this forehead lift the amaranth veil?

You have called me Artemis, child of the sky,
Swift huntress of the grey-green olive grove;
Think you that I have bent from my white throne
On the moon's tower, to watch the dance of love
Along the meads towards Endymion,
Or loosed the sheathed arrows from my thigh?

Then Psyche call me not, nor Artemis;
They walked through lilies to the crimson tree,
And in a cup of crystal caught the fruit.
But *I* dream unawakened, nor to me
Comes any conquering god on sandals mute
To shatter my aloofness with a kiss.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Chance and Life

IT is gradually becoming clear to us that we shall soon, as a nation, be bound hand and foot, secured by stringent laws from yielding to any impulses of jollity or joviality, and directed along what certain people are pleased to term the heavenward way by an army of police, to whom will be delegated all responsibility for our moral well-being. Speaking metaphorically, but none the less sincerely, if these self-chosen inspectors of souls and controllers of appetites could have their fling, we should progress two by two, dressed in black and keeping step, stopping for refreshment at temperance hotels, and permitted to laugh only at jokes made and circulated by an Approved Society for the Supply of Innocuous Humour. At stated intervals lecturers would discourse upon the Evils of Beauty, the Dangers of Drink, the Pleasures of Uniformity, and kindred subjects, and all who ventured to break away, to pick unregulated flowers or to watch the free, flying clouds, would be heavily fined.

Without exaggeration, one would think that such a picture formed the ideal of a class of reformer which to-day seems on the increase. One gentleman, we understand, is intent upon making us travel six miles instead of three on a Sunday before we may satisfy our thirst. Now, we all know and admit that the object of a walk is not to drink; but most people, after two or three miles under the summer sun, will need and enjoy the sparkling contents of a glass. This unpleasant person, however, reads drunkenness into a glass of ale and wickedness into a bottle of hock, so sorrily is he constituted. Another devotee of life by the yard-measure is afflicted by a fear of gambling,

and desires to suppress the competitions which during the last few years have interested some millions of his fellows—competitions in which chance may play a part, but which certainly demand considerable ingenuity and skill. And there are other diligent enthusiasts who want us to fall in love carefully—if such a contradiction in terms be possible; to love, that is, after the requisite forms have been filled up and permission has been given by a Medical Board.

What shall be said of these distressing people, who seem to move through life with closed eyes and chilled hearts? "Sport" to them is a term unknown and meaningless; the spirit of competition, which is closely allied to the impulse that urges us to take chances, never excites them. The spirit of competition and the inclination to take the "sporting chance" are deeply ingrained in the fibre of Englishmen. Our explorers go forth, eager to fill the blank spaces on the map; they play the great game, disregard probabilities of death and disaster, risking everything to win; not necessarily to win fame and money, though these may follow, but primarily to *win*. We "win the toss" at cricket; we spin the coin to decide who shall open a game; we embody in our common language words and phrases which have their origin in the delights of uncertainty. Where, if chance were eliminated from life and everything were certain, should we stand, in the matter of pure pleasure? Imagine, for example, the dreary business of going through an examination if the certainty of success or failure were equally distributed; conceive the poverty of interest in the most intricate game of skill if superior knowledge invariably won the victory! Match a fine chess-player against one not so experienced; we may say it is "practically certain" that the adept will win, but we watch the manœuvres keenly, and each man plays his best, knowing very well that there is a possibility of defeat. Set two football teams in the field; where would be the zest of play without the presence of chance? The unholy charm of a "fluke" in billiards; the intense, breathless pause as a ball is "skied" at Lord's or the Oval—will it be caught or missed?—the waving, cheering crowd at the up-river regattas; the excitement of any race—foot, horse, motor, or aeroplane; what are all these but tributes to the allure of chance, inseparable ally of skill, indomitable foe of lifeless rule and dull uniformity?

Uncertainty, it seems, is the curious "law" of existence; and if someone objects that regularity and stability characterise the universe, that the earth's rotation and its orbit, the motions of the planets, the positions of the stars, are invariable, we may say that this is not proven. Watching for a few years out of infinite ages, confined to our tiny speck in boundless space, what do we *know*? And is there not ever with us the grandest uncertainty of all, theme of philosophers and poets since intelligence first flowered upon the earth: Whence came we, and whither, after our games have all been played, our little laws kept or broken, do we go at last?

W. L. R.

The Royal Academy

II.

THE lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquering,

quotes the catalogue of the one hundred and forty-sixth exhibition at Burlington House, and then the powers that be proceed to demonstrate Chaucer's conclusions in the wide and beautiful galleries at their disposal.

Everyone has his own way of seeing the pictures at the Academy; ours is to allow ourselves to be attracted by the particular paintings that appeal to our taste without caring whether they be from the hand and brain of the latest or the oldest of the R.A.'s or fresh from some newcomer whose work hangs high above the line. There are better and more serious ways, we admit, and perhaps it is more valuable in the interest of the future visitor, and more practical, to follow the method of the catalogue, and, beginning with Gallery I, slowly work our way back to the vestibule, where "The Plough," by Mr. Albert Hodge, makes a fine decorative composition.

In the first room you will find two paintings by the popular favourite, Mr. David Murray, both of Venice, and both competent and clever; two quite interesting Sargents; "Sketches" and another outdoor picture, "San Geremia"; plenty of good portraits by Mr. Llewellyn and Mr. Shannon and Mr. Cope; lots of sound work, as that by Mr. Leader, Mr. Woods, and Mr. Chevallier Tayler, and an amusing *genre* picture of "The New Boy"—in Dr. Busby's day—by Mr. Sydney Hall; or the sound work of Mr. Wollen in "The 1st Gloucestershires at Waterloo." But we hardly think anything will live long in your mind or make music in your memory many days after the spring exhibition at Burlington House is scattered and gone.

The greatly talked-of picture in Room II is Mr. Cado-gan Cowper's "Lucretia Borgia reigns in the Vatican." It has been attacked on account of its doubtful historical accuracy, and because it may possibly offend some members of one branch of the Christian faith. Artistically these things are as nothing worth, but we consider it a cleverly painted piece of theatricality unworthy of the skill of the artist, who has, however, always shown a strong inclination to that style of work which may be called academic story-telling. Mr. Latimer gives us rather an interesting piece of interior rococo in his "Salone, Palazzo, Barbaro, Venice," and Sir W. B. Richmond has evidently enjoyed painting the "Greek Water Carrier in Egypt." Here also are many famous artists, but one of the pictures we like best is well off the line—"The Playful Breezes," by Mr. Charles Ward. The South Rooms are full of interest this year. Do not miss some work of Mr. Gerald Kelly—especially his "Lady Gregory"—or the "Spring Song" of Mr. Sims, or the "Cypresses and Pines," of Mr. Sargent.

If you knew him by sight—and who did not?—you will be disappointed by Mr. Harold Speed's portrait of that handsome and regretted gentleman, "The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham." Perhaps time may help to dignify the colour scheme, if so it can justly be called, of this work; at the moment it is unpleasantly theatrical; nor does the painting in any way seem to us to do justice to the qualities of a truly attractive man. This picture is well placed in Gallery III, which contains many of the year's most important works. We have before mentioned Mr. Sargent's portraits; the "Sir Clements Markham" by Mr. George Henry is a sterling work sure to attract attention. Mr. Orpen shows a fine painting of Mr. Fudger of Toronto, which gives one, over and above the individuality of the painter, something of the feeling of a successful portrait by Goya. Mr. Tuke is seen to great advantage in one of his sunlit pictures of boys bathing in "The Embarcation," but in the next gallery his "Faun" is by no means a beautiful conception, as are almost all his paintings. There is a delightful "Pagoda, Nanking," by Mr. Montague Smyth, and among many other charming paintings a finely decorative piece, "The Little Archer," showing a cupid in a businesslike mood, by Mr. Sims. It would be tedious to give a list of the many other good pictures, but No. III is a gallery which will offer much pleasure to the lover of contemporary English art.

The sort of picture which the late Sir Hubert von Herkomer had taught us to understand that he could produce with perfect skill is in Gallery VI. An enormous and cleverly arranged group of the managers and directors of the firm of Krupp at Essen. It is painted with infinite accomplishment and is, perhaps, even more successful than the several large paintings of this kind which the artist has shown. One of the many laws of the R.A. is broken in this instance, for the frame is of plain oak carved by Aumonier. We have been told that the frame weighs a ton, which will give some idea of the size of the painting by Sir Hubert, whose courage and boldness in portraiture remained with him to the end. One of the best of his works, "His Grace the Duke of Wellington," has now been treated in the same way as the portrait of Mr. Henry James. "La Cage aux Amours" of Mr. Sims will attract the lovers of romance, especially of the romance of painting, for the artist has greatly attempted many things in this composition, and has failed in some. The mistakes in the work of those we most admire are always interesting, and for this reason alone "La Cage" is a delight. But we would sooner have one such painting as this artist's "Night Piece to Julia" than a dozen of his present perhaps more ambitious works. We are grateful to Mr. Sims, however, for many things, especially in that he is always ready for a new experiment. In this he is unlike too many of the Academy painters, who reproduce their old successes, with variations, no doubt, but still after a fashion that robs the spring exhibition of some of its charm.

EGAN MEW.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

VI.—SIR RIDER HAGGARD.

SIR,—It is one of my weaknesses—and I am prepared to admit that in my constitution is a fair leaven of human frailty—that I always hail the announcement of a new novel by yourself with a quite inordinate pleasure. I am at a loss to account for this except on the ground that the reasonably high standard I insist upon as a literary judge is intended for others and not for myself. Frankly, I have the greatest regard for you as a spinner of the most wildly improbable yarns, but I cannot endorse the view which I have heard enunciated that you are a great writer.

I put the matter thus bluntly because I am anxious that there should be no sort of misunderstanding between us. You are too much a man of the world to wish me or anyone else to lay any flattering unction to the vanity which is yours, as it is mine and everybody's, whether everybody chooses to admit it or not. What one likes about you is the manly simplicity which tends to occasional astonishment that you have attained such eminence. I can recall no single instance when you have taken yourself at even a modest five per cent. above the estimation of your fellows. In an age of self-advertisement, that, I think, is no small tribute to character. You have enjoyed the success which has come to you, you have noted your sales mounting, and with them your royalties, and you have never imagined for a single moment that popular appreciation was to be accepted as the hallmark of genius. In that you have been wholly unlike some who have not a larger public than the author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Lysbeth," "Stella Fregelius," and several other romances of a quite exceptional order. There is no conceit so utterly contemptible as that of the *littérateur* who concludes that big sales are a proof of quality, and that the applause of the half-educated mob of novel-readers is a guarantee of immortality. It would be invidious to mention names, but I am sure you and I see sufficiently eye to eye on this point to render any such mention unnecessary.

One can, indeed, well believe that the feelings with which you have tackled the couple of dozen books standing to your credit are not entirely unreflected in the opening pages of "Swallow" and "King Solomon's Mines." Neither Allan Quatermain nor Suzanne Botmar could start without apology for attempting to write a book at all. Curiously, both open with the

same phrase: a small matter, but one which you might have taken into account in the discharge of your office as their sponsor. "It is a strange thing that I, an old Boer vrouw, should even think of beginning to write a book when there are such numbers already in the world, most of them worthless, and many of the rest a scandal and offence in the face of the Lord." "It is a curious thing," says Quatermain, "that at my age—fifty-five last birthday—I should find myself taking up a pen to try and write a history." Allan Quatermain had no more literary pretensions than the good vrouw, though he admitted he was "very devoted to the Old Testament and also the 'Ingoldsby Legends.'"

I once saw it stated somewhere that there was little to choose between you and Robert Louis Stevenson, and, if my memory serves me well, you were said to be the better story-teller of the two. No one could seriously argue that you were Stevenson's literary equal, but this at least may be said, without fear of contradiction: you as well as he have given us

"All the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way."

If your literary gifts had been commensurate with your imaginative, there can be no question we should have had in you one of the most potent forces that ever lent glory to a generation or a country. "Has the age of miracles gone by?" you ask, in "The Wizard." The best answer to the query surely is: "We have Rider Haggard." Since one first read "The Arabian Nights" has one found in book form anything so real and so impossible as "She," "Ayesha," and their kind? And how many of us know of the essential romance of South and Central Africa, of the wonders of the land of Ophir and of Monomotapa, of the true relations of Boer and Briton, and of the habits of Zulu and—shall I say?—Kukuana, except from you?

But I ask myself, do we get the real Rider Haggard in these things? We might easily imagine that you spent your days and nights in commune with the spirits of past and present, dreaming dreams of incantations and reincarnations. That would be entirely to mistake the real Haggard. Partial as I am to your romances, I confess to having found not less keen interest in a work of yours embodying not romance but the very reverse. Your pilgrimage of agricultural England, to my mind, is the greatest thing you have done, and we have your own word for it, it was the heaviest task of your life. To those who know the lively interest you take in the administration of your Norfolk estate,

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there was nothing surprising in your starting on an inquiry single-handed, which should have been the work of a Royal Commission, when you elected to tour twenty-seven counties and the Channel Islands in search of information as to the exact condition of the farmer and the farm-labourer.

Not satisfied with challenging the old romancers on their own ground, you threw down the gauntlet to Young and Cobbett and Caird as agricultural writers and economists. "Rural England: Being an Account of Agricultural and Social Researches Carried Out in the Years 1901 and 1902" was a clarion call to Great Britain to do something for the industry on which the greatness of England was built up. The shopkeeper and the clerk of the towns may be the most estimable persons in the world: they are not the stuff of which "the yeomen and the bowmen" were made, and if the so-called statesmen of this realm think that Great Britain can do with the aid of the townsman what was done of old with the countryman, then they are living in a state of fancy not one whit less complete than the wildest romance that ever came from your brain. If I had my way, it should be a condition of a politician's acceptance of office that he had mastered the essential points of your "Rural England." There would then be some hope that the rural problem was in a fair way to solution. Our national neglect of the greatest of our industries, as you show, has left it to the dullards, the wastrels, and the least desirable of our workers to become the parents of the next generation of agricultural labourers. The consequence must be "the progressive deterioration of the race. In the absence of new conditions which cannot be foreseen, if unchecked, it may, in the end, mean the ruin of the race."

It is not a comforting prospect. Monomotapa went down, like Rome, before the barbarians: are we, as an Empire, to go down before the politician-barbarian who thinks a vote of more importance than the dignity, the health, and the very manhood of the people? You have brought the circle full round: you take us from the ruins of Zimbabwe to the prospective ruin of Britain. May you as prophet still prove the romancer! May Macaulay's New Zealander never be able to send word home that he has discovered, among the ruins of the ancient capital, a book on "Rural England," by one Rider Haggard, predicting at the beginning of the twentieth century the very fate which had overtaken the dear old Motherland.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons is to come a book entitled "Latin Works: Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with Music," edited by Calvin S. Brown. In it will be found ancient classical lyrics from Catullus and Horace; mediæval church hymns, old Christmas carols, convivial songs, folk-songs, and lullabies, together with many translations of popular English and German songs.

The World-Republic

THE great Problem of the Future has fascinated all generations. Buried cities, legends of lost continents and dead civilisations, have tempted man to pry into the secrets of the past, but, having discovered the bare bones—the walls and pillars and scribed tablets which tell him so much, yet pique his curiosity the more keenly to fresh efforts—he is moved by his logical mind to link these lost things with the present, and to picture for his amusement or guidance the future, when our proud cities shall be obliterated, when students yet unborn shall con our books to ascertain what strange beings lived in the twentieth century. Thus, clothing the bones with flesh, he constructs a linked-up theory which shall have a semblance of life, though such motions as it may show must ever rise from the breathings of his own spirit, the spurious impulses resulting from reinforced memories and keen imagination. Plato, Swift, Sir Thomas More, D'Israeli—we could make a fairly impressive list of those who have taken a hand in this tremendous concert of imaginative reconstruction and intelligent prophecy, and, though we may not without a sense of incongruity set Mr. Wells conducting the orchestra, he is entitled to a place in it as a musician who has a high sense of his value, with a desire for elbow-room which may be slightly disconcerting to his fellow-players.

In his scientific, world-reforming mood, the latest offspring of which is now before us,* we like him for several reasons; chiefly, perhaps, for a certain pugnacious persistence in his endeavours to knock down the ninepins which at the present moment we regard as "civilisation" and "progress." He takes us, in the present book, no farther than a hundred years onward, but his impatience bursts forth here and there with an energy that is startling. He boxes our ears roundly, calls us names, knocks us about in a superior way that makes us quite thankful when he takes a rest to describe the "Final War" or the hospital on the heights of the Himalayas with which the book ends—to which, of course, patients are brought by aeroplane. The central idea of this treatise is that "the political structure of the world is everywhere extraordinarily behind the collective intelligence"—that is, in plain language, the time is ripe for some overpowering change. With the brilliant—and awful—idea of an explosive that shall be continuous, not exhausting itself in one effort as do our shells and bombs, the change comes. Cities are devastated in the first war that occurs; whole tracts of country are rendered unapproachable, while for years the fiendish "atomic bombs" thunder forth flames and smoke and destruction; and then a few anxious, intelligent persons—kings and princes, inventors and statesmen—hold a council on a sunlit Italian hillside, guarded by a fleet of airships. They have come to the conclusion that the ways of civilisation hitherto have been all wrong; "the whole world has got to be a

* *The World Set Free.* By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

Republic, one and indivisible." They began "to see the round globe as one problem; it was impossible any longer to deal with it piece by piece." It was their duty to secure it universally from fresh outbreaks of the terrible engines of death, and to ensure permanent pacification. And of how they brought about this superhuman result "The World Set Free" endeavours to tell.

The whole book is an extremely clever study of the adaptation of humanity to the new conditions engendered by steadily advancing knowledge. The discovery of how to release the latent energy of the atoms of matter brings the dramatic crisis, and the reconstruction begins. In this part of the story we find Mr. Wells slipping easily over many things which in reality would form stiff barriers to the spread of his cherished Utopia. Take the question of speech. The English language is chosen as the basis of the universal tongue, "shorn of a number of grammatical peculiarities," systematised in its spelling and "adapted to the vowel sounds in use upon the continent of Europe," and then, with the speedy incorporation of an enormous number of foreign nouns and verbs, presto! the difficulty is solved beautifully—on paper. The bother of a universal coinage—gold being now "a waste product in the release of atomic energy"—is dealt with in an equally charming and comprehensive manner. Cottage and village life vanishes; the "rustic" population, alas! is abolished by the introduction of "guilds" with a common dining-room or club-house; there are no such things as "parties" or "politics." All of this would be very pleasantly credible if humanity were made to scale, turned out of a mould, as it were, with body, soul, brain, and spirit equal and entirely calculable; but does Mr. Wells dream, in his innocent enthusiasm, that mankind will ever be so beautifully amenable to discipline and arrangement and order? Does he not know that wherever six men are gathered together there will be six shades of opinion, that wherever six women meet there will be a dozen shades of opinion—six one day and six the next? Does he not realise that antagonism and argument, implicit or expressed, give life its finest bliss for most of us, and that from them proceed the impulse and impetus of careers and explorations and discoveries? Of course, he knows all this; but he leaves a loophole by which to escape from his depressing uniform World-Republic. "In a little while," says his splendid invalid, Marcus Karenin, in the Himalayan hospital, "men who will know how to bear the strange gravitations, the altered pressures, the attenuated, unfamiliar gases, and all the fearful strangenesses of space will be venturing forth from this earth. This ball will be no longer enough for us; our spirit will reach out . . ."

The characters in this treatise—we know not what else to call it—are merely introduced, we feel, as a relief. They discuss and relate and expound, but their adventures are really negligible; their ideas matter,

and these are often illuminating and epigrammatic. Thus we hear that "lawyers live on dead rights disinterred"—very neat, with a tiny germ of truth; and that "man lives in the dawn for ever." We find some notably beautiful phrases: Barnet, the soldier, watching the conflagrations on the coast of Holland, says "they sat upon the sea like frayed-out water-lilies of flame"; and of a moonrise Mr. Wells writes: "Came a great uprush of ghostly light above the black rim of rocks, and then like a bubble that is blown and detaches itself the moon floated off clear into the unfathomable dark sky." A phrase opens out vistas—"the indexing of research," for example. If only this were done—it seems, at any rate, possible—what time would be saved, what endless overlapping by eager workers would be avoided. In this ideal republic it forms, of course, one of the first principles.

We have said enough, without telling the whole of the complex story so carefully and ingeniously unfolded, to show that Mr. Wells has still at heart certain changes in our methods of attack upon scientific and political problems that would make for good, and desires a great many changes in our social organisation that we cannot help thinking would be decidedly for the worse. As yet, his ideas are confused. He says quite finely, "The common sense of mankind has toiled through two thousand years of chastening experience to find at last how sound a meaning attaches to the familiar phrases of the Christian faith; the scientific thinker, as he widens out to the moral problems of the collective life, comes inevitably upon the words of Christ;" but when he proceeds to assert that the Christian, as his thought grows clearer, "arrives at the world-republic," we begin to see the need for a more lucid vision. His theorisings are always interesting; but his dream of a beautifully united and organised humanity, a "world set free," changes, as we watch it, to the spectacle of a world in bonds. Mr. Wells in this mood is an idealist; but he would be a more convincing idealist if he allowed for the existence of a little "divine discontent" and a good deal of happy disorder.

W. L. R.

Arrangements are now well in hand for the "Aerial Derby," for the gold cup and "Shell" £400 prize—one of the greatest flying events of the year—which is to start and finish at the Hendon Aerodrome, Saturday, May 23. The course is a distance of 95 miles, with five turning points, and makes a complete circuit of London. Hamel, the winner of last year's air Derby, promises to start the favourite of the race, and is obtaining from France a special Morane racing monoplane with a motor of twice the power of his last year's mount, which will be capable of a speed of nearly 140 miles per hour. The machines will leave Hendon at one minute intervals, the winner being expected to arrive back shortly after five o'clock.

Mexico City

DAMASCUS is probably the city most nearly resembling Mexico City in situation. In the centre of a plain, about 7,350 feet above sea level, loom three historic lakes. These were formerly of immense extent, but at the time of my visit had dwindled into marshes. Mexico City lies to the south-west of these lakes. An amphitheatre of mountains frowns down upon them, two grand peaks of about 17,000 and 16,000 feet glimmering in the distance, covered with perpetual snow. Popocatepetl rises to a regular cone. Istaccihautl is crowned by a plateau, on which is outlined a form, supposed to resemble the recumbent figure of a woman, with arms folded on her breast. Until comparatively recently, these peaks have been active volcanoes.

It is difficult to give any coherent impression of first glimpses of Mexico City. It is a jumble of East and West, the Indian and European elements jostling one another. The negro and the Chinaman are absent, but, with these exceptions, a sprinkling of most nationalities is in evidence.

The Paseo is a wide roadway; driving along it about two and a half miles from the centre of the city, Chapultepec is reached, the Government House and Military College, built on the site of the Palace of Moctezuma. Prescott has vividly described the commanding knoll on which Chapultepec is perched, surrounded by cypress trees of gigantic growth, dating mostly from Aztec times, now festooned in Spanish moss. At this spot is Moctezuma's Bath, the spring from which the water supply of the city is taken. The immense tree under which he and his nobles consulted how the Spaniards should be met still flourishes here. Along the Paseo are round points, decorated with statues, and at the city end is Alameda, a beautiful little tropic park. The Alameda and the Paseo are the Hyde Park and Rotten Row of Mexico City, and in the evening, from half-past four to seven, they are thronged with beautifully horsed carriages.

The Mexican climate appears to influence alike the stamina of horses and cattle and the human constitution—after long residence, Europeans grow slack, flabby, and hypochondriac. The native horse is a small animal, with considerable staying power, but poor speed. Like other animals, horses and mules are treated abominably, even by educated Mexicans; they are driven mercilessly and often in bad condition or with sore backs. The country folk are reared on horseback, and spend the greater part of their waking hours in the saddle. The intelligence and training of the horses are wonderful, especially in lassoing, in which their riders are extremely expert. In a country subject to nine months' drought and three months' deluge it is not easy to maintain good roads. Under the old régime these were rapidly improved, and railways pushed out in all directions. Education was also much extended. Many Mexicans are highly polished by foreign travel and education, splendid linguists and

musicians, but their society strikes one as a bad "translation from the French."

Humour is wanting in the Mexican character. The Indians are stolid and unimpressible; their main ambition is that *tortillas* and *frijolles* for the next meal shall be forthcoming. In the country districts they live in hovels, often in caves or shelters of plastered mud, like martins' nests on the hillside. As often as not, the men wrap their zarapes about them and sleep out in the open, even though the nights in the cold season are generally frosty. The Indian is a fatalist; if disease attacks him, he succumbs at once. The death-rate in the city is about 40 per 1,000—not great, considering the garbage on which many of the people live and the filth of their surroundings. The normal water level, before the recent drainage works were carried out, was only about four feet below the surface of the Zocola or Plaza.

In all ranks of society, conversation, after an overture, drifts into accounts of acts of violence or stories turning on the use of firearms. The Indian's weapon on foot is the knife, on horseback the lasso. To see an approaching horseman handle his lasso is considered ample justification for shooting him "on sight," just as in some parts of Texas, when a man puts his hand on his hip, where his "six-shooter" ought to be, and gets a bullet through his heart, the verdict is "justifiable homicide." In the country districts carrying firearms is pretty general, a knife being frequently added to the armoury. In the city a strong effort was made by Porfirio Diaz, when President, to put down the constant use of revolvers. Under his régime, although murders were rife, pressmen knew better than to report them. There was one inevitable answer to unpalatable news—Belem, the city gaol.

In many respects the police arrangements are excellent. The gendarmes wear a neat blue uniform and white képis. They are to be found at the corners of most blocks, and are a civil and intelligent body of men. At night each has a lantern, which he places in the centre of the roadway, so that it is always easy to spot a policeman in case of need. In the event of a row or fight, the rule is, clear out at once; the police sweep off every one within range, innocent or guilty. In the country districts the old Spanish law is in force. Until the "jefe politico" or chief of the district appears no one may touch a wounded man.

Although about early and late in all parts of the city, I had no personal experience of violence. When passing through the United States, I was warned that St. Louis has a bad reputation for "holding up" the stranger, and that cases occur frequently in the main streets of that city. One good rule in Mexico is that by which the "drunks and disorderlies" are sentenced to so many days' street scavenging. In the morning a gang of fifteen or twenty men may generally be seen so engaged, ranking from the dandy (or "lagartijo," as he is called) to the cabaret sot, surrounded by a dozen gendarmes, revolver in hand. Convicts often get the option of serving a term in the army. The

soldiers are, broadly speaking, a villainous-looking lot. Sometimes the convict soldiers may be seen out for an airing, officers riding by them, ready to shoot, should a recruit try to bolt.

The so-called republican government of Mexico under Porfirio Diaz was dictatorship, naked and unashamed. The law was a Procrustean bed and would fit any case. State the case and the law followed. The most favourable comment possible is that such a state of affairs is preferable to anarchy and indiscriminate murder and rapine.

The Mexican skims the surface of existence. To begin with, he is a vivid actor. On meeting you, his salutations are exuberant; he clasps and holds your hand, and shakes it again and again with great gusto, asking you at the same time question after question, without waiting for your reply. The greetings of two Mexicans irresistibly remind the reserved Englishman of the reconciliation scene between Cox and Box. Each puts his chin on the other's shoulder and a hand on the small of the other's back; they then pat vigorously, and sometimes endeavour to lift one another off the ground. A small man smelling at a big man's pocket, as he tries to hoist him into the air, affords a decidedly comic tableau. The better-educated are great talkers, chattering incessantly, their voices being generally harsh and inclined to rise into a scream. The ladies often have beautiful and abundant hair; their eyes, when excited, are bright and piercing. Early in the day they have a washed-out appearance, as they loll, listless and unkempt, on the low house balconies, a few feet above the street. The salutation between ladies is rather graceful. The right hand is held uppermost and the fingers are twiddled. The same action, with palm downward, is used for beckoning.

A. E. CAREY.

In the Learned World

THE cinematograph or "movie" has come to play so important a part in our daily life that one trembles to think of any further extension of its activity. According to Professor Adolf Korn, the inventor of the transmission of photographs by wire, however, one is in contemplation. In a paper read by him to the late Congress of Nature Students in Germany, he explained that he and Herr Glatzel had just succeeded in their first attempt to transmit the images appearing on a cinematograph film by an ordinary telegraph wire. The method chosen is an adaptation of that already used by Professor Korn, which he calls telephotography, and is too complicated to be described without illustrations, but the great difficulty to be overcome seems to have been the relative slowness of transmission, which is due, according to him, first to the limited capacity of the ordinary telegraph wires, and then to the inertia of the apparatus. He has so far conquered these obstacles

that he can transmit four distinct scenes in twelve minutes, or a whole series of twenty, forming a complete, though simple, film, in rather less than an hour. For short distances this would have no special advantage over the post or pneumatic tube; but over long ones the saving of time would be considerable, and it is suggested that at night, when the telegraph lines are not occupied with written messages, they might be given up to the transmission of cinema films, so that we might find in the morning papers actual pictorial representations of scenes occurring hundreds of miles away the day before. It is not altogether a pleasing prospect, but perhaps to be preferred to Mr. Wells' awful vision of the newspaper of the future, bawling out its scare headlines through gigantic gramophones.

A more taking improvement in telephotography is announced by M. Dosne, who seems to have solved the problem of registering automatically the messages sent by wireless telegraphy. So long ago as the Paris Exhibition of 1900, he displayed an apparatus designed for a similar purpose, which consisted in effect of a coil of steel wire kept revolving under the telephone receiver, which registered the words transmitted through it and reproduced them when called upon. For this steel wire he now substitutes a polished steel disc revolving by suitable means under a style or pen of soft iron which is for the time being a magnet. This last traces the signals transmitted in the shape of a spiral inscription on the disc. The slight impulses given to the pen by the waves are too faint to leave any score or perceptible trace on the disc; but M. Dosne has had the ingenious idea of powdering the plate with an extremely fine powder of soft iron, which adheres to the slightly magnetic track left by the pen. Finally he connects this with the Poulsen instrument known as the telegraphone, and he claims that the operator can thus receive the message in the ordinary way by telephone, while it is at the same time writing itself down on the revolving disc and recording itself by the spiral ridge of powder. He further says that only the signals actually heard are recorded, and that, as the plate can be demagnetised after each message, it can be used practically any number of times. If this be so, the worth of the invention for military and other purposes is obvious, and it would overcome nearly all the objections to the use of wireless telegraphy, as exemplified by the false alarms of sinking ships lately perpetrated by thoughtless or malicious operators. A fully illustrated account of M. Dosne's apparatus appears in *La Nature* for last month.

One of the biological theories most firmly held by our ancestors was that of the influence of the first male on all the subsequent progeny of the female. This theory, called by the scientific telegony, is still believed in by breeders of animals, who contend, for instance, that a thorough-bred filly who has once borne a colt to a half-bred sire will inevitably transmit traces of the contamination to her future offspring, although these may be the result of a union with the bluest blood in the Stud Book. M. Etienne Rabaud, in a communica-

tion just made to the Académie des Sciences, adduces against this some experiments lately made by him with white mice. He mated ten intact females of this variety, first with a black and white or piebald male, and then with a wild or common grey one. The fifty products of the second union gave no single example of an all black, all white, or piebald animal, but were all grey like their father, the only difference being that in one litter of five, two were of a lighter grey than their brothers and sisters. So, too, in the second generation, when the females among the fifty of the first were mated with a piebald male, their progeny were some of them all white and the rest all grey, while, when mated with a grey male, they gave only grey children. From this M. Rabaud gathers that telegony or the influence of the first male is nothing but an illusion, and this he declares to be in accord with the physiological evidence. Perhaps; and the facts that he quotes may be conclusive, so far as the mammals are concerned. Yet one fancies that few breeders of fowls with strongly marked physical characteristics, such as Dorkings, would agree with him.

Many attempts have lately been made by medical men to administer purgative medicines otherwise than through the mouth, a practice which they assert with reason impairs the digestion, and leads to other troubles. Among other methods, inunction, or the rubbing in of medicines, like castor-oil, has been tried with good effect, but it is too lengthy to be used in general practice. Cataphoresis or "ionic" medication, whereby the "ions" or wandering particles of almost any drug can be painlessly conveyed by electrical means to the organ sought to be affected through the unbroken skin, is perfect in theory, but demands the employment of a cumbrous and sufficiently complicated apparatus. Lately the method of administering purgatives by hypodermic injections has been revived, especially in Germany, where it is said that the use of the hypodermic syringe for the administration of solutions of aloes, rhubarb, cascara, senna, and the like is common. MM. Carnot and Glenard have lately published a study in the *Paris Gazette des Hôspitaux*, in which they recommend the use of this for extremely dilute solutions of sulphate of soda, magnesia, and other drugs of the same kind. They claim that the dose is thereby not only more easily regulated, and any possible deleterious effects of the drug avoided, than when it is administered in the ordinary way, but that the particular part of the anatomy to be stimulated can be distinguished to a nicety. All this may be so, but the new practice seems best confined to cases in hospitals.

F. L.

On Saturday evening, May 23, Mr. Frederick Harrison will present, at the Haymarket Theatre, a new comedy in three acts by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, entitled "The Great Gamble." It will be preceded by "The Silver Lining," a one-act comedy by Mr. Wilfred T. Coleby.

Reclamation

NOTES ON THE CONFERENCE OF DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETIES AT GLOUCESTER.

THE practical sympathy of the editor of THE ACADEMY gives an opportunity of condensing the general result of this recent conference.

The first and most important factor in the work is obviously to reduce, if possible, the number of cases to be dealt with by such societies. The Criminal Justice Administration Bill was generally approved, although, as the editor of this paper stated in his "Notes" of April 25 last, the Bill is largely declaratory, and only strives to bring into common practice the principles already acted on by some of the more experienced County Benches. This is step number one towards reducing the number of commitments and consequent discharges.

The Mental Deficiency Act was the subject of two papers, under the title of "Feeble-minded Prisoners: How can they be effectually helped?" The general feeling of the conference with regard to this Bill was that it would require considerable amendment before being workable; but the very fact of such a Bill being passed should make necessary and practical amendments easy. When this class of person is eliminated from our prisons and placed, where he or she should be, under gentle control, without the possibility of adding to the numbers of his or her clan, another great step will have been taken in the right direction.

This should leave to be dealt with, what may be called, for want of better terms, the accidental prisoner and the intentional or professional prisoner. The first named will then be the main care of the societies, formed for and working with the help of local contributions and local knowledge, to restore the man to his proper place in society and to show him that, as the Bishop of Gloucester eloquently put it, "Hope was not dead and that there was no reason why he should not resume his place amongst the best of his fellows." The hope of this result is also the underlying principle and stimulus of all who are taking part in the good work being done, which should steadily increase.

The Bishop admitted that the Church (in its widest sense) should do much more. The beautiful anthem sung at the special service, "I will arise and go to my Father," is the keynote of the whole subject. The man who has sinned but is repentant should feel that he has someone at hand who will do what can be done to make his repentance a reality and help to restore him to the family he deserted.

But what of the unrepentant criminal? As he has shown that he cannot control himself, he must be kept under control for so long a period as may be necessary—made to work out his own salvation, if it be possible. One class of man could be dealt with (as one speaker emphasised, and the conference adopted a resolution moved by him) by means of labour colonies, where the length of stay, his food and privileges, would depend entirely on his own endeavours to turn over a new leaf

in his history. This would be approaching the system of indeterminate periods of punishment in force in some of the United States, and would also be another step in the right direction. Taken altogether, the conference was a decided success. Some of the papers were too long and the discussions too short, and it might be desirable in the future to have supplies, in rough proof, of the papers to be read for the members generally. It was impossible, as some members complained, to follow the procedure laid down for this conference, and the result was against the full discussion which should be the main object of a meeting of experts. Further than this, the arrangements should err on the side of too much time, rather than compelling the chairman to be constantly looking at the clock and checking the speakers in endeavouring to keep to his time-table.

The social side of the conference, thanks to the local secretary, the Governor of H.M. Prison at Gloucester, left nothing to be desired, and very happy memories will remain amongst those present whose professional or amateur work is more or less connected with criminals and their ways.

In conclusion, the thanks of the community are due to the band of ladies and gentlemen throughout the country who voluntarily give much time and thought to carry on a work the results of which are not apparent immediately, but possibly only after many days, and whose places could never be filled by the very best purely Governmental scheme that the finest intellects of the department responsible could devise.

WM. NEGUS.

Indian Reviews

THE *Indian Review* (Madras) for March is a full and varied number. Its views are necessarily philo-Indian. On the "American Plans to Exclude Indians," a well-known writer acknowledges that the subject bristles with difficulties, and suggests "legal proceedings to test the right of the American authorities to brand Indians as members of an inferior race." The editor pays a tribute to the late Lord Minto, largely by comparing him favourably against Lord Curzon. A retired High Court Judge advocates the adoption of the Devnagri character for a common Indian script; the idea is not likely to be accepted generally; a change is not absolutely required and would be most difficult to enforce. An Indian Professor writes against the Suffragette movement, but concludes by agreeing that women should have votes and "equal opportunities for all," though a "vote for women is quite out of the question" in India: the ideas of the writer seem to be confused. A very remarkable enterprise has been undertaken in the Institution for National Education at Masulipatam; it aims at co-ordinating the various aspects of modern literature, art, and industry with the scheme of ancient Indian culture, to be planned in complete harmony with the best educational ideals of Europe, disciplined and inspired with the spirit of old Indian seminaries.

There is perhaps no department of current events and Indian affairs with which this journal does not deal. With such a review available, anyone can become acquainted with the Indian thought of the day.

The *Herald of the Star* (London) for April has come to our notice for the first time; the Order of the Star in the East was founded at Benares in January, 1911; this is its official organ. The Order is an organisation which has grown out of the rapidly growing expectation of the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher; its principles are embodied in a declaration to be observed in practice, as a preparation for the Teacher's advent. The papers on Ideals and Ideal Communities have an elevating tone. There is a cosmopolitan note about this journal which will commend it to many readers.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for March has a good habit of keeping its articles within reasonable limits of length. An Indian Nationalist considers it not impossible for a self-governing India to attain Nationalism, while remaining a component part of the British Empire. Imperialists will read of this view with satisfaction. A study of Sadhuism is interesting, as there are said to be five millions of these religious mendicants in India, capable of doing much political mischief by their methods and meanderings. The "Essentials of Vedism" has the merit of brevity; it is claimed that the Vedic religion has manifested distinct signs of vitality, and no enemy has inflicted mortal wounds; the inference is that it possesses remarkable strength. The notice of "Some Famous British Trials" should help to make better known a series of books useful to law students and entertaining as literature. "The Persian System of Philosophy" will appeal to an entirely different class of readers. Zoroastrian and Magian philosophy appear to afford an unlimited field for discussion. This journal bears further testimony to the merits of Lord Minto as Viceroy. On the failure of the *Bombay Gazette*, once a flourishing newspaper, founded in 1791, the comment is offered that "papers that are neither Indian nor Anglo-Indian have little chance of success in the India of to-day." The new Dewan of Baroda, Mr. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., a man of experience and high character, is the subject of a laudatory notice. In "Topics of the Day," the usual antagonism to official views and policy is displayed.

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Mrs. ANNIE BESANT

(President of the Theosophical Society.)

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REVIEWS

Charlotte Brontë's Inspiration

The Secret of Charlotte Brontë. By FREDERIKA MACDONALD, D.Litt. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN the subject with which she deals in the book Dr. MacDonald touches by implication on far more than just the question of the sources of some of Charlotte Brontë's novels. In a fashion of criticism now hardly passing away, the Brontë sisters were always advanced as a remarkable instance of the way in which literature and experience moved on different planes. Here were three sisters, it was said, who lived in an obscure Yorkshire parsonage, busied themselves "contentedly" with their round of household duties, and never had any opportunity of canvassing experience, and yet—behold the books they wrote! See how tight with experience they were, how they throbbed with that passion that would seem to be born of knowledge, did we not know how far removed they were from the possibility of that knowledge! Who shall say after this that the imagination is not sufficient to itself? Who says that passion must be the echo of experience in Shakespeare's great tragedies? Look at the Brontë sisters, and see, upon the background of their humble and humdrum life, how objective and detached art may be! So the theme ran, and the argument seemed conclusive. When some saw the clear evidences of reminiscence in "Villette" and "The Professor," and thought to read Charlotte herself into the heroine, it is not too much to say that English respectability was shocked. Charlotte Brontë, whom we put into our daughters' hands! Monstrous! The very drawing-room bindings into which Charlotte Brontë was put were themselves an impeccable reproach. And so criticism took its refuge in the propriety from which it sprang.

The whirligig of time, however, has taken its revenges, and the revenge has been as unjust as the first position was ridiculous. Both have proved to be born of sentimentality, only after the publication of Charlotte Brontë's letters in the *Times* the sentimentality became inverted. Here was the demure Charlotte the third in the inevitable triangle of French dramatists! What a situation! "Villette" and "The Professor" were at once turned to, and the whole situation was accepted as a typical instance of what a strange thing life was. They were read beside the profoundly tragical Letters, and the two were taken literally as the text for a new series of remarks of the unsuspectedness of seemingly ordinary people. The new attitude was as attuned to its time as the old. One housed itself in a secure propriety, while the other ran out at once in search of the hinted scandal.

Neither one nor the other will have much sympathy with Dr. Frederika MacDonald's book; nevertheless, it is the simple human explanation of the case. She

does not advance it with any timorousness, but with even provocative positiveness, and that is all to the good. For, if the position be carefully examined, what she says is so obviously the human explanation that it explains a good many cases in literature, not least the influences traceable in Shakespeare's work. For artists—though this will seem strange to some—do not work other than in the human way, and along a certain inevitableness in human action. The chief fault we have found in Dr. Frederika MacDonald's treatment of the subject is her use of the word Romantic. In French criticism the word is appropriate and intelligible. In English criticism, born of English propriety, there is no word to meet the case, though Platonic, hard-worked though it be, is better than Romantic. Its significance is known; for most fairly healthy people know that there is no love that is divorced from the flesh, but that love is not truly love if it be dependent on it. Such a love was Charlotte's for M. Heger; and, as Dr. MacDonald traces the story, it is clear that the first person to become aware of it was Madame Heger. M. Heger never suspected it, it is clear, until the arrival of the later Letters (which we now have), and to this no doubt was due his steady refusal to reply to them; whereas Charlotte did not know of her own state until aroused into self-knowledge by Madame's attitude. Nothing brings self-knowledge like resentment, and we know what Charlotte's resentment must have been from the fact that when she first went to Bruxelles it was Madame, not Monsieur, Heger who most won her affection.

However, the course of the story is traced in Dr. MacDonald's book. And from this deep and painful experience came the passion that burns through the pages of the woman who wrote her novels during the dull round of her duties at Haworth, with the object of her veneration and affection far removed in Bruxelles refusing to reply to her letters. Yet she created; she did not reproduce. The situation that gave her the pain she sought to relieve in her writing became another thing in the course of that writing. The situations in her novels are full of reminiscence, and some of them have the sharp poignancy of a memory carefully nursed because of its infinite pain; but they are none of them mere worthless reproductions of things that occurred. As she writes, the whole situation becomes changed. A new reality takes the place of the old. Emotion becomes transmuted into new scenes and new personalities, and new vitalities emerge from the crucible of creation. M. Heger, of course, served as the prototype for Paul Emanuel, yet Paul Emanuel is not M. Heger, but another, a newer, a different man altogether. Madame Beck is not an injustice to Madame Heger, and it is only those who have no conception of what creation is and becomes who would say so, for Madame Beck is of another being. Charlotte Brontë could not have written her books apart from experience; but as she wrote she passed out of her experience in the world into her experience as an artist, and her creations, derived

though they might have been from people whom she had met and who were then living, became more real to her than their accepted prototypes. Had she met M. Heger after writing "Villette" and "The Professor," the experience would have been strange to her.

It is this that is always neglected among the busy-bodies who endeavour to find prototypes for all people in books. They forget that, in the degree in which the artist is an artist, the so-called prototypes are no more than hints to creation. Where the likeness is exact it is as exact as a photograph—and as lifeless. What the creative process meant to Charlotte Brontë Dr. MacDonald is well qualified to say, for she, too, was a pupil under M. Heger at the Pensionnat in Rue d'Isabelle. In the later half of her book she contrasts her own experience, both of M. and Madame Heger, with the people in "Villette" and "The Professor," and, though she does no more than make the distinction clear, we may perceive the transmutation and the manner of its happening in Charlotte Brontë. Her book takes an especial value from the fact that she has this advantage peculiar to herself, the effect of which is evident everywhere. But the essential rightness of her point of view is due to no such chance fortune, but to her own clear-sightedness. The combination of the two make this book one that marks an important date in the right understanding of a writer whose novels are memorable because they are poignant and passionate.

George Moore's Farewell

Hail and Farewell: Vale. By GEORGE MOORE. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

WE are left wondering, at the end of this book, how many will have patience enough to find what is excellent in it. Mr. Moore contends that Art should be shameless; he says that Manet's strength was his utter lack of shame; but we suggest to him that he is wrong when he takes Manet's utter frankness and directness of vision as any kind of a parallel for his own confessions of episodes that may or may not have happened. Manet looked at things that mattered, that were also beautiful; and expressed them with the complete lack of prejudice with which he saw them. Mr. Moore likes to look at things that do not matter in the least, that never did matter; and he tells us of them with the smoke-room intention to be "naughty." We could forgive him easily if he were at all entertaining; but the first hundred pages of this book are not.

It is a pity. There is more wit and wisdom in this book than there were in either of its two predecessors. Never possessing the sustained energy of the creator, his mind has turned naturally into the easier function of the critic. Like most works of a certain kind of realism—there are more differences between realism and realism than there are between realism and romanticism—"Esther Waters" has staled since its publication; it has proved

to be photographic of the externals of things, not perceptively and fundamentally true; yet its effort was not sustained, and its author did not go on to deepen his vision. "Evelyn Innes"—which, nevertheless, we think to be a far finer book—depends for its interest as much on the fact that it contains some admirable musical criticism as on its truer creative business. And ever we may discover Mr. Moore's mind turning aside from the stark labour of creation, either for photographic reproduction, as in "Esther Waters," or Art criticism, or questionable reminiscences. His work always, in short, leaves us with the impression that it should be much bigger than it is. We feel that this author has, as an artist, been lazy; that the quality of his mind should have been creative, but that he avoided that kind, and every kind, of strenuous life, for work that is mainly a kind of delicate journalism. Possibly his acquaintance with Paris, and the prevalence there of work that is literary rather than literature, is responsible for this. Whatever the cause, the result is indisputable. Whenever we see a collected edition of his "Works" that particular tendency will be indisputable and arresting.

The tendency, in short, is creative, though the result is gossipy and journalistic. Yet the tendency cannot be denied; and the result is that his criticism is at its best—and it is never far away from its highest level—perceptive and, from its point of view, final. Those who have faithfully undergone the tedious journey through the first hundred pages will come upon some art criticism that is in itself as fine as we know. Mr. Moore tells us that he is never happy far from the smell of oil paint; possibly that is why his criticism is not only of the intellect, perceptive, but also of the studio, workmanly. He leaves one with a richer sense of what pictures should mean, and with a completer sense of how they come to be. Moreover, unlike the criticism of artists, it does not see the world of pictures from one point of view, a point of view that is also the particular artist's courageous decision; it sees the whole as a lover might. Vision is a hard thing; and criticism, that is born of the intellect, shall not attain to it. There is much more that can be said for the old artists than that their work is glazed drawing; not painting, as is Manet's work. But the point of view is one in which there is a touch of finality that leaves the mind free to grapple with the question again from its beginnings. It is certainly unfortunate that the mind comes to this section of this book very jaded.

Thereafter—save for one short spell in which Mr. Moore lets us see exactly why he makes his would-be amorous reminiscences so unsavoury—the book is concerned with Ireland and its celebrities. Yeats is picked out again unerringly in a deadly passage—it is a certain thing that Yeats can lose no love for Mr. Moore. "A. E." moves through the scene again. He is the one man who disarms Mr. Moore's malice. With his great eyes, great beard, and great friendliness he is a lovable figure even in these pages; and that is to say much. Lady Gregory receives a few shafts, picked very deftly, shot very neatly, but unforgettable where they lodge.

Sir Horace Plunkett and T. P. Gill as Bouvard and Pécuchet are great fun. It was a wonderful thought of Mr. Moore's to fasten on Flaubert's book for his parable; and, as he says, the very sound of the names Bouvard and Pécuchet characterise their prototypes—prototypes, though they came after in history. Of one so patiently well-meaning as Bouvard it is hard to say much ill. Besides, he had back luck in, and had to fall out of, the joint enterprise in experimentation. But Pécuchet—one can hear the very accents of T. P. Gill in the fall of those syllables—is left with a barb or two in his flank that he will find difficult to remove. Edward Martyn, John Eglington, Douglas Hyde, and other notables, pass and repass once more. Mr. Moore pre-supposes some knowledge of people and events that few, surely, of his readers possess; yet, even so, the fun is great, though it is often very cruel. Unfortunately Englishmen, not especially given to the understanding of wit, will discover national faults in this narrative, and will nod very sagely over them; whereas it only means that there is a sharp sense of ridicule abroad for the correction of faults. At the end of the book there is an unmistakable cry of indignation—if Mr. Moore has any power of, much less any right to, indignation—against a priestly power that, as he knows very well, is passing despite those who are interested in its maintenance. Let the first hundred pages of this book be cut away; its interest and power and value would be increased fourfold.

The Fruits of Friendship

The Highway to Happiness. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

My Friend is Dead. By EMERY POTTLE. (A. L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)

EVERY man who lives long enough has a desire to write his "Pilgrim's Progress," though it is usually the very young who essay the task. That immortal allegory has provided suggestions for innumerable fantasies on life and death. One would rewrite it without its theology, another without its religion, and yet another without its Hebraisms. In fact it occasionally seems the easiest thing in the world for each of us to improve on it from his own individual view-point, and with regard to his own special idiosyncrasy. No "Pilgrim's Progress," however written, can be finally satisfactory to every man; for the variations of that journey are as multitudinous as life itself.

It was perhaps inevitable that Mr. Le Gallienne, who has survived for us from that period known as the "Naughty 'Nineties," should at last write his pilgrimage with beauty as its ruling idea, and a sense of the sweetness of words as its method, and when we read the dedication, "To my friend Franklin E. Bigelow, to

whom all of value in the ensuing fancy properly belongs," we are not surprised, for such books are only written successfully for a single friend in the first instance. Mr. Le Gallienne's word "fancy" very aptly describes the book, which is of the same order as his earlier, well-remembered "Prose Fancies," only a little longer and more elaborate.

"The Highway to Happiness" tells how Youth and his four companions, Virtue, Truth, Faith, and Hope, set out on their journey through life. Youth seems to have been a remarkably easy fellow to cajole, for at almost the first temptation he falls, at which one of his brave comrades, Virtue, dies. We are, of course, sorry, but we do not shed tears, for he has still three good friends with him, though Hope is a trifle feather-headed. Soon the Towers of Peace and Prayer loom before them; and here, in an atmosphere which is a combination of that of the Interpreter's House and the Palace Beautiful, Youth spends many days in exemplary fashion. The sight of family joys, however, in a neighbouring cottage lures him from the cloister to take the road again. We must not linger over details, save to remark that he spends an unconscionable time in the realms of Queen Folly; staying a deal longer and with vastly more relish than certain other pilgrims abode in Vanity Fair. He does, however, achieve Happiness in the kingdom of Love, which is a pretty enough place. It is all as charming as a Burne-Jones picture—and as real.

But Mr. Le Gallienne cannot forget the "Naughty 'Nineties," and, indeed, almost apologises for the fact when he says: "Fain am I that this was the ending of the tale, and glad were I that those who read shall deem I lie telling the strange and heavy thing that had yet to befall; for to many it must seem matter beyond belief that Youth should ever have grown weary of that fair life that was now his and the love that had come so strangely to him at the last." Why could he not leave us the true fairy-tale state of "happy ever afterwards," instead of introducing Queen Folly once more, and ending with an ironical Scripture reference to Proverbs xxvi, 11, which those who are sufficiently interested may look up for themselves? Nevertheless, it is all very Elysian, though one cannot help feeling that it lacks the prime virtue of sincerity, which is the hall-mark of great literature. The decorations of Mr. Herbert Leland Williams are very pretty, delicate dream landscapes in faint green ink, over which the letterpress is imposed.

Mr. Emery Pottle's booklet, which is an exceedingly slender one at the price, is another product of friendship. It has an almost painfully personal preciousness. Such a very intimate outpouring wellnigh gives one a sense of unwarrantable intrusion as one reads. The heart's privacies are hardly matter for publication. Yet this brief prose elegy should find many sympathetic and appreciative readers, for it is written with beauty and distinction of style.

Shorter Reviews

Wild Flowers. By MACGREGOR SKENE, B.Sc. Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. net.)

ALL those who love a country ramble along winding paths or lanes, whether through "Fresh woods and pastures new" or not, are sure to enjoy this, the 117th volume of the popular "People's Books." In these days of compulsory education, Nature study is accorded its legitimate place, and from childhood upwards minds have been awakened and require further knowledge than that which satisfied Peter Bell when—

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

The two hundred and odd illustrations and descriptive letterpress which crowd the pages of this little book form an admirable guide to the identification of the various wild flowers one may meet when strolling along the highways and byways of the countryside. In addition to an index of the Latin names, Mr. Skene supplies another of their English equivalents, among which we encounter such homely ones as "Jack-by-the-Hedge," "Sauce-alone," "Fat Hen," "Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon," "Lords and Ladies," "Old Man's Beard," "Poor Man's Weather-Glass," "Ragged Robin," "Sweet Cicely," Burns' "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," and scores of others.

Seaside Wonders, and How to Identify Them. By S. N. SEDGWICK, M.A. Illustrated. (Charles H. Kelly. 1s. net.)

MR. SEDGWICK'S little handbook is sure to prove acceptable to the holiday-maker at the seaside, for the life and habits of the various marine creatures to be found between high and low water mark are a never-ending attraction for those who pass a greater portion of their lives in smoke-begrimed cities. The first chapter supplies a seaside calendar, the second gives hints on how "to go hunting," others describe crabs, starfish, sea urchins, anemones, and various other fish; also sea-weeds and shells, and what the author terms "odds and ends." There is a coloured frontispiece and many illustrations from photographs and sketches. We could wish that fuller instructions had been given with regard to the construction and maintenance of a marine aquarium.

Useful Hints. (Blackie and Son. 6d. net each.)

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON have issued four booklets of useful hints. Three—"Health and Habits for the Home," "Household Management," "Sick Nursing for the Home"—are by Martha Millar; while "A Handbook of Cookery" is by Ada T. Pearson. The first

is divided into five parts, dealing respectively with the home, the person, eating and drinking, temperance, and first-aid to the injured. Each section is exhaustively dealt with so far as the space at disposal will allow; and, in addition to a coloured frontispiece, there are many explanatory illustrations. The second is necessarily very much on the same lines—in fact, there are identical passages in the two books—so far as the home and food are concerned; but this volume, which also contains many useful illustrations, has several pages of very practical hints on laundry work. The third volume deals not only with the care of the sick, but contains a full description of the human body and advice on how to keep it in a healthy condition. The chapters on the rearing of infants will be appreciated by young mothers and nurses. The frontispiece in colour shows the general distribution of the blood-vessels, and there are other needful illustrations in the text.

The little book on cookery is for school and home, and has a special chapter on invalid cookery which has been supervised by a competent medical authority. A coloured frontispiece which should prove useful to the housewife and cook shows the difference between prime and inferior meat. There are a large number of recipes with prices attached. We cannot say that we agree with all of these, and in many instances ingredients are put down without any price at all; for instance, the 2 lbs. of potatoes which form part of the "poor man's goose" are apparently to be obtained for nothing, while the apple sauce to accompany it is a myth so far as the cost of the apples is concerned. It is news to us that one stuffed sheep's heart will form a meal sufficient for three persons. Any healthy child would easily eat the lot and ask for more; while a trio of adults would look askance at such a meagre meal. The work, however, contains much useful information on the way of the making and cooking of the various dishes, and there are also hints on marketing and the management of the kitchen. This series of "Useful Hints" will, we feel sure, prove acceptable to thousands.

Vital Problems of Religion. By the Rev. J. R. COHU. (T. and T. Clark. 5s. net.)

THE Bishop of St. Asaph has given this book his *imprimatur* as "a sincere and earnest attempt to get at the inner essence of things," and certainly no one can accuse Mr. Cohu of any desire to shirk the riddles of theology. His many interesting works show that he is a thinker who faces the logical outcome of thought. The only quarrel we have with writers of his type is that, wanting to know too much, they betray a tendency to try and prove too much. After all, there was a vein of common sense in Margaret Fuller's "I accept the Universe," even though Carlyle grimly commented, "Gad! she'd better."

At the same time, Mr. Cohu approaches difficulties in a spirit of faith and reverence very different from the

carping or destructive attitude assumed by those who possess the will to disbelieve. Though we may be far from accepting all his conclusions, his standpoint is one of firmness and strength, a marked contrast to the sand and water foundations which some modernists are deliberately trying to find for Christianity. They would undermine the Church, whereas Mr. Cohu's efforts are directed to the finer task of underpinning the ancient fabric.

We can recommend this book with confidence to all those—and they are many—who are somewhat disturbed by the more extreme criticisms of some so-called modernists, for the talented author subordinates the acuteness of his own intellectual criticism to a higher sense of the nature of spiritual things, which, though not seen, are eternal.

The Irish Question. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Sir HORACE PLUNKETT, K.C.V.O. (Macmillan and Co. 6d. net.)

SO much has been written in every form and from every standpoint upon the Irish problem that there is no little danger of good work on the subject being buried under mountains of commonplace. It is satisfactory that the article reprinted in the pamphlet under review has secured a commendation from Sir Horace Plunkett. This may rescue it from the piles of overlying *débris* and induce the weary student of that question in our politics which corresponds to the origin of evil in metaphysic to face one more book on the illimitable controversy. The pamphlet, as Sir Horace Plunkett points out, deals with "the Federal idea," and it is the topical interest thus imparted to the article which supplies the main justification for its reappearance. But it also contains a well-reasoned and concise presentment of the leading facts of the whole case.

Anecdotes of Pulpit and Parish. Collected and arranged by ARTHUR H. ENGELBACH. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE once knew a good vicar, not without some sense of humour, but who, lacking vivacity, seldom made a joke himself. On his library table there lay for many years an elaborately bound MS. book, labelled in gold letters, "Jest Book." In it he proposed making a collection similar to that now before us. It was a source of unfailing amusement and "chaff," for the simple reason that it never got beyond the first joke on the first page. After all, there was wisdom in this Jest Book. Had its pages been filled, what an intolerable bore the dear vicar might have become! Collections such as Mr. Engelbach's really ought to be expurgated, not on moral but on intellectual grounds. There are too many old chestnuts, and, as so often happens, some well-known stories of well-known people

have been transferred to other equally well-known characters. This is a phenomenon common to every generation at Oxford. But, discounting the prevailing weakness of the professional *raconteur*, there are, if we may use the current slang of youth, some "priceless gems" in this collection. One of the best is the story Dean Ramsay used to tell of a minister who extemporised the following prayer for Queen Adelaide:—

"O Lord, save Thy servant, our sovereign lady the Queen; grant that, as she grows an old woman, she may become a new man; strengthen her with Thy blessing that she may live a pure virgin, bringing forth sons and daughters to the glory of God; and give her grace that she may go forth before her people like a he-goat upon the mountains."

Women Workers in Seven Professions: A Survey of their Economic Condition and Prospects. Edited by EDITH J. MORLEY. (George Routledge and Sons. 6s. net.)

THIS is a very instructive and useful book, not because it is written from a socialistic standpoint, but because it contains those masses of facts of the day and observations on current experience which Fabian Society workers so laboriously and enthusiastically collect. The "seven professions" which the survey covers are: Teaching; medicine, with dentistry; nursing; the work of sanitary inspection and health visiting; the Civil Service; clerical and secretarial employment; and acting. In respect of these vocations the book is a well-stocked manual for parents who wish their daughters to be self-supporting, and for young women with inclinations in the directions indicated. There is a note of salutary and discouraging pessimism in the essay which Miss Lena Ashwell has contributed to the volume for the educational discipline of the stage-struck damsel:

Theatrical lodgings, when one's salary is 25s. a week, are not always the most pleasing in the town. Rheumatic fever and other unpleasant illnesses have been contracted from damp beds, when the landlady, in her desire to live up to the degree of cleanliness expected of her, returns the sheets too quickly to the so-lately vacated bed, because, with one company leaving in the morning, and another arriving at tea-time, there are not many hours to clean out a room and wash and iron the only pair. The lodgings are usually extremely bad and dirty, and generally in the least attractive and most unsavoury quarters of the town. The food is generally unappetising and cooked with very little intelligence. There have been many cases of women finding themselves in disreputable houses; and even recommended lodgings have been found empty on arrival, the police having raided them.

But the survey is not generally so forbidding, and the tone of the "forewords" in which the Studies Committee summarises its conclusions is buoyantly hopeful.

Fiction

The Priceless Thing. By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.
(Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

"I CAN'T define it," the heroine says, at the end of the story. "There isn't just one precious thing in the world. . . Honour and love and truth. . ." We are glad to be able to say that she finds all these, for Anstice Gatehouse, as she is named, is worthy of them.

Ostensibly, the priceless thing is a Shakespeare autograph, round which a very engrossing though rather complex mystery is woven. In addition to a plot to steal this signature from Damys Castle, where Anstice was librarian, there is a cloud on the reputation of Anstice's father, a blackmailing Yankee who made life a misery to the chatelaine of the castle, an Italian villain—there is material enough, altogether, for two or three mystery stories, and quite half the characters are rendered unnecessary by the human interest of the story. For, after all, the main interest of the book is the love story of Anstice and Patrick Romere, who is not given nearly as much limelight as he deserves. Between Fleck the Yankee, Buoncini the Italian, and all the other conspirators one gets puzzled over the author's real intention. Was the book intended as a detective story, a love story, or a mystery of baronial halls, secret stairways, and the trappings of ghostly romance? Even after perusal, the question persists, but the subtle atmosphere of romance that pervades the last two pages leads us to hope that the author was as much in love with Anstice as we are by the time the end is reached, for in this tangle of hazily sketched characters she is one woman worth knowing, and her ultimate realisation of happiness is a fitting reward for her labours and trials. It is an interesting, though rather overcrowded, book of intertwining plots.

Shadows of the Past. By JOHN LITTLEJOHN. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

CERTAIN inaccuracies in the course of this story point to amateur workmanship: for instance, it is hardly possible to find such a village as the author describes, "within twelve miles of London." Standing by itself, this example may seem captious, but a perusal of the book will show that in some ways, trifling though they are, it is amateurishly written.

At the same time, it is a very good story, one that holds the attention of the reader all the way through. The hero is one Leonard Springthorpe, who, having lost his memory, finds himself first kidnapped and then compelled to hide in order to avoid being arrested on the capital charge. In such a situation is excitement enough, and the author has made good use of the opportunities offered. In depicting other characters, however, he is not so convincing: Joyce, the heroine, is far too willing to marry a scoundrel in order to save

her brother from trouble, and the brother himself, arriving at surprising results in his detective work, seems to do it all without effort—we are shown none of the tracks by which he reaches his conclusions. On the other hand, Zoe, the little half-sister of a madman, is a finely conceived character, probably the most admirable in the book—though even Zoe becomes inconsistent at the end.

Setting aside all these, which are but minor drawbacks, we assess the book high among the output of detective fiction. The hero's lack of memory, convincingly pictured, makes for real mystery until the final explanation, and there is a freshness about the style that attracts, and maintains the hold of the story throughout.

Shorter Notices

A CAPITAL story of the North-West is "Blake's Burden," by Harold Bindloss (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.). The hero is a brave and generous young fellow who takes on his own shoulders a burden that should have been borne by another—his cousin and brother-officer, Bertram Challoner. It is a charge implying cowardice in the face of the enemy. At a critical moment of an attack Bertram lost his nerve and ordered a retreat, and to save him from disgrace and spare his aged father the shock of learning the truth, Blake let it be supposed that he was the guilty party. The result is that a promising career is cut short; he has to leave the army and is ostracised by society. After knocking about the world for a while he finds himself in Canada, and it is here that the story practically opens. The author's description of a party of prospectors, which Blake has joined, travelling in the wild North-West, through the timber-belt to the barren beyond, with the hardships they endure from frost and blizzards and lack of food, is realistically told, and provides a graphic picture of a vast but little-known region. Before the end is reached Blake is cleared in the eyes of his friends; but his uncle, the old colonel, is kept in ignorance of the truth for the remainder of his life, while Bertram dies a gallant death and so retrieves his honour.

Mr. Fergus Hume has perpetrated yet another one, "The Lost Parchment" (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.), which possesses most of the ingredients of its fore-runners from the same pen. There is a missing will and a forged one to take its place; a barrister with a not too keen sense of honour; a corpse that was no corpse at all; and a dark-haired, dark-eyed young lady whose personal presentment forms the charming coloured frontispiece to the volume. To screw a dead man up in a coffin, bury him, and then bring him to life again when he happens to be wanted, is a mere bagatelle to such an imaginative and versatile author as Mr. Fergus Hume. This, his latest novel, is sure to delight the many thousands who have enjoyed his previous works, for they are a public who will swallow any improbability so long as it procures them a thrill.

Music

THERE can be no two opinions about the most recent production of the "Ring" at Covent Garden. It was a great and memorable production, worthy of the work and of the place where it was given. There were weak spots and disappointing moments, but the general result was almost entirely satisfactory, while many of the individual performances must always stand out in the memory of the most fastidious devotee. We will specify, on the one hand, the performance of "Rheingold," which was a glorious whole and contained, among other things, the Loge of Herr Sembach, quite the best rendering of this part yet seen in England; and on the other, the fine Wotan of Mr. Whitehill and the magnificent, all-round work of Herr Cornelius in the terribly exacting part of Siegfried.

It is a pity, in a sense, that high-water mark should have been reached, with "Rheingold," at the very beginning, but it would have been practically impossible to maintain so high a standard from end to end. In "Götterdämmerung" we were conscious of a distinct falling-off; where our instinct sought a climax, there was no climax, for the force that should have produced it was spent.

What shall we say of Herr Nikisch? There is little that could be said without impertinence. After the regretted retirement of Hans Richter, whom London has known for so many years, there was only one conductor to whom we could look with confidence to fill his place, and Covent Garden is to be heartily congratulated on having secured his services.

The two renderings of the "Ring" are curiously different. Richter conceived the orchestra and the singer as parts of one whole; he looked upon the vocalist as, so to speak, a solo instrument in the orchestra. Nikisch stands for a new dispensation; he seems to follow the singer with meticulous attention, and to subdue the vast forces under his immediate control to a fearful dependence; he treats the voices as the one thing needful, and relegates the orchestral part largely to the subordinate rôle of accompaniment. By this method wonderful pianissimo effects are obtained, but there are moments, such as the Waldweben and the Rhine-maiden music in "Götterdämmerung," where the lovely orchestral part comes perilously near to being lost altogether. The playing of the orchestra was superb throughout, more especially in "Rheingold" and "Siegfried," where the effects were extraordinarily brilliant.

The staging of Wagner is, to say the least, unfortunately hampered by traditions. The management of Covent Garden have wrestled with them for a great many years without achieving any noticeable measure of success, but we recognise with regret that their task is wellnigh insuperable. Rainbow-bridges, dragons, giants, not to mention the complete destruction of Walhalla, are never likely to carry complete conviction. The "fauna and flora" of Wagner are a difficult

problem, and we suppose that "der wilde Wurm," for instance, will never be anything but a pitiable object—a "worm" in English as in German—the worm that will never turn, let alone display any primordial quality of "wildness." A more hopeful subject for reform is the trap-door by which the Norns descend; a little oil would make a deal of difference. We are not, however, constitutionally ungrateful, and warmly acknowledge the extraordinary improvement in Scene I of "Rheingold," where for the first time the Rhine-maidens appeared actually to swim. Moreover, it is to be noted with relief that Siegfried's anvil split at the right moment, and not, as has sometimes happened, several seconds too soon.

To turn to the detail of the performances. We have already said that in "Rheingold" high-water mark was reached. Mr. Whitehill not having arrived in time from America, Mr. Robert Parker, a newcomer to London, took his place as Wotan; he possesses a fine voice, but he lacked dignity. Herr Knüpfer's superb singing quite endeared Fasolt to us, while Herr Kiess has made Alberich so completely his own that we resent hearing anyone else sing the part, as happened in "Götterdämmerung." No one ever heard the Rhine-maidens sing better, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn is too well known as Fricka to need special comment. A tribute must be paid to the unusual excellence of those minor characters, Donner and Froh.

The "Walküre" was another very fine performance, especially in the first and last acts. Never has Wotan's narration seemed so interesting or comparatively short as it did in the hands of Mr. Whitehill, who, moreover, in his farewell to Brunnhilde, reached heights to which he has never attained before. Herr Cornelius was again a fine Siegmund. Miss Fay's voice is too weak in its middle register to do justice to the part of Sieglinde. There seems no reason why the last act should be played in almost complete darkness; it is surely an innovation, and one not to be encouraged.

The title-rôle in "Siegfried" was filled by Herr Cornelius, who gave one of the best performances in our recollection; so many tenors are reduced to voicelessness by the last act that his eventual freshness had the effect of a miracle. There was an anxious moment in the final duet, where the singers were for a time a bar apart, but this was an insignificant blemish on an otherwise magnificent performance. Nothing new can be said about Herr Bechstein's Mime or Mr. Whitehill's Wanderer; Mme. Kirkby Lunn's voice was as beautiful as ever in the part of Erda, and Miss Bessie Jones was a delightful and unprecedently clear Woodbird.

By far the outstanding performance in "Götterdämmerung" was Herr Knüpfer's Hagen, which was heard this year for the first time in England. Whether through the deadening effect of the exquisitely garish decorations erected for the State performance on Monday, or for some other reason, there was a certain want of resonance in the voices, and the whole performance lacked the spirit that characterised the earlier operas. Frau Gertrud Kappel, who was the Brunnhilde

throughout, was at her best in the "Walküre," but her singing was spoilt by an excessive use of *portamento*, and both in "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" she seemed unable to rise to the dramatic height of the situation, particularly in the second act of the latter.

Flaws and faults were obvious, but, when everything has been weighed and considered, we have had a splendid performance of the "Ring." Herr Nikisch remains the undisputed hero of the week; he received an ovation at the end of every act, and at the close of the whole cycle was borne (figuratively) in triumph. "Fiat justitia, ruat cælum." The heavens certainly fell—at the close of "Götterdämmerung"; justice was done—by the audience—to Nikisch!

D. E.

The Theatre

"The Wynmartens"

THERE is always an insidious feeling of lassitude in the atmosphere of a theatre on the second night of a new comedy. Seldom is this subtle quality made more apparent than at the Playhouse, where there is no educated, enthusiastic pit to enhance the mild plaudits of the stalls. Certainly Mr. Richard Henry Powell's play did not create great enthusiasm on the evening we were invited to see it. But it deserves every consideration and will, we hope, become one of Miss Marie Tempest's great successes. For she makes the Countess of Wynmarten, widow of a decadent earl and daughter-in-law of one of the most smiling but unpleasant dowagers—incidentally, this part, played by Miss Agnes Thomas, happens to be one of the most cleverly enacted which we have seen on the stage for some years.

The younger countess is not an altogether engaging person, if we may judge by such news as we gain from the other characters and by the actions we see her carry out and the words we hear her speak. It seems that she married—from a somewhat lowly station, which is constantly alluded to but never explained—for money and a title. Her husband—we have only the word of one or two people in whom we do not quite believe—drank a good deal and had other disagreeable habits. Evidently he left his widow quite rich and well supplied in regard to mere material things, for her house in Belgrave Square is charmingly furnished and her many beautiful dresses and hats are by Madame Hayward. The fact that the countess suffers a good deal by reason of her own stupidity, that she is unhappy through the greater part of the four acts, that she is not supposed to be very clever or beautiful or gay, makes it a new part for Miss Tempest and one in which her art is displayed to the greatest advantage. We are rarely in sympathy with the character, but we are deeply interested in the actress.

Before she married her peer, Lady Wynmarten was in love with William Carington, Mr. Graham Browne, who

is an engineer or something of that sort in a large firm abroad. He returns to town for a few days' business, and Lady Wynmarten, intent upon shocking the dowager who has ruled her with a rod of iron—very neatly clothed in silk—engrosses his time, makes him fail in his engagements, drags him into a sort of scandal early one morning, and gets him dismissed from his post. Eventually she feels she has behaved very unfairly and does her best to get him taken back by Wilberforce, Saker and Co., his employers. We only see Mr. Saker, made very real by Mr. Franklin Dyall, who has a long scene with the countess in his office. He has already found out that he cannot do without Carington, so that the fight she puts up for what he calls "her man" is unnecessary, and the comedy ends happily with the disappointment of the dowager and the union of the lovers.

As with everything Miss Tempest produces, the action and by-play are excellent, but the author seems occasionally to have confused points, which were simple enough, in the desire to create situations in which the actress could show her exquisite command over her art. There are thousands of people who feel they must see Miss Tempest in everything she undertakes, and we imagine that, after the first week or so, "The Wynmartens" will appear a much more compact piece of work than it seemed on the second night. In the meantime, everyone will be grateful to the management for placing one more new play by a new writer before the public, especially as Mr. Powell's comedy shows great promise. We look forward to future work from his pen.

Souvenirs of Browning

OUR earliest recollection of things theatrical is connected, somewhat vaguely, with the plays of Browning and a clever Mr. Foss, of whom we have long since lost sight, who produced several with the utmost care and spirit. Those were the days of early youth, when one really needed that one's literature should be a little difficult—Meredith, Browning, "and that sort of thing," as Mr. Chesterton's duke might say. Now we ask that the writer shall do the work for us and present us with the alluring result of his labour, not the rough harvest of his genius.

French cookery in writing is really the only thing worth having, so that a return to "The Flower's Name," "Love Among the Ruins," and the curiously undramatic play, "In a Balcony," seemed rather like going back to the hard and crude golden apples of one's adolescence with the impaired appetite of middle life.

We presume, however, these are not the views of the Poetry Society, which gave the Browning afternoon of which we write at the Arts Centre in Mortimer Street. Firstly, the Lady St. Davids spoke interestingly and eulogistically of the late poet—whom we always feel could have made his work so much more beautiful had he cared to do so; then Miss Julie Huntsman recited

"A Woman's Last Word" and "The Flower's Name." Neither of these pieces proved very interesting, but Miss Grace Croft, who is so agreeable in "Magic," managed to infuse that rather worn piece of verse, "Love Among the Ruins," with a touch of new life and charm.

In 1912 we had an opportunity of writing of "In a Balcony," played by Mr. Ion Swinley as Norbert, Miss Louie Bagley as the Queen, and Miss Elizabeth Risdom as Constance. The two first actors appeared in their previous parts, but on this occasion Miss Mary Merrell played the difficult character of Constance with great tenderness and beauty. If we remember rightly, she is a young actress who has sometimes taken the parts that Miss Gladys Cooper has made popular, and has filled them with grace and ease. We have no doubt Miss Merrell has many victories before her, for she is young, beautiful, with a voice freighted with feeling and poetic charm, a quick intellect, and, we should think, a share of liveliness and gaiety which will cause her to be much admired. If the Browning afternoon as a whole is rather too reminiscent of old hopes and dead ideals, at least it gives us the eternal promise of youth and cleverness and beauty in Miss Croft and Miss Merrell.

The Palace Theatre

WE have been warned that this excellent entertainment is not a revue, and it is certainly unlike the other productions of that name in that it is delightfully witty, neatly thought out, never boring—not even when the gay humour of the book and verses by Mr. Arthur Wimperis are interrupted by such interludes as the "Salle des tapisseries anciennes" or "le Carnaval de Venise D'Antan."

The gifts of Mr. Wimperis have been well known since the halcyon days of "The Follies," but they have never been seen to so much advantage nor given so free a range as in the merry and wise, satiric and laughter-making burlesques and songs which compose the really important part of "The Passing Show."

We know a hundred men who can arrange groups of ladies and beautiful colours on the stage with movements that fit to lively music or even sombre song; but of people sufficiently observant and skilled to produce the gaiety and lively satire of "The Passing Show," we can count very few, of whom Mr. Wimperis is at the moment easily first. But the management is by no means satisfied with having obtained a wit to write its plot, dialogue and songs; it has engaged a most amusing cast of actors and a master of *mise en scène* in Mr. Flers, an accomplished musician in Mr. Finck, and dozens of other clever people who each and all do much for the success of "The Passing Show." There is Mr. Arthur Playfair, who throws himself heart and soul into the affair, whatever the nature of his part, whether showman of the World's Bazaar; Lysander, in the delightful travesty of Mr. Barker's vision of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; as stage-doorkeeper of "The Hilarity"; or as Mr. Asquith or any of the many other

personages he presents with such amusing results. Then there is a lady new to us, Miss Elsie Janis, who is inspired with the true essence of fun and satire. She also happens to be at once a splendid dancer, a clever and whimsical mimic, and possesses the most charming, clear, soft voice that we have ever heard in this sort of entertainment. Not satisfied with the treasures Mr. Butt has found in Miss Janis and Mr. Playfair, he adds Mr. Lewis Sydney, who is very amusing when he has a chance, and Mr. Nelson Keys, who entertains us with or without good cause.

Already "The Passing Show" has changed a little in character, as it will no doubt continue to do throughout what should be a very long run. In a little burlesque of Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Playfair, and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Nelson Keys is as funny as the most devoted admirer of those famous actors and Mr. Shaw's latest play could wish. Without the slightest bitterness, it makes the most delicious fun of a well-known scene in "Pygmalion." We only hope that all the other popular pieces of the day may be treated in the same light and engaging way. We could suggest half a dozen successes which everyone has seen that are simply crying out for Mr. Wimperis' humour and the brilliantly comic acting of the present Palace company. There are many more delights, such as the "Marchande de Masques" of accomplished Mlle. Regine Flory, the songs and acting of Mr. Basil Hallam, and the overwhelmingly beautiful dresses—but, of course, everyone will go to see these things for themselves. EGAN MEW.

The Magazines

IN the *English Review* this month Mr. Wells's fantasia, "The World Set Free," comes to a conclusion; we deal with this on another page. Mr. John Helston as a poet is unequal, and his inequality generally happens to depend from the natural inspiration of his subject. This month he writes upon that deathly thing for a poet, a subject at secondhand, "Monna Lisa," to wit: and the result is not fine, nor within reasonable distance of being fine. The demand for "real life" will not, we hope, tempt Mr. Patrick MacGill to many more memories like "Fighting." It is good to have one such reminiscence; but we think it would not be wise in him to pander to the æsthetes and women who like to look fearfully on blood being shed in large quantities—in literature; or who like to hear strong language, not on anything so common as human lips, but in a real, true, strong-life poem! We suggest to Mr. MacGill that such purely literary coteries may be neglected, for it is in him to write simply and manfully and out of an experience larger than blood. One of the best stories in the number is by Mr. Frank Harris, "The Veils of Isis." Mr. Swift MacNeill writes of "The Confessions of the Viceroy of the Union," dealing with some of the dispatches and private correspon-

dence of Lord Cornwallis as Lord Lieutenant after the insurrection of 1798.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy on "Channel Firing." It is full of a grim humour, yet it is touched with a kindliness that has lately been rare in Mr. Hardy's short poems. When the Channel Firing is over, and the skeletons realise that it does not signify the day of judgment:

. . . Many a skeleton shook his head.
 "Instead of preaching forty year,"
 My neighbour Parson Thirdly said,
 "I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer."

Whoever "Auditor Tantum" may be, his articles vary considerably in interest; but this month in dealing with the "Personalities of the Session," despite a clear resolve to be amiable to the wee gods at Westminster, he is full of interest. Jean d'Auvergne writes upon "The Moscow Art Theatre." The account itself is often full of drama; and it cannot be neglected by those who are interested in the progress of the theatre to-day in England. Mr. Henry Newbolt deals seriously with "Futurism and Form in Poetry." He incidentally gives a most amusing recast of Keats's Ode to a Nightingale as a Futurist would write it. Mr. Courtney himself prints the first instalment of his recent lectures on "The Idea of Comedy." His criticism is rarely creative; he depends rather on a careful historical statement of the case. Each method has its advantages, and while Mr. Courtney never leaves us inspired he seldom fails to give instruction. Dr. Chatterton Hill's article on Bruges-la-Morte" is very well sub-entitled by him "A Study in Pessimism." It does not often succeed in conveying to us the strange charm of the old Belgian city. One of the most interesting articles in the number is by Mr. Rudge Harding on "Dramas of Bird-Life."

The editor of the *Nineteenth Century* this month makes an admirable departure by giving us a three-act play by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, entitled "A Woman Alone: A Modern Play." It is a practice that might well be continued in this and in other magazines. We think a more powerful reason would be found for it if plays were chosen that made claim to literature, since such plays are nowadays inevitably shut out of the commercial theatre. Mrs. Clifford's contribution does not make that claim. Dr. Murray publishes the first instalment of some unpublished work of Addison under the title, "Addison in Ireland." So much as may be seen in this part does not seem to make good any claim to importance; nor does Dr. Murray handle the article as though he were persuaded of its interest. An interesting article is "Mrs. Wolfe and the War Office," by Beckles Wilson. It makes painful reading, but it is, unfortunately, no exceptional thing for distinguished servants of their country to leave dependents for whose support the nation does not undertake a just provision.

The two best essays in the *British Review* are "Poets as Patriots," by Robert Lynd, and "Brian's Battle," by Padraic Colum. Mr. Lynd's is rather round and about a subject than direct; he leads to no conclusion,

but he never suffers the interest to lapse. He gives the tribute that is due to Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen," which is probably the finest patriotic poem ever written. Mr. Colum writes well on the Battle of Clontarf, a starred event in Irish history, the nine hundredth anniversary of which was celebrated last month. We would have preferred Mr. Colum to have given some of the original sources for the battle, that make stirring reading. He is inclined to lose sight of the significance of the battle in subsidiary considerations; but his article, nevertheless, is carefully and thoughtfully written. "Auspicium Melioris Aevi" (which, by the way, is an indifferent, long pseudonym) writes on "Federalism and Ireland." He begins with the sentence, "The political ideas of Englishmen are undesirably vague," and at once plunges into a passionate plea for Federalism, without giving any hint as to which particular manifestation of that protean, hydra-headed thing most wins his fancy. But Federalism is the new fashionable word, and we are likely to see much of it in the magazines for some months until a new hare has been started. The poetry in the present number is, as usual, badly chosen.

We do not think the editor of the *Cornhill* was wise in printing Mrs. Browning's "Appreciation" of Lord Lytton. What a poet elects to let die should be let die; that is only the commonest of justice; and we could wish that our poets had not constantly to suffer infractions of it in the interests of journalistic "copy." Quite the best article in the number is "Charles Dickens and the Law," by Sir Edward Clarke. *Mind*, as usual, has several excellent essays. The best, as well as the most popular, is by Mr. Horace M. Kallen, on "James, Bergson, and Traditional Metaphysics."

The finest thing in the *Poetry Review* is a poem by Mr. James Mackereth, "Hail, Poet!"—a strong and vivid greeting to the prophet-poet whom he sees, "with far, fearless eyes," in the future; a careful reading of it will compel admiration from the most exigent critic. Many other writers are represented, and the poem "Up Along," by Mr. Hole, is a charming little study of a mood.

In *United Empire*, the journal of the Royal Colonial Institute, good abstracts are given of various interesting papers read before the members of that body; the "Master-BUILDER" for the month is Sir Frederick Weld; and Part iii of the series, "Christianity and the Empire," by A. Wyatt Tilby, deals very faithfully with the part played by missionaries amid foreign tribes. A clever contribution to the *Empire Review* is entitled "A Dangerous Trade"—the trade is the writing of cheap, popular serial fiction. Foreign affairs and local government are thoroughly treated in this number, and Mr. H. S. Gullett writes on "Australia for Boys." The first number of the *Chinese Review* is to hand; this new venture will be published in London on the 20th of each month, and makes a special feature of the expression of Chinese opinion, from the Oriental standpoint, on questions of the day. Miss E. G. Kemp writes well on her "Wanderings in Chinese Turkestan," Mrs. A. Little

tells of "China Revisited," and there are other good contributions which will interest all who have relations with the Far East.

The second number of the *Candid Quarterly Review* opens with an energetic, unsigned article on "The Sovereignty: The Commons House—the Minister." The cutting down of the liberty of the private member, the practice of the closure; the changes in the significance of debates during the last twenty or thirty years—these and other matters are discussed with vitality. "The Army and the Minister," "The Soldier—Must he ever Think?" are two essentially topical essays, and the lengthy article on "Labour and Wages" maintains quite a sound point of view. "The Weather and Its Prophets" is a very interesting study of the methods of the Meteorological Office and the vagaries of the barometer. It is a pity that this review does not permit the signatures of its contributors to appear.

In the April number of the quarterly *Socialist Review* the editor draws attention to the fact that the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the International Working Men's Association occurs this year. He suggests as one way of celebrating the jubilee that there should be held a great Internationalist Albert Hall meeting in London. In addition to the Book Reviews and International Notes, other articles which make up an interesting number of 104 pages are "Socialist Unity," by H. J. Stenning; "The Fallacy of Over-production," by Percy Wallis; and a discussion on "Socialism and Political Parties."

The current number of the *Classical Review* contains an account of the new Greek lyric fragments discovered by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt. Mr. J. M. Edmonds, a scholar of Cambridge, has undertaken the task of reconstructing the poems by filling up the numerous lacunæ made by the lapse of time. It is a notable achievement of scholarship. In many places words and syllables and even whole lines were lacking in the papyrus shreds. The most important of these fragments is an ode of Sappho, which Mr. Edmonds has translated.

In the *Moslem World* (London) for April the editor strikes the keynote by raising the question as to the evangelisation of the Moslem world in this generation. The idea is that in the general ferment of thought, under present-day conditions, there are unprecedented opportunities for evangelism and movements towards Christianity. In Albania, for instance, there is said to be a national preference arising for Protestant Christianity. In the Sudan, Western and Eastern, a great field is open for missions to meet the Islamic advance, which has rapidly and continuously absorbed the native races. Heathenism is doomed; the race is between Christianity and Islam. The latest statistical survey gives 201 millions and a third as the total Moslem population of the world, of whom 90 millions and a half are under British rule or occupation, and only 13 millions and a quarter under the Caliphate in the Ottoman Empire. These figures doubtless affect

England's policy towards Muhammadans in general and Turkey in particular.

For many readers the "Adventures with Editors" of Mr. H. S. Harrison, the author of "Queed," will be the most interesting feature of the April *Atlantic Monthly*, but there are many other excellent contributions. "The Fallacy of Ethics," an essay by Mr. H. Fielding-Hall; "The Path of Learning," by Margaret Lynn; "Fashions in Men"—these are all good, and the whole number is one of the best. The May *Harper's* has a capital illustrated article by Richard le Gallienne, "In Tartarin's Country"; Mr. Arnold Bennett's serial is continued; and there is a notable selection of good stories. In the *Windsor*, Sir Rider Haggard's novel is continued; Mr. Eden Phillpotts has one of his delightful short stories; and the "Editor's Scrap-book" is as amusing as ever. The illustrations to both these magazines maintain their splendid reputation.

Parts V, VI, and VII of Hutchinson's "History of the Nations" deal still with Eastern countries; India is continued from Part IV; Babylonia takes up nearly the whole of Part VI; Mr. Leonard W. King is responsible for a comparatively short account of the Hittites, and a longer one of the Assyrians in Parts VI and VII; while the Phœnician and the Carthaginian nations are described by Dr. J. P. Mahaffy. Many of the illustrations depicting later Indian history are from authentic paintings and add much to the value of the work.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

A KIND of lethargic stupor has fallen on the House of Commons; even the terrific figures of the Budget fail to create interest. We are all waiting for Asquith to make the next move, and he does not make it. There are rumours of conversations which are denied almost as soon as they get into general currency. Meanwhile Asquith's policy is plainly delay. He is in no hurry; as long as he can keep us quiet with hopes, he will calmly let the weeks go by until it is time to pass his Bill.

On Wednesday week we went on with the discussion of the Budget. Austen Chamberlain made an excellent speech, in which he brought out the defects in the policy of the Chancellor. In the old days a Chancellor was a collector of Revenue who watched the expenditure of all the other departments with a grudging eye. Black Michael—now known as Lord St. Aldwyn—when he was Chancellor, always reminded me, in his attitude to the House of Commons, of the grumbling comment of Mr. Bultitude in "Vice Versa," when Dick was asking for pocket-money with which to go back to school: "If I do give you some, you'll only go and spend it"—as if he considered money an object of art. Our Chancellor has quite given up all such old-fashioned notions of his duty; he is the greatest spendthrift of

the lot; and Austen pertinently asked where we were going to. He said George had certainly abandoned the old Liberal cry of "Peace, Retrenchment and Reform."

Then he wanted to know how George was going to get through the four or five complicated Bills which will be required to put his philanthropic intentions in order. Montagu replied, and seemed to think that the rich ought to be very grateful that they had not been bled more. "This taxation," he said, "is a method of insuring the wealthy in the enjoyment of their wealth"—meaning thereby that, if they did not "shell out"—amiably now, a worse thing may befall them.

The speech of the evening was by a Mr. Sydney Arnold, a new Radical member, who seemed as if he had been juggling with millions all his life. He defended Lloyd George admirably, praised the Budget, and spoke with a cocksureness that many of us envied. He is a man worth watching. The general impression seems to be that the Budget means that the Government intends to hold on if they can until next year; that the surplus will be far greater than Lloyd George pretends it will be, and that he will be able to free the breakfast-table and abolish indirect taxation altogether.

On Thursday Lloyd George took a leaf out of Asquith's book and refused to answer questions. It was Pretymann who caused the fur to fly, but Lloyd George was in a bad temper before that. As a matter of fact, there is a large party on the Liberal back benches who loathe the idea of an autumn session, and appear to have told the Whips, who told the Chancellor, that they cannot be relied on to "keep a House." Now Lloyd George sees that he cannot possibly get a mass of legislation through without an autumn session. Pretymann pointed this out, and wanted to know if Lloyd George intended to collect the money and then see about it. The Chancellor at first refused to answer. Pretymann talked about moving to report progress, and then Lloyd George asked him what right had he to assume that the money would not be applied for the purposes named. This was no real answer; but Pretymann had to be content, so he shrugged his shoulders in a way which meant: "The reason is because I do not trust him farther than I can throw him."

Philip Snowden made one of his brilliant and thoughtful speeches. It was quite detached; the Budget was good in parts, but he doubted if local taxation would be relieved. As a Socialist, he did not at all object to a man with £10,000 a year paying £1,000 a year in taxation; £5,000 wouldn't hurt him; in fact, it would take away temptation, which would be good for him. Hayes Fisher raked the figures fore and aft. The contributions to local authorities, although much needed, were all on wrong lines; the more extravagant the boroughs were the more they would get. Josiah Wedgwood is getting more and more threatening. "If, for the purpose of avoiding an autumn session, you put off getting the power to give the money to the local authorities, we will make government impossible," said he, fiercely. We wanted to know who "we" were. He glared for a moment

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and said, "Well, I think I have done enough to show what one determined man can do." There was the usual variegated criticism from all sides, and Steel-Maitland wound up for us with a closely reasoned speech, in which he objected to this kind of benevolent centralisation.

Ryland Adkins, a Liberal, voiced the demand of many when he said he wanted to know what Lloyd George really meant by State aid in relief of the rates. Lloyd George reminds me of a scene painter; his pictures are admirable in the distance, but you cannot understand them if you look at the detail; and in a business like Empire, we do not want our Chancellors to be scenic artists. When the debate closed and the orders for the day were run through, Leif Jones, a Welsh teetotaller, called out "Object" to a harmless little Bill to allow extensions of time to Irish hotels on festive occasions. Nobody noticed it, and we all went home wondering how Lloyd George would answer to-day's examination paper on Monday.

On Friday, Timothy Davis, a little Welsh draper from Fulham, having been successful in the ballot, brought in a Sunday Closing Bill, to the effect that all public-houses shall be closed in England on Sunday except for three hours in the country and four in London; that all *bona-fide* travellers must trudge six miles instead of three. There were other drastic clauses, but that is sufficient to show the nature of the Bill. We sent out a strong whip—a good many Radicals had thought it prudent, from hints of their agents, that they might begin the week-end early and not vote, whilst the Irish benches were sparsely filled. Harry Chaplin made a delightful speech, contrasting the drinking habits of the people as they were now and in his youth—it was quite unfashionable to drink now, and the prevailing beverage seemed to be barley-water. Paddy Goulding said it was a piece of class legislation of the worst type, because it would not affect those who could afford to stock their cellars on Saturday. Stephen Collins believed in moral suasion, and then burst into poetry like Silas Wegg:

There is a little public house which everyone can close;
That is the little public house just underneath the nose.

He was so overcome with the cheers and laughter that greeted this effusion that he gave his whole case away by saying that moral suasion requires backing up by legislation. Gilbert Parker said a Bill of this nature ought to be brought in by the Government. There was a rumour that the Bill would be thrown out, and we at first thought they meant to talk it out; but Grampian Helme (so called because his name is Norval) seemed to fail at the fifty-ninth second, and we went to a division. Eleven Nationalists—to pay Leif Jones out for his performance last night—voted against the Bill, and it was killed by twenty-two—which annoyed the teetotallers excessively. As one said to me walking out, "It is the moral effect that will be so bad in the country."

I do not know whether I am growing pessimistic in

my old age, but the House of Commons seems to me to be in a rotten condition. The Members seem to be more anxious about an autumn holiday than about Home Rule or the Budget. We did not show such slackness as this when we were not paid for doing our work. The Prime Minister, in reply to a question, said that it was not the intention of the Government, if they can help it, to have an autumn session. Another interesting item was that the Government had decided not to prosecute the gun-runners; but the words were added mysteriously: "other steps are being taken." The Opposition laughed: "It is because you are afraid to tackle the other side," shouted William Thorne, at which we cheered. Amery, ever on the pounce, announced that on the adjournment Wednesday night he would call attention "to the irresolution of the Prime Minister in dealing with Ulster."

Dear old Chaplin opened the debate on the Budget with majesty. He quoted Mr. Gladstone's saying that the income tax ought to be held largely in reserve as a colossal engine only to be used in the event of a great war. Lloyd George's reply was no better than his Budget speech. It was extremely slovenly, and in some parts so disconnected that his sentences had no endings. He made one or two slight modifications. There had been a general protest against the tax of 1s. 4d. in the £ on small unearned incomes of widows and men who had retired on their savings. According to the Budget a widow with £400 a year would have had to pay £2 extra in taxation—a rather mean proceeding in a Budget of millions. This he altered; those who have incomes of less than £500 a year will pay 1s. 2d. on the unearned part, which is the same as at present, and those who have £300 a year or under will pay 1s. on the unearned portion.

Lloyd George fiercely denied the statement that he had deliberately underestimated the Budget with a view to having a big surplus next year. The Committee really obtained very little information from him on the allocation of grants. Simon wound up for the Government and attempted to prove that the Budget was a normal one and that we had not really increased taxation very much since the days of Mr. Gladstone.

Just when we were hoping to get a division Boadicea Hunt got up and would not be denied. He gave a long rambling statement on the question of Tariff Reform and made some excellent points, although the House generally was very much annoyed with him. He did not sit down until 12.15, and as there were four divisions taking ten minutes each, all the people who travel by District lost the 12.45 train—a rather heavy price to pay for listening to the oratory of Boadicea.

On Tuesday, what I have been prophesying for some time partly came to pass. Mr. Asquith plainly showed he had been playing with the Opposition during all these past weeks, for he announced that the Home Rule Bill must go through before Whitsuntide. Furthermore, he announced that there would be no suggestion stage either on the Home Rule Bill or on the Welsh Church Bill, which is about as flagrant a breach of his

own undertakings as he has yet made. Having passed the Home Rule Bill, he then said that the Government would produce an amending Bill which would contain their new proposals, and which he hoped would satisfy the Opposition. This, of course, shows the weakness of his position. He admits practically and actually that the Home Rule Bill is not a satisfactory measure, and yet he is obliged to pass it before he brings in the amending Bill!

All these things made the Opposition very wroth indeed, and angry words were hurled across the floor of the House, but it was generally agreed that the most dramatic part of the sitting was when Mr. Redmond got up and, for the first time for some years, threatened the Government. He said he would hold himself absolutely free to deal with the new Bill when it arrives. He did not commit himself to any approval of the course foreshadowed by the Government, which he thought mischievous, and the announcement of which he considered unwise. Balfour again dominated the debate, and became the centre of a hot scene with Lloyd George, in which the Speaker had to interfere.

Mr. Balfour explained himself in quite the old Balfourian way. "Apparently it all arose from an unfortunate expression of mine," said he sweetly. "It was the Government thought the Bill was defective—that was implied. I entirely withdraw that, and I say for the sake of argument that the new Bill is an added perfection." This sarcasm made the majority of the House laugh, but it made Lloyd George very angry.

Carson seems to be the only man who sees his way. As the battle surges backwards and forwards, he has one remark to make, namely, that, come what may, Ulster will not have Home Rule, and that his followers over there are keeping their powder dry.

As we separated for the night, the general opinion seemed to be that Asquith will not be able to keep up the farce much longer, but will have to go to the country if he does not want to go down to history as the man who plunged the country into civil war.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE GRAVE CRISIS IN CHINA

THE problems of no country in the world are so baffling to the student of affairs as those of China. Hence it is not surprising that a host of writers appear to exist for no other purpose than that of prophesying with amazing confidence as to the future of that unhappy country. Where Sir Robert Hart, Dr. Morrison, and other great authorities have failed to draw upon deduction, or forecast from precedent, men of far less attainment, but more freedom from a sense of responsibility, have never ceased to map out for our guidance the certain trend of China's destiny. Thus from time to time we are told with assurance that at an early date the North and the South are to be riven asunder, and that, from one, two

Chinese Republics are to come into being. To introduce variety, some enterprising correspondent possessing exceptional sources of information refers with the regularity of the seasons to the autocratic power wielded by the President, and makes cryptic allusion to the restoration of the Dragon Throne and the birth of a new dynasty. Then, to add to our confusion, we are periodically alarmed by what is termed the impending break up of China amid a territorial scramble of the Powers. Strange to say, the Chinese themselves are never prodigal of prognostication. With them the future is the future, and beyond telling. They can understand the events of to-day, and the utmost that can be said of to-morrow, whatever it may bring forth, is that it will not find them surprised. Expectant—of anything and everything—never certain, sums up the mental attitude of the Chinese people in regard to the future. It would be well for the European writer, and his readers, were he occasionally to bear this circumstance in mind. To share, however, the stoic equanimity of the Chinese in face of the unexpected, it is necessary to be intelligently prepared. But the usual practice, as far as contemporary affairs are concerned, is to waste time and mental energy in purely destructive criticism of men and events in China, not to survey calmly and weigh judicially. The inevitable consequence of such perverse activity is that, when upheaval comes, the critic is left for a period unintelligently dumbfounded until he recovers his sangfroid and is able once more to resume his rôle as minor, and misleading, prophet.

At the present moment, criticism appears to be levelled chiefly at the head of Yuan Shih-kai. Various he is termed dictator, despot, autocrat, tyrant; his motives are impugned, and his administrative ability condemned out of hand. It is only fair to say that among the Chinese themselves are to be found some of his most hostile critics; but it does not necessarily follow that they are in the right. It is inconceivable that any man occupying the extraordinary position into which, as we believe, Yuan Shih-kai has

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been forced, would escape attack from almost every quarter in the land. All the more comprehensible does this become when we regard the unhappy state of affairs existing throughout the country. But, it will be asked, who is responsible for such a state of affairs? If the present anarchy, with its resultant widespread misery, is to be attributed to misgovernment and mal-administration, how, indeed, can Yuan Shih-kai be exonerated? To answer these questions it is necessary to review impartially the course of recent events.

It will be remembered that in the early part of last year Yuan Shih-kai, in fulfilment of his Presidential oath and in accordance with the terms of the Provisional Constitution, summoned to Peking China's first Republican Parliament. This Assembly met under the happiest of auspices and with the genuine sympathy of almost the entire world. Convened by law to sit for four months, it prolonged its session into nine. And with what result? Beyond voting its members the substantial honorarium of five hundred pounds, and appointing a Committee of both Houses to amend the Provisional Constitution, not one single measure of legislative importance was passed. When from time to time the President made representations to Parliament, urging the vital necessity for expediting the work of framing a stable Constitution, the matter was not even placed upon the agenda of the day. Where other questions were concerned, the Assembly merely indulged in dialectic warfare; and, owing to the equal distribution of parties, it often happened that, during the tactical absence of members of one party, a sitting had to be abandoned for want of a quorum. When finally the Constitutional Committee presented the draft of a Constitution which, if it had become law, would have made the President and the Cabinet the helpless slaves of an amateur Parliament, Yuan Shih-kai realised that the time had come for swift and drastic action.

It is at this point that we must inquire whether or not his action was justified, for, having once decided upon it, his subsequent policy became inevitable. Parliament had met in April, one of its strongest parties consisting of members of the Kuo Ming-tang, that powerful society which espoused the advanced Republicanism and ultra-Nationalism of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. In July, ostensibly as a protest against the signature by the Government of the Five-Power Loan contract, revolution reappeared in the Southern and Yangtze Provinces. For two months China was once more in the throes of civil war, the combatants on this occasion being the established Republican Government and the extreme Republican Kuo Ming-tang. By reason of his foresight and masterful preparations, and assisted to some extent by the reluctance of the merchant classes to lend monetary aid to the revolutionary cause, Yuan Shih-kai was able to stamp out the rebellion with comparative ease; and the leaders, Sun Yat-sen and Hsuan Hsing, were forced to fly the country. But the President had learnt his lesson. He now gauged at its full measure the strength of the opposition which he

had still to encounter from the Kuo Ming-tang in the Legislature. He realised, as we have said, that the moment had arrived for extreme measures, and he took them. In October, his term of office as provisional President came to an end, and he was formally elected by a substantial majority President of the Chinese Republic. International recognition of this fact accomplished quickly followed. In November, and without any warning, he issued a mandate dissolving the Kuo Ming-tang, simultaneously suspending its members of Parliament. This action had the immediate effect of rendering the Legislature impotent; but in view of the fact that its record had been barren of any good result, and of the certainty that, as then constituted, its continued existence would have proved a menace to the well-being of the State, who shall say that any alternative lay open to Yuan Shih-kai? He might have relinquished office, it is true; but what man could have been found to succeed him? No one, even among the Chinese, can answer this last question. That Yuan Shih-kai elected to remain and to assume what is actually the sole responsibility for the Government of his country is not an indication of inordinate love of power, but a tribute to his great patriotism. That the people of China are passing through a time of bitter tribulation, taxed by the constituted authority and ravaged by the forces of lawlessness, must not be laid entirely to the door of Yuan Shih-kai. Had he been met with less uncompromising opposition from those reformers who have never seen eye to eye with him, and who subsequently took up arms against him, the finances of China would ere now have been placed upon a sounder footing, taxation would have enjoyed a measure of relief, and stimulus would have been denied that brigandage which from end to end is now spreading ruin among the provinces.

Notes and News

A very interesting repertory season opened in Bristol on May 11. Repertory is the hope of the modern stage, and has begun to bear fruit in an infinity of directions. Several of our towns have permanent repertory companies, and others are now visited from time to time by theatrical organisations of the same type. The names of Miss Horniman and the Abbey Theatre will readily recur to the memory. Bristol has had repertory before, and has seen Miss Muriel Pratt before. But this is the first time she has been seen in command, and great things may be anticipated. Those who saw Miss Pratt recently in London, in "Hindle Wakes," for instance, must realise that she is a power for good. Some of the Bristol plays are old—"You Never Can Tell," "The Importance of Being Earnest," and "Nan," for instance—but a new play is "Wild Birds," by Violet Pearn, and the curtain-raisers will include "Permission," by Herbert Jenkins, and "Mother To Be," by Basil Dean. Mr. Noel Spencer is director, and the company includes Messrs. Douglas Vigers, Clive Carey, Brember Wills, and Robert Creighton.

The "History of Russian Music," by Mr. Montagu-Nathan, is announced for immediate publication by William Reeves. The volume, the first work of its kind in English, gives an account of the rise and progress of the Russian school of composers, with a survey of their lives and a description of their works. The author has done much to bring about a better understanding and appreciation of Russian music.

Madame Berta Morena, the famous prima donna from the Munich Royal Opera, who broke her ankle while appearing at Sieglinde during a performance of "Die Walküre" at Covent Garden last March, makes a reappearance at the Royal Opera about the middle of this month. Madame Morena is to undertake the rôle of Kundry in "Parsifal."

Nearly a thousand pictures have arrived at the Fine Arts Palace, White City, Shepherd's Bush, for the Anglo-American Exposition, opened this week. The collection is divided into sections, allotted to American artists resident respectively in the United States, in Paris, and in London; the fourth section is confined to work of leading British artists.

MOTORING

MOTORISTS who use benzol will have been relieved to find that, contrary to general anticipations, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has no immediate intention of insisting upon the application of the petrol tax to the home-made spirit. But it should not be assumed that this exemption will be perpetual. In fact, it is clear that it will only operate until such time as the consumption of benzol remains too small to make the collection of the tax worth while to the authorities. In reply to a question in the House of Commons last week, Mr. Lloyd George said:—"No duty is at present levied on the spirit referred to, which is largely and chiefly used for general industrial purposes. The question of its taxation, if and when it comes to be ordinarily and generally used for supplying motor power to vehicles, will not be lost sight of. The future status of benzol as compared with petrol, from the point of view of taxation, is evidently not going to be decided yet awhile." This shows that the Chancellor, whatever his shortcomings may be, is quite up to date in his information as to the actual position of the motor fuel problem.

An interesting paper by Mr. A. Ludlow Claydon, entitled "Inexpensive Motoring," was read before the Society of Arts last week. The first part of the paper dealt mainly with the construction of a car costing between £200 and £300, and in this connection American methods of manufacture and organisation were quoted at length and with approval. The second portion of the paper dealt with the important question of economical upkeep, special stress being laid upon the necessity of regular and careful attention being given to the tyres, the feature of the car which still remains the principal source of expense. The lecturer also drew attention to a point which is apt to be overlooked by the prospective buyer of a motor vehicle, namely, the

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importance of selecting one which will command a fair price in the event of a re-sale. This is a consideration which should always be borne in mind, as there is undoubtedly a very big difference between the prices obtainable for second-hand cars of different makes, irrespective of initial cost or actual condition.

A flotation which will attract more than ordinary attention in motoring circles is that of Vauxhall Motors (1914) Ltd., the prospectus of which will be issued at the end of this week, the subscription list opening on Monday, the 18th inst. The new company has been formed with a capital of £200,000 in ordinary shares of £1 each, and 66,000 are being taken as part of the purchase consideration, leaving 134,000 to be issued. Of these, 44,000 have been applied for by the directors. During the past five years sales have increased from £89,786 in 1909 to £220,690 in 1913, and the profits for 1913 are certified at £30,868. The management remains the same as from the inception of the business, and, in view of the reputation of the Vauxhall car for all-round excellence, it may fairly be assumed that there is a very successful future in store for the new company.

R. B. H.

A concert, at which the violinist will be Miss Dorothy Thirkell White and the pianist Miss Ruth Eyre, will be given at the Æolian Hall, on May 20, at 8.15 p.m. Fräulein Mary Mora von Goetz, a singer who has done well in Germany, will make her début in London.

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Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION X.

The man of the world is to the man of science very much what the chameleon is to the armadillo: the one takes its hue from every surrounding object, and is undistinguishable from them: the other is shut up in a formal crust of knowledge, and clad in an armour of proof, from which the shaft of ridicule or the edge of disappointment falls equally pointless. It is no uncommon case to see a person come into a room, which he enters awkwardly enough, and has nothing in his dress or appearance to recommend him, but after the first embarrassments are over, sits down, takes his share in the conversation, in which he acquits himself creditably, shows sense, reading and shrewdness, expresses himself with point, articulates distinctly, when he blunders on some topic which he might see is disagreeable, but persists in it the more as he finds others shrink from it: mentions a book of which you have not heard, and perhaps do not wish to hear, and he therefore thinks himself bound to favour you with the contents: gets into an argument with one, pros on with another on a subject in which his hearer has no interest: and when he goes away, people remark, "What a pity that Mr. — has not more knowledge of the world and has so little skill in adapting himself to the tone and manners of society!" But will time and habit cure him of this defect? Never.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name.....

Address

Coupon 10, May 16, 1914.

... Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

AS I write, the position appears to be a little clearer. Certainly, some of the liquidation has ended. But there is not much chance that the market will recover to any great extent. One or two reasonably big houses have been in difficulties, and they have been helped over. That does not mean that the stock has gone into the hands of investors, but only that it has passed from weak hands into strong hands. The buyers, or rather the lenders of money, will certainly do their best to get out as quickly as possible. There is still talk of further difficulties, and although I do not believe that any serious failure will occur, I think the position is sufficiently dangerous to warrant extreme caution.

The news from Mexico is not good. Huerta has agreed to the American proposals simply in order to get ammunition into the country. When he has received his supplies he will attack the rebels, and if he wins we shall see a Presidential election in July. Such affairs in Mexico are merely a farce, and Huerta would be re-elected; therefore the position would remain unchanged. From Brazil I hear gloomy news in regard to the finance of the country; and there is also a story going round the City in regard to the bonds of the State of Alagoas. In view of these tales, which may or may not be true, I advise my readers to sell the bonds.

MONEY.—The Money position appears a little easier, but the demand from the Continent still continues, and the Bank of England will in the end have to come into the market for gold. No one quite knows why France and Germany and Russia also should be so eager for gold. We all hope that it does not mean war, but undoubtedly many people are getting nervous. It is said that the stock of gold in Russia is now far greater than the figures published in the newspapers, and why Russia should require such a huge supply I cannot conceive. There is no chance of any reduction in the Bank Rate.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market appears to be steadying down. But the German and French bankers continue to visit London and hold conferences with the big banking houses here. Frankly, these bankers do not speak well of the position. We must not forget that the 1913 Mexican loan was a complete failure; it was all left in the hands of the banks and is now unsaleable. The tremendous losses that have been made in Mexican and Brazilian securities are extremely serious. For example, the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds of the Brazil Railway are 20 points lower in Brussels and Amsterdam than they are in London. The Alagoas bonds, to which I have alluded above, are quoted at 80-82, and they are unsaleable in Paris at from 20-40. This shows how the foreign markets have completely slipped away from London. In spite of the bad news about the Austrian Emperor, Austrian and Hungarian issues have actually risen on the account. Perus are also a shade harder, but I advise my readers to get out if the improvement continues. Tintos have been very weak, as the Paris banks decline to encourage speculation. If they harden to over 70, they should certainly be sold.

HOME RAILS.—There has been no business in the Home Railway market of any importance. Someone has been marking up the price of Underground Electric Income bonds, and if there is a further rise it would be wise for people to get out. There has been a steady liquidation

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in the deferred stocks of the Southern lines where a large speculative account is open. It is doubtful whether this fall has shaken out all the weak holders. One or two accounts have been taken over, and the lenders of money will certainly unload as quickly as possible. There is nothing to go for in either Little Chats or Dover A. I still advise my readers who have money to invest to purchase the Great Western, London and North Western and North Eastern ordinary shares. They are all under-valued.

YANKEES.—It is difficult to understand exactly the fight that is going on in Wall Street in regard to Missouri Pacific. Kuhn Loeb and Company have definitely refused to finance the road, but it is now said that Standard Oil may reconsider their decision. It is improbable that the notes falling due next month will be met. I cannot see any improvement in the general market as long as the Mexican position remains bad. A record wheat harvest is expected, and this should considerably help the roads carrying grain, and will also considerably enrich the farmers; but Wall Street is utterly depressed, and almost every dealer has sold short. The Steel trade is in a very bad condition, and the unfilled orders of the Steel Trust are particularly unfavourable. Copper continues dull.

RUBBER.—Rubber shares have been weak, but there has been no serious fall in prices. Lanadron report shows great falling away in profits, and the dividend is reduced to 10 per cent. However, 1914 should remedy this, and I do not see any reason why holders should sacrifice their shares. The company is well managed, and the costs should be considerably reduced. Ledbury has also issued a bad report, the dividend being reduced; I do not care for this company, and have never advised people to hold the shares. Riverside (Selangor) need more money. Chota, a well-managed little plantation, can only pay 7½ per cent.

OIL.—The Anglo-Egyptian output is once again reduced, but the slump in the shares has not continued and prices remain fairly hard. Indeed, nearly all the shares in the Oil market have been steady in a week of liquidation. There is a good deal of talk in regard to Venezuelan Oil Concessions. We were told that a gusher had been struck, but this news has never been confirmed, and the latest tale is that the drillers have gone through over 70 feet of oil sands and are still drilling. I have steadily advised people to get out of this ridiculous gamble; the information published in the newspapers only confirms what I have always thought about the company. The Lobitos report was excellent; this well-managed company not only increases its dividend, but also writes down its wells stringently.

MINES.—Mines remain flat, stale and unprofitable. The Alaska group reports are now coming out, and Alaska Treadwell increases its dividend to 20 per cent., having had an excellent year. Holders can hang on here. The Alaska Mexican figures are not good; nevertheless, a larger dividend is paid, the money being taken out of the sum brought forward. Depressing reports have been issued by Jupiter and Simmer Deep. Some of the Broken Hill reports are also coming out, but they have not attracted much attention. The public is completely out of the Mining market. In the Russian group everybody has offered shares, with the result that prices are weak. The little gamble here looks like dying down. The Hoover group have brought out their Burma Corporation, and the shares were promptly put to 1½. The statement issued is satisfactory. Nevertheless, those who got in at the bottom should certainly take their very handsome profit.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market there has been very little business. In view of the statement that

the Hamburg Amerika and North German Lloyd will combine to fight the British lines, I strongly advise people to sell their Shipping shares. The Iron and Steel trade grows rapidly worse, and all Steel shares should certainly be got rid of quickly. Harrods' will shortly offer £700,000 5 per cent. preference at 22s., the money being needed to purchase the ordinary shares in Dickins and Jones. The control of this famous drapery firm will give Harrods' a magnificent site in the West End, and I congratulate Mr. William Mendel upon his astuteness in carrying through the deal.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Love's Responsibilities.* By Mrs. Stuart Menzies. (Holt and Hardingham. 6s.)
- The Athenian Empire and the Great Illusion.* By E. M. W. Tillyard. (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. 1s. net.)
- Camp Cookery: A Book for Boy Scouts.* By Lincoln Green. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6d. net.)
- Civil War and Party Lawyers.* By W. Robinson. ("Farm and Home." 2d.)
- The Future of Musicians: A Plea for Organisation.* By Emil Krall. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.)
- Prosperity and How it Must Come: Economic Facts for Workers and Preachers.* By Roger W. Babson. (Babson's, Boston, U.S.A.)
- La Laxdæla Saga, Légende Historique Islandaise.* Translated by Fernand Mossé. With a Map, Introduction and Notes. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
- Art and Common Sense.* By Royal Cortissoy. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Philosophy of William James.* By Howard V. Knox. With Portrait. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)
- Advertising and Progress.* "A Defence," by E. S. Hole, and "A Challenge," by John Hart. ("Review of Reviews." 5s. net.)
- Dusk.* By Robert Vansittart. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)
- Ideals and Realities.* Essays by Edith Pearson. (R. and T. Washbourne. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Clay and Fire.* By Layton Crippen. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Babylonian-Assyrian Birth-Omens, and their Cultural Significance.* By Morris Jastrow, Jr. (Töpelmann, Giessen. 3 m. 20.)
- Anglo-Saxon Christian Poetry.* By A. J. Barnouw. Translated by Louise Dudley. (Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague. 1s. 3d.)
- The Great Problems.* By Bernardino Varisco. Translated by R. E. Lodge, M.A. (George Allen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Producers versus Parasites, or the British Workman's Burden.* (St. Catherine Press. 6d. net.)
- The Coming Great Depression in Trade.* By T. Penn Gaskell. (P. S. King and Son. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

War and Peace; Cambridge University Reporter; The Circulation Manager; Saga Book of the Viking Society, Vol. VIII, Part I; The Author; Energy, Review of the German Export Trade; Literary Digest; Revue Critique; Publishers' Circular; Bookseller; Land Union Journal; Wednesday Review; Revue Bleue; Collegian; Peru To-Day.

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No. 2194

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Letter No. T.F. 316

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Porter's Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History Freemasonry, 3 thick vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; James' Painters and Their Works, 3 vols., £3 3s.; Habershon Records of Old London, Vanished and Vanishing, coloured plates, folio, £2 2s.; Yeats' Collected Works, 8 vols., £3 3s.; Walpole's Letters, large paper, 16 vols., £7 10s.; Oscar Wilde, by L. E. Ingleby, 12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.; Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Lander's Lhasa, 2 vols., new, 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cambridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP**, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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- No. 2. Miss **MARIE CORELLI**. Appeared April 18.
- No. 3. Mr. **ARNOLD BENNETT**. Appeared April 25.
- No. 4. Mr. **H. G. WELLS**. Appeared May 2.
- No. 5. Mr. **RUDYARD KIPLING**. Appeared May 9.
- No. 6. Sir **RIDER HAGGARD**. Appeared May 16.

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Notes of the Week

NOBODY seems to have any very clear idea of what is to happen in Parliament in the immediate future. All that is clear now is that the Government intend to take the Home Rule Bill and the Welsh Church Bill to the House of Lords, which will protest in vain. It is a greater farce and may prove to be a greater tragedy than any in our Parliamentary history. The Amending Bill will apparently do little to relieve the situation. Mr. Asquith's suggestion that it would embody the views of all parties was of a piece with the rest of the Government's undertakings. Sir Edward Carson's speech on Tuesday would destroy all illusions, if Mr. Redmond's attitude had not already done so. Ulster is therefore not safe after all, and the upshot of the events of the next week or two may be a graver crisis than ever. The bare chance of escape rests in the possibility that the Government having carried their measures to the Lords may suddenly take fright of consequences and go to the country. In any case they have piled up a heritage of trouble, the effects of which must aggravate the political situation for years to come.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has fluttered the party doves by his vigorous denunciation of the Government, the Nationalists, and the corrupt bargain which involves the sale of Ulster to her enemy. What bunkum it is for Unionist papers to pretend to regret that Mr.

Kipling should show such lack of self-restraint, and rival Mr. Lloyd George in out-Limehousing Limehouse. The cases are not parallel. Mr. Kipling's denunciation of treachery was a very different thing from Mr. George's knack of uttering atrocious libels on the rich at meetings of the poor. The speech has had at least one amusing result: it has afforded the sea-green incorruptible—the *Westminster Gazette*—occasion for a homily on the sweet reasonableness of the Radicals over the Boer War. If such a suggestion does not make the Kilkenny cats laugh, they have lost their old-time sense of humour. The readiness to betray Ulster provides no element more sinister than the Radical attacks on the Army and the Unionist Government when engaged in a war, the result of which meant the continuance or break-up of the Empire.

If Mrs. Parnell desired to complete the disgust of the British people over the Home Rule controversy and all its issues she could not have chosen a more deadly means than the publication of Parnell's love story. The book is nauseating. It shows Parnell in a worse light than his bitterest enemy ever thought possible and it shows Gladstone as the perfect humbug we all knew him to be. There is not one element of greatness or dignity in all their transactions over Home Rule. Parnell betrayed his friend's honour: Gladstone would have betrayed his country, and both acted from motives of self—the one for passion's sake, the other for power. And now Parnell's widow relentlessly sells both—at the price of a guinea the two volumes.

Mr. Winston Churchill, it appears, did not loop the loop six times with Mr. Hamel. Mr. Churchill did not loop the loop at all—in the aeroplane. He keeps that achievement for the political arena. In the air, he prefers the straight flight.

Sir Ian Hamilton's inquiry into the defence position in the Pacific seems to have brought home to his mind certain truths which are not obvious in Whitehall—or are ignored. That Australia and New Zealand run grave risks in the perhaps not very distant future at the hands of the yellow races is no discovery: the risks are all the more grave because of the "white" policy deliberately adopted by the Colonists. Japan and China will not for ever sit down under this trying dispensation, and Sir Ian Hamilton predicts a world-struggle in the Pacific. Yet the Imperial authorities play fast and loose with Australasian desires to take a hand in the creation of a sufficiently powerful Pacific Fleet. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty is a safeguard to-day—but the treaty will not last for ever. The interval is the time for preparation against the conflict of white and yellow for race supremacy in that hemisphere at least.

Norway's centenary of independence warrants a celebration on which Great Britain, at any rate,

cordially congratulates her. It has been a century of progress in the teeth of difficulties, the overcoming of which shows that the old Viking spirit is still with her people. Physically and mentally Norway has contributed her quota to the world-movement. Nansen and Amundsen on the one hand, Ibsen and Björnson and Grieg on the other. Literature and the arts have gone hand in hand with discovery and exploration. It was peculiarly fitting that a Norwegian—Amundsen—should be the first, as he is the only, navigator to accomplish the North-West passage, the search for which has added so many tragic and romantic pages to the records of the voyageurs from the days of ancient Norsemen to the twentieth century.

We notice with a considerable amount of trepidation, in view of the readiness of the present Government to interfere in personal matters, the paper read by Mr. Walter Hazell on Wednesday last before the Royal Statistical Society describing a "Proposed System for Recording the Life History and Family Connections of Every Individual." It seems that under this new arrangement we should each have a number and a card—we were afraid it was coming to this—and that on the card all the notable events of our life would be entered. Birth, marriage—with, of course, the name and number of the lady—number of children, with *their* names and numerals; and no doubt height, weight, income, condition of teeth, and favourite tobacco would be added as soon as the system was in full swing. The card "would be required of the individual on formal occasions"—we quote Mr. Hazell; and "the scheme would secure records of men somewhat on the system already used in regard to pedigree animals, of whose family history accurate records are kept in Herd Books, giving the number and name of the animal in question." Amusing fellows, these Royal Statisticians! And at times a trifle irritating, perhaps; for they persist in calling us "individuals," which is very annoying, and we really don't see the fun of being in any human "Herd Book" even with the glittering attraction of being able to carry about a neat little ticket with our name and number and the date we have our hair cut printed upon it. The advantages—"differentiating each individual however common his name may be," and the prevention of bigamy—to which, of course, we are liable at any moment—do not particularly appeal to us; and what troubles and penalties would be ours if we lost our cards and couldn't remember our number!

Golf has provided its excitements this week in the beating of the Americans, Travers and Ouimet. The pæans over the Palmer victory might suggest that if he had been beaten, the end of all things would have been at hand. We are glad the British champion won, but we cannot go into ecstasies over the affair as though nothing else in the world mattered. Let us take our golf seriously by all means, but not to the extent of

proclaiming a win in an international struggle as "A Sensation at Sandwich" on every other broadside. The way some papers have handled the event only goes to show that they expected Mr. Palmer to be beaten, which was neither an intelligent anticipation nor a compliment. The only thing that really concerns us about this "greatest championship in the history of golf" is that the man of fifty-six won against the man of twenty-seven—less than half his years. Does this go to show that a man is not too old even at fifty-six, or does it prove that the royal and ancient game is an old man's game after all? We leave those who are experts in amateur championship athletics to provide the answer.

Never since John Huggins,

As bold a man
As trade did ever know,

took his famous part in the Epping Hunt has any event created more interest in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest than the Aerial Derby. From "Tot'n'am Cross" to

Epping, for butter justly fam'd,
And pork in sausage pop't,

it is safe to say that every lane and every mound, every housetop and every coign of vantage will be crowded with eager spectators of the great race. The chances of Hamel and Pixton and Hucks will be canvassed with at least as much spirit as were those of Hood's huntsman retaining his seat. And with how much more truth will it be possible to say of them what the unconscionable poet-punster said of Huggins:

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate;
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

What, one wonders, would Hood have made of the Aerial Derby? Dare we say what flights of fancy would his humour have taken?

"Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth"

WHAT though the destined goal seem faint and far?
The patience and the toil are not in vain.
What thou hast given in love thou shalt regain
If not on earth, on some diviner star.
Sometimes, as through a portal left ajar,
The soul peers outward with illumined eyes
To a dim shore it leaps to recognise
Where the first fountains of its being are.

And, if the worker seem to work for nought,
At worst his life is but a small disease
Fretting the breast of Time, that Death may cure;
God, with a hand most pitiful and sure,
Leads him at last, through death, to a fair peace
By death's birth-labour not too dearly bought.
A. F. G.

Buccaneers in the Name of Progress

CIVILISATION and progress so-called carry with them a peculiarly large leaven of the old Adam. We of the twentieth century pride ourselves on the advance we show on the bad old days of romance: the days of the buccaneer, the highwayman, and the South Sea Bubble. Civilisation, we assume, has brought more tender consciences; progress has made us all so honest that the "best policy" prevails in our dealings. Mere euphemism! Are we one whit better than our forefathers? Has the devotion of Christianity to the service of man these nineteen hundred years past succeeded in making us more susceptible to the rules of rectitude than was ancient Greek or Roman? Noble men and women strive to-day, as they have striven in all ages, to lead us towards the light, and we are inclined to take ourselves quite seriously as superior in our morals and our dealings with our fellow-men. But are we? The buccaneering spirit runs riot in the affairs of the world much as it ever did. Methods may be changed, the character of our depredations may be different, but essentially the buccaneer is with us still, nationally and internationally. We have only to look at the proceedings of the House of Commons, at the reports of certain trials in the Law Courts, at the treatment of the Chinese, or the Peruvian rubber-gatherer, or the Mexican, or the Albanian, to understand that in the cause of progress barbarities are being perpetrated to-day every whit as unprincipled as those for which the rover and the outlaw of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries were responsible. As a matter of fact, they are often much worse: the old buccaneer often had a very soft spot in his heart, and he at least took every conceivable personal risk in his adventures. To-day's buccaneering is on safer lines, but we have our buccaneers among us all the same. The fact that they claim to be advancing the cause of progress only aggravates their attacks: we do not like to be robbed even in the name of Civilisation!

Sometimes we designate these little expeditions legislation: sometimes we call them intervention in the interests of law and order and humanity. A correspondent of THE ACADEMY recently spoke of the action of the United States in Mexico as buccaneering. Was the term misapplied? What right has the high-principled democratic President of the United States to send warships and army contingents to blow up Mexican cities and kill Mexican citizens? If there were no idea of gain at the back of it all, the proceeding would still be wantonly criminal: the expedition merely aims at supporting the buccaneers and bandits on the American frontier who will not recognise the one man in Mexico capable of giving the country as reasonably good government as it is ever likely to enjoy. What was the war against Spain but a buccaneering exploit? Cuba and the Philippines, whether they are called American or not to-day, were the pillage in view. They were taken in the name of progress, under the banners of a Republic! What of

China? Here is a country which has been struggling to emancipate itself from the sloth of ages, and what do we find as the accompaniment of its efforts to rouse itself? In the very hour when the new emerges, hopeful that it may bring itself into line with twentieth-century conditions, the nations of the world pounce down determined to secure concessions, commercial, mining, financial, and an overmastering voice in the government. Buccaneers never swooped down upon what they believed to be a city in, or a richly laden galleon from, El Dorado with more vulture-like purpose than European and American adventurers on China in the last few years. Spoils, not the good of China, were the end in view, and if Chinese bankruptcy, freely prophesied, should be her fate, the international buccaneer will only have paved the way to more spoils. And innocent investors, with sleepy Celestials, will be their victims. What, again, of the Balkan War? The precious Balkan band carried their buccaneering instincts even to the length of trying to rob each other of the spoils of victory! Evidence has been ample that Turkey was not allowed to govern the Albanians properly: if she had been, the Balkan buccaneers would have been deprived of their excuse that they moved for the sake of Christianity.

So much in brief for the nations outside. Let us look nearer home. The Radical Government which acquired the reins of office by means of the Chinese Slavery lie, have during eight years of unhappy memory carried on domestic depredations the effects of which will be felt for many a long day. They have robbed the electoral Peter to pay the parliamentary Paul; they have made inroads on wealth in order to advance not the cause of the needy, but of the greedy; they have spent millions to secure the votes of the mob, which will some day learn that it has been advantaged nothing, but that the spoils have gone to bureaucrats and place-hunters. Has Mr. Lloyd George ever stopped to inquire whether the super-tax was a just tax? Just or unjust, what he has done has been to take note that someone was very rich, and, in the true buccaneering spirit, to organise an expedition, generally moving by backstairs ways, to grab the wealth of the individual for the alleged benefit of the poor. The greatest of buccaneering enterprises at home in recent years is, of course, the attack on the English Church in Wales. It is as monstrous in its utter lack of principle as the attempt to hand Ulster over to the buccaneers of the Nationalist camp. The Welsh Church has funds: its good work, the sacredness alike of its cause and of property, are all disregarded. The only people who could have stood between it and spoliation have been disarmed, and the Government go to Parliament for authorisation to lay bandit fingers on specie which belongs to the Church, or to nobody. Does anyone believe for a second that the question of disestablishment would ever arise if there were no possibility of disendowment? If so, why not disestablish without disendowing? That would not satisfy the buccaneer who proceeds by legislation in the name of Progress!

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

VII.—MR. HENRY JAMES

SIR,—In some of my previous Epistles to the Parnassians a certain tendency to criticism of the remonstrative school may have been noticed—not to be confused with mere fault-finding, which is the special province of the incompetent, but illustrated—shall I say?—by a frown rather than a smile. To-day it is my valued privilege to relax, for once—to allow the genial nature behind my mask to show itself smiling and unperturbed, and to set down a few thoughts that are not prompted by unfortunate lapses in the subject or irresistible annoyances in the critic.

It has been my recreation, recently, to consider with some care your attitude towards the modern woman; I might preferably say the excessively modern woman—the creature who seems to exhibit the spirit of the famous rhyme, “Down with anything that’s up, Up with everything that’s down,” in her eagerness to clutch that mysterious talisman which she doesn’t in the least understand, the “vote.” That she should have chosen in her pathetic frenzy to assault that charming portrait of you, which I saw, very luckily, the day before it was insulted and spoiled, is an added shame to her, but does not really matter very much. By the stupid act she did not harm you in the slightest, although she roused me and, I am sure, many other of your admirers, to a state of bitter enmity and resentment; you and your work stand secure and serene though all the voteless viragoes in England stormed and hacked and raved at you. The event, however, set me thinking, and I turned to your article in the current *Quarterly Review* on “George Sand” to find two or three delightful hints as to your views upon this question. Gently, at first, you refer to “those further liberations of the subordinate sex which fill our ears just now with their multitudinous sound,” to “the change in the computation of the feminine range,” to its “effective annexation of the male identity”; and then comes a sentence which I must quote, regarding the wonderful woman of Nohant: “It is not that she fails again and again to represent her heroines as doing the most unconventional things—upon these they freely embark; but they never in the least do them for themselves, themselves as the ‘sex,’ they do them altogether for men.” As a pendant to this, a page or two later, I take the assertion that “doing at any cost the work that lies to one’s hand shines out again and yet again as the saving secret of the soul.”

Beneath your skilled and confident analysis of the extraordinary life of George Sand I seem to hear this undertone of quiet protest against those who assert themselves collectively and obtrusively as “the sex” instead of individually and sweetly as women; and I come afresh, with new light, to the reading of your great presentment of “The Bostonians.” I see Olive Chancellor, always serious and worried and anxious for “the cause”; Verena Tarrant, finally captured by Basil Ransom in the lecture-room itself, not knowing till the very last dramatic moment whether love or the

platform would win her; I see Mrs. Luna, beautifully dressed and very feminine, mocking at it all. Above all, I see poor dear Miss Birdseye, who was “in love only with lost causes and languished only for emancipations”—I quote from memory—with her shabby stuff dress for ever bulging with pamphlets, her voice “like an overworked bell-wire,” and the glow as from the lamps of innumerable lecture-halls upon her brow. Your work there, it seems to me, was at its finest; you created a tragedy of misguided enthusiasms and unfulfilled hopes, and little Miss Birdseye, generous and foolish and devoted, is a vivid, significant, yet most pathetic figure in the gallery of remarkable women you have given to the world; she puts the Princess Casamassima, with her “poor Hyacinth,” her “dear little infatuated aristocrat,” completely in the shade. It is surprising, when I call to mind the fact that this novel was written nearly thirty years ago, to realise that it may stand, even now, as one of the most accurate pictures of a “woman’s movement” that has ever been achieved. And as, when one’s work is at its best, sincerities and emotions inevitably show clear and star-like between the lines, I believe I am right in assuming that your attitude toward the modern feminine propagandists is one of dignified reproof.

In one so cosmopolitan as yourself, one who feels at home in at least five countries, such a position should carry a decidedly high value. You have observed, far and near, minutely and unweariedly; you have stored your memory, drawn your conclusions; and the artist in you, always supreme, recoils from the crude exploits of contentious unwomanly women. I do not suppose that the person who attacked your portrait had ever read one of your books; she acted blindly, just as a vicious dog bites or a wasp stings; but I should like her to read the two novels I have mentioned, and then to study Maggie Verver in “The Golden Bowl,” sweet Milly Theale in “The Wings of the Dove,” and perhaps Miriam Rooth in “The Tragic Muse.” Miriam, with all her energy and enthusiasm, was not once deflected from the pursuit of her chosen art by the chimeras of a sphere for which she was never intended; she had discovered that “saving secret of the soul,” and held her own by virtue of a personality that knew better than to become discordant and distasteful.

Your work, sir, as a whole, has been dealt with in the columns of this review, and I do not propose to add, in this brief letter, any criticism to that which has already passed. I simply record here the fact that the fanatic who disfigured the pictured face of one whom some of us regard as the personification of steadfast devotion to a splendid artistic ideal has but succeeded in bringing disgrace and contempt upon herself and her companions; and that it has given to me and to others a fresh pleasure to trace, here and there, in your novels, your opinion of the organisations which can incite, and the creatures who can perpetrate, such senseless, iniquitous absurdities.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

The Royal Academy

III

EACH visit to Burlington House accentuates the charm this exhibition holds for us. It is not always the beauty and success of the pictures which makes for our delight; it is often, we fear, the uncertainty of the artists and their bold exposition of how not to produce a work of art that entertains the light-hearted visitor.

Then there is the wide disparity of the various works of any one man; this quality possesses a peculiar interest for the student. Mr. George Clausen, for example, has a most agreeable painting, "Primavera"—a young girl with all the delicacy and symbolism of spring. The figure would make a joyous decoration in any suitable environment, but then he also has a picture called "The Budding Tree," which seems to us utterly unworthy and ridiculous.

Mr. Sydney P. Hall's portrait of "J. M. Hyndman, Esq.," that amusing writer of memoirs, is of far more interest on account of its subject than because of the way in which it is painted, the method being sadly lacking in vivacity, although another painting from the same brush, which we have already mentioned, is lively enough. On the other hand, Mr. Gerald Kelly cannot be said to fall below the high standard he has almost always displayed. For us he has, of course, long since arrived. To the wider and more important public he may still be a coming man. If such be the case, his three pictures this year, all admirably placed, should convince everyone of his powers and his gifts; he is always far from accepting anything approaching conventional beauty. In "Gitanilla," in Gallery IV, he is content to delight with his splendid workmanship. The happy adjustment of the dark and rather sinister girl against a background glowing with all the glories of a southern sun, shows well his air of mastery over the subject he has chosen to set before us. "Ma Si Gyan: dancer" appears to belong to a slightly earlier and rather different method of the artist, but like the "Lady Gregory," already mentioned, it is extremely impressive and artistically important.

There is some extremely delicate and attractive drawing in a portrait not far off, "Miss Hastings," by Florence Carlyle—the list of exhibitors which usually gives the titles of the artists, does not do so in the case of this clever artist. There are many good pictures in this neighbourhood; "The Strange Music," by Mr. John Amschewitz, is a happy idea, in which an itinerant and shabby musician of recent days calls to the old gods and nymphs of the marshland and the brook; but the idea is not carried out with the sense of beauty which the eternal sympathy of art suggests. Mr. Charles Wyllie's "The Festival of Dionysus" might have been more beautiful too, but there is no lack of charming paintings near by.

Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen has long been a favourite at Burlington House, and his work is eagerly sought by crowds of visitors; this year he sends a clever

"Portrait of a Little Boy" and an important subject, "Women by a Lake," rich in tone, profound in conception, decorative and reposeful in result.

There is only one of Mr. P. A. de Laszló's splendidly painted portraits, "Lady Richard Wellesley," but it is so fine an example of the artist's free and brilliant work and so well placed that we are content. Not far off is a curious and freshly painted picture, entitled "Bath-time," by Miss Amy Browning, which will suggest to many the influences looming so largely on the horizon of art at the present moment. At the first glance Mr. Birley's picture, called "Room at James Pryde's," greatly takes one by reason of its mystic rich shadows. After a few visits to it, you are haunted by the names of three men who would have handled the subject so much better.

Among so many pleasures there must be some sad disappointments. Perhaps it is not quite fair to gauge a present painter by one just gone, but we cannot help feeling how delicate and beautiful Orchardson would have made Mr. Fred Roe's subject, "The Toast is England: Lord Nelson Handing the Loving Cup to Benjamin West, P.R.A." Mr. Hatton's "The Night Piece to Julia" lacks imagination and is dull in the painting, but some even more distressing pictures hold important positions. One is certainly Mr. Byam Shaw's "Design for Act Drop, London Coliseum," in which the painter of so much beauty and the draughtsman of such clever caricatures is seen to the greatest disadvantage from whatever point of view one cares to take of such a piece of work.

In a different way Mr. Anning Bell is no happier in "The Marriage at Cana." So muddled a piece of painting drives us back in thought to the artist's black and white work, such as the delicate and happy, if not strong, illustrations for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," before we can realise again the artist we have so often praised. Mr. George Wetherbee, also, does not appear at his best. His "Outcasts" are outcasts from the studio, painted in such a way as to convey no feeling of sincerity to the looker-on, and his "Dawn and the Shepherd" appears to us a fortunate design requiring much more development, and a good subject lost in the handling. But it is better to leave out the pictures which have appeared to us to miss the ideal the artists have set before themselves, when we can only hope to name about one in a hundred out of the admirable work the R.A. has collected this spring.

Passing into Gallery VII, among many excellent pictures are the life-like portrait of Sir Alfred Mond, by Mr. Birley, and a beautiful picture of "Marseilles: Twilight," by Mr. Terrick Williams, a masterly "Archbishop of Liverpool," by Mr. Orpen, and so one could go on almost indefinitely, but we will content ourselves with just a note on the catholic taste of the Academy which hangs Mr. William Strang's iron "Card Players" so well and finds room for Mr. Palin's charming "Halcyon Days."

Flies and Geese

BY F. G. AFLALO

AT last I have come to a fuller understanding of the Fourth Plague, an infliction unintelligible during earlier rambles in the Land of the Nile, since it looked as if no visitation of winged trouble could ever have disturbed the equanimity of those whose easy gospel is summed up in that one overworked word *Malaish*. Now I know, and my respect for the old king's magnificent stubbornness, preordained though it was, is profound. My revelation came in this wise.

At an early hour on a Sunday in March, the *Stanley*, one of the flotilla of the Uganda Marine which plies on that marshy broad of the Upper Nile marked in the map as Lake Kioga, steamed among four clouds, rising black off the water as the smoke belched from the stacks of a cruiser on her trial trip, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but, on nearer approach, looming greater than the ship herself. People at home would guess, if shown a photograph of the phenomenon, that burning oil had been thrown upon the waters, and it was, indeed, difficult to believe that these moving columns were in very fact made up of millions of insects. Alas! proof was soon forthcoming. With ingenuity born of long practice, the captain contrived to steer wide of the worst, but the vessel, nevertheless, took on board sufficient of these tiny flies to fill every cabin and to lie on the after-deck as thick to the tread as a green Turkey carpet. The natives of some districts eat a cake made of these insects with great relish, and it was generally regretted on board that apparently not a single connoisseur was to be found in the ship's company.

These lake flies are gifted with a feeble note, not unlike that of the mosquito, but fortunately they do not bite, or, if they do, it is with insensible effect. For the rest of the day, the passengers were confronted with solid phalanxes of fly, overhead and underfoot, in eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, in food and luggage, in clothes and books. The situation became desperate, and the only tactics promising of success seemed to be to close the screen doors and windows of the cabins, and then, switching on the light, to adopt Napoleon's favourite plan of bringing up heavy artillery unsuspected by the enemy. Fire and flood did their work; burning brand and dripping mop laid thousands low; yet even such measures were ineffectual.

My other, and more agreeable, memory of Lake Kioga is of its spur-winged geese. Would that they had been as many and as vulnerable as its flies! Alas! they were few and resisting, mostly impervious to even S.S.G., the pellets of which I distinctly heard pepper half a dozen of these fine blue-winged fowl, which merely rose on undamaged pinions and hurried out of range. So much lead can they carry that my one poor trophy, a bird weighing no more than eight or ten pounds, took three cartridges in the killing.

Yet, for all its meagre result, the chase was not without interest. Knowing that the steamer would be detained for several hours at Kelli, loading raw cotton

for the ginneries, I at once secured a native dugout. The word "secured" is in this case literal, if also a euphemism, for the canoe was simply taken from a little creek in which she lay, and four natives were requisitioned, with promise of baksheesh, to pole and paddle her among the water-lilies to the bays at the far end of the swamp, where at times these spur-winged geese and knot-billed duck are found in hundreds. The way was not easy, for the violet flowers of the lilies gathered with clinging embrace around the bow, which tore them from their roots; and even more affectionate were the floating leaves, over which the graceful little red and white birds, which the settlers whimsically call lily-trotters (appreciating them fervently on toast), ran on tip-toes, and beneath which more than one sinister form of a crocodile was seen writhing slowly out of reach. Not that there was any temptation to molest these filthy reptiles with a shot-gun, since the best, or worst, of which it was capable would have been so to irritate the brutes that they might have lashed out with their tails and swamped me.

Scanning that vast and gleaming expanse of floating vegetation with the binoculars, I first picked up two pelicans, then a couple of egrets, and last a goose, the white head of which caught the eye as the bird bent its head to feed among the lily tangle. Then the canoe had to be brought silently—as far as Africans can ever do anything without noise—within range, and I was about forty yards off when the bird looked up. The usual plan is to give it the first barrel, if possible, in the head, while it is still on the water, and the second as it rises. My crew got in a few more strokes of their paddles before the great bird gathered itself for flight, and the goose took most of both barrels without flinching and sailed away for a quarter of a mile before settling. Pursuit was immediate, but it unfortunately rose again and pitched in some dense papyrus, into which not even my natives could venture for fear of encountering a mamba and coming back on one leg.

The next goose fared worse, for, on being wounded, it took refuge on a small island, from which, as the foothold was secure, it was easily evicted. That was the bag. Other geese were put up and peppered, but in vain; and if there can be any excuse for so poor a result, over and above the fact of my being unused to such conditions, it is that the ammunition purchased abroad is not always reliable. Moreover, the geese were unusually scarce in consequence of a visit to their haunts, only a week earlier, from some cotton-buyers.

Yet the cooking of one goose is sufficient for the day, and, as I got ruefully back to the flies, there was some little comfort in gazing on the plump contour of my one victim, as it lay in the bow with a hot gun and an empty cartridge-bag, and in musing on what old Jeremy Taylor calls the "sapidness and relish of the fleshpots."

Messrs. Jack announce an entirely new Cookery Book, to contain over 3,000 recipes. The editor is Miss Florence B. Jack, co-editor of "The Woman's Book."

The Prospects of the Panama Canal

BY VAUGHAN CORNISH.

I HAVE recently returned from my fifth visit to the Panama Canal works, where I spent three and a half weeks, from January 18 to February 11, inspecting the locks, the Gatun dam, the lake, and the landslides—particularly the landslides.

The locks are working quite satisfactorily. On February 8 I saw a tug and two large barges passed through the flight of three locks at Gatun. The time occupied in raising the vessels from the level of the Atlantic Ocean to that of Lake Gatun, eighty-five feet higher, was one hour and thirteen minutes.

The Gatun dam, upon which the maintenance of the lake depends, appears to be a great success. Its designer, Colonel Sibert, piled on the load so cautiously that he has actually improved the quality of the foundations, the soft, underlying ground having become consolidated by the pressure put upon it; whereas under less skilful handling it would have been pushed away, so that the earthen dam above would have broken and let the water out. There is no sign of percolation either through or under the dam, for the lake has reached its proper level, and from time to time water has to be let out through the spillway, lest it should rise too high. I was so fortunate as to witness the opening of seven of the fourteen flood-gates. The waterfall then produced is comparable to that of Niagara. When all the gates are open the discharge is actually greater than that of Niagara Falls. Engineers have been accused of spoiling many waterfalls, but at Gatun they have produced one of the most beautiful in the world. The gates are arranged in a concave curve, and the waters converge to a centre, where they are flung on high in a huge, heaving column. Thence they rush tumultuously in great, dashing waves down the channel seawards. Yet all this tumult of waters was controlled by one man with his hand on an electric switch.

The lake itself is a wonderful sight, particularly to those who knew the country which it now covers. It stretches for about thirty miles from north-east to south-west, and for more than twenty from north-west to south-east. The canal channel lies in the latter direction. Its course is marked by buoys; and lighthouses, standing in pairs back among the trees of the forest, give the direction at each bend. The trees, which are partially submerged, die very quickly and soon break up into small pieces, partly owing to the softness of the wood, partly to the activity of boring insects. Where the dead trees still extend their white, naked arms over the waters the scene is somewhat desolate, but for the most part the lake is already a thing of beauty, especially in the early morning light. It has become the haunt of wildfowl, ducks, and cormorants, white cranes and grey, and solemn pelicans flapping heavily along.

On the Pacific side of the Isthmus as well as on the Atlantic, the sea-level portion of the canal is completed; the locks at Miraflores are in working order, Miraflores Lake has a sufficient depth of water, and the single-flight lock at Pedro Miguel, situated at the upper end of the lake, admits tugs, barges, and dredgers to the Culebra Cut. This part of the canal, extending from Bas Obispo at the north to Pedro Miguel at the South, a distance of eight or nine miles, passes through the hilly ground in the middle of the continent, the highest point being near Gold Hill, where the excavation extends on the east bank to a height of about five hundred feet above the bottom of the canal. The surface of the country on either side of the Cut is strongly undulating, and the composition of the rocks varies greatly from point to point. Generally, the peaks are composed of compact eruptive rock, basalt, andesite and trap; the saddles between them, and the more gently sloping flanks of the steeper eminences, are of soft and treacherous volcanic sediments. The banks for about a mile from Pedro Miguel have shown no signs of movement for a considerable time. Near Bas Obispo also the banks present an almost stable appearance. The full depth and width of the channel in these parts of the Cut were attained long ago, and the slides there have now come to rest. At the peaks the banks stand at a sharp angle, because they are composed of compact eruptive rock, whereas the flanks and saddles have slipped to easier slopes of various gradients. Some of these are now covered with vegetation.

In the middle portion of the Cut, where the banks are highest, the full depth and width of the canal channel have only recently been attained. Consequently, the slides there are at a much earlier stage of their life-history than those at the ends of the Cut. Moreover, as the banks are here much higher, the life, or period of activity, of these slides should be longer than that of the others. The largest of them are the East and West Culebra Slides, which face each other on opposite sides of the canal north of Gold Hill, and the Cucuracha Slide, which is on the east side of the canal on the south flank of Gold Hill. These have encroached so far into the excavated channel that the waterway is narrow and shallow at two points, north and south of Gold Hill, respectively. As fast as the dredgers dig out the foot of the slide, more material glides in, and this state of things is expected to continue until July or August, when all the material which is now known to be sliding will, it is calculated, have been removed. If no further breaks occur, the canal will then be complete. The Cucuracha Slide, which is about five hundred feet in height, has already broken back to the water-parting between the depression followed by the canal and the next valley to the east, so that, even if a break occurred farther back, it would not matter. But the question is, Will the break extend farther to the south, parallel to the canal? When I was on the Isthmus in 1912 much of the ground now moving in the Cucuracha Slide was held up by a projection of eruptive rock called Purple Hill, and the slide was pronounced

to be dead. In 1913 the "hill" broke, and the broken-off portion is moving with the slide. Now we are assured that the slide will not extend farther south because another prominence of eruptive rock holds it up. No one really knows what pressure this prominence can withstand, nor to what pressure it will be subjected. Similarly, with regard to the high ground composed of bad rock which abuts on Gold Hill on the north, no one really knows how much farther to the north the slide there may ultimately extend.

It is true that no further excavation remains to be done in the canal channel, but the interval which has elapsed since the completion of this part is too short for us to be sure that the rocks are not going to break in other places. Moreover, the removal of the ground now sliding will throw more pressure on that at the back.

There seems, however, to be quite a good chance that no serious breaks will occur between the time of clearing up the ground which is now sliding, say in July or August, and the date of the official opening, January 1, 1915, in which case there should be nothing to mar that imposing ceremony.

But it does not necessarily follow that landslides will not impede or interrupt navigation afterwards. We shall know more in four or five months' time, when the present slides are nearly or quite cleared out. In point of fact, it will not be until the channel has been maintained at full depth and width for twelve months that we can be reasonably sure that the canal is finished.

From the uncertainty which still surrounds the question of the time of completion of the canal, one turns with satisfaction to answer the question which is now being asked on all hands, Will the Panama Canal ever be a satisfactory and stable waterway? My recent visit has convinced me that it will. I base my opinion upon a study of the cross section of the ground from east to west. Where breaks occur the water-parting is already not far above or not far behind the break, and the pressure can, if necessary, be relieved to any extent required by sluicing the ground into the opposite valley. In the United States hills are often washed away by hydraulic means for the mere convenience of building, as has been done on a large scale at Seattle; the amount to be done in the Cut is not prohibitive, and it is not now as it was with the French company where work had to be stopped for want of funds.

The view of the pessimists that the solid eruptive rock of Gold Hill will behave like the rotten sediments on its flanks is not justified by the behaviour of the material, which stands firmly. The probability of serious damage by earthquakes appears more and more remote the more carefully the subject is examined.

It is satisfactory to know that Colonel Goethals has accepted the post of Governor of the Canal Zone, so that for some years to come the last stages of the work will go on under his firm and skilful guidance.

It will soon be time, in my opinion, to plant the banks in order to bind the material and protect it from the weather.

The Royal Society's *Conversazione*

GYROSTATS and soap-bubbles were the most prominent features at Burlington House on the Royal Society's first *soirée* of the season. Professor Schilowsky, a Russian, who lectured in very creditable English on gyroscopes applied to locomotion, said that the laws governing the action of gyroscopes were imperfectly known—by which he appeared to mean the influence exerted, or which theoretically should be exerted, on the instrument by the rotation of the earth. Be this as it may, he had no difficulty in demonstrating the reality of what he called "precessional rotation," or the tendency which a gyroscope has, when once set whirling, to continue its progression in the direction first imparted to it. He also showed the peculiarities of its stabilising power, which produces stability out of the combination of two instabilities, and he exhibited models in action of a train on the monorail system, a ship rolling in the trough of the sea, and an aeroplane, all thus rendered stable by means of gyroscopes. While this lecture was proceeding in the meeting-room, Dr. J. G. Gray was exhibiting upstairs several new forms of gyrostats, in which they were made to walk on stilts, to act as steersmen to bicycles, motor-cars, and aeroplanes, and to perform other marvels. Some of these devices were shown earlier in the year by Dr. Gray in his lecture at the Royal Institution, but one feature, not mentioned, if we recollect rightly, till the Society's *soirée*, was the possibility of controlling them by Hertzian waves. Thus a crewless but dirigible aeroplane or airship is likely to be realised in the near future.

The rival attraction of soap-bubbles was demonstrated by Mr. Louis Brennan, the inventor, oddly enough, alike of a torpedo controlled by wireless telegraphy and of a monorail train. This year he showed an apparatus, called by him an "iridoscope," which produced in an oblong frame of considerable dimensions a soap-film illuminated by electric light. Thus the iridescent or rainbow colours of the surface were displayed on a screen with great brilliancy, and resolved themselves, when left at rest, into horizontal bars of reds, greens, and yellows like the sunsets one sometimes sees in Egypt. The whole picture was broken up, and the colours driven into a rotating mass of brilliant clouds by a jet of air directed at the film and slightly pitting it. At the same time Professor Vernon Boys, who has, so to speak, made the subject of soap-bubbles his own, showed how to blow and detach soap-bubbles running up to two feet in diameter by a special apparatus consisting of a kind of crinoline or inverted cone of flexible stuff applied to the nozzle of a blow-pipe. The edge of the cone is serrated and the cone itself kept open by two springs which are compressed when the required diameter of the bubble is reached, while the pipe itself is swivelled so that it can be made to follow the bubble as it sways about in the process of distension.

Another toy exhibited was our old friend the kaleidoscope, improved and rechristened the "poly-

scope" by Professor Bickerton. This he has rendered so optically perfect by a better jointing of the mirrors that a hundred simultaneous reflections of the object looked at can be seen, and without the distortion at the edges visible in the primitive instrument. Any pattern produced by this can be reproduced at will, and, by setting the mirrors at different angles, he claims that he can use it for designing patterns for flexible and rigid surfaces respectively, as for cretonnes and chintzes on the one hand and tiles and mosaics on the other. The advance lately made in a kindred art was shown by a series of instantaneous photographs on paper in natural colours exhibited by the Polychromide Company. The system adopted involves the simultaneous exposure of three plates securing the reproduction of the reds, yellows, and blues on gelatino-silver emulsions. The truth of the colours (as apart from the tones) is thereby put beyond doubt, but it would seem that the eye is able to distinguish better than, or at any rate differently from, the camera, as the pictures appeared if anything rather more brilliant than the object in nature. Perhaps, however, the electric light with which the Council Room was illuminated slightly falsified the values.

In more strictly scientific matters, a foremost place was taken by Professor Bragg and his son, who exhibited some excellent models, making clear the intricacies of the structure of crystals demonstrated by their recent researches on the passage through them of the X rays. The two chief models were those showing the supposed structure of the diamond and of crystals like those of iron pyrites or fluor-spar, and most clearly illustrated the method by which Professor Bragg is able to use the crystal as a reflection grating. Of considerable importance, too, was Mr. Douglas Rudge's exhibit, demonstrating that measurable charges of electricity are produced when a cloud of dust is raised by any means. The charge is generally of one sign as regards the dust itself, and of the opposite as regards the air—or, as Mr. Rudge is inclined to think, the finer particles suspended in the air. He thinks that dust consisting of particles of silica or molybdic acid gives a negative charge to the air, and that containing metallic oxides and organic bases a positive one. It did not on the night prove possible to demonstrate this latter phenomenon at will, but the conclusion is no doubt well founded. It may be that we have here an explanation, first of the terrific electric phenomena which accompany volcanic disturbances, and next of explosions in coal-mines traceable to movements of coal-dust. With these two exceptions, this year's exhibits showed a tendency to avoid theoretical matters and to revert to improvements in apparatus and scientific toys generally. This last feature should have delighted Lord Rayleigh, the Society's former President, who unfortunately was not present, as he has lately lectured on the importance of toys from the scientific point of view. The whole evening, if not of extreme value in the development of science, proved of great interest to all who were fortunate enough to be present.

Some New French Plays

"**L**A Belle Aventure," by Messrs. de Flers, Cail-lavet, and Etienne Rey, is a charming, frothy, witty play, composed of piquant situations, amusing details, but not much action. The authors possess a keen gift of observation; they note carefully all the humorous incidents brought to their notice, and have thus always a good store of jokes, *bons mots*, and remarks with which to deck whatever subject it may please them to develop. Their public is always assured of spending an amusing evening. And if their philosophy is not very profound it is always gay and satisfying.

"La Belle Aventure" is the love match of Hélène de Trevillac and André d'Eguzon. As the course of true love in modern days runs less smoothly than ever, Hélène and André have the greatest difficulty in carrying out their matrimonial purpose. Hélène is engaged to another man, Valentin Le Barroyer, who is so neat and methodical that this quality becomes almost a vice. André's mother is opposed to the marriage of her son with her pretty penniless niece, and schemes to prevent it, advancing the marriage of Valentin and Hélène, by making the young girl believe that André has forgotten her whilst exercising the functions of a diplomat in Vienna.

But happily André returns just in time to see his beloved, and to make her a scene in a quite proper lover-like way; finally he elopes with her, as she is in her wedding dress, and whilst the wedding-bells are pealing. Interesting and very amusing complications follow, and we should no doubt have felt very properly shocked were we not convinced that the witty authors had taken all possible pains to mend matters in the third act. We were not mistaken. After a series of scenes between the young people, the old grandmother, the discarded lover and the irate aunt, "tout s'arrange." Hélène will marry André in a month's time and Valentin methodically notes the date of the wedding.

The success of the play is greatly due to the acting of Madeleine Lély, who is simple, distinguished and original. Paul Capellani is a quite sufficient André, but he should strive to cultivate less vulgar attitudes. Victor Boucher is perhaps the best French comic actor of the day. He is simply perfect in the part of the tidy, irritating, and slightly ridiculous Valentin Le Barroyer. The rôle of Madame de Trevillac is played by Madame Daynes-Grassot with much talent and truth. Madame Daynes-Grassot is really as old as she is represented in the play; she has quite recently celebrated her 82nd birthday, and is a very charming lady indeed, both on the stage and off.

Nowadays, public morality can no longer be taxed as "narrow-minded." It has become quite astonishingly elastic and extensible. Nothing shocks it. Scantly attired women abound on all the stages of Paris, yet nobody thinks of being offended by these anatomical exhibitions, which are rarely agreeable. Children take

their parents to such spectacles without a thought for the depraving influences of the performances. At the present hour, at the Moulin Rouge we see the "Orgie à Babylone," at the Gaiety Lyrique "La Danseuse de Tanagra," at the Folies Bergères "La Revue de l'Amour," at La Scala "Elles y sont toutes," whilst the Renaissance, which has certainly never claimed to be a music-hall, has just staged "Aphrodite." The novel by M. Pierre Louys from which this play has been adapted by M. Pierre Frondaie possessed admirable qualities of harmony and style. But a play requires more than this to be interesting and to hold the attention. Of course, it was a perilous enterprise, although M. Frondaie has specialised in dramatising novels; but he did not commit the error of trying to cast them into verse. M. Frondaie is not a poet.

The first act of "Aphrodite" shows the court of Queen Bérénice of Alexandria, and we see Demetrios, a sculptor, who seems to be suffering from acute neurasthenia. He disdains all women for the present, for he has just achieved a statue of Aphrodite, and so probably esteems no simple mortal worthy of his notice. In the second tableau Demetrios takes a nocturnal walk on the pier; here he meets Chrysis, a celebrated courtesan, who, veiled and scented, is also strolling in the evening air. He speaks to her; she refuses to listen to him for she knows him well by sight, and is delighted to be able to ridicule the Queen's favourite. Demetrios is piqued by her indifference, and Chrysis at last consents to see him again if he will make her three gifts: the mirror of the courtesan Bacchis, the comb of Touni the priestess, and the necklace of the image of Aphrodite in the temple. Demetrios, blinded by his sudden passion, promises, in order to please her, that he will commit a theft, a murder, and a sacrilege. During the three successive tableaux we witness the accomplishment of these crimes.

Demetrios returns to his house, falls asleep, and dreams of Chrysis; he awakes to find her standing near him. And the reality appals him; she appears so terribly material and vulgar after the perfect image he had seen in his dream. He no longer loves her, and tells her so. Of course as soon as Chrysis realises that Demetrios scorns her she conceives an irrepressible passion for him. He asks her to prove it by showing herself to the whole population of Alexandria, decked with his spoils; Chrysis is so dominated by her love that she consents, although she knows perfectly well that she is going to her death. The following evening, she appears; the people become infuriated; she is taken prisoner and condemned to drink poison. When she is dead, Demetrios comes to look at her; he finds her ennobled by death, and discovers that she at last resembles his ideal. And so he models a statue of her. . . . We understand now the symbolism of the whole play: the eternal opposition existing between dream and reality.

The part of Chrysis is taken by Madame Cora Laparcerie, a quite sufficient actress, and a first-rate

stage manager. Mlle. de Pouzols has created the rôle of Queen Bérénice, and her talent is quite equal to her beauty. Mlle. Derny takes an active part in the orgies and reveals real artistic and plastic qualities. And M. Jean Worms has much energy and conviction in the part of Demetrios.

When "Georgette Lemeunier" was given for the first time in 1898 at the Vaudeville, it was not very successful, although Réjane and Andrée Megard appeared in it. The author, M. Maurice Donnay, presented it recently to the reading committee of the Comédie-Française, and it was immediately accepted. When given a few weeks ago, it was welcomed with enthusiasm.

The theme is very simple. Georgette Lemeunier is a little bourgeoisie, full of good common sense, who just adores her husband. Lemeunier, an engineer, is gradually winning a fine position in the Paris financial world; he is slightly dazzled by his success, whereas his wife remains cool and clearheaded, and even regrets their upward progress. She fears he may be captured by one of the pretty, brilliant women of the new world in which they move. Her fears are soon justified; Lemeunier falls in love with Madame Sourette, the intriguing, seductive wife of Sourette, a big business man who is to be his partner in a new affair. Georgette discovers his passion and immediately believes what is not. She then and there seeks refuge at her mother's house, which is a very French way of acting in such circumstances. Lemeunier finds his home empty, and forthwith understands that he loves Georgette only, that his inclination for Madame Sourette was mere physical attraction. He has a stormy interview with Georgette, who refuses to believe him when he swears that the other woman is nothing to him. Lemeunier then returns home profoundly discouraged, and Madame Sourette, who has no tact, chooses this moment to pay him a visit. He receives her very coldly. She tells him that Georgette cannot really care for him, or she would not have contemplated so rapidly the possibility of a divorce. At that moment the door opens; Georgette bursts in, triumphs over her rival, and the curtain falls on a quite touching scene of reconciliation.

"Georgette Lemeunier" is certainly one of the poorest of Donnay's plays. It is rather childish; the tricks employed are often rather worn out; and it is very old-fashioned. The success it has obtained may be explained in great part by the fact that in it two young actors have made really sensational débuts.

Mademoiselle Valpreux, who plays the title-rôle, is only twenty-three years old, yet she possesses a splendid talent, which promises much. She has a delightful voice, simplicity in her style, and extraordinary strength. During the three lengthy acts she never wavered or failed. The only reproach one could make is that she plays the part of a woman who has suffered in her married life in a rather youthful and inexperienced way; but after all that is very excusable!

MARC LOGÉ.

Music

THE second Wagner cycle, which began with "Parsifal," concluded on May 12 with a performance of the "Meistersinger." This, the most popular of all Wagner's operas, if we may judge by the state of the house on this as on other occasions, is the most appropriate epilogue to the "Ring" that could possibly be conceived, for, without that descent from the sublime to the ridiculous that must have characterised the final stage of a Greek tetralogy, it enables us to pass without a shock back from the impossible kingdoms to the facts of real life. We are far from denying that there are in this work elements of burlesque or that they are apt to receive undue stress in the traditional performance, but the fact remains that it is all very human and companionable, and helps the late sojourner in Walhalla and in the world of the Asir to

Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.

"When half-gods go," the human element comes into its own; it is not a loss, it is merely a change.

The orchestra no doubt was feeling the effects of its labours of the preceding week, and in Herr Nikisch's conception, if we may be allowed to interpret, the "Meistersinger" is a work of quiet, almost homely, beauty, contrasting with the stormy splendours of the "Ring." Still, whatever the reason, and though there were fine moments and the whole orchestra seemed in marvellous sympathy with the singers, we missed the insistent rhythm, the splendid vitality that made Richter's conducting of this work so memorable. Delicate playing such as the orchestra gave us leaves scope for unusually beautiful singing, but, with the exception of the very complete Pogner of Herr Knüpfer and the pleasing Walther of Herr Hutt, the cast was not a particularly satisfying one. Neither Mr. Whitehill's voice nor his temperament is exactly suited to the part of Sachs, which perhaps of all Wagnerian *roles* calls most peremptorily for a Teutonic singer (we should have written "German," were it not for the unforgettable Van Rooy). Mr. Whitehill fails to dominate the scene as it should be dominated, though his voice remained wonderfully fresh to the very end of his exacting and exhausting *role*. Incidentally, his premature opening of the shutter in Act II placed Walther and Eva in an embarrassing position—and their embarrassment was visible. Herr Hemsing so forced the humours of Beckmesser's part that it ceased to be amusing and became merely tedious; nor was his singing, affected by his concessions to low comedy, above reproach. We must hope that it will not be long before London has another chance of hearing Hermann Gura, by far the best Beckmesser of modern times.

The performance of "Lohengrin" on the following night was entirely delightful. Miss Maude Fay is by a long way the most attractive Elsa we have ever seen; the part exactly suits the compass of her voice, and her singing, especially in the two last acts, was quite

fascinating. Herr Sembach's methods are a little too dramatic for such purely lyrical music, and his singing suffered consequently from over-emphasis; but in appearance he was certainly the ideal Lohengrin, and we wondered more than usual at the unreasonable curiosity of Elsa; with patience and tact she would have found out all she wanted, and she would not have jeopardised a most desirable *ménage* in the process. The swan is ever a stumbling-block, and his disappearance on this occasion was as deliberate and unconvincing as usual. Both the King of Herr Knüpfer and the Telramund of Herr van Hulst were very good. As we seem to be throwing alternately to right and left, with "le geste auguste du sèmeur," we will conclude our remarks on "Lohengrin" by saying that the fight in the first act was a more lamentable affair than ever; Telramund doubtless fell beneath the sword of Heaven, for no mortal blow was visible.

On Thursday was the return of Caruso, and the Italian opera sprang once more into full existence. The work given was "Aïda," and the great tenor was in magnificent voice in one of his best parts, while Frau Emmy Destinn was as unapproachable as ever in the title-*rôle*; apart from its beauty and precision, there is a quality in her voice that touches the miraculous, and that is its volume.

* * *

This week there has been the usual riot of concerts, and violinists have been particularly busy. The outstanding event was the concert in which Herr Kreisler, assisted by Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall orchestra, was the chief executant, and it was a delight to hear once again his magnificent renderings of the Beethoven and Elgar Concertos. Herr Kreisler has been heard so often in these two works that criticism would be otiose; the Elgar Concerto, in particular, may be said absolutely to belong to him.

On Saturday Herr Zimbalist gave a recital at Queen's Hall, with piano accompaniment. It is difficult to avoid the feeling that in this large hall the soloist badly needs the support of an orchestra, and this we felt particularly in the Bruch Concerto in G-Minor, which, moreover, was taken, in parts, at such a furious *tempo* that many of the passages were lost. The performance of the Prelude and Fugue from the unaccompanied suite in G-Minor, of Bach, was remarkable in every way; and some smaller pieces, among them the fanciful Humoresque of York Bowen, were delightfully played. Mr. Charles Keith was a helpful accompanist.

The Drama Society will present at the Ambassadors' Theatre on Tuesday afternoon next "Dido and Æneas," a new play by A. Von Herder. Among those in the cast will be Mr. Shayle Gardner (by permission of Mr. Kenelm Foss), Mr. Gilbert Hudson (who will produce the play under the author's direction), Mr. Rathmell Wilson, Mme. Maria Vantini, Miss Rita Sponti, Miss Rose Yule, Miss Joan Carr, and Miss Edyth Olive as Dido.

REVIEWS

The Unchangeable Church

The Freedom of Science. By JOSEPH DONAT, S.J., D.D. (J. F. Wagner, New York. \$2.50.)

FATHER DONAT is not only a member of the Society of Jesus, but also Professor in the Faculty of Theology at the University of Innsbruck. He may therefore be expected to give us the opinion current in strictly Catholic circles as to the nature and methods of scientific teaching, and the way in which it should be received. On the whole, he does not disappoint us. The so-called freedom claimed for science is, he tells us, merely independence of all authority, and as such cannot be admitted by the Church. The belief in a personal God, in the immortality of the soul, in the Creation, and in the common origin of mankind from a single pair is, like that in the Incarnation and the possibility of miracles, obligatory on all Catholics as belonging to the sphere of revealed truths against which science cannot be heard. Belief in such matters, he says in one place, is "first of all a judgment of the reason, not an act of the will, or a feeling of the heart"; but this is as far as he will go. "In the Old Testament, but especially in the New," he says, "God has revealed to man all those religious and moral truths which are necessary and sufficient for the attainment of his supernatural end." It is not, indeed, the purpose of Scripture to teach profane science, but faith and morals; yet if science controverts any of the religious and moral truths before recognised, it must stand on one side.

The position thus taken up well shows the fundamental difference in such matters between those belonging to the Roman communion and the rest of the world. Father Donat defines science at the beginning of his book as "the well-ordered summary of knowledge and of the research for the causes of things." To the great majority of the non-Catholic world, however, it would appear as exact knowledge based on ascertained fact, and therefore separated by a high barrier from matters of faith. To non-Catholics, if anything, once a matter of faith—such as, for instance, the origin of mankind from a single pair—comes, with the increase of knowledge arising from the accumulation of facts, to belong to the region of exact knowledge, it crosses this barrier, and is henceforth regarded as one of the things definitely acquired by science. Thus is explained how some of the best brains in the world—Faraday, Maxwell, Kelvin, and others are here mentioned—while abating nothing of the claims of science, yet remained believing Christians to the day of their death. Faraday put the matter in a nutshell when he said, in answer to a remark on the subject, that he kept his mind in water-tight compartments.

Apart from this, Father Donat puts his case as well as it is possible to do. He is very likely right when he says that the "humanitarian" view of the world is a kind of survival from the Humanists of the Re-

naissance, who imbibed during their revived study of Greek learning something of its contempt for the Christian spirit. So, too, with the case of Galileo, who he asserts is always made the stalking-horse of the enemies of the Church of Rome. Galileo's views would have been, and perhaps were, as firmly condemned by Luther and Melancthon as by the Sacred College. That later Protestantism, as taught in Germany and Switzerland, is gradually turning to a Christianity which denies the Divinity of Christ is also probable, and he notes with glee that Professor Harnack has lately admitted that the main tradition of the Catholic Church with regard to the earliest Christian literature is so true that it cannot be ignored. Father Donat even makes out some sort of case for the Papal attempts to suppress Modernism. But such points even when scored by him cannot affect the main issue. Modern science, like the Greeks of old, claims the right to follow the argument on any subject within its province whithersoever it leads. Father Donat would only allow us to do so within the limits allowed by the dogmas of the Church. Here is the issue, and there seems no hope that any compromise on it will be possible, at any rate in our time.

"Shakespeare Unlocked his Heart"

Shakespeare Personally. By the late PROFESSOR MASSON. Edited and arranged by ROSALIE MASSON. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

SHAKESPEARE literature constitutes a bloated and unwieldy mass. The great Elizabethan has so majestically imposed himself upon posterity that we are hardly amused when we find "English Literature" and "Shakespeare" given as two separate headings on the report-forms of girls' schools. Every time we open a new book on Shakespeare we say to ourselves, "This shall be the last." And yet we go on reading them, for the simple reason that we find they are apt to be good. No greater testimony could exist to the literary personality of a writer than the fact that he continues through the years and centuries to be "the cause of wit in others."

This course of lectures by the regretted Professor Masson does not perhaps establish anything very new. It is a work rather of wisdom than of "wit"—a guide to serve amidst the pitfalls and difficulties of Shakespeare criticism. Miss Masson tells us in the preface that her father delivered these lectures regularly during thirty years, and was constantly revising and adding to them. Mature wisdom is the characteristic that we expect and find in them. Sane, shrewd, and edifying—that is what a Scotch professor should be, and that is what Professor Masson is from first to last. There are occasions when his judgments appear superficial, but everyone's judgments are superficial sometimes.

Masses of literature have, we repeat, been poured forth over Shakespeare. "The inherent sheepishness of people in all matters of literature, the tendency always to go on saying at the same spot anything that

has once been said at that spot before" has "perpetuated the saying" of Stevens that "all we know of Shakespeare is"—we will abridge—very little. "O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" To what purpose was this regiment of commentators? To find the equivalent of three entries at Somerset House? The "general public" will be driven to reflect on the processes by which, it learned at school or somewhere, attar of roses is compounded, and will try to remember how many roses went to one drop of attar. Professor Masson insists, and rightly, that we can know *nowadays* a great deal about Shakespeare "from any of those ordinary recent memoirs of him in which the facts now authentically known are pieced together."

Baconianism is, as might be supposed, lightly brushed aside, as the affair of "would-be eccentrics," whose original source of inspiration was the "earnest and gifted lunacy" of Miss Delia Bacon.

The "Anti-Biographical spirit" receives the tribute of a more respectful attention. It is necessary as a protest against common forms of literary body-snatching, but in its essence it is only heavy-eyed obscurantism. If "Shakespeare unlocked his heart," then "the less Shakespeare he!" is a sound proposition as far as it goes, but there is an answer. "*They*" (the great men) "had the right of concealment, but Humanity has the contrary right of detection." We explore the lives of great men with a great purpose—"they may reveal the divine," perhaps "in fits and flashes," perhaps more fully.

The search for "central ideas" is another activity that Professor Masson thinks it is necessary to defend. Some "lumbering specimens of the German mode of criticism" certainly have outraged common-sense. But, after all, the sub-conscious meaning must be there. "Imagination is not, after all, creation out of nothing, but only recombination, at the bidding of moods and of conscious purposes, out of materials furnished by memory, reading, and experience."

The stages of Shakespeare's development are well defined, but there is nothing very revolutionary in the definitions. We are glad to find Richard II placed as posterior to Richard III. The exquisite lyricism and subtle refinement of the former creation surely point to a later date and a more consummate art than the crudities of Richard III.

Shakespeare was "acquisitive," "anti-Bohemian," shy of publicity, and a stranger to politics. We knew all that before, but Professor Masson has made it seem more accurate, more definitely acquired. An excellent test, which Shakespeare stands particularly well, is suggested for the estimation of the moral greatness of a writer—"Is the kind of world represented in this novel" (Sterne and Fielding are in the critic's eye) "a kind that one would have liked to be in and belong to?"

Having indicated at the outset a supposed defect, we will be brave about it and explain what we mean. Professor Masson is occasionally superficial. He quotes in full Sonnet 66—"Tired with all these, for restful

death I cry," and the ensuing catalogue of abuses—and comments—"We have spoken of Shakespeare's Elizabethanism or Conservatism in politics, his acquiescence in the main with things as they had been established by law and custom; but there are wonderful contrary touches. This surely is one of them." Now we submit that most satirists are Conservatives; most of the habitual grumblers we know are Conservatives; the "laudator temporis acti" is by definition a Conservative. Shakespeare's catalogue is, in the main, a catalogue of *abuses*—that is to say, deflections from "things established by law and custom." Sonnet 66 merely reflects one of the common moods of humanity; Shakespeare suffered from it comparatively seldom.

A Stimulating Medley

The Conscience of a King, and Other Pieces. By PAUL HOOKHAM. (Cottrell Horser, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE interests to which this little book makes an appeal are so varied that we fear it can never have the circulation it deserves. To begin with a Browningsque monologue in blank verse; to follow it with a new theory of music, two essays on Socialism, a study of personality, a discussion of Macbeth, a few lyrics, and a number of aphorisms, is to give rather more than most of us can fully appreciate.

The imaginary soliloquy of Charles before execution, which forms the title-piece, is interesting enough as a study in historical psychology, but scarcely on the level of great poetry, and certainly not so stimulating as the prose essays in the book. The first of these, entitled "A Theory," is an attempt to base the universal appeal of music on memory—not the ordinary kind of memory alone, but also our inherited, ancestral memory which dates back to prehistoric times, and which is still subconsciously latent even in the civilised man. This appeal, in turn, derives its force from the rhythmic character of the universe, which from the slow rhythm of day and night to the fast vibration of the gnat's wing has incorporated itself into the very groundwork of our nature. The whole essay should be read, for it is extremely suggestive, even if not quite convincing either to the musician or philosopher.

An examination of "The Limits of Socialism" is penetratingly carried out, and gets near to the heart of the matter in the sentence, "The ill-being or well-being of populations is determined by the stage to which the capacity for pleasure has advanced." When Mr. Hookham, however, carries the logic of a certain type of Socialism to its legitimate conclusions by saying, "In the Socialism that Socialists imagine, there could be no Shakespeare and no Christ," some of those gentlemen, who are not over-fond of such rigorous reasoning, will immediately cry out.

Of another order is "The Persona and the Personality," which discusses the relationship of facial appearance to the real personality behind the face. It

is an attempt to show psychologically why first impressions of men and women are often found to justify themselves in the long run, and is acute and very fascinating. The literary man will find interesting matter in the discussion as to the identity of "The Third Murderer in 'Macbeth.'" Mr. Hookham makes out a good case for the suggestion that he was none other than Macbeth himself; and he indicates how a good actor might heighten the tragic intensity of the drama by new emphases made with this thought in mind.

The lyrics are the work of a truly poetic nature; the epigrams which bring the volume to a close are best characterised by a specimen: "Never forget an injury; you may someday have an opportunity of showing that you forgive it." If Mr. Hookham could write an entire volume in either philosophical, Socialistic, or literary vein, but not in all at once, he should command a large and appreciative public.

Shorter Reviews

The Religion of the Sikhs. By DOROTHY FIELD.
(John Murray. 2s. net.)

IN this little work the author has compressed the essence of the late Mr. Macauliffe's monumental six volumes on the Sikhs. Sufficient is told of the history of the ten Gurus (teachers), who were the leaders of the community, to make their connection with the new religion intelligible. Sikhism is not one of the ancient religions of the East. It dates only from the time of the first Guru, Nanak (1469-1538). A pure, lofty monotheism was his leading principle; he was opposed to caste, to priesthood, and the ancient Hindu scriptures; he attempted to reform and simplify Muhammadanism and Hinduism, and combine them. Looking back, it is not surprising that he failed. The treatment of some of the Gurus by the Mogul Emperors created an animosity which abides between Sikhism and Islam to this day. The last Guru, Gobind, made every disciple a soldier, and the community became a nation in arms, concentrated in the Khalsa. In short, Sikhism was a movement *within* Hinduism, greatly affected by Islam. Under the principal feature of its monotheism, Sikhism has included various Hindu doctrines, which are duly set forth, and Mr. Macauliffe's comprehensive summary of the religious principles is quoted. There is now a marked distinction between the purer Sikhs who take the *pahul*, or Baptism by the sword, and those who neglect this institution. It is always a question how far the Sikhs are relapsing into Hinduism, or whether they will be able to maintain their distinctiveness. At present, Sikhism stands for a great body of religious thought in India, followed by millions, and it produces a fine military race, loyal to the English Ráj. The author has explained her subject as clearly and fully as most people will care to know it.

The Millers of Haddington, Dunbar and Dunfermline: A Record of Scottish Bookselling. By W. J. COUPER, M.A. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

GEORGE MILLER of Dunbar was one of the pioneers of provincial bookselling, also of printing and publishing in Scotland. His son James was in a sense his successor, and was, moreover, that *rara avis*, a literary bookseller, for more than one volume of verse and prose issued from his pen. George Miller was also a local philanthropist. For these reasons their memories were perhaps worth rescuing from oblivion. Apart, however, from what has been said in the foregoing lines, practically nothing of general interest occurred during their careers, and there seems insufficient justification for the publication of a volume devoted to these two worthies. It does not even give readers a picture of life in a small Scottish country town a century ago. On the domestic and social life of the Millers nothing is said, and even on their business transactions and writings the material published in the volume is very meagre. On finishing the book one is indeed surprised that it has been possible to occupy two hundred and sixty pages with such scanty material. A further fifty pages is filled with a list of all the publications, so far as they can be traced, which issued from the Miller presses. The only glimpse one gets of the life of the times is a list of the text-books used in a secondary school at Dunbar during the decade which preceded the opening of the French Revolution. Catechisms, the Proverbs of Solomon, spelling-books, Æsop's "Fables," Mason's "Selections," and the Bible formed the basis of instruction there in those days.

The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists. By ROBERT TRESSALL. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

ALTHOUGH this so-called novel is said to be the work of a deceased Socialistic house-painter, we strongly suspect a dual authorship.

The story of the bitter struggle of the poor painters who work for a slave-driving firm is terribly realistic. The complete knowledge of the miserable conditions under which they lived is certainly first-hand. The dialogue is of the kind not likely to be overheard; loose jests, oaths and curses, with a perpetual use of the "forbidden word." It is a painful and possibly only too true picture of labour under its worst conditions. But the real purpose of the book cannot be mistaken. It is merely the repetition of worn-out attacks on Christianity, and the exploitation of an impossible and Utopian scheme of Socialism, in the form of speeches and lectures put into the mouth of the painter, Owen, in a style and manner quite different from the rest of the book—in fact, a rather weak essay on Socialism laboured into the rough and ready dialogues of the workmen. This weak and obvious device (whether the work of the original author or not) tends to spoil a book which at least has the merit of giving a remarkable glimpse of conditions of life which call for urgent reformation.

Our Schools and the Bible. By the Hon. HENRY COKE.
(Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)

THERE is nothing new or original in this attack on the teaching of the Bible in our schools. Old and well-worn objections have been served up once more. The Book of Genesis is discredited because it is merely a "revised edition of Accadian (or Babylonian) myths and legends." The problem of evil makes belief in a "responsible Creator" impossible. Notwithstanding the value of certain ethical lessons in the Old Testament, "the Bible as taught in our schools, and all over the world by its missionaries, contains germs of lethal corruption." No reference is made to the New Testament, except that, "now we know for a certainty where the Jews got these nursery fables . . . we may estimate for ourselves the worth of the canonical dogma of the Atonement by the death of the Son of God." In fact, "the God of the multitude is and must be what Matthew Arnold calls 'A magnified and non-natural man.' " All this we have heard before *ad nauseam*. So we need not be surprised when Mr. Coke has nothing more to tell us than that the Bible as it stands, for the child or the ordinary man, "is a serious detriment to an acceptable religious creed." It would be interesting to know the writer's definition of "an acceptable religious creed." But we are left uninformed. One thing, however, is plain. He is quite satisfied that he possesses a monopoly of Truth. We are reminded of the finest piece of irony in literature, in a work wellnigh 3,000 years old, when Job said: "No doubt, but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

The Athenian Empire and the Great Illusion. By E. M. W. TILLYARD, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. 1s. net.)

MR. TILLYARD'S little essay is a noteworthy application of the principles enunciated by Mr. Norman Angell in "The Great Illusion." It is something more. It is in a sense an extension; for Mr. Tillyard's theory is that those principles are true even of a state of things when the modern system of international credit had not come into existence. His first important point is that the commercial greatness of Athens was established long before and not at the time of the Persian wars. "To imagine that Athenian industry rose and flourished along with Athenian naval power is a complete and utter illusion." The second is that, after the political downfall of the Athenian Empire, *qua* empire, Athens saw a remarkable revival of commercial activity, which lasted for at least a century. The truth of the latter point depends upon whether or not we are prepared to accept the author's word that a certain class of vases, and notably those emanating from the firm of Meidias, has been dated a century too early. The proposition is so hypothetical that it is hazardous to found so substantial a superstructure upon it. We agree that the whole subject of ancient commercial and political evolution calls for examination in the light of Mr. Angell's doctrines.

Principles of Property. By JOHN BOYD KINNEAR.
(Smith, Elder and Co. 1s. net.)

THIS is not a work for students of economics by whom elementary considerations may be "taken as read." Mr. Kinnear has endeavoured to state in quite simple terms, such as people unused to rigorous thinking can easily follow, the origin and the justification of the institution of property, and his little volume should prove thoroughly useful to those who wish to counteract the effect of Socialist diatribes on untutored faculties. In the latter part of the book the author deals with current proposals for reform of the land system. In this connection he presents in a plain tabulated form the probable effect, in terms of income and outgoings, of nationalising arable land. "The result shows there would be a net loss to the nation, under nationalisation, of £1 15s. per acre, or on the arable land of the kingdom of over £35,000,000 a year. Probably it would be a good deal more, for the supposition that State labourers, working under State officials, would be as competent, or as successful, as labourers working under the eye of a private employer is not one consistent with experience." Mr. Kinnear offers some criticism in the same vein on Mr. Lloyd George's suggestions for "bursting" the established land system.

THREE BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

"A Little Radiant Girl," by Katharine Tynan, "Meriel's Career," by Mary Bradford Whiting (Blackie and Son, 6s. each), and "Cinderella's Sisters," by Florence Scannell (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.), are the kind of stories of which so many are issued during the winter holiday season and usually referred to as being suitable for Christmas presents. There is no reason, however, why they should not be issued at other periods as well; young folk have birthdays, and a new book is to many a more acceptable gift than anything else could be.

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Miss Tynan's story is a capital one; containing nothing strikingly original in plot or presentation, it is nevertheless interesting and clear. Francie is the youngest of three girls and differs very much from her two prim elder sisters. From the beginning she is the little heroine; everyone likes her and is charmed with her fascinating manner. She is also brave and unselfish, and when love enters into her young life she is willing to make great sacrifices for those who are dear to her, and her quick and clear decisions prevent tragedy from being the dominant note on which the story closes.

It is a very rosy career Miss Whiting paints for Meriel in our second story. A domineering, arrogant and heartless schoolgirl, with no particularly outstanding abilities, she yet manages to have accepted while she is still in the schoolroom a set of articles by an exclusive weekly review. This is very quickly followed by the offer of a position as editor of a flashy girl's paper at £500 a year. If these facts can be accepted, doubtless the book will be enjoyed. Those who know a little of literary and journalistic London will not be quite ready to pass them lightly by, particularly as the remainder of the book is equally improbable. Apart from fairy stories and pure fantasies, it is surely better to draw on the imagination for such things as might reasonably happen, than for wild, romantic doings.

Cinderella is a charming little person who does all sorts of daring things and turns up in a number of places where she ought not for a moment to be; her "sisters"—in reality they are cousins—are equally nice, and, after many years in the schoolroom, the elder is brought into society, and at the mother's wish engaged to a middle-aged man; some fun and a little misery are in store for the three young persons. Janet, the second daughter, fortunately is a person of resource; she manœuvres, schemes and finally rescues everyone, and the reader bids the truants good-bye in the midst of all their joy. The illustrations by Miss Scannell are very good.

Exercises for Women. By FLORENCE BOLTON. Illustrated. (Funk and Wagnalls Co. 4s. net.)

THE contents of this volume are the result of the writer's long practical experience in gymnastic work and physical examination. They include helpful suggestions on matters directly and indirectly related to exercise and development, and are fully illustrated with over 100 engravings. A special feature is made of what are known as "Mat Exercises." The book has been written with the hope that it will be found useful to physicians in prescribing exercises for their patients, to teachers of gymnastics for class and private work, and to women in general, especially those whose occupation involves long hours and standing. In addition to these developing and recuperative exercises, other information concerning hygienics for women is given, which will be appreciated by those who value their health.

Fiction

THERE is something very fresh about "The Money Hunt," by Kineton Parkes (Holden and Hardingham, 6s.). The hunt of a girl for the sake of her money is an old theme, but the light and airy character of these people makes for a considerable amount of mirth, and there is sufficient real feeling to render the book worthy of perusal. Rosemary, the heiress, suffers from the attentions of many admirers, and the only one among them who appeals to her is too poor to marry her; Lord Courtville, who needs Rosemary's money to mend his estates, is an engaging personage, and his mother, constantly singing his praises to Rosemary, and watching over his health in a way that ought to worry him into an early grave, is a very well-realised character. Simon Bassett, the hero, is another good figure. There are half a dozen or more of amusing people in the gracefully written story, and the little note of uncertainty with which the last chapter ends is quite in keeping with the rest of the book.

In dealing with the boys and masters of the average Council school in "Chignett Street" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), Mr. B. Paul Neuman displays a first-hand knowledge that gives his work an intimately personal quality; he has made portraits, not photographs, and in the series we get a fairly representative collection of Council school figures, more especially among the scholars. Chignett Street is a school catering for the needs of the working and lower-middle class boy of London birth and growth; various specimens of him are depicted with kindly humour, and a very real note is struck by the abrupt conclusion of the majority of the sketches: when a boy leaves the school, he is cut off from the sight of the master—as a rule, for good. One is left wondering, as the masters themselves must wonder, what is the end of the story of that particular boy.

In a thoughtful introduction the author notes that a literature has grown up around the sayings and doings of the public school, while hardly a book has been written about the Council school. In making this criticism he misses the fact that the sayings and doings of ordinary schools need more than average skill in their presentment to make them interesting; the life and the people living it are monotonous in the hands of the ordinary writer. In its breadth, humour, and humanity "Chignett Street" draws one on from sketch to sketch and from character to character; and only at the end does one realise that every story was worth reading, and that here is a gallery of portraits of very real, living characters, a book far above the average in psychological insight on the part of its author, and in interest to the reader.

One wonders how many books have been written about the Duc de Guise and his fanatical and cruel brother, the Cardinal. To the Huguenots, the name of Guise was synonymous with persecution and death. Their pass-word, the title of the present book by Miss

May Wynne, "The Silent Captain" (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.), was the name under which their leader, the Duc de Condé, was known. In the hour of grave danger, the Duke became a turncoat, and deserted the cause. The slightest suspicion of leniency to anyone suspected of being a Huguenot meant torture or death, or both. Jean de Lignières, the friend and toady of the Duc de Guise, was a selfish, crafty and cruel Catholic. To meet his own ends, being badly in want of money, he made his gentle sister Anne believe that her Huguenot lover was married, and eventually urged her to marry a very rich Catholic, who was almost deformed, a poor, peevish, neurotic man. His younger sister, Denise, defied him, and loved his greatest enemy, a Huguenot. It was a troublous time in which to live, a time of pitiless cruelty; and all of those chiefly concerned in this book endured more or less suffering in adventures of great intensity.

The case presented by Mr. J. D. Beresford in "The House in Demetrius Road" is that of a dipsomaniac and the effect of his dominating personality upon the two other occupants of his house—his dead wife's sister and his secretary. One member of the small circle is always antagonistic, open or veiled, to the other two. The position is peculiar; at one time Martin Bond and Maggie unite to try a "cure" on Mr. Greg. After this has apparently worked successfully, Mr. Greg announces his engagement to Maggie, and the poor secretary feels out in the cold. Up to this point the reader's sympathy is with Maggie and Martin; their combined effort was so splendid to help the poor sufferer to regain his self-respect. He took the drugs constituting the "cure," but the essential part of the work insisted upon by the purveyor of the medicine—the absolute sympathy and love of the administrator for the patient—failed. Neither Maggie nor Martin was sufficiently selfless to carry the remedy through; they lost sight of their patient in their great interest in each other. There was no reason why they should not love one another; at the same time, there seems great justice in the poor old man's denunciation of them after his second bad attack. Mr. Beresford has clearly shown that they did not possess the greater love—that the despised and pitied drunkard was capable of rising to greater heights than those who appointed themselves his saviours.

If a reader can imagine that at the present time it is possible for a girl to remain so utterly ignorant of and unconcerned with the essentials of life as did Fay Beaumont until she had been married for some time to her second husband that reader will enjoy "A Girl's Marriage"; to others the unreality of Fay may be a deterrent. At the same time Miss Lennox can tell a story well; the book is interesting. Pat, Fay's brother, and Mollie, his wife are ordinary sensible people, and form a good background for Fay's elf-like ways and childish incompetence. We hope to see Miss Lennox's next book with a real heroine, wholly flesh and blood, and not partly taken from Mr. Hewlett's midway kingdom.

The People's Books

SIX new volumes are just issued by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack in the "People's Books" series, at 6d. each, and the standard of excellence is well maintained. On "Canada," Mr. Ford Fairford writes with a delightful blend of statistics and enthusiasm; his notes and particulars of all the varied industries of the great Dominion, fruit-growing, sheep-raising, horse-ranching, are treated with detail, though many readers will wish that he had been more free in his rendering of dollars into the English equivalent. "Bacteriology," by Dr. W. Carnegie Dickson, deals with a difficult subject in a most interesting manner, and the illustrations are clear; the author gives an astonishing amount of information in a small space, and his introductory chapters on the history and progress of this department of science are well composed for the benefit of the layman. "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Rosaline Masson, will appeal to all literary students; it is a sympathetic and able study of the life and work of one who, brought up in the gloom of Calvinism, threw it aside so thoroughly in later years. Professor L. Winstanley, M.A., gives a critical exposition of Tolstoy's career, noting carefully his limitations and comparing him, with great clarity, with his contemporaries. The other two volumes are "Anglo-Catholicism," by A. E. Manning Foster, and "Greek Literature," by Professor H. J. Tillyard, M.A., both treating their special themes as thoroughly as possible in so small a space.

Colour Books

FOUR new volumes are just published in Messrs. Blackie's "Beautiful England" series, dealing with Bath and Wells, Warwick and Leamington, Ripon and Harrogate, and Scarborough. The illustrations are all by Mr. Ernest Haslehust; the letterpress is by Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist, Mr. Arthur L. Salmon, and Mr. George Morley. Not all the subjects for pictures are well chosen—the one entitled "In the Jephson Gardens, Leamington," for instance, might be any park-like, flower-bedded expanse; the artist, too, sometimes bestows a quite disturbing tropical effect upon the scene; on the whole, however, the books are pleasing reminders of the towns and cities and districts which they portray. Two fresh volumes appear in the "Beautiful Switzerland" series issued by the same firm; these treat of Villars and Lausanne, and their themes are "painted and described" by Mr. G. Flemwell—described, we must say, in a lively and interesting fashion. With these books, which are all priced at 2s. net, we may include a delightful new "Sketch-Book" published by Messrs. A. and C. Black at one shilling, "Winchester," by Gordon Home. The reproduced pencil drawings are very beautiful and delicate, and bear the most intimate scrutiny; we would especially call attention to the sketch of the south aisle of Winchester Cathedral, with its wonderful effect of perspective.

A Proposal for the Stratford Festival

IN the absence of Shakespeare's greater works, one of the most interesting features of the Festival has been the production of "The Two Angry Women of Abington" and "A Woman is a Weathercock" that we noticed previously. They proved to be impossible, it is true; and the difficulties attending their productions did not improve the matter; yet they suggested an interesting extension of the Festival. The praise of Shakespeare scarcely needs emphasis in these columns; but we may point out that it is no necessary detractor of his work to say that it cannot stand by itself. No art will bear infinite repetition, and no greater disservice can be done to any art than to wear it to shreds by insistence. Especially is this the case with the lighter comedies. Instead of "As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," we would like sometimes to see "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," "Cymbeline," "King Lear," and "Macbeth," which have not been produced at the Festival for many years. Yet even these, no doubt, would in time lose their magic. In fact, the one idiom of Shakespeare, however we might vary it by taking it at many points of its development, would work its own surfeit. It may be true that "age cannot wither" Shakespeare's art; but it is not true that "custom cannot stale its infinite variety"; nor is it right that custom should have that exaction put upon it. Shakespeare is not the whole entity of drama in himself, nor is he a microcosm of it; he is only a part of it, a facet of an infinitely larger and more complex whole. And if Stratford were to set itself to that larger concern it would at once effect two very important things—it would, by contrast, reveal wherein Shakespeare's true greatness lay, and it would illustrate the progress and development of the drama in which he played so important a part.

Let us not be misunderstood. We think "Strife" to be a very fine play; but we would not like to see it produced at Stratford. In pleading for the vigorous prosecution of what is called "poetic drama," we do not necessarily mean plays that are written in a poetic form—though it will generally be found that plays with a poetic content will most satisfactorily be expressed in poetic form. It is the same whether the argument proceeds in favour of drama as opposed to dramatic journalism; and we believe that, since Stratford is the right home for the production of Shakespeare's plays, it should restrict its energies to the type of play he best exemplifies. It may not be very easy to draw a sharp distinction, nor would it be at all desirable; but we know the difference readily enough, and we all instinctively recognise its importance. We may disagree in our estimate of "The Playboy of the Western World," for instance; but we know that it is drama, and we recognise its poetic quality, just as surely as we know that the plays to which it has since given rise in the Abbey Theatre are dramatic journalism. We may disagree in our estimate of Ibsen's

"Pretenders" or "Brand," but we recognise the distinction between them and the "Doll's House" or "Ghosts," just as we can see Ibsen seeking to recapture the poetic inspiration in the prose forms of "The Master Builder" and "Little Eyolf." We may think that Mr. Binyon's "Attila" and Mr. Phillips' "Herod" are conventional rather than vital; but we know that they are attempts to make a certain kind of play that Mr. Barker, despite all his clean craftsmanship and skill, has thought fit to set aside. And we hail those attempts as praiseworthy in the still younger men who are as yet only learning their business.

In our recognition of these we have something upon which we can proceed. Why should not Stratford establish a school of drama—a school in both senses of the word, both as a place where men may learn, and as a place that exemplifies a principle—which systematically sets itself to the exposition of all dramatic literature from its beginnings down to the present day? No better form of National Theatre could be devised; and it would be a good thing if, instead of letting its funds dissolve in the vain hopes of a West-end London theatre, the National Theatre Committee at once utilised them to this end. Since Shakespeare must needs be the centre of such a scheme, he might be taken as the starting-point. A new life would be given to the Shakespearean comedies (that admittedly are becoming a little frayed with continual repetition) if we could see during the same week the contrast between them and Molière and the Restoration comedy writers. So, too, with Shakespeare's tragedies. What should we not gain if we could see "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "King Lear" in a series that began with Æschylus' Agamemnon trilogy, took in Corneille and Racine (one of each of whose plays could be given in a single night), possibly a pre-Shakespearean play like "The Spanish Tragedy," Ibsen's "Pretenders," and came right down to a modern play like Mr. Phillips' "Herod," with the expressed intention of producing one or more plays of the younger men, written or to be written for the event? We venture to say that one single programme such as this last would enlist more attention and would attract a more widespread interest than many festivals that honour Shakespeare with the display of flags and ribbons. It would, incidentally, lead the way to the study of a neglected subject; for it would reveal Shakespeare's craftsmanship by contrasting him with other playwrights; and it would enable us to judge his pre-eminence for ourselves without taking it simply on the word of scholars who know little of the inside of a theatre.

Such a policy would need to be very carefully and thoroughly worked. Among other things, it would demand a reconstitution of the stage to meet the fuller conditions; this would be a gain in itself, for it would help us to get the freer stage towards which so many now are working. The literary side would need a not less careful constitution, to obtain a happy and well-chosen arrangement without being prosily—and idly—educational. But how considerable the gains would be! Instead of a procession of Festivals that tend to

become mere repetitions one of another, an infinite variety would be opened that custom could not stale for many a year. A new lease of life would be bought by the simple elixir of a worthy ambition to be achieved. And, though it might possibly be difficult to set moving, once it began to move forward it would automatically re-create itself—and incidentally advertise itself.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

The Theatre

"An Ideal Husband"

THE rule at the St. James's Theatre, we have learned, is "when in doubt revive Wilde," and in most cases it has proved to be a success. Wilde's dramatic work bears the stamp of his period very distinctly, but it is better to be entertained by strains of a long-forgotten music than to be offended by up-to-date discords. So, at any rate, thinks Sir George Alexander, and he is wise.

The appeal of this once brilliant play is not now very strong, speaking critically. Paradox and epigram have become the property of all writers, and the twists and turns of language that were once thought "smart" and even "shocking" seem now to have joined the age of antimacassars and waxen flowers. Nevertheless, in the hands of such fine exponents, the entertainment flagged but slightly; it went with a smoothness and glitter that left us admiring if not enthralled. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, as Lady Chiltern, the value of whose love may be gauged by the fact that as long as her husband was "worthy" she was adorably sweet to him, and when he was under suspicion of engineering a questionable political affair she declared passionately that it was the end of all love between them, acted as a queen rather than as a woman. She seemed very unconvincing; but that may have been due to the effect of the general atmosphere. Mr. Arthur Wontner as Sir Robert Chiltern, and Sir George Alexander as Viscount Goring, succeeded well in hiding the accusing decades; the restraint of their interviews was delightful. Miss Hilda Moore as the scheming Mrs. Cheveley and Miss Henrietta Watson as Lady Markly were excellent; it is always worth while to watch the perfection of Miss Watson's gestures and to listen to the modulations of her voice. In fact, everybody concerned, down to the butler and footmen, added genuine interpretation to the virtue of mere good acting, and the dresses and scenery were, of course, superb. Little more can be said. The play has been taken down and dusted, cleverly brought "up to date"—a rather risky process—by a touch and an allusion here and there; but the result is only to prove how really out of date it is. We have moved on a good deal since the days of "Patience"; but, if we cannot have a fine human play every time, we may at least console ourselves in noting how well the passionless conceptions of former years can be shaped by clever artists of the stage.

R.

"Grumpy"

TWO hundred nights in the city of New York is a long run, but the four-act play by Mr. Horace Hodges and Mr. T. Wigney Percyval which Mr. Cyril Maude now produces at the New Theatre made that record with ease.

We readily understand the success in America, for "Grumpy" is of that peculiar brand of made-to-sell play beloved in the United States and by our own provincial audiences. Its very name gives you an uncommonly good idea of its sentimental side, its old-fashioned characterisation, and its sham tears and laughter.

Mr. Hodges and Mr. Percyval appear to have concocted a useful, rather stagey plot about the stealing of a diamond, and then elaborated a long, sympathetic, and artificially telling part for Mr. Cyril Maude.

The result is quite neat and pleasant, and is sure to be popular. If we get a little worried by Grumpy's extreme cleverness, intense irritability, sweet devotion to his granddaughter, meticulous imitation of the physical and mental states of extreme old age, we may be certain that the general playgoer will be delighted with all these things and with the convolutions of the plot about the diamond, the camellia with the human hair bound round it, the attempts of the agreeable diamond thief upon the affections of Grumpy's granddaughter, and all the rest of the well-woven if obvious set of circumstances which form the four acts of this comedy-drama.

Unfortunately the Andrew Bullivant of Mr. Cyril Maude always seems to be acting, and the Virginia Bullivant of Miss Margery Maude shows the same inclination to make-believe. Of course we expect Mr. Maude to take his characters somewhat beyond the limits of human life, much as other very popular comedians have done in past ages, but we know Miss Maude can be perfectly sincere and winning, as she was, for instance, in "The Headmaster." In fact, as we happen to have mentioned this play, we note that "Grumpy" is by no means so amusing as was that extraordinary "Head," nor are the other characters nearly as real or touching. Mr. John Harwood, however, is as excellent as ever in the part of Ruddock, the careful servant of the broadly drawn Grumpy, and Mr. Lennox Pawle, in the small part of a doubtful diamond broker, Isaac Wolfe, gives an admirable study of character. Miss Maud Andrew as the maid, Susan, who winds a hair round the camellia she gives to Virginia's lover, Ernest Heron, Mr. Combe-mere, is also excellent, although she has to work upon rather artificial ground. If care and minute detail and conscious effort made a satisfactory and convincing play, "Grumpy" would be a wonderful work of art. As it is, it will prove, no doubt, a vast success; but with all the cunning of the authors and actors we still feel that such a play belongs to the last generation, that our period has long out-grown such a style of composition—only that is a secret not generally known or a fact not usually accepted.

"Break the Walls Down"

THERE is a welcome boldness and freshness about this play by Mrs. Alexander Gross which Mr. Gerald Cholmondeley presents at the Savoy Theatre. But it is the *élan* of the novice, the courage of the didactical enthusiast, the hopefulness of inexperience. Thus "Break the Walls Down," although it contains some good ideas fairly well expressed and some skilfully drawn minor characters, fails to hold our interest in regard to the main personages of the play.

Patrick Beufre, Mr. Charles Rock, is an old-fashioned business man who does not care to tell his wife anything of his affairs but is intensely angry when he believes that she neglects his home for the society of some other man. Mrs. Beufre, Miss Madge MacIntosh, secretly runs a successful business in *modes et robes* in Hanover Square, while her husband gets into difficulties in the City. She is fully revenged for his want of human sympathy by at last coming to the meeting of his creditors and paying his debts—alas! it takes four scenes and three acts and an immense deal of talking over the telephone and otherwise before this matter is effected.

In the meantime we have been given to understand that man, as shown in Beufre, is a stupid creature, and that women, as typified by his wife and daughter, are wonderfully sweet and clever people. The author, however, did not make these three persons in the least real to us, and Miss MacIntosh, who was recently so splendid in "The Music Lesson," and Mr. Rock, who is usually convincing, both struggled in vain with their long and tedious parts. However, as the plot dragged its slow length along, many amusing characters appeared for a little while and passed. Thus after Beufre had been well taken to task by his daughter, played by Miss Irene McLeod, for his attitude towards his womenfolk, Mr. Clive Currie showed us a very amusing clerk who is to make an inventory of the household goods with a view to a bill of sale. At Mrs. Beufre's shop a customer, Mrs. Mallory-Ditton, and her husband, were made very lively and true by Miss Barbara Everest and Mr. Bernard Storrs; and Mr. Norman McKeown was quite convincing as an accountant about whose profession many hard things were said. And there were many other well-played parts such as the Mosenthal, a creditor, of Mr. J. Henry, or the, perhaps, rather over-acted Kárpát, the designer at the dress shop, Mr. Ivan Berlyn. Yet all these and many others could not make a very exciting comedy of "Break the Walls Down," which is at once weak and wordy and would-be powerful, and, we suppose, educational. But the author was greeted with great applause on the first night, and it is quite possible that in a feminist period some little attention may be paid to the play.

In the front piece, "Accidents will 'Appen," which is said to be by Vernon Bell, who might quite possibly be Mrs. Gross also, Miss Esmé Hubbard gives one of her wonderfully natural studies of a cockney girl, and carries what would be a rather weak little play to a happy issue.

The Incorporated Stage Society's Production of "Uncle Vanya"

"THERE will be peace, Uncle Vanya, there will be peace," are the words which the girl Sophia Alexandrovna, Miss Gillian Scaife, uses to console her loved uncle at the end of this long, four-act Russian play. They are typical of the attitude towards life taken by Anton Tchekov for the purpose of his curious drama of existence as he found it in the outwardly beautiful, inwardly miserable, household of the Serebriakovs: the old father, the young second wife, the daughter by the first wife, and the first wife's brother and mother. All are hopelessly unhappy with the peculiarly bleak northern misery which can only look forward to a little peace after a tiresome life.

Although the play cannot entertain or greatly convince us, we feel indebted to the Society for allowing us to see Mrs. R. S. Townsend's able translation of Tchekov's work; for it belongs to a world apart from ours, to a state of mind as foreign to that of Western or Southern Europe as it is possible to find. The *technique* of the play, too, is totally different from anything we are likely to attempt; we are not ready for such cold realism, such repetitions, such slow and elusive action, such vague pictures of the characters presented.

Possibly, if time were given us, and it seemed worth while, we could find some key to the character of the retired Professor Alexander Serebriakov, Mr. H. R. Hignett, who has married a beautiful young wife, Elena, Miss Ermita Lascelles, and decided to live on the continuous labours of the family of his first wife. They supply him with money from the estate managed by his daughter and his brother-in-law. But how are we to force ourselves to be interested in an affair about which each and all of the characters are so apathetic? It is true that the gross egotism of the Professor at last goads Vanya into a vague and hysterical attempt to shoot his brother-in-law, but it is a feeble effort and ends only in Serebriakov and his wife leaving the estate, after being promised sufficient fortune to live in comfort in a city. For Vanya the only consolation is that, perhaps, beyond these troubles there is peace.

As to the acting, that was well enough. Mr. Greenwood is a melodramatic local doctor who is loved by Sophia and loves, a little, the Professor's wife, who in her turn does not appear to care a pin's point for anyone or anything. There is a finely played old nurse, Marina, Miss Inez Bensusan, but she does not engage our interest greatly. Mr. Guy Rathbone, who produced the play with the greatest care, took the part of the hero, which had been rehearsed by Mr. Leon Quartermaine and given up by him. To us it seems a sad, bad, hopeless character, disadjusted to our ideas of probability. Possibly, to those who know Russian life much better than we do, it may be an example of a type which is real enough. If so, we can only regret the matter and pass on. As a gallery of futile and

worrying personages, "Uncle Vanya" may have its value; as a stage-play it is a desolate, dreary, competent piece of work, no doubt good for us to see once, but not, we trust, a second time. Alas, that so much labour should be devoted by the authors and actors to so distressing a picture of the vacuity and bitterness of life!

EGAN MEW.

The Immemorial East

THE loan exhibition of paintings by the New Calcutta School, lent by the Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta, to the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has a peculiar interest at the present time. No man can look on unmoved at the prevailing unrest in India without considering what it really means and whither it is likely to lead. To such questions this collection of paintings by native artists may supply something of a reply. If a clue be required to the well-springs of mental growth and movement in a nation, it is generally to be found in its art, always supposing that the art in question is not merely a commercial product mechanically produced for profit. From the effects of the incursion of Europe into the East the superficial observer of the West has drawn the dangerous inference that the East has done with its old ways of thought and ideals of life and action—or rather inaction—and intends to throw itself into the restless world-movement of Europe and America which we term "progress." These paintings confirm us in our doubts as to the correctness of this view. The truth appears to be that though we have unsettled the more light-headed among the rising generation, and so produced the phenomena which we delight to term progressive—the touching democratic faith, for instance, in ballot-boxes and bombs—the innermost heart of the people remains untouched, and the old ideals remain as powerful as ever.

It was an Englishman, strange to say, Mr. E. B. Havell, who, recognising that we were really murdering the old arts when we talked of creating art in India anew, reorganised the course of instruction at the Calcutta School so that it might, if such a thing were still possible, express the mind of the East and its essential meaning. How he went about it we do not know, though any dweller in the East, knowing the shyness of the people in showing their deeper thoughts, and the desire of pupils to give an instructor what he seems to want rather than an expression of their own aspirations, can grasp the difficulties of his task. His success has been startling, and even disquieting. It shows that we have not really touched the peoples of India at all, though we have done not a little to exasperate them. The "unrest" merely indicates that they have had enough of us, and wish to be left to themselves again. They believe—and the fall of the Russian Colossus before the science and patriotism of Japan has confirmed them in this belief—that they have only to study our methods to beat us with our own weapons; and it is likely that more of the

Eastern peoples will succeed in doing so. But if ever they get rid of us, it will be to turn back to their old ways of meditation and other-worldliness. Mr. Havell has trained a generation of pupils in the secrets of the *technique* of Western pictorial art, and has bidden them express themselves therein and take nothing at second-hand; and the result is a forcible indication of the old faith, and a revival of some of its best artistic form. The element of grossness is absent—we should say, what is gross in Western eyes, for the native of India has no scruples about frank speech on subjects regarding which Western folk have strong conventions of reticence—but this may be due to the influence of the English master, and the natural desire to avoid wounding the feelings of one who has conferred so great a gift upon them. It is no mere imitation of archaic forms, nor even a resurrection of the archaic spirit; it is the genuine expression of an indigenous faith which has never died. For good or evil, Hinduism and its daughter-faith, Buddhism, are as much alive as ever.

The very sameness of the matter expressed makes the criticism of individual pictures difficult. The principal artist represented is Abanindro Nath Tagore, in whom we have a firm command of *technique* combined with the most decided convictions, wholly untinged with Modernism. In his pictures we see Siva and Parvati, Radha, and Krishna—the story of the latter greatly expurgated, Kama and Rati depicted with similar reticence, Gautama Buddha and scenes from the Rama legend—all expressing to the full the essential spirit of Hinduism; together with a scene or two from the lives of the Moghal emperors, in which the artist is clearly not so much at home as in the Hindu myths. This, too, is true of his studies from Omar Khayyám. In the pictures by Gogonendra Nath Tagore we have a glimpse of the Hindu Modernist, Sri Krishna Chaitanya, who attempted in the late fifteenth century to reform the old religion upon lines known as Vaishnavite. The attainment of Nirvana by Chaitanya forms the subject of a striking picture, displaying an almost Western quality of imagination. The pictures of Nanda Lal Bhowe exhibit episodes in the Mahabharata epic; some of them give vivid life to weird details of the powerful Hindu legend. He, too, illustrates the companion poem of the Ramayan. European influence is visible in some of the later works in this series.

And here we must bid farewell to a fascinating collection, the value of which is greatly enhanced by its being shown in Oriental surroundings of objects brought from the East, and so classified and arranged that the similarity of spirit between the old work and the new is unmistakable.

Mr. L. Cranmer Byng, author of the "Lute of Jade," issued by Mr. Murray, is adding to the same series, "The Wisdom of the East," a further volume of a kindred character on the classical poets of China, bearing the title "A Feast of Lanterns."

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday week the House did many things. Tullibardine discovered that, although Seely was no longer Minister for War, he still attended the Committee of Imperial Defence: "Is it desirable," he asked, "that an ex-Minister who has lost the confidence of the Cabinet should attend these meetings?" "He has not lost the confidence of the Cabinet," replied Asquith, stoutly. "Then why is he not still in office?" was the next inquiry; but the Scotch Marquess got no reply.

The House decided there must be no more talk about Home Rule or the Welsh Bill, but on Thursday Asquith rather unexpectedly gave us three hours to discuss the payment of the Welsh Commissioners. Ormsby-Gore wanted to know "the names of the vivisectioners of the Welsh Church," but got no reply; all we were asked to do was to vote such sums as may be necessary to pay their salaries. It was more than hinted that they ought to receive substantial salaries, because their duties would be so onerous in arranging the commutation of the life interests. McKenna said there would be an Amending Bill. This Government might well be called the "Amending Government"; the legislation has been so hurried, so sloppy, so slovenly, that I do not think they have passed a single Bill of note which has not had, or will not have, an Amending Act—*vide* the Shops Act, the Insurance Bill, Home Rule, and now Welsh Disestablishment. Griffith-Boscawen observed, lastly, that the Bill would not be on the Statute Book very long.

We then went on to pass a useful little measure that had come down from the Lords to codify and amend the law dealing with naturalisation; apparently a man may be naturalised in one dominion and be an alien in another. This is to be altered, and one law will apply to the whole Empire. In the evening, Custard-powder Bird won in the ballot, and in a very neat and businesslike speech drew our attention to the danger of our lack of arrangement for food supply in the case of war. He suggested following the example of Joseph in Egypt, and proposed that the Government should erect huge granaries to contain a six-months' supply. Shirley Benn said the Government ought to store the grain free on condition that in time of war there would be an option to purchase it at the market price of the date it was stored. It was a useful discussion, but it seemed to annoy the Little Englanders, for Handel Booth first tried to count it out, and then talked it out to prevent a division.

On Thursday we had quite an exciting time. After questions, Asquith moved a formal resolution that the business of Ways and Means should have precedence for that day over the business of Supply. There could be no debate, and there was none. Instead of the usual quiet acquiescence, he was startled by a short, sharp shout of "No." A division was called; Illingworth and Gulland, the two Radical Whips, came running in

and whispered that the Tories were arriving in force. For ten minutes the excitement was intense. Illingworth was so certain he was beaten that he walked to the left of the table instead of to the right, but Gulland at that instant came up with the figures of his lobby and they changed over. There was a delighted roar of triumph from the Government benches; its very volume showed how relieved they were. It was said that a friend had delayed some of the Irish, whilst if Austen Chamberlain had not asked a question which consumed five priceless minutes, the Government would have been beaten. As it was, they got home by 21.

It is surprising to note that it is the members of the Peace-at-any-price party who are so keen to shoot Ulstermen and prosecute them for gun-running. The men who held up their hands in holy horror about the Bulgarian atrocities, the Congo, the massacre of Christians in Armenia, the brutalities of Bashi-Bazouks, and who made loud lamentations about our methods of barbarism in the Transvaal, are all for hounding down their own countrymen in the North-East of Ireland. There were mutterings and growlings in the House and the Lobby, but they came to nothing. Inside the Chamber a very thin house listened to a discussion on the Budget, punctuated by divisions—in which the large majority who voted had not heard a word of the debate. People pay 10s. 6d. for stalls in theatres to see comedies and farces which are not half so amusing as those to be seen at rare intervals in the House of Commons.

On Friday the Young Scots Party brought in a Home Rule Bill for Scotland, and the fun began as soon as the seconder rose to support it. It appears that at the last moment some suffragists had inserted a clause that women should be electors as well as men. This put the fat in the fire to start with, because even the Young Scots Party were hopelessly divided on the question, and Mr. Young, the seconder, spoke strongly against the hated clause. Hogge was so angry that he appealed to the Speaker, asking if the hon. member was supposed to be seconding the Bill. "The hon. member," said the Speaker, with commendable gravity, "is seconding the Bill—but not the whole Bill or nothing but the Bill." Hogge wrathfully but truthfully declared, "This is a fine Scotch joke"; which it was—and we enjoyed it.

Arthur Balfour, by his thoughtful gestures, seemed as if he had a yard of calico in his hands and was quietly tearing it in strips with the rasping sound calico has when being torn. He put the supporters of the Bill on the horns of this dilemma: either you believe in a national spirit, in which case the Bill does not go far enough, or you want local self-government, which is quite a different thing. He said there had been great Scotchmen before the Union, but all the greatest Scotchmen had lived since, and nothing in the legislation now had checked the free flow of national spirit in literature or art. He supposed the Scots wanted federation—if so, they had betrayed their own cause by supporting the Irish Home Rule Bill. Keeping strictly within the limits of order, he drew a comparison between the two Bills. Ireland wanted to manage the Post Office and

the Customs, and to withdraw half their membership from the British House of Commons. Scotland wanted none of these things, and desired to keep all her members at Westminster to interfere in English affairs. It was folly for men who believed in federation to support the Home Rule Bill for Ireland and a totally different Bill for Scotland. McKinnon Wood made a feeble reply, and as it was believed the Speaker would not give the closure, George Younger finally talked the Bill out. There could not have been a better satire on the Irish Home Rule Bill than the debate on a proposed measure for Home Rule for Scotland, and Balfour, as usual, made the most of his opportunity.

On Monday we had a quiet night on the Welsh Church Bill. It was announced that the Commissioners who will cut up the plunder and administer the estate will be Sir Henry Primrose, a distinguished Civil Servant and a Churchman, who will receive £1,500 a year as chairman; Sir William Plender, a famous accountant and a Churchman, who will receive £1,000 a year; and Sir Herbert Roberts, M.P., a Radical Nonconformist, who will be unpaid. No comment was made when McKenna announced the names, but in the Lobby it was thought that the appointments were quite fair and satisfactory, as far as anything can be satisfactory in this meanest of Bills.

Hume-Williams, K.C., was put up to move the rejection, and did it very well. He asked what the Church had done to be treated thus—"You would not dare to treat a cat's home in the same way!" Mr. William Jones replied; he is a Welshman and a Whip, and made a splendid speech from the Welsh Nonconformist point of view. It was almost lyrical in language, and time after time it sounded as if he were reciting poetry; in fact, he reminded one of Osmond Williams. He naturally said nothing about the injustice we feel, but eulogised Celtic preachers and their religious fervour to the skies. It was a real intellectual pleasure to listen to him, and some of us could wish he spoke more frequently. Another man who does not speak often enough, Stuart-Wortley, delivered one of his carefully considered addresses, full of facts and hard common sense—a speech the very antithesis of what we had just listened to, and an excellent antidote to sentiment. Ian Malcolm bluntly accused the Government of striking a blow at the Church in Wales which it would not dare to have done to any of the many religious bodies under the British flag—which is absolutely true.

After dinner there was an interlude. Rupert Gwynne, the ascetic-looking Member for Eastbourne, is a student of figures and odd scraps of knowledge which usually escape the notice of the ordinary M.P. It was he who collected so much information on the silver question when the Samuel contract was on the tapis, and carried out diligent inquiries into the Marconi scandals. He has unearthed another little irregularity in our Chancellor's methods. Under the Budget it is proposed to give money to the Road Board, and apparently before the Budget was even brought in, instructions were given to the Road Board to collect information and classify

the roads. This means reports and expenses—wholly unauthorised.

Herbert Samuel got out of it as best he could. "I did not *direct* the Road Board to do it—I merely *requested* them to get the information, because if there was no classification there could be no grant." As if the request of the President of the Local Government Board could or would be refused! "That is the true Marconi spirit," said Amery.

As a matter of fact our Radical Chancellor scorns details—and all the safeguards our ancestors have fought for and so carefully erected in the past to prevent corruption and waste are swept aside by the Government when it suits them to do so.

"Honours the King can give,
Honour he can't;
Titles without honour
Are a barren grant."

I suppose it is forty years ago since *Punch* commented thus on the purchase of a title by an adventurous financier called Baron Grant, and on Tuesday afternoon we heard them quoted again in the House of Commons. The handsome and debonnair Oliver Locker-Lampson was thwarted the other day by the Radicals in his attempt to discuss his Bill to stop the abuse of traffic in titles. If you remember, they preferred to talk about the advertising of seaside towns. Oliver is very determined; his friends call it fussiness and his enemies obstinacy. He was not to be thwarted, so, like the cookery-book, he tried another way, namely, by bringing in the Bill to-day under the ten-minute rule. Some of his hits were quite amusing. "The Chancellor catered for the million, whilst the Chief Whip looked after the millionaire." "Asquith wanted a House of Peers with no powers, but sufficiently attractive for snobs, whose Mecca it had become."

Hogge, the Edinburgh Radical, opposed the Bill in a speech of equal humour, in which he not unskillfully tried to kill it with ridicule. He boldly defended the sale of titles, said we wanted fresh blood in the aristocracy, thought there ought to be a tariff on American heiresses, and poked fun at the influence of the nobility on the stage. On the other hand, he really thought, when titles were given to Radicals, that there ought to be a clause put in their patents that they and their descendants should not turn Conservative.

I think he rather disgusted Oliver by comparing them. "No Government," said he gratuitously, "this or any other, is likely to give either of us a title; neither of us is great; neither of us is good; and, as I am not rich, there is no danger on my side." The contrast in the faces and the figures of the two men made the contrast amusing. Oliver has refined features and a disdainful nose, while Hogge is a thick, stocky man with commonplace features and a familiar manner. The House enjoyed the comedy immensely, but Gulland, the Radical Whip, was seriously alarmed; he ran up to Hogge and evidently begged him not to divide against the Bill. The electorate would think the Radical Party were in favour of sales of titles—

Heaven forefend so horrid a thought! Hogge had his way, and 47 mischievous men voted with him.

We then finished the Welsh Church Bill. All interest in the debate was killed long ago. Nonconformists like Llewellyn Williams declare that they support the Bill out of love for the Church—that it will free it from episcopal tyranny and get rid of the parish system. This nauseating cant is allowed to pass without comment. Lloyd George, George Cave, and F. E. all had a go, but the result was about the same. The Bill was read a third time at 11 p.m.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

PEACE IN ALBANIA.

DURING the past few weeks the situation in Southern Albania has given rise to widespread apprehension, and in many quarters the fear has been entertained that the absence of a speedy and satisfactory solution of the questions at issue would inevitably endanger the peace of Europe. That such should have been the conceivable outcome of efforts on the part of the Great Powers to lay the coping stone on the edifice of peace in the Balkans was indeed a melancholy reflection. Albania as a sovereign State is the child of Europe. At the Conference of Ambassadors in London it was decreed that a country which for ages had been an ethnic entity should enjoy the privileges of possessing its own ruler and its own political institutions. For the past year it has become the custom of writers to sneer at this decision and, with a certain amount of truth, to blame the Powers for sacrificing morality to expediency. But it is so easy for the onlooker, while imagining that he sees most of the game, to view it in wrong perspective. To begin with, that collective yet elusive body known as the Powers is too often taken to task as though it were an individual on whom responsibility can be fixed with the easy precision in which it is possible to lay a charge of misdemeanour against a numbered policeman. If the world had reached the ideal stage where self-interest played no part matters might be otherwise; but as things are to-day it is very far from cynicism to recognise that we must be thankful that even compromise can result from a conference of the Powers.

Looking back on the course of events it is difficult to see how the one remaining question of importance in the Balkans was to be settled except by the incorporation of Albania into a separate State. The only alternative meant further bloodshed among the southern kingdoms. To have permitted the latter, which might very well have led to a general conflagration throughout Europe, would have constituted a hideous crime against the civilisation of which we proudly boast. The facts speak for themselves. With Turkey driven back within the confines of a shrunken Thrace, Albania found herself free for the first time in centuries. On three sides, however, she was being elbowed by the victorious armies, which, quite incidentally, had libe-

rated her from her Ottoman masters; while from beyond the waters of the Adriatic two powerful nations cast jealous eyes upon her. She herself, having tasted the sweets of liberty, wished to retain that liberty, and the Provisional Government of Albania came into being. But something more was necessary. In the presence of danger arising out of the ambitions of new neighbours it became essential that the young State should be guaranteed in its existence by the Great Powers. At the London Conference those Ambassadors who were most disinterested realised that all the force of persuasion at their command was required in order to cope with the almost insuperable difficulties presented by the traditional aims of Austria-Hungary and Italy. Moreover, the emissaries of Greek and Slav were not without their mouthpiece at these deliberations, a circumstance by no means conducive to unanimity. That, in spite of all these hindrances, an agreement should have been reached which resulted in the creation of an autonomous Albania must be looked upon as a tribute to the tact and moderation of the Powers who, in certain instances, exhibited these qualities in the face of surrender.

Having arrived at this decision, the next step to be considered concerned the boundaries of the new kingdom, and the choice of a ruler. The latter question was solved without difficulty, and in offering the throne of Albania to Prince William of Wied the Powers were judged to have made a wise and sensible selection. But in the matter of territorial delimitation lay a fruitful source of trouble. First, the Albanians put forward a scheme, generous though just to themselves in that it was designed to encompass all and everything that was geographically and historically Albanian. This was met by a counter proposal on the part of the Allies, generous to themselves, but unjust to the Albanians. In it lay revealed the insatiable land hunger of Greek, Serb, and Montenegrin, who, if they had been permitted to have their own way, would have robbed the new State of the fairest and most productive of its territories, condemning it to subsist on little more than the Adriatic seaboard. Austria-Hungary then brought forward a suggested delimitation which represented a compromise between what, in the circumstances, were held to be two extremes. This alternative, rejected by the Concert, would, if anything, have given some slight advantage to the Albanians over the Allies. Thus the thankless task of deciding upon the boundaries of the new State ultimately devolved upon the Powers who must be held to have made the best out of a bad job. Along the eastern line there were no complications, the Servians apparently being satisfied, and the Albanians resigned. But northwards and in the south trouble arose. It will be remembered that the Albanian districts inhabited by the tribes of Hoti and Gruda were awarded by the Ambassadors' Conference to Montenegro. Last month the troops of King Nicholas proceeded to occupy this region, and for a time a general rising of the native inhabitants, supported by their kinsfolk in Albanian territory proper, was feared. Indeed,

from the facts at our disposal, it is quite evident that had it not been for the wise and strong personality of the British Commander of the International forces at Scutari, who exerted his personal influence among the tribes to prevent hostilities, a grave problem of far-reaching consequence would have been introduced into Northern Albania. As it was the danger impending was sufficient to stay the hand of the Central Government at Durazzo, who otherwise were contemplating forcible measures to quell the insurrection in the south.

It is this latter movement that has caused the recent crisis in Albania. The Powers' delimitation, as also, for the matter of that, the alternative schemes, incorporated the country of Epirus in the new State. After the second Balkan war, this geographically Albanian territory was occupied by Greek troops, a circumstance that could not be otherwise than welcome to the large Hellenic communities which go to make up its population. After the cessation of hostilities, the major reason for the retention of these troops in Epirus no longer existed, and, had they been promptly withdrawn, it is debatable whether the crisis through which Albania has just emerged would have arisen. But mainly for reasons of policy in regard to its negotiations with the Powers over the question of the Ægean Islands, the Greek Government decided against withdrawal. Meanwhile, as might only have been expected, the Epirotes became accustomed to the presence of the Greek soldiery and to Greek authority. When, finally, therefore, the time approached for the simultaneous evacuation of the troops and the incorporation of Epirus in the Albanian Principality, unrest began to manifest itself. The Epirotes were represented to say that they would prefer even Turkish rule to that of the Albanian, who was and had always been a barbarian. It is no exaggeration to say that they enjoyed the support of the Hellenic world and the sympathy of a vast number of people outside Greece. The Press of Great Britain, regardless of the large communities of Albanians, Orthodox as well as Mussulman, and of Greeks, who, had they been consulted, would have given no countenance to the rising, likened Epirus to Ulster and accused the Powers of selling a free people into bondage. Throughout the turmoil M. Venizelos, faithful to the obligations he had entered into with the Powers, did his best to discourage insurrection. The troops were withdrawn from many districts, and simultaneously the Provisional Government of Epirus, under the presidency of M. Zographos, was proclaimed in various centres; while Epirote bands, led by Greek officers and reinforced by Ottoman deserters of the Christian faith, came into conflict with the Albanian gendarmerie.

This state of affairs was permitted to continue for many weeks, and men were beginning to prophesy the death in infancy of the young nation which the Powers had brought into being. What was intended to be a solution of the problem of South-Eastern Europe was, they stated, merely to prove the aggravated perpetuation of those problems. Had the Powers been able to agree at any moment to the urgent request of

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Greece that substantial guarantees be given the Epirotes that their educational and religious liberties would not be tampered with under the new regime, it is probable that the trouble would have subsided in a night. But for reasons which have been implied in the earlier part of this article, the desired assurance was not forthcoming, and it remained for the parties to the dispute themselves to take the initiative. This they did with commendable promptitude, but little success. Negotiations between the Albanian Government and M. Zographos proving of no avail, the International Commission of Control offered its mediation, and this was accepted. The happy results which have attended the recent deliberations at Corfu, however, were not reached without many dangerous corners having to be passed; and it is clear that time must be allowed to elapse before all bitterness has died away. Albania has many perils to face in the future; and in looking around her for the support with which she cannot afford to dispense she will be well advised to pay heed to the susceptibilities of her Epirote subjects and so pave the way to a close understanding with her Southern neighbour, Greece. Were such a consummation to be brought about, England, at least, would have no cause to regret the work of the Ambassadors' Conference.

MOTORING

THE latest development of the Automobile Association and Motor Union is the institution of a Light Car Membership, open to motorists driving their own cars, at a subscription of one guinea per annum. The scope of the Association in the matter of membership is now therefore fully comprehensive, every section of the motoring community being included, with advantages and privileges commensurate with the requirements of the member and the amount of the subscription paid. The various classes of members are now as follows: (1) The ordinary car owner, who is not limited to horse-power or weight, who may have as many as three cars on the road at one time, and who is entitled to free legal defence for himself and one driver, with full road privileges for all his cars, for the one subscription of two guineas per annum. (2) The Light Car member, or one guinea subscriber, who drives his own car, which must be a two or three-seater not exceeding 11.9 h.p. (Treasury rating), and who is entitled to free legal defence and the usual A.A. road services. (3) The genuine Cycle Car member, or half-guinea subscriber, whose vehicle must have a cylinder capacity not exceeding 1,000 c.c., but may now be of any weight. (4) The Motor Cyclist, whose subscription is also half a guinea per annum. Both the cycle car and the motor cycle owners are, of course, allowed one badge only, and only one driver or rider is entitled to membership privileges. It is the avowed object of the Association to make it as natural for a motorist to carry the A.A. badge as it is for him to take out his driving licence—an ambition which seems likely to be realised. We note

that during the month of April no fewer than 3,907 motorists joined its ranks, the previous record of 3,723 new members in one month being thereby eclipsed. The total membership is now within measurable distance of 100,000.

The recent publication of the awards in the 1913 competition open to drivers of Napier cars has been quickly followed by an announcement that there is to be a similar competition this year, so that it is evident that the scheme is popular both with owners and drivers of Napier cars. The object of the competition is to assist the owner to get the best results from his car, and to encourage the careful and persevering driver. Prizes amounting to upwards of £170 in value are given to the successful competitors on the basis of the driver's best record of low upkeep charges and running expenses during a period of six months from June 1 to November 30, such records being certified by the owners of the cars. The age and h.p. are taken into account in arriving at the result, and the Automobile Association and Motor Union have again consented to appoint a special committee to act as judges and to make the awards. Such competitions as these are bound to be of great service to the car owner, and they are also of interest to all motorists and the public generally, inasmuch as they show what excellent results in the matter of economical motoring can be obtained from the combination of a high-grade car and a careful driver. The results of last season's competition were a revelation.

North-Country motoring clubs are nothing if not practical. They specialise in road achievements, and have a particular penchant for hill-climbs. The annual reliability trial of the Manchester A.C. in North Wales was held on Saturday last, and was well attended. The numerous entrants started from Bowden at 8 a.m., and proceeded for a non-stop run to Bettwys-y-Coed with a timed hill-climb as the *pièce de résistance* for the morning menu. In the afternoon they returned by a delightful route through Capel Curig and Festiniog. Having regard to the oft-repeated remark that a doctor is the one person who should on occasion be allowed to exceed the legal speed limit, it is interesting to note that the silver medal for the competitive hill-climb was carried off by a medical man—Dr. W. H. Tattersall—who was driving a 25 h.p. Vauxhall Prince Henry. This was the highest award for cars exceeding 21 h.p. In the traders' section of the same class, the same makers also scored a triumph, Mr. E. Mercer taking the silver medal with a 25 h.p. Vauxhall. The hill-climbing qualities of these cars received, therefore, a further demonstration.

We understand that the rumours which have been current lately on the Stock Exchange regarding a proposed amalgamation between Argylls, Limited and another well-known motor-manufacturing concern are now taking more definite shape, and that matters have advanced so far that on Thursday last Mr. J. S. Matthew tendered his resignation of the managing directorship of the Argyll company, still, however, remaining on the Board. Further important developments may be expected at an early date.

Literary Competition

ELEVENTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY is printing each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION XI.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin,
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin?

Oh Thou, who man of baser Earth didst make,
And e'en with Paradise devise the snake;
For all the Sin the Face of wretched Man
Is black with—Man's Forgiveness give—and take!

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Coupon No. 11, May 23.

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The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

AT the moment of writing the markets appear to be in better form. There is, at any rate, an idea that the worst has passed. There is not likely to be any failure inside the House. The firms that were incommoded by the collapse of the speculative syndicate have been relieved of their burden by stronger houses, who will unload at their leisure. Although some people talk despondently of the Continental position, a reaction has set in, and we now hope for the best. What the markets need is rest. If we could have a holiday in new issues, then the savings of the country might be diverted into securities already existing, and we should see a general hardening up of prices. But I am afraid that this cannot be expected. On the contrary, I hear of many new loans now being prepared. China is contemplating a fifteen million issue, and a representative is now in London discussing the question.

The extraordinary offer of Mexican securities and the still more extraordinary letter issued by Messrs. Morgan, Grenfell and Co., has amused the City. No one took the Mexican offer seriously. It was well known that the armament firms who had supplied Huerta with ammunition had been compelled to take the securities in payment, and they merely advertised in order to be able to sell them later on if peace arrived. The British Isles Oil Producers, with a share capital of a million, has an important Board, but the offer is distinctly speculative. Vauxhall Motors is a reasonable Industrial risk. The Province of Alberta has offered 5 million dollars $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 10-year debentures at $97\frac{1}{2}$. It is doubtful whether the issue will go, as the public think that these Provincial Governments have borrowed a great deal too much money. The Teck-Lebel (Kirkland) Syndicate is an introduction without a prospectus, and as such must be disregarded. It appears to emanate from the same stable as Nakamun Asphalt.

MONEY.—Money is distinctly plentiful, but the rates are fairly firm. If the gold now offering is kept in England, we may expect June to be a month of cheap money. There are signs that the Russian demand has ceased, and the only fear is that the Bank of France will find it necessary to strengthen its gold reserve during the next few weeks.

FOREIGNERS.—In the Foreign market Japanese stocks have hardened and the City believes that Japan now sees the necessity for strict economy. Perus have been steadily sold. There appears to be a revolution within a revolution, and either one President or the other, and probably both, exhibit great hostility to the Peruvian Corporation. There is no readier means of currying favour with the Peruvian people than by persecuting this company. Russians have hardened on the report that the Russian banks have had a meeting and discussed the whole position in St. Petersburg. Austrian securities are weak on the continued ill-health of the Emperor, and Tintos have also been offered, mainly because the Copper position is not strong.

HOME RAILS.—Mr. J. H. Thomas now threatens a general railway strike unless the men are given an eight-hours' day and a considerable rise in wages. Probably the agitators are asking for a great deal more than they expect. We must not forget that the Government gave the railway companies permission to raise their rates when

wages were put up last year. This was creating a precedent, and if wages are again raised Parliament will probably permit a further increase in both passenger and goods charges. I do not think that there is any reason why holders of Home Railway stocks should be scared out of their position. Quotations are now at the very bottom. Trade, although not good, is certainly quite good enough for the companies to earn 5 per cent. at present quotations. We must not forget that all the leading Home Railway ordinary stocks are a perfectly free market; that they are good security for any loan, and that they return 5 per cent. to an investor.

YANKEES.—The news that the Inter-State Commerce Commission is likely to grant an increase in rates, at any rate on the Eastern roads, has done a great deal to help the Yankee market. The Mexican position has been relieved by the fall of Tampico, and, what is of much more importance, the whole of Wall Street is short of stock. Therefore, we have seen quite a considerable rise in the more speculative securities, and especially in Steels, where a large "bear" account exists. It is difficult to know how long this rise will last. We have not seen the end of the Mexican trouble, and although the wheat crop in the States promises magnificently, trade is dull.

RUBBER.—The Merlimau report was quite good. The estimate was exceeded and $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend was paid. But better even than the dividend is the estimate for the 1914 crop. If this is sold at present prices and if working costs can be reduced, and there is no reason why they should not be, then Merlimau might pay 15 per cent. dividend. The shares are, therefore, worth holding. Rubber Estates of Krian report was also good. Plantation was weakened to 2s. 5d., but business in the Rubber share market is dull.

OIL.—The excellent report of the North Caucasian Oil Company, which appeared after we had gone to press last week, had a fairly good effect on the market. I must congratulate Mr. McGarvey upon the wonderfully successful manner in which he has drilled the somewhat difficult ground, and especially upon the fact that the production he obtained more than exceeded the estimate. Maikop Combine report pleased nobody. But Bibi Eibat managed to pay a dividend in the first year of its reconstruction, and the directors may be heartily congratulated. Burmahs have been hard, and Premiers have also risen. There is very little business in Egyptians, but Shells have been good most of the week.

MINES.—In the Mining market dealers are talking up all the Broken Hill shares. Lead is now at £18 15s. 8d., and this must have a good effect on all the mines of the Barrier Range. The liquidation in Russian Mines has now come to an end, and both Russo-Asiatics and Russian Mining have hardened. It is believed that all the weak "bulls" have been shaken out. Both Kaffirs and Rhodesians are idle. No one is inclined to speculate in Chartered until something definite has been settled in regard to the Land question. Cam and Motors remain weak. Tin shares are neglected, the metal being lower.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market there have been a few movements in Shipping shares, Royal Mails having hardened. The British India Steam Navigation report showed no variation in the amount available for dividend, but the Insurance fund is not added to, and the report on the whole was considered unsatisfactory. John Lysaght figures are a record. This magnificent Iron and Steel firm is managed with great skill, and the directors invariably carry forward more than the year's earnings. Both debentures and preference may be considered gilt-edged Iron and Steel investments. The Fine Cotton Spinners figures are good, and the rather unusual action

taken by the directors last year in watering the capital appears to be fully justified. It is not often that a company that waters its capital maintains its distribution. But Fine Cotton Spinners is one of the best managed combines in the North of England, and all the securities are sound.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FEDERATION OF EUROPE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—An influential movement (which has already been notified in your columns) is in course of development, which, when its character is widely understood, must not only commend itself to the peoples of the great nations constituting Europe, but to the peoples of the civilised nations of the world. Its character is of the nature of a common peace alliance, which is to say that its principal aim is one of disarmament.

In face of the hitherto abortive attempts of the Hague Conference to secure a political unity between the great nations, in respect to this same question of a lasting peace ground, this new movement may be looked upon, by the great majority, as fortuitous, as were all preceding attempts of like nature. But when the common ground of propitiation is made clear, the ground of objection, in this case, must prove to be a weak one. This will be plainly evident if we come to an understanding as to why any common efforts of unity should prove abortive. If they work, as they assume to work, for the common good of nations, why should there exist any common form of antagonism?

Here we have the problem in a nutshell. The Hague Conference was a common attempt to secure a permanent European peace policy, if it cannot be said to have been a policy of disarmament; but the European answer to that Conference was by no means a common one. It was, in fact, a special attitude towards a common understanding. In the circumstances it could never command success. Indeed, its failure leaves us in doubt as to whether the Conference, itself, constituted a common or uncommon Court of national appeal. How is its apparent impotence, as far as its desired object is concerned, to be translated, if its common purpose is productive of other than common results? The secret of a grand division lies therein, and no one, in his senses, would assume that it emanates from the common needs in question. The failure of the Hague Conference to lay the foundations of a European Peace is due to its extraordinary initiative alone.

Coming to this new movement, originated by Sir Max Waechter under the name of the European Unity League, its success is the more assured, because its executive is built upon ordinary procedure, and not on an uncommon court of appeal. Its author happily recognises the secret power of real unity, which is one of concretion not abstraction. Therefore, his methods are concrete methods, and, as such, they can but produce concrete results.

For instance, in the object put forward by the League, there are no distinguishing features apart from those which are synonymous of the whole. Thus, not one nation, in question, can be said to stand to lose by its object, but every nation stands to gain by it. The policy of excessive (because competitive) armament becomes itself killed, as all obvious reasons (those of gain) are destroyed.

I have myself become a member of the League, because, if any argument can strip war of its rational standing, that argument is to be seen in the one issued by the European

Unity League, which is a reprint from the *Fortnightly Review* of May, 1913. No matter what nation is in question, the basis of all extortionate taxation is to be found in the common suspension of right, and it is through this that the common community or interest between nations is exploited. Thus, war is only rational as an engine of common exploitation. Destroy the reasons for exploiting the common interests of nations, as the League destroys them by its arguments, and you destroy the reasons for maintaining the armies and navies of the world.

In the past it was the work of politicians to make ideal points of difference between the common interests of nations. It is, of course, being done at the present day. But it is surely time that these gave place to real points of unity, and with the need should come the support of every unit of character to be found amongst the nations of Europe, if not the whole world. It is either this or a disastrous struggle for an uncommon supremacy. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

May 2, 1914.

H. C. DANIEL.

THE LONGEST SENTENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—There was some question in these columns last year over the longest sentence in English literature, one correspondent citing a passage which contained over 200 words. I have just lighted on two instances in W. Hazlitt's estimate of Sir Walter Scott in "The Spirit of the Age," the first having fully 330 words, the second over 460; the latter occurs at the close of the essay, and may perhaps be worth quoting:—

"If there were a writer, who 'born for the universe'—
Narrow'd his mind

and to party gave up what was meant for mankind

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who, from the height of his genius looking abroad into nature, and scanning the recesses of the human heart, 'winked and shut his apprehension up' to every thought or purpose that tended to the future good of mankind—who, raised by affluence, the reward of successful industry, and by the voice of fame above the want of any but the most honourable patronage stooped to do unworthy acts of adulation, and abetted the views of the great with the pettifogging feelings of the meanest dependent on office—who, having secured the admiration of the public (with the probable reversion of immortality), showed no respect for himself, for that genius that had raised him to distinction, for that nature which he trampled under foot—who, amiable, frank, friendly, manly in private life, was seized with the dotage of age and the fury of a woman the instant politics were concerned—who reserved all his candour and comprehensiveness of view for history, and vented his littleness, pique, resentment, bigotry and intolerance on his contemporaries—who took the wrong side, and defended it by unfair means—who, the moment his own interest or the prejudices of others interfered, seemed to forget all that was due to the pride of intellect, to the sense of manhood—who, praised, admired by men of all parties alike, repaid the public liberality by striking a secret and envenomed blow at the reputation of everyone who was not the ready tool of power—who strewed the slime of rankling malice and mercenary scorn over the bud and promise of genius, because it was not fostered in the hotbed of corruption, or warped by the trammels of servility—who supported the worst abuses of authority in the worst spirit—who joined a gang of desperadoes to spread calumny, contempt, infamy, wherever they were merited by honesty or talent on a different side—who officiously undertook to decide public questions by private insinuations, to prop the throne by nicknames and the altar by lies—who being (by common consent) the finest, the most humane and accomplished writer of his age, associated himself with and encouraged the lowest panders of a venal Press: deluging, nauseating the public mind with the offal and garbage of Billingsgate abuse and vulgar slang: showing no remorse, no relenting or compassion towards the victims of this nefarious and organised system of party-proscription, carried on under the mask of literary criticism and fair discussion, insulting the misfortunes of some, and trampling on the early grave of others—

Who would not grieve if such a man there be?

Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

I am, Sir, etc.

SESQUIPEDAL.

New York. May, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Odd Yarns of English Lakeland. By W. T. Palmer. With a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward and a Frontispiece. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country. By W. H. Hutton. Illustrated by E. N. New. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

The English Years: Spring. By W. Beach Thomas and A. K. Collett. Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 10s. 6d. net.)

Dress Design: An Account of Costume for Artists and Dressmakers. By Talbot Hughes. Illustrated. (John Hogg.)

The Lesson of the Anglo-American Peace Centenary. By Oliver Bainbridge and Others. With a Frontispiece. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 2s. 6d. net.)

Spiritual Healing. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

A Book about Authors: Reflections and Recollections of a Book-Wright. By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. (Adam and Charles Black. 10s. net.)

Rebellion. A Play in Three Acts by John Drinkwater. (David Nutt. 1s. net.)

By the Waters of Germany. By Norma Lorimer. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Country Month by Month. By J. A. Owen and G. S. Boulger. (Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.)

The Mistaken Fury, and Other Lapses. By Oswald Couldrey. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

Knowledge is the Door. By Dr. James Porter Mills. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

Cameos. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Gay and Hancock. 1s. net.)

Keep Breathing: How to Do It, and Why. By Mme. M. A. Carlisle Carr. Illustrated. (Elliot Stock. 2s. net.)

Stories of the Operas and the Singers. Covent Garden Season, 1914. With Portraits. (John Long. 6d. net.)

The German Lyric. By John Lees, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d.)

Chitra. A Play in One Act by R. Tagore. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Training of a Working Boy. By the Rev. H. S. Pelham, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Wilds of Maoriland. By J. M. Bell. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 15s.)

The War of Steel and Gold: A Study of the Armed Peace. By H. Noel Brailsford. (G. Bell and Sons. 5s. net.)

Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy: What it is all about. By A. W. Tillett. (P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.)

Studies in the Minimum Wage. No. I.—Chain-Making. By R. H. Tawney. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Hunting and Hunted in the Belgian Congo. By Reginald Davey Cooper. Edited by R. Keith Johnston. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Life Pilgrimage of Moncure Daniel Conway. By John M. Robertson, M.P. (Watts and Co. 9d. net.)

Memories of My Youth, 1844-1865. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. With Portraits. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

My First Years as a Frenchwoman, 1876-1879. By Mary King Waddington. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Grenelle. By Lucien Lambeau. Illustrated. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 12 fr.)

The Story of Dorothy Jordan. By Clare Jerrold. Illustrated. (Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

Malcolm MacColl: Memoirs and Correspondence. Edited by the Rt. Hon. George W. E. Russell. With a Portrait. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Inner Life of the Royal Academy. By G. D. Leslie, R.A. Illustrated. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

Dante, and the Early Astronomers. By M. A. Orr. Illustrated. (Gall and Inglis. 15s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Wild Life; Asiatic Review; Bookseller; Cambridge University Reporter; American Historical Review; Literary Digest; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Britannic Review; La Société Nouvelle; La Revue; Mecure de France; Irish Review.

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BY **CARNEADES, Junior.**
ADDRESSED TO
MR. A. C. BENSON.

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Notes of the Week

WE have left the disgusting women without more than passing comment for over a year, in order to see if feeble-forcible Mr. McKenna would succeed in checking their criminal tendencies by his rotten "Cat-and-Mouse" Act. Of course, he has not succeeded in doing so, and nothing will succeed until one of the two remedies which we prescribed in January and May of last year is resorted to. The best and most effectual remedy is that which we advocated in our issue of January 25, 1913, which was this: If these vulgar criminals were unwilling to serve the punishments to which they were sentenced by the King's tribunals, they should be allowed to have their liberty, but only after receiving a sufficient number of strokes with the birch rod to bring home to them at one end what their diseased brains were unable to comprehend at the other; and each time that they were re-arrested, if they still declined to undergo the punishment meted out to them, the birch rod was to be kept in readiness for application again.

In January, 1913, some people were of the opinion that the corrective and preventive which we prescribed was somewhat too drastic. Although we did not entertain any such opinion ourselves, on May 10 of the same year we suggested an alternative course. It was this:

Should these crazy, unsatisfied creatures be certified as lunatics? That was an entirely reasonable proposition, but unfortunately we were met with two difficulties. The first and most serious one was that doctors would not support magisterial authority in confining these dangerous criminals to the only place for which they are fit. The doctors' objection was purely a professional one; they were afraid of losing practice, although not a few were brave enough and were quite willing to act in accordance with their obvious and bounden duty. The next objection was: If these wretched creatures cannot be retained in a prison, what is the good of confining them in a lunatic asylum? There is all the difference in the world. In prison, the Home Secretary, who is only fit to be put on a shelf wrapped in Thermogene, will let them out directly they begin to squeal; in a lunatic asylum they will be forcibly fed, as many lunatics are at the present day—much to their own advantage—and if they want to yell, they will be placed in the padded room until they are tired of that pastime. The question which occurs to any sane man is this: Are these bipeds, because they choose to call themselves women—although they have no womanly attributes—to be allowed to go on acting as crack-brained criminals or dangerous lunatics? Is the law to be a byword and a farce? So long as their antics were only distinguished by indecency, it was possible, perhaps, to refer to them as "poor, demented creatures," as a London stipendiary has in an ill-advised moment described them to-day; but now that they have become a blur upon society which is self-respecting, and a blot upon civilisation, there is no reason for not taking the most stringent measures to make them at least observe the outward forms of respectable living.

How did it happen that Ireland failed to turn the Whitsun holidays into a great joy-time in celebration of the imminent passing of the long-lived-for Home Rule Bill on to the Statute Book? What were the heroes of the Ministry thinking about that they did not organise a series of popular demonstrations at the head of which they might have ridden triumphant as the harbingers of peace and prosperity and justice to Ireland? They might have improved the occasion by using a few old tubs as drums. Why has Mr. Redmond, with his high honours thick upon him, confined himself to telling the King what his duty will be when the Home Rule Bill is presented for signature? These great lights of national and political justice had no occasion to emulate the self-denying ordinance of Mr. Bonar Law, who has been staying in Ireland on condition that no one asked him to talk politics. Sir Edward Carson imposes upon himself no such limitations anywhere. On the contrary, he actually puts the Home Rule leanings of Wales to the test by invading the province sacred to the Lloyd Georgian creed; and what does he get? A reception by 12,000 men and women, Covenanters all—no mean proportion of the population of Wales—such as even the Lord of Criccieth could not hope to rival with the assistance of the very worst of

his pet projects for securing himself in a new term of office. Happily, all Welshmen are not of the Lloyd George kidney. The demonstration in favour of Sir Edward Carson and the cause he represents was magnificent. We are quite prepared to believe that Mr. Lloyd George regards it as an impertinence.

That Ministers would accept the invitation of the *Times* and see things in Ireland for themselves was not to be expected. Home truths at close quarters do not help the Home Rule. How awkward for the Radical conception of things any actual contact with the facts would be is shown by the letter of confession which Sir Willans Nussey has just written. An old Home Ruler, he has been to Ulster for the first time. Other Radicals have been to Ireland on a similar mission—with disastrous results to their convictions. Sir Willans and they have the courage to tell what they found. Sir Willans describes the Ulster Volunteer movement as remarkable. Its motive, he says, is not far to seek. "It animates everyone, rich and poor alike. It is the dread of being placed under the dominion of the Church of Rome. They fear that she will control the appointment of all civil servants; that she may tamper with the administration of justice, blight their industries, and injuriously influence the education of their children." A "grave factor" in the situation has been the belief that the Government were deliberately bent on provoking a conflict. For that the Government have only their own culpable misguidance to thank. That Ulster's fears of Nationalist control are not unreasonable we may all learn from the speeches of Mr. O'Brien, which make a very effective answer to the Whitsun vapourings of Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

As nervous people in the dark whistle to keep up their courage, so Mr. Lloyd George spouts more loudly that all is well with the Government when everything is going wrong. A thousand Bristol Radicals have been to Criccieth. Mr. Lloyd George had to make them some return for this pilgrimage to the Lourdes of modern Liberalism: he therefore assured them that by-elections mean nothing, that Conservatism is declining (whatever the increase in their polling strength), that the day of democracy has dawned, and that the Government have been beaten in election after election, not because they have lost the confidence of the country, but because they have lost the confidence of "the nobility of the land." As they never had that confidence, we leave it to the casuistry of the Radical faith-healer to explain how they can have lost it. The fruit of the Parliament Act is now to be gathered, he tells us. The Parliament Act is not the only tree planted by this Government which is yielding fruit. Quite a fair crop, well mixed with sour grapes, is being gathered from the Insurance Act. Every Benefit Society complains of the increase of sickness which the Act has brought in its train. We are much mistaken if the sickness has not extended to the Govern-

ment. And Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment have only aggravated their ailment. Mr. Lloyd George's speech shows that Ministers intend to brazen it all out—and every month they hang on secures their grateful followers a further £33 6s. 8d.

Mr. Balfour is always happiest when indulging in antithesis. At the meeting of the British Institute of Social Service he showed that those who devote time and thought to the advancement of social reform have gone to the opposite extreme of the Adam Smith school, who believed in *laissez faire*, and thought that the worst thing a Government could do was to interfere with the liberty of people to go to perdition their own way. That was "a period when the critical spirit overshadowed the philanthropic spirit to a dangerous extent." Was the overshadowing one whit more dangerous than the grandmotherly—in other words, the bureaucratic—methods in favour to-day? We have simply gone from one extreme to another, and the mischief is that false sentiment is reinforced by sheer political corruption. The difference between Adam Smith's day and our own is that social reform then could not be construed in terms of votes, whilst to-day it is nicely gauged to meet the electoral necessities of the aspirant to £400 a year as reward for intermittent attendance at the House of Commons during some five or six months out of the twelve. The British Institute of Social Service would do greatest service if it would gag some of the self-seekers who make social problems stepping-stones to preferment.

Seldom have we seen more concentrated drivel in the form of newspaper correspondence than that which the *Times* has recently published in opposition to golf. There is only one thing more remarkable than the nonsense written, and that is the approval which it receives from certain folk in private confab. "Anti-Golf" does not admit that golf is a game at all: it is a pastime! Precious distinction! A nice subject for a prize essay in a girls' school: "Define the difference between games and pastimes." The answer might be given in one word: "Golf!" Another correspondent suggests that golf is "a pastime for duffers"; it is popular because it lacks "the essentials of a game." Yet the *Times* itself carelessly talks of "objections to a popular game." Mr. F. T. Dalton surpasses all with his discovery that golf is spoiling the countryside, robbing spring of its delights, depriving autumn of its significance, and generally introducing discord into Nature's colour-scheme, "the tender outline of the middle distance" being violated by "an insistently fussy little club-house." And Mr. Dalton writes from that haven of undisturbed intelligence—the Athenæum Club. With such overwhelming arguments in mind, we shall hardly like to be seen in public places in future carrying a set of golf sticks. Hitherto, we have failed to realise the wrong we were doing our manhood and the country at large. Let golfers beware!

"The Gentle Art of Marking Time"

WITH REFLECTIONS ON THE ONLY WAY

THE Whitsuntide Recess is a convenient break in the Session in which one can take stock of the position. All the winter and the early spring men had been drilling in Ulster, and Mr. Asquith in February had a difficult task to perform in occupying the time until Home Rule could be finally passed. Experience of the ways of the House of Commons, astuteness, and accidents all helped him. If you look back, he played his own game most admirably. He used all forms—conciliation, proposed amendments, pleas for time to consider, threats, and abrupt decisions.

Parliament opened on February 10, and the gracious Speech from the Throne contained an earnest wish by the Sovereign that the goodwill and co-operation of all parties might heal dissensions and lay the foundations of a lasting settlement. What could be more reasonable and conciliatory? In a speech of wonderful dexterity Asquith said: "Debate the King's Speech as usual; vote what I require in Supply; and in six weeks' time I will put my proposals before you. I admit that the initiative lies with the Government, and I will then make an offer." With this the Opposition had to be content, and for six weeks things went on as if civil war was an impossible solution. Then came the six years' exclusion offer, and a promise of full details in writing.

In the meantime the Government went off on their second tack. They became bellicose; Winston Churchill went down to Bradford and made a provocative speech, in which he said "there were worse things than bloodshed." Next came the White Paper with details so insolently meagre that James Hope called it a "stump." Carson said Asquith's offer was a hypocritical sham—were we expected to debate the second reading of the Bill without any further details? "Yes," said Asquith, in his third, the abrupt, manner; "what is the use of discussing details if the general purport of the offer of the Government is contemptuously declined?" He wasn't going to give any details, and didn't.

On March 19 the vote of censure was moved, and the historic cross-examination of Bonar Law by Asquith across the floor of the House took place. Bonar Law offered the Referendum, and agreed to dispense with plural voting, but all to no purpose; Mr. Asquith was bluffing; he could not accept any offer, and never expected that Bonar Law would concede so much. But it served his turn—it delayed matters while time slipped away. Then came the question to the officers and their refusal to serve against Ulster; the memorandum which the Cabinet disowned; Seely's resignation, and Asquith's retirement to Fife to be needlessly re-elected as Minister for War. This carried them over Easter.

On April 6 the Bill was read a second time. On April 28, or thereabouts, Carson and Londonderry issued their famous manifesto proving most con-

clusively that the Government or some members of it were concerned in a plot to provoke Ulster to revolt. Upon this, Bonar Law demanded an inquiry. All this meant delay, and Winston kept the game going by becoming peaceable and making an offer to Carson in the direction of Federalism. Was this *bona fide*? The Unionists paused to think it over; but the men of Ulster could not wait while they pondered, so brought off a successful gun-running coup on a large scale. This occurred after the motion for an inquiry had been fixed for May 6. It naturally took all the steam out of the debate, and Carson, Bonar Law, and Balfour all made pacific and pathetic speeches. Nothing came of it, of course.

On May 11, Lloyd George brought in his Budget. This caused more debate, and, as Mr. Asquith saw he had played with the Opposition enough, he suddenly announced in his third manner that there would be no suggestion stage on the Bill at all—it must go through before Whitsuntide. On May 28, in his conciliatory manner he said there would be an Amending Bill, but declined (third manner), as usual, to give any details. Then for the first time the Opposition back-benchers showed their teeth; there was a row in the House, and business had to be suspended; but in the end Asquith's prophecy came true—the Bill was read a third time before Whitsuntide. By alternately holding out the olive branch, promising concessions, declining to give details of the promised concessions, and by abrupt displays of power, Mr. Asquith successfully marked time from February to June and passed the Home Rule Bill.

The Opposition had been fooled all the time. Sixty or seventy resolute men can make business impossible in the House of Commons. It is the only thing which the country really understands. They do not read or take in "conversations," but they wake up when the business of the country cannot be carried on. There were sixty-six men ready and willing to stop all business on the day Parliament opened. They refrained from doing so at the earnest request of, and out of loyalty to, their leader. Again and again since then they have been persuaded to be quiet. Mr. Bonar Law knew nothing of the sudden decision whereby things were brought to a standstill on May 22. It was the simultaneous rising of thirty-eight back-benchers who were tired of the game of evasion and delay; and by the simple process of saying "Adjourn—adjourn—adjourn" in a low monotone they stopped all business.

We are convinced it is the only way to force the Government to go to the country. They prefer the risk of a bloody civil war, in which they do not risk their own lives, to the constitutional method of a General Election, or even a Referendum. It is time the country was made to understand this, and the only way to do it is to stop the business of the country from being carried on at all. Next week we hope the back-benchers on the Unionist side will take matters into their own hands and make business impossible: it is the only way.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

IX.—MR. THOMAS HARDY

SIR,—On several occasions, both verbally and in the more leisurely argumentative methods of the essay, I have sought to defend you from the charge of being a pessimist. It is one of the easiest things in the world to label a man, and a most difficult task to disregard or to remove the label. We have all been annoyed when we have heard the inevitable adjectives trotted out by glib and immature critics—the “ruggedness” of Carlyle, the “obscurity” of Meredith or Browning, the profound description of Mr. Henry James as “so involved, don’t you know”—on the strength of two or three exceptional passages in which style may have conquered expedience. Thus, when inconsiderate readers have fallen into line and murmured “pessimist” while discussing your work, I have pointed out to them that the true artist is at liberty to present all aspects; that it is not safe to jump to conclusions upon an author’s outlook by the general content or discontent of his characters; that you yourself have written, “The road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena as they are forced upon us by chance and change”; and that in any case it was not sound criticism to repeat at second hand a word which has almost become meaningless, so often and so injudiciously has it been used.

Of late, however, I am beginning to wonder whether the crowd is not right after all. A few poems of yours have recently appeared in reviews of repute, of so unexpectedly doleful a burden that I put to myself the question: Is this the work of a man who sees nothing in this world but misery, gloom, and ironic blows of fate—who lives in a perpetual fog of despair; or is it the work of one who, having gained a reputation for looking on the dark side of things, is “keeping it up” and smiling in secret quite cheerily, albeit a trifle sarcastically, to see the effect? Take one of these grim outlines—I hesitate to term it a poem; the most recent, if I mistake not, since it was printed but three weeks ago. A woman is buying mourning robes, expecting shortly to be a widow; unknown to her, her husband is standing at the back of the shop. With delightful delicacy, he refrains from speaking until she has finished her purchases; then, disclosing himself, he explains that he thought it would be “awkward to meet the man who had to be cold and ashen—

And screwed in a box before you could dress you
‘In the last new note of mourning,’
As you defined it. So, not to distress you,
I left you to your adorning.”

A truly heartening little picture to offer your faithful readers, is it not? And why you wrote it, I cannot think.

In turning to your “Wessex Poems” recently, I am struck by some of the titles. “Neutral Tones”; “Re-

vulsion”; “Her Death and After”; “A Meeting with Despair”; “Doom and She”; “The Levelled Churchyard”; and so on—I might quote a dozen equally charming; and even when the title is cheerful, I often find the poem beneath it is anything but lively. There are a few, however, which I cannot read without a thrill of pure pleasure, and one is the beautiful “Song of the Soldiers’ Wives and Sweethearts,” with its exquisite ending:

And now you are nearing home again,
Dears, home again;
No more, may be, to roam again
As at that bygone time,
Which took you far away from us
To stay from us;
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,
But quicken it to prime!

And, reading, I wonder—which is the real expression of the writer, that delicate song of rejoicing, or the items in the far larger funereal group which make one shudder at the thought of living much longer in such a pitiful world?

This seems, I am aware, to be a suggestion that you are guilty of the artist’s worst crime—insincerity; I overcome that charge by remembering your own pronouncement as to a “true philosophy of life,” which I quoted at the beginning of this letter. But, since it seems to be your fixed and unalterable resolve to write no more splendid prose, no more revelations of the loved land of Wessex, but only to give us poetry, may I not plead that future poems from you should not deal wholly with death and disaster? To dictate to an artist as to his theme would be, of course, unpardonable; to hint that the world does, after all, contain some happiness which might be expressed in unrivalled form by such a master of language as yourself is at present the sole object of

Your obedient Servant,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

The Stories of F. W. Bain

“A DIGIT of the Moon” was first published in 1898, and it purported, like the subsequent volumes, to be a translation from the Sanskrit. The story was so cleverly told, so steeped in Oriental imagery, and, above all, it contained such an insinuating introduction and such ingenious notes explanatory of certain Sanskrit words, that the *tout ensemble* deceived the very elect. Mr. Bain, story-teller and mathematician, was taken seriously. It was thought in academical circles that he had made a new and valuable discovery in Indian literature, and “A Digit of the Moon” was added to the Oriental Department of the British Museum Library. Eventually it was discovered that Mr. Bain had not translated from a Sanskrit manuscript, and that the question of “trans-

lation" was either a joke on the part of the author or an attempt to see how far Oriental scholars would be deceived in the matter. It is rather a pity, now that we have seen the joke, that Mr. Bain still persists in making reference to translation on his title-pages. His books have now been transferred to the large reading-room of the British Museum, and readers will discover the following in the General Catalogue: "Translated from the original MS. [or rather written] by F. W. Bain."

It is easy to be wise after we have been enlightened. It is easy to say that these exquisite stories of Mr. Bain are far too full of fragrance and colour and charm to have come to us through the dulling process of translation. Only scholars are likely to be a trifle annoyed by the playful deception. The now wise reader, with no scholarly pretensions, will see a *double entendre* in such a note as, "This is not a strict translation," or "*Attahāsa*, 'loud laughter.'" Mr. Bain, in his introduction to his first Indian story, was determined to deceive us for the time being, for he writes learnedly of "A Digit of the Moon" being the sixteenth part of the "*Sansāra-sāgara-manthanam*" ("The Churning of the Ocean of Time"), for which we have looked in vain in Macdonell's "Sanskrit Literature." Having impressed us with notes, he proceeds to tell us that the above manuscript, resembling "a packet of ladies' long six-button gloves, pressed together between two strips of wood about the size of a cheroot box, and tied round with string," came into his possession in quite a romantic and pathetic way. It was the gift of an old Brahman to whom Mr. Bain had rendered some slight service. The Brahman is dead, the author unknown, and the manuscript, as Mr. Bain naïvely remarks, "differs from the general run of Sanskrit productions in two very striking particulars—the simplicity of its style and the originality of its matter." Mr. Bain is aware that Sanskrit writers have little if any originality, and that they are prone to overload a well-worn theme with an almost irritating display of ornament that renders unity too often negligible. "Our author," writes Mr. Bain, surely laughing in his sleeve, "was an exception. Whoever he was, he must have possessed the gift of imagination." This is self-evident, but now in addition we know that the author still happily lives, and that he is able to tell a good story in his introductions and a still better one in the pages that follow.

What Edward FitzGerald did to popularise Persian poetry by making Omar a lay figure for wine and pessimism, Mr. Bain has done, much more cheerfully, in regard to Sanskrit literature. To read an English translation of the famous "*Sakuntala*" is to see beauty upside-down and through the blurred veil of a cold language. To peruse Mr. Bain's stories is to ride on a cloud with Parwati, the Daughter of Himalaya, and Shiwa, the Lord of Time: it is to see, from the Great God's hair, the love-affairs of many mortals in palace and jungle and highway, to listen to animals that tell droll stories, to witness the downfall of once holy ascetics, and to come in touch with the very spirit of

old Indian romance. In one of the tales he describes a horrible creature "shuffling on one leg, and rolling its one eye, and yelling indistinctly, '*Underdone, overdone, undone!*'" The words in italics never apply to Mr. Bain's stories. Love, adventure, humour, and glowing descriptions of Nature are all combined in the right proportion. We could no more go to sleep over these Indian tales than we could slumber in Baghdad while purchasing some rare and beautiful vase. His divinities do not sit brooding above temple altars: they are wonderfully human, and always whimsically, if fatalistically, interested in love generally. We can meet and converse with them without having attained "a high mountain of merit"; indeed, their own holiness sits lightly upon them, for they are beings that can still be amorous and can still crack a tolerably good joke.

"A Digit of the Moon" is the most popular of these books, and certainly the most valuable as far as the first editions are concerned. It contains a famous passage descriptive of the creation of woman, which has been often recited and often quoted. It is sensuous, poetical, apt, witty, and every word is polished and set in its right place by a master-hand. I do not know any other passage in Mr. Bain's books to equal it for beauty, but I am not inclined to regard "A Digit of the Moon" as his best story. In many ways "The Descent of the Sun" is a better piece of work, while "A Mine of Faults," "A Heifer of the Dawn," and "A Draught of the Blue" are all excellent examples of his genius as a story-teller. So far, there has been no sign of diminished power—no small merit when we remember the number of stories he has told for our delectation. That his work has been recognised, where recognition is of most value, goes without saying, and he has recently received the distinction of having his eleven stories reissued in a sumptuous limited edition on Riccardi hand-made paper.

Mr. Bain must have steeped himself in Sanskrit literature. He has wandered through the mazy ways of Hindu mythology and the still more devious paths of Hindu philosophy. While others have been labouring over literal translations and producing results that are anything but reflections of the originals, he has seen the poetry of Hinduism, and made his gods and goddesses, his Apsaras and demons, as real as his kings and coy princesses. He has always told a good story in poetical prose, and if he has repeated that story, with slight variations, more than once, the repetition, besides being strictly Oriental, was well worth while. There are laughter and jewels and flowers in the stories, fair maids and valiant lovers, stirring adventures by lake and wood and mountain, and, presiding over all, playful deities that have a pleasant way of forgetting their divinity, riding across the blue sky like bees in search of honey. Mr. Bain has given us Indian magic as we have never had it before, except, perhaps, in the Jungle Books, and his stories are so full of a joyous kind of beauty, so rich in metaphor, and so finely told, that they deserve to rank with those of Mr. Kipling.

F. H. D.

Days in Somaliland

IT was the fourth night of my trek inland from Berbera on the coast to reach the top of Waggar Mountain, the highest peak of the Golis range. It is not over seven thousand feet, but wherever you go there is always a satisfaction in being able to say, like the boy in Panyer Alley, "Yet still this is the highest ground."

Earlier in the evening, I had bought some grass for the camels from a headman of the Musa Jibril, near to whose *Hchraer* or kraal my tent had been pitched. The Musa Jibril is a sub-tribe of the Isa Musa which used to levy toll on the Sheikh Pass and the coast roads from the East, and Ahrali, as the headman was called, was quite ready to make an arrangement for the next day to guide me himself up to the summit of Waggar. His kraal consisted of a round, formidable enclosure of cut thorn-bushes built very high to keep the leopards away from his flock of little Somali sheep, white with black heads, which every evening were driven inside the fencing to spend the night round their owner's portable huts made of large wooden hoops covered over with mats. Sometimes the wall of bushes is built right over into a complete dome, and even then leopards have been known to get inside. It is said that the wily cat will jump on to the top, searching for any hole through which he can drop his tail perpendicularly, and that at any such weak spot he will promptly force an entrance.

Ahrali was a tall, finely developed specimen of the pure-blood Somali—a blend arising from successive Aryan and Hamitic invasions. Sitting beside my big teak box, with one poor candle for illumination fastened to a piece of wood by its own grease, I talked with him with the help of my Berbera servant, Hamid, as interpreter. The headman told me that he had one son, five daughters, eighty cows, two hundred sheep and twenty camels. His brother had four wives, as is allowed by the tenets of the Shafai sect of Mahomedanism. He told me that part of the marriage ceremony consists in the bridegroom striking the bride several times with the leather whip (called a *jedal*) before all the people as a sign of possession. He explained also how the girls wear their hair loose before marriage and afterwards closely packed in a black net as I had seen them.

It was a night of stars, and the candle served chiefly as an attraction to the tinier members of the Ark Club who all seemed eager to call upon me. I asked about the animals of the district; Ahrali said that lions were getting killed out, but that leopards were as plentiful as ever, and that there were many Koodu. "Him saw long time ago plenty *Marodi* (elephant) on Waggar. And sometimes man going through bad place gets hit by devils. He not see any but cry out—then he taken to Mullah and Mullah he hit him here (putting one hand over his eyes) and devil go out. Best in all the world he like good sons and plenty animals and money to buy more animals. Him not want be dead. Him

want stop all the time on the world and get more animals and always more animals." Then he volunteered the compliment that it was a good thing for the country that the English were there, naively adding: "Every time some officer come" (all white travellers in that country are known to the Somalis as officers) "he give money and do something for people."

The place where I was now encamped was called Hanki-deeli-daafet, which I had reached by riding, through thornbush and anthills, over the wide, stony Suh Sarreh plateau from the top of Sheikh Pass, a break in the gigantic step by which the Golis range descends abruptly to lower slopes above the sandy maritime plain.

The next day was devoted to the actual ascent of the mountain, and just as we started in the early morning, three Klipspringers, *Alakuts* the Somali call them, watched us at close range as if they knew I had no hostile intentions. As we ascended, the euphorbia trees, the giant cactus, here called *Hassadan*, increased in size, sometimes reaching thirty and even forty feet in height. With their long, green, quadrangular, fleshy stems radiating upward from the central trunk these weird trees gave a striking character to the landscape. All round us birds were now singing and chattering, and from the next open glade I could now for the first time see the upper part of the mountain, a gigantic mass of great limestone boulders with scrub and trees growing between them. And among these trees the finest were the tall cedars, not cedars of Lebanon, but the mountain cedar called *Deiyib* by the Somali, a tree with twisted branches which grows as high as a hundred feet. Presently we left the camels and in a single file followed Ahrali, who sometimes had to make good use of his *gudimo*, a short axe which he carried for cutting through the bush.

At the very summit stands a vast separate boulder forty feet high and smooth, to climb which I discarded my boots and went up in stockinged feet. Immediately below me was now another smooth-worn rock about twenty feet away from the base of the one on which I stood, its top covered with grey and orange-yellow lichens, while a fine cedar reared its branches, gnarled and twisted as if in annoyance at their inability to rise above the summit rock. On every side I looked to infinite distances; the series of long serrated ridges of mountains rising plane above plane in the golden after-glow made a scene of incomparable beauty. To the North the clouds were rounded with shadowy pale purples and deeper violets above the white sand of the distant maritime plain, beyond which the sea merged imperceptibly into the far horizon.

The dusk was deepening as we scrambled down after Ahrali, the headman, now creeping swiftly like a cat along a kind of ditch under dense branches, now rapidly striding across more open ground in the gathering darkness, till we reached the camels.

On the return journey from Hanki-deeli-daafet I called upon the Commissioner, who was at the time in camp at Areali, a few miles from Sheikh (it was before

the recent withdrawal to the coast). As we approached, a rhythmic singing reached us from a row of Somalis digging a trench to run off rain, which had fallen heavily that afternoon, from the level ground about the camp. "*Aurti eilku ken*" they sang—"Bring the camel to the well"—and more which I could not get translated though I could enjoy the sound of it. It was here also that I saw a Tomal, one of the outcast tribes, and the only Somali people who do any kind of craft work, forging a spearhead out of some hoop iron. His bellows were of two sheepskins blowing through an oryx horn spout. It is curious that, as in other countries, outcast people of an older race have certain privileges which preserve to them some importance. Thus, whenever a child is born in Somaliland, the outcast Yibus get backsheesh presents, being believed to be in close touch with the devil, a trace of that nature-worship which survives yet in every religion.

A few days more camel-riding and I was back at Berbera to be welcomed by "Scroggs," the four months old lioness cub, a little tame Dik Dik, smallest of all the family of the antelopes, a pony called "Microbe," sure-footed on the darkest night, and—a British baby, at whose birth no doubt to outcast Yibus had been given much orthodox backsheesh.

A. HUGH FISHER.

A Great Artist of Modern France

BY HALDANE MACFALL.

THERE is to be seen in London to-day—at the Leicester Galleries, to the eternal honour of the directorate—the first serious attempt in this city to do honour to one of the supreme artists of our generation. For, let us make no mistake about it, in Steinlen we have an artist of astounding achievement, a man whose works in the years to come will be ranked with the highest that man's hands have wrought. And it is well to dwell upon it, and to weigh its significance.

Switzerland, for some strange reason, has given us pathetically few great names in the arts, whether of literature or painting or other activity of the imagination. Then comes this French-Swiss, Théophile Alexandre Steinlen, who has arisen to speak out of the long silence of his land; and as though he had been chosen to give tongue to a virile and vigorous breed, he seems to have been gifted with the fuller powers. Yet the fact remains that, whilst this man's genius has probably influenced some of the best creative impulse throughout Europe and America to-day, he is not represented by a single print in our national collections; and the majority of critics, even if they know his name, scarce realise the vitality of his genius, and certainly have scant suspicion of the greatness of his art.

It is likely enough that the preface to the catalogue, by Anatole France, will bring him into the critical eye, and thence into the public vision, more certainly than the display of his work in London; yet, whilst this

display only reveals a few facets of his genius, it is an excellent introduction to his remarkable career. There are several pieces that ought to pass into our national possession, and now is the time for the nation to purchase them, for they will soon be increased in value.

It is close on twenty-five years ago since I wrote what I am told was the first notice of his work in England—indeed, it was easy to see from the early contributions to *Gil Blas Illustré* and kindred prints that one was in the presence of a master. Steinlen, who comes of artistic stock, is said to have been fired in youth by Zola's "*L'Assommoir*" to seek Paris as the scene of his endeavour; but whatever the impulse, there was destiny in it—for Steinlen and for Paris. In Steinlen, the Paris of our generation found her voice; and, through him, above all other artists, she has given forth her song. To possess the long series of designs, touched with colour, that made of *Gil Blas Illustré* for years the finest illustrated paper in Europe, is to know Paris as no man may know her without years of residence in her fascinating midst. To possess these designs, which were published in a halfpenny weekly paper, is far more even than this—it is to know France from within as she cannot be otherwise known except by a Frenchman.

It is likely enough that, had Steinlen's work been engineered and exploited with the shrewdness and business capacity that fell to the luck of the so-called "Post-Impressionists" and "Futurists" and the like, the public would be in acclaim about his genius; but he has created his sincere art and developed an astounding craftsmanship to utter that art, heedless of vogues and fashions. He has by consequence achieved a mastery of technique that rivals that of Daumier before him, and of Charles Keene on our side of the Channel. The elimination of all unnecessary lines, combined with the nerve of his simple line and a broad use of masses, have made for a powerful interpretation of the deep, poetic soul of a man whose vision is as unflinching as his heart is compassionate. Steinlen came to a Paris in which gaiety and blitheness moved side by side with sorrow and suffering; and he has uttered France as no man has ever uttered her life with the pencil's point. He has not, as is the limitation of most artists, harped upon one string. The life of the workers in the factories, of the rich and of the poor, of the dancer and the lady of fashion, of street and shop and family mansion, of the sea and shore and wood and forest, of the hooligan and the Jew financier, of the gilded youth and the "cocotte"—nothing has evaded his ken. He has caught the charm and grace of "the little French milliner" as she trips, bareheaded and daintily arrayed, along the picturesque streets. He has given us the threat and sombre tragedy of strikes and of the breaking of strikes. No man has so wonderfully expressed the brutality of a mob, or shown with more consummate skill the movement of crowds. The Parisian "cocher" and policeman have been immortalised by him. Above all, his pity and prophetic vision have dwelt upon the awful problem of the struggle of the poor for bread. And all that he has wrought has

been uttered with haunting power. It is part of the greatness of the man that, instead of spending his gifts on paintings which have but a limited appeal, he took the instrument that the press has placed within his reach for the diffusion of his art, and we can become possessors of his wide achievement in reproductions of his works, every one of which is a masterpiece, and every masterpiece a poem.

It is a wonder that some British artist has not done for London what Steinlen has done for Paris. But we have fallen into a rut in our attitude towards the arts, so that we have come to look upon a painting on the walls of the Royal Academy as the "real thing." And yet, when the achievement of our people in the Victorian years is weighed and judged, there will stand out the fame of a black-and-white artist in England, head and shoulders above all the cults and coteries of pre-Raphaelism and the rest of it—his name Charles Keene. Charles Keene sang for us the Britain and the London that is her chief city, the life in town and country, as no man of his years uttered that life. And in Steinlen we have another such genius uttering the France, and, above all, the Paris, of our own day. His repute increases and will increase, and his genius receive ever a loftier position as the dust and shouting of the passing scuffles and wrangles of the studios die away. His reputation is firmly founded on a sincere and passionate love of his fellow-men, which he has been granted a wondrous skill of craftsmanship to utter; and the world slowly awakes to the fact that he stands serenely destined to a place amongst the immortals.

The Dawn of Aerial Navigation—II

AT Nimroud and Khorsabad, near the site of Nineveh, a city supposed to have been founded shortly after the Noachian Flood, huge winged monsters carved in stone, representing gods or genii, have been found guarding the entrances of the buried Assyrian temples. They are chiefly human-headed bulls and lions, their outspread wings reaching to both walls. As Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote of one of the carved winged beasts he saw being carried into the British Museum:—

A human face the creature wore
And hoofs behind and hoofs before,
And flanks with dark runes fretted o'er.
'Twas bull, 'twas mitred Minotaur,
A dead, disbowelled mystery;
The mummy of a buried faith
Stark from the charnel without scathe,
Its wings stood for the light to bathe,
Such fossil cerements as might swathe
The very corpse of Nineveh.

But sculptured four-winged and six-winged human figures, similar to the cherubim and seraphim of Ezekiel and Isaiah, have also been unearthed there from beneath the dust of ages. Representations, too, of royal personages, both male and female, and furnished with wings,

as well as of the griffin or lion-eagle, the sphinx, and the winged horse, have likewise been discovered amidst these venerable remains. Such symbolic figures, however, were not exclusively Assyrian, for they were no less familiar to the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Arabians, and other peoples. In Persia we meet with the winged Cyrus, in Egypt with the griffin, the sphinx, and angelic figures, in Babylonia with the winged lion and also with the sphinx, and in Greece with the griffin again.

Aerial navigation, in one form or another, occupies a prominent position in the mythological beliefs of the ancient Greeks and Romans, as may be instanced by the winged chariot of Zeus; by the chariots of Juno and Venus, respectively carried through the air by peacocks and doves; by the wings of Saturn, or old Father Time; by Jove's eagle, and the flying horses of the Sun; by the winged cap and feet of Mercury, messenger of the gods, and the wings he gave Perseus to aid the latter in slaying Medusa, with which he also delivered Andromeda from the sea-monster; by the fiery chariot drawn by flying dragons on which Medea fled through the air to escape from the wrath of Jason; by the winged horse Pegasus on which Bellerophon destroyed the three-headed monster Chimæra; and by the ram with the golden fleece on the back of which Phryxus and Helle travelled aloft through space to avoid the persecution of their step-mother Ino. Aristophanes, in "The Birds," makes Peisthetaerus declare—

Why Hermes, and lots of the deities too, go flying
about upon wings;
There is Victory, bold on her pinions of gold; and then,
by the Powers, there is Love;
And Iris, says Homer, shoots straight through the
skies, with the ease of a terrified dove.

While the famous Greek poet more than once introduces aerial steeds into the "Iliad," the oldest and most celebrated epic poem extant:—

Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along the aerial way.
Swift down the steep of Heaven the chariot rolls,
Between the expanded earth and starry poles.

It is more than likely that some legend, or rather a tradition, handed down from generation to generation through the ages, of the Ornithosauria, was responsible for the dragon which figures so largely in the ancient folk-lore of both Eastern and Western peoples; and which crops up again in full force in European, mediæval, or even late romance. Those three nymphs, the Hesperides, guardians of the golden apples, had their garden protected by the winged dragon Ladon, who never slept. To come to more modern times, this mythical monster, rushing, or flying, or belching fire, appears to have been the device on the standards of the West Saxons and the English, prior to the Norman Conquest. Several of the Plantagenet kings and princes had the figure of a dragon depicted on their banners and shields. Peter Langtoffe says, that at the battle of Lewes, fought in 1264, "the King schewed

forth his schild, his dragon full austere." In heraldry, the creature formed one of the supporters of the royal arms borne by all our Tudor monarchs, with the exception of Queen Mary. But these real or mythical pioneers of Aerial Navigation in ages ago, though now extinct, are still in a sense yet with us in the form of many so-called flying creatures, apart from birds—such as the ballooning spiders, the phalangers with their parachutes, the flying opossums, lemurs, squirrels, mice, foxes, lizards, frogs, and three varieties of flying fish—herring, gurnard, and squid, the last a genus of cuttlefish.

An American View of the Short Story

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT amused himself during his recent tour of "our United States" by uttering some startling remarks on American literature: declaring that Poe is matchless, that Walt Whitman is one of the world's supreme artists, and that for Mark Twain's incomparable masterpiece, "Life on the Mississippi," he would willingly sacrifice all the novels of Thackeray and George Eliot! Despite the pleasant exaggeration in these remarks, one must see that they are typical of the enthusiastic reception usually accorded by Europe to the chief American writers. J. Fenimore Cooper, for instance, wears much better in France than in America. Poe, whose place in American literature is still disputed at home, ranks high among the French, who make him the subject of innumerable lectures, of innumerable dissertations, of innumerable editions; and his works have been translated into German, Greek, Spanish, Italian, Norwegian, and Swedish as well. The Uncle Remus tales of Joel Chandler Harris have been translated into twenty-seven languages, and are praised abroad for other than mere folk-lore reasons.

American critics, however, usually slight our efforts at writing tales, novels, and poetry, and centre all their admiration on the one literary type that the United States is said to have invented. To invent a *genre* for literary expression would indeed be a praiseworthy achievement. This achievement, the invention of the modern short story, is credited to Poe. As a matter of fact, in writing the short story Poe was anticipated both by Balzac and Mérimée in France and by Hawthorne in America; but Mr. Esenwein naïvely remarks ("Studying the Short Story," 1913) that the short story cannot be said to have been an established form in France before its use in America because neither Balzac nor Mérimée used the new form consciously. While this is perhaps true, one can hardly be safe in claiming that Poe invented the short story. He may be given credit for discovering it, if by discovery one means merely that he self-consciously enunciated the principles of the new *genre* he himself was writing.

Poe announced his "discovery," May, 1842, in a review of Hawthorne's stories that has been worn out

by persistent quotation. Poe was logical: succeeding critics have been illogical; for Poe deduced his rules *a priori*, while later critics have made rules *a posteriori*. Poe declared that the short story—or, as he termed it, the "tale"—differs from the novel solely in shortness and in "totality of effect." He could not have dreamed that his modest essay would lead to the making of many theories, and of as many books to contain them. In 1884 Mr. Brander Matthews published an article in which, he has since claimed, he was the first to assert that the short story differs from the novel essentially and not merely in the matter of length. But though it has recently been pointed out that similar views were far more clearly enunciated by Friedrich Spielhagen in 1876, yet Mr. Matthews is responsible for the popularity of short-story criticism. He contends, it will be recalled, that the "Short-story" fulfils the three classic unities; it deals, furthermore, with a single character, a single emotion, or with a series of emotions called forth by a single situation.

There is much food for thought in the many books on the short story that are pouring from the American press each month. Based as they are on a national pride that they vainly attempt to justify, the incongruity of their pretensions is highly amusing. The short story is obviously the rarest thing under the sun if one is to believe Mr. Matthews' definition, or the statement of Mr. Esenwein ("Writing the Short-Story," 1909), that it has seven characteristics: a single predominating character, a single pre-eminent incident, imagination, plot, compression, organisation, and unity of impression. Such a description, coming as it does from the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, seems to be one of life's little ironies; and one may read a dozen issues of *Lippincott's* without stumbling on a story that harmonises with this definition. Another author, Mr. H. A. Phillips ("The Plot of the Short Story," 1912), goes still further, and laments the fact that magazine editors are injuring the cause of literature because they do not know short stories when they see them, and because they are accepting for publication stories that are not short stories. And while one is wondering whether he has ever read a short story in an American magazine, he is startled to read in Mr. W. B. Pitkin's recent book ("The Short Story," 1912) that "the ordinary detective story or the puzzle story such as Poe's 'Gold Bug'" is not a short story. Even the inventor of the short story did not write short stories!

When critics come to illustrate their remarks from American short-story writers, they are usually hoist with their own petard. They unite in holding up as a model the late O. Henry, a writer who for the last five or six years has enjoyed a tremendous vogue, and who, strangely enough, violates every rule they lay down. O. Henry scorns the so-called laws of compression and relevancy of words and details by interpolating divagations that out-Thackeray Thackeray; he never openly prepares for his *dénouements*, but always strives to surprise the unwary reader; rarely does he obey the "law" of unity of characterisation, and never

the law of unity of time and place; he delights in subplots.

In the fifty or more books that have appeared during the last two years, one occasionally hears a new note. Thus Mr. Pitkin, *op. cit.*, decides that "the short story is a narrative drama with a single effect," while Mr. Esenwein ("Studying the Short-Story") has modified slightly his rigid definition. Mr. C. Alphonso Smith ("The American Short Story," 1912) reaches the decision that unity of impression alone distinguishes the short story from the story that happens to be short. And Mr. H. S. Canby ("A Study of the Short Story," 1913), because "so much water has run under the bridges since the publication" of his first book, has come to believe that the short story is merely "a brief narrative, all of whose constituent parts unite to make a single impression upon the mind of the reader."

There is something very appropriate in the use of the word "water." How else can one characterise the dozens of volumes that are deluging American readers? There are books telling the amateur—sometimes, as in Miss M. H. Jordan's "The Art of Short-Story Writing Simplified," 1914, in fifty pages—how to write a short story and guaranteeing—as in Mr. Phillips's "The Plot of the Short Story," 1912, and "Art in Short-Story Narration," 1913—to "show the Way to Fame along the Road of Perfect Effort"; books, dozens of them, containing selected stories to be studied in public-school and college classes, and compiled "because in my teaching I have found no book suited to the needs of my students"; books expounding the theory of the short story, and placing it in so restricted a class that American magazine readers must decide that short stories are no longer being written.

Such a decision, too, will almost be reached by the desperate critic who reads every new book published on the short story. His mind becomes so muddled that he can hardly tell when it has received a single impression; and in that case how, pray, is he to tell a short story from a tale or a sketch? He will sympathise, at any rate, with the catholic tastes of the English writer who declared in THE ACADEMY, October, 1902: "The short story is not susceptible of any peculiar and distinctive definition. A short story is merely a short—story, and there's an end on it. . . . The only particular thing that can be postulated of a short story is its shortness. . . . Every novel would be a short story if it was short enough; and every short story would be a novel if it was long enough, and certain short stories and certain novels are obviously capable of an expansion or a contraction which would not mar, and might possibly increase, their impressiveness."

At present the highest ambition of every American school-teacher, story writer, critic, and magazine editor is to write a book on the short story. Innocent bystanders may well wonder at this much ado about nothing, and may well think that greater good would result from the writing of fewer treatises and of more real short stories.

H. E. ROLLINS, M.A.

Texas, U.S.A.

Then and Now

"Qui veid jamais vieillesse qui ne louast le temps passe et ne blamast le present?"

THE Sieur de Montaigne often hits off a plain truth in his quaint old French. Human nature seems to have been the same in his time as it is in ours, and, indeed, it needs no great effort of the imagination to picture Adam, when he felt his end drawing nigh at the ripe age of nine hundred and twenty-nine years mumbling to his son Seth, then a youth of nearly eight hundred, of the good old times in which he had not needed to work. So, too, Horace sighed for his lost youth in the days when Plancus was Consul, and men to this day vow that the world is going to the dogs.

This cheerless view of things first comes borne to a man when he is conscious of having reached middle age, a bleak hill-crest from which the pilgrim on life's way can neither look back without regret nor forward without horror. In brief occupation of this half-way house, he finds himself bereft of the hopefulness that expected to find happiness where the rainbow ends, the gay spirit in which

"L'enfant marche joyeux sans songeant au chemin";

and has not yet attained to the blessed indifference of old age, which, though sensible that things are not what they were, cheerfully bows to the inevitable.

Yet the middle-aged sportsman, particularly if he has loyally devoted the best leisure of his life to one recreation, should find it interesting to recall some of the changes that have come over it within his own memory. Then, according to his temperament, he may give thanks for either having known better times, or for having been spared to see old abuses swept away.

The balanced judgment will find something to be said on both sides. Take shooting. It is no longer the fashion to shoot a few brace of birds with dogs, as in Hawker's day. The present-day shooting man prefers to make immense bags by driving, a method that has been made popular not only by altered conditions of farming, but also by mechanical improvements in breech-loading guns. There are good sportsmen who find fault with the pomp and circumstance of such sport, the Gargantuan lunch, the press photographer in attendance; and such objections are more honest than those professed by vote-catching demagogues who make political capital out of these matters in order that they may set class against class. Yet even the old-fashioned sportsman, who not unreasonably objects to the wholesale methods of driving on the grand scale, will rarely be found to take exception to such modern improvements as smokeless powder and the single-trigger, hammerless ejector, though here and there, no doubt, a champion of the old order condemns even these. Those who used to shoot at Nuneham Park can still recall the late Aubrey Harcourt as he stood on the bridge on the Lock Beat and brought down mallard and pheasants with his father's old hammer gun and

such honest charges of black powder as shook the peaceful valley to the echo.

The fisherman can claim no great transformation in his sport. Only, I think, in the case of sea angling can any appreciable changes be traced to the past thirty years; and as the British Sea Anglers' Society, which a few of us inaugurated in the early days of 1893, has lately celebrated its coming of age, it may not be amiss to consider the recent progress made by this once despised branch of the gentle art.

Here, at least, is no call for the *laudator temporis acti* attitude, for the sea angler has nothing to regret in events which have left his sport immeasurably better than it was. The historian of that period would find no lack of material, for he would have to take notice of the first recorded capture of both tarpon and tuna on rod and line, as well as of the founding of both the London Society aforementioned and the Tuna Club of California. In home waters, moreover, several new and important sea fish have during the past twenty years been added to the angler's list, notably such heavy game as the skate and halibut of Irish waters and the tope of the English Channel. These are at best a very modest equivalent of the big game of American seas, but at least they are more redoubtable antagonists than the majority of our sea fish. The Irish skate and halibut seem to have been discovered to the angling world by the enterprise of several members of the British Sea Anglers' Society who went for their summer vacation to Ballycotton, and it has since been found that other Irish resorts afford similar, if not even better, sport. The capture of large tope, one of the few instances of any kind of shark-fishing being regarded in the light of sport, has been organised and perfected at Margate and Herne Bay by two sportsmen who must likewise take the credit of having invented the scientific capture of grey mullet by methods closely resembling those in use on the Thames, float, tackle and ground-bait being adapted to the conditions of tidal salt water. This also is an innovation of the last ten or fifteen years. Elsewhere, too, there have, in the same period, been slight improvements on earlier styles of fishing, notably in drifting up the Teign estuary for bass and in fly-fishing for many other kinds of fish from Filey Brigg.

Speaking generally, the most remarkable change that has come over the sport of sea fishing during the past quarter of a century is the growing popularity of the rod and corresponding decline of fishing with handlines. Much of this vogue of the rod in salt water has no doubt been the work of the British Sea Anglers' Society, but not all, since the first emphatic note in favour of "angling" in preference to "fishing" was sounded by "John Bickerdyke," who has since moved his tent to South Africa, in the first edition of his book, which appeared in 1887, six years before the Society was dreamed of. As a matter of fact, the cult of the rod has been a little overdone, as is the way with most reforms. In the majority of cases, it is, no doubt, the

more sportsmanlike way of catching fish, but there are occasions on which the handline should be used *sans peur et sans reproche*. Fishing for conger on a dark night is one of them, and fishing for mackerel from a fast sailing-boat is another. I found yet another in Australia; for when I loyally tried to use the rod for catching snapper from a steamer drifting over the in-shore reefs, I quickly came to the conclusion, not without the loss of much time and some tackle, that my Australian friends knew what was best in their own seas, and I thereafter used the same handlines as they. For pier-fishing, however, the rod should always be used, and, indeed, it is wonderful to see the bristling array of rods on most of our piers to-day and to recall the old handlines which a few stalwart amateurs, who were usually the object of public ridicule, flung out with heavy leads and monstrous hooks in my dim recollections of the early 'eighties.

If anyone should feel inclined to question the strides made in public favour by sea fishing during the past twenty years, he may quickly resolve his doubts by glancing at either the windows of the London tackle shops or the angling pages of the *Field*. When I was a lad, shops like Farlow's or Bernard's displayed no tackle then considered suitable for sea fishing beyond a few mackerel-lines ready mounted with flies and spinners, whereas to-day their stock of sea angling paraphernalia is second in importance and variety only to the outfit for salmon and trout. In like manner, although the *Fishing Gazette* had a partiality for sea fishing from its earliest days, it was not much before the eighteen-nineties that the *Field* responded to the growing interest in the new sport, heretofore regarded as *roturier*, by devoting to it an appreciable portion of its angling columns. I suppose that I have contributed on the subject to those columns from all parts of the world, and during the past twenty-four years I have never found in any of the three angling editors who between them have covered that period the slightest reluctance to give sea angling every opportunity of a publicity more coveted than any other in the periodical sporting literature of the world.

F. G. AFLALO.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons have ready for immediate publication the "Life of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K.B.," by Mr. Edward Salmon. This is the first serious attempt at a biography of Wolfe's admiral at Quebec. Mr. Salmon was induced to make it, first as the result of information gathered whilst he was writing his "Life of Wolfe"; secondly, because he discovered that there was more material available than has been commonly supposed; and thirdly, because of certain reflections which have been made on the part Saunders played as Wolfe's colleague. Some of Mr. Salmon's "finds" are said to be of quite dramatic interest from the naval and national point of view.

REVIEWS

American Spirit and French Finesse

My First Years as a Frenchwoman, 1876-1879. By MARY KING WADDINGTON. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE late Lord Lyons, who had known many peoples, was often emphatic in reiterating that he had *never* met a stupid American woman. Had he known no other than the delightful Madame Waddington, *née* Mary King, of the inner circle of American diplomats, his education in the highest grade of cosmopolitan lady of the States might well have been complete; for she is always charming, always acute, often delightfully candid, and never, *never* stupid. We have been permitted to know her well; for have we not already read three of her clever, *intime* books of observation and memoirs, and are we not writing after the leisurely pleasure of going with her, hand in hand, as it were, through her first years after becoming a Frenchwoman?

Perhaps there have always been rather exciting times in political Paris, but when the young bride came from Rome the spirit of France was more than usually restless. The Emperor Napoleon III and all his Court had so recently gone, the older royal lines were still important, the war with Germany was a fresh and bleeding wound, the internal chaos was complete. Such men as the charming Madame Waddington's husband, whose heads were clear, whose hearts were honest, saved the situation, and thus the author is enabled to give us a delightful picture of days of great importance already almost forgotten. This she can do with easy grace; her style is free, intimate, and full of charm; yet, like many Americans we know, she sometimes uses words in quite a different way from that in which we employ them. For example, speaking of the early days of MacMahon, when he was at the Préfecture at Versailles, she tells us of a then very agreeable hostess, the Princess Lize Troubetskoi. Madame Waddington says of her friend: "She was very eclectic in her sympathies, and every one went to her, not only French, but all foreigners of any distinction who passed through Paris. She gave herself a great deal of trouble for her friends, but also used them when she wanted anything." Was that to be eclectic? We should have thought it rather general or catholic in its kindness, rather pleasantly of the world in its desire to make use of any such personalities as the Fates might send; but, of course, it is a very small matter.

In another place she writes of the late Prince Frederick-Charles, the father of the present Duchess of Connaught, as the "Red Prince"; the name, she says, was given him by the French because during the war he was so hard and cruel and always ready to shoot somebody and burn down villages on the slightest provocation—"so different

from the 'unser Fritz' of the Germans, who always had a kind word for the fallen foe." When we were in Germany many years later, Frederick-Charles was still spoken of as the "Red Prince," but the name was supposed to have been given to him on account of the full beard of that colour which he wore, and, although he was known to have been a fairly hard soldier, no one ever spoke, in Germany, of any cruelty other than absurd and horrid wars invariably necessitate. This, however, is the only case in which Madame Waddington appears a little unfair. As a matter of fact, she had so many friends in all countries, and particularly in Germany, that she is quite above prejudice.

France, in the seventies of the nineteenth century, Madame Waddington found to be very indifferent as to the form of government carried on in the centre. She thinks that as long as the crops were fairly good, and sons and able-bodied men were not taken away to fight, no one cared whether a king, an emperor, or a president was at the head of affairs. She was told at the time that in some far-off villages, half-hidden in the forests and mountains, there were plenty of people who believed that a king and a Bourbon were reigning in France.

As may be imagined by those who know the author's books, there are plenty of lively stories one could quote from "First Years as a Frenchwoman." We hold our hand, as we consider that a rather unfair method of review. At the same time we can strongly advise those interested in the period to read the whole book; there are delicate and pathetic pictures as well as amusing ones. The one telling how Madame Carnot, after the death of her husband, prevented the young wife of Monsieur Casimir Périer from coming into the mourning Elysée is very touching. The sketches, too, of various friendships and some little hardships are excellent. The author found out the best in everyone, and Monsieur Waddington was the close friend of most of the interesting people of his day. Life with him, even when he was most engaged, is shown to have been both splendid and delightful in these pleasant pages.

Of his friendships, many were rooted in England. We remember a rather personal reference to him in the journals of Lady Charlotte Schreiber—the mother of the late and grandmother of the present Lord Wimborne. Writing towards the end of her life, in 1884, this famous connoisseur, and powerful benefactor of the South Kensington Museum, says, M. Waddington called upon her, and that she had not seen him since his appointment to London. She adds, "He was Charles Schreiber's earliest and best—I might say, his only friend. They were at Trinity together, rowed in the same boat, and were strongly attached all through life."

This interesting work of M. Waddington's widow gives us a hundred pictures of men who had "rowed in the same boat" as the accomplished politician, and found him the stoutest of oars and best of comrades. In fact, the appeal of the whole volume is to those who love life, but only care for it under circumstances of honour, good fellowship, and peace. EGAN MEW.

Recent Theology

The Historical Christ. By DR. F. C. CONYBEARE. (Watts and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Apostolic Religious Instruction. By Dr. R. CRAIG, M.A., D.D. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

Judaism and St. Paul. Two Essays. By C. G. MONTEFIORE. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Meaning of the Doctrine of the Communion of Saints. By the REV. JOHN VAWDREY, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)

The Value of the Theology of St. Paul for Modern Thought. By the REV. DR. ANDREWS. (The S.P.C.K. 6d. net.)

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. By the late J. M. NEALE, D.D. (H. R. Allenson. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE first book mentioned is issued by the Rationalist Press Association, and is an interesting example of the logomachies between Biblical critics. Dr. Conybeare analyses at length the theories of the Nihilistic school, such writers as Messrs. Drews, Robertson, and W. B. Smith, who allege that Christ never existed at all, but was a purely mythical personage. The historical method by which this remarkable deduction is obtained he exposes with a fine contempt. At the same time, the value of his own historical Christ will be understood from his statement that "it is barely credible that not a single one of the New Testament writers, except perhaps St. Paul, ever set eyes on Him or heard His voice"; and that "in the four Gospels all sorts of incredible stories are told about Him."

In "Apostolic Religious Instruction" Dr. Craig gives in twenty-six chapters a homiletical exposition of the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians. He writes from the high plane of one who desires to reach the heart through the ethics of Christ, as may be inferred from his apt remark that "speculation of late has received more attention than spiritual instruction."

The chief interest of Mr. C. G. Montefiore's essays lies in his explanation of the attitude of the modern liberal Jew to the theology and teaching of St. Paul. The modern Jew is a universalist. Therefore for him the whole basis of Pauline theology collapses, for it is "connected with a conception of the Old Testament that has passed away for ever." Nor does he believe in the atonement or reconciliation by a pre-existent divine Christ. In short, he is a Theist, who accepts simply the ethical teaching of St. Paul as expressed in the famous passage on faith, hope, and charity.

Dr. Andrews says that "one of the most pronounced features of current Christian thought is the desire to be emancipated from the tyranny of Pauline theology." He quotes the prophecy of Renan that, while Jesus is more alive than ever, the reign of Paul is coming to an end. But he believes that the modern revolt against St. Paul is a "perfectly natural recoil from the exaggerated emphasis accorded to Paulinism in Protestant theology." His aim, then, is to show that this view of Paulinism is a caricature rather than a true portrait of the man. To reach the soul and spirit of

St. Paul, a rigorous historico-critical method must be applied, which discounts the influences of Rabbinic and Greek thought. Readers of this valuable essay will find that there is a permanent value in Paulinism, when translated into the terms of modern thought and experience.

The Communion of Saints is an important, though much misunderstood, Article of Faith. This book is a most useful treatise on the scriptural authority and history of the doctrine, with an excellent chapter on prayer for the departed.

Clergy and others will welcome gladly this new edition of the devotional sermons of Dr. J. M. Neale, one of the greatest spiritual preachers of the last century.

Western and Eastern Opinions

The English Soul. By JACQUE VONTADE (Fœmina). Translated by H. T. PORTER. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s. net.)

Impressions of British Life and Character. By the CHIEF OF ICHALKARANJI. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

A CRITIC must necessarily be in a measure disarmed when the author of a book begins by telling him that she regards his country with "intimate tenderness," that to her the remembrances of the people she met when visiting its shores were among the happiest she has known, and that her greatest desire is the furtherance of the glory and prosperity of the country she loves so well. Throughout the book the author has been at great pains to find the *raison d'être* for all our idiosyncrasies. Her method has been to take an outstanding quality, good or bad, to search for its origin, and then trace its development—the causes giving it birth and the various influences at work fostering its growth—until it stands revealed in its present transition.

To find a reason for the restless energy typical of the Englishman, the author offers varying opinions. According to her, the Saxons were the only race who actually penetrated the depths of the primitive soil. "They absorbed all they touched. . . . The base of the English character is undoubtedly Germanic." Yet she goes on to deny that we resemble in any way the modern German, and throws the reason for the dissimilarity on the climate, "because even on the finest days there is fog in England." Does our climate, then, differ so very much from that of Northern Germany, or even from Normandy, and is there always fog in England? Are not the Roman sojourner, the Norman invader, the Danish and Saxon pirate all in their way responsible for the production of this English soul?

Again, our author considers that in our zeal for action we are capable often of leaping without looking, that tenacity of purpose alone carries us safely over many a dangerous way. The English "are not very intelligent—taken in the mass. . . . They comprehend slowly and with difficulty." This is probably a natural inference for a French person to draw. He is quick

to understand; he lets you know he is quick. He gives you back the answering smile, the ready look of comprehension; but we would hazard a guess that the Englishman is quicker still. He has grasped the situation in all its details, sifted and arranged in his mind the evidence for and against the suggestion, but he is not going to betray the fact of his knowledge until he conceives that a convenient time has arrived for its exposure.

Exaggerations there are, a judging from exceptions also. A typical Englishman is not "converted." He is instructed in the truths of his Church from his infancy, and has no need of sudden and emotional forms of "saving." The stern Puritanism of the Gosses was not the outcome of any English reformer's zeal. Calvin, a Frenchman, not the Anglican Church, called forth such pious, dreary souls. But discrepancies notwithstanding, the book is a tonic at once strengthening and refreshing to the English soul. We heartily welcome it and the kindly, courteous, and brave endeavour of Madame Vontade to place her impressions before us. All is interesting, much is true, and we can always assure our author that we shall never turn a deaf ear to anything she has to say to us—even if we remain just as we were before the attack.

The Chief of Ichalkaranji's book is an entirely different affair. His "impressions" have either been edited until they cease to be impressions at all or the meaning of the word is not sufficiently clear to an Oriental mind. The account may serve as a record of his European tour and be welcomed by his Indian friends, but it leaves an Englishman very little the wiser as to what a fellow-subject actually thought of the Mother Country.

There are pages and pages in the following strain:—

We stayed at Lyons for only two days. Famous for its silk manufactures, it is in France second only to Paris in population and commercial importance, and presents a very picturesque appearance with the two rivers. . . .

A famous limestone cave, called the Kent Cavern, stands about a mile and a half from Torquay, and amply repays a visit. The Cavern is more than a quarter of a mile in length, and the height ranges from five to twenty feet.

Valuable geographical and guide-book information, doubtless, but there are already many excellent geographies and quite a number of books on Devonshire.

We gather that the Chief does not disapprove of English customs—in fact, that he considers many of them admirable; but the book is English right through, and at that very non-committal and "safe." No searching criticism throws its blazing light upon our failings, no well-merited meed of praise causes the blood to flow quicker through our veins. If our neighbour, Madame Vontade, is too much a Westerner for the Chief of Ichalkaranji to gather the kind of book that is worth writing, he might with profit study the methods of another Oriental, Yoshio Markino, and in the next volume he issues let us have his real thoughts and not a revised edition compiled in a very gentlemanly and gentle-like manner.

An Historic Church

St. Margaret's, Westminster: The Church of the House of Commons. By CANON H. F. WESTLAKE, M.A. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is sometimes stated that this famous Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, was founded by Edward the Confessor, who reigned A.D. 1042-1066: and, sometimes, that it was founded in or soon after his time. Canon Westlake, having examined every document, states that "the earliest history of the Church of St. Margaret is enveloped in an obscurity from which it will probably now never emerge." All that has been established is that the Church was flourishing some years before the middle of the twelfth century, and no more can be stated with definite certainty. Against the tradition of a foundation by the Confessor it is urged that St. Margaret of Antioch was unknown in England before the time of the Crusades, and churches were not built in her honour until the twelfth century. It was, however, the Church of a parish of forty-four square miles, and was re-built in the time of Edward I, and has been considerably altered at intervals since then. It was built apparently to provide for the crowds who frequented the Abbey, when the parish Church stood within the old Abbey Church.

The churchwardens' accounts between 1460 and 1618, occupying 92 pages of the book, contain much information as to former manners and customs besides the mere figures. Canon Westlake has much to say of the relations of the Church to the Abbey. In 1387 a Court of Chivalry was held within the Church. The vicissitudes which St. Margaret's experienced from 1540 to 1660, times of spoliation, actual demolition, desecration, and restoration are faithfully recorded, as well as the religious fraternities connected with the church. It is generally supposed that the plague visited London only in 1665-6. But the records show that, in forty-nine years of the period 1570-1666, there was plague "intermittent indeed and often negligible, but sufficiently continuous to overshadow the brighter years with its consequences": the visitation culminated and ended in 1666, in which the dead numbered nearly 3,000. On Sunday, April 17, 1614, the House of Commons attended St. Margaret's for the first time in its official capacity: the tercentenary of this connection has lately been solemnised. A particular pew for the Speaker was assigned in 1682. Considerable sums have been granted by Parliament for repairs to the Church. In describing St. Margaret's as it exists at the present day, Canon Westlake deals fully with the windows and monuments to distinguished persons, such as Raleigh, Blake, Caxton, Milton, and of modern times Arnold-Foster, Eversley, Hatherley, Erskine May, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and others. The Church is naturally overshadowed by Westminster Abbey, and many persons will be surprised to learn that St. Margaret's possesses so long a history and so many points of interest, ecclesiastical, antiquarian, economic, and monumental.

Shorter Reviews

Report of a Zoological Mission to India in 1913. By Captain S. S. FLOWER. (Government Press, Cairo. 5s.)

ZOOLOGICAL gardens deserve encouragement wherever they can be established. There is no need to labour the arguments for them. The objects of Captain Flower's mission were to gain knowledge, for the Cairo garden, from the experience of zoological gardens in India, and to develop the exchange of surplus animals between India and Egypt. His task was performed in the hottest months of last year, when he travelled over 7,000 miles by sea and nearly 8,000 miles by land. His report shows how thoroughly he executed his mission. There are at least twelve such gardens at principal towns in India, two of them owned by Maharajas, the rest by the Government or Municipalities. Eight out of the twelve give free admission, the others levy a small charge. While the London gardens cover 31 acres, several of those in India, where land is cheaper, have an area of over 100 acres. Captain Flower gives a scientific analysis of the classes of animals in each collection, and in his comparative table awards the palm throughout to the Calcutta Zoo. Many of his observations on zoological matters are of considerable interest. He is evidently sceptical as to elephants living in India beyond fifty years. His information about Indian crocodiles is extensive; he mentions three undoubted instances of *gharials* killing men, though they are supposed to feed entirely upon fish. The *pinjrapols*, or asylums for decrepit animals, must be gruesome sights; they represent misdirected kindness on the part of pious supporters. The flights of thousands of birds returning to roost at various tanks are described as marvellous. The keeping of wild animals is not free from danger; at Calcutta a hippopotamus killed its keeper. The Madras Aquarium is apparently the only one in India. This little work should be circulated on the Continent also, and materially assist in the interchange of zoological exhibits.

Memories of John Westlake. With Portraits. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

"MEMORIES" is scarcely an appropriate term of description for a series of critical appreciations of a man and his work. We are not in the least reflecting upon the excellence of the essays in which a number of authors add their measure of tribute to the memory of a great lawyer. The name of Westlake is a household word in the domain of international law and international politics. We use the latter phrase in place of the misnomer, "international law." A deal of confusion would be obviated if such misleading terms were avoided, at least in matters appertaining to the hypothetically exact study of law.

Westlake was equally eminent in both of the so-called "branches" of the subject, which in reality are totally distinct studies. No man has ever done more towards arriving at a correct solution of the problems which from time to time confronted and confront national tribunals in questions of international law, e.g., domicile. In the sphere of international politics his services in connection with the Venezuelan Arbitration were in themselves sufficient to make his memory cherished. But the man was never lost in the lawyer, as the concluding essay of this volume well testifies. His eminently sane and just attitude towards the Home Rule crisis of his day might with advantage to all parties concerned be emulated at the present time. Westlake was so truly great that it almost goes without saying that he was tolerant of the opinions of others. No man with any real regard for truth is other than tolerant. Alas, that the Westlakes of politics are so rare in our generation!

A Grammar of Late Modern English. Part II. Section I, A. By H. POUTSMA. (P. Noordhoff, Groningen, and Dawson and Sons, London. 12s.)

MODERN grammar is by no means a dull science, and there is plenty of meat to be picked from the bones of a language. Herr Poutsma has strung together a vast number of examples to support his classification, and his industry and logic command our admiration. His chapter on the adnominal use of nouns is particularly sound and original. Occasionally a criticism is suggested: "St. Ewold's (Trol., Barch. Tow.) stands successively for St. Ewold's Church, St. Ewold's parsonage, the living of St. Ewold, the parish of St. Ewold." Would not the old-fashioned explanation of ellipse reconcile these cases more satisfactorily? We have never known "sweepstake in the singular to denote a person who wins all." Expressions like "America's trade" and "Oxford's development" we have always placed in the category of "journalistic genitives," but we suppose they must now be numbered among the facts of the language.

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The Land of the Lotus. By J. M. GRAHAM. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 5s. net.)

THIS is a very pleasant and unpretentious book about India. The author approaches her subject less in the spirit of the historian than in that of the tourist. There are no attempts at fine writing; there is no carefully prepared "atmosphere." The author simply describes what she herself has seen. Throughout the volume, it is the lighter side of Indian life that is chiefly dwelt upon. Indeed, the book might almost be described as a domestic chronicle. Yet of adventures the writer has experienced not a few. The difference between India and England is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the passage on page 19, which describes how the writer landed at Colombo at 2 p.m., "and walked up from the quay in the revealing and deceiving light of a full moon." These early afternoon moons are always apt to be "deceiving"! The narrative ambles pleasantly along. The mosquito nuisance, the blackbeetle terror, the miseries of a monsoon, the discomfort of the Indian morning bath, the manners of Hindu servants—these are but a few of the topics glanced at, hastily discussed, and thrown aside. A visit is paid to the Taj Mahal, and there are chapters on Delhi, Bombay, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Calcutta, and the sacred city of Benares. On the whole, it may be said that the book, while lacking in profundity, makes for entertainment, and there is a sort of infectious good humour about the writer which is wholly admirable.

The Freedom of the Press in Egypt: An Appeal to the Friends of Liberty. By KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1s. net.)

MR. KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL, a prominent member of the Coptic community in Egypt, is well known as a man of education and ability. On more than one occasion he has been instrumental in bringing matters which concern his co-religionists and fellow-countrymen to the notice of the British Parliament. The pamphlet before us is issued in order to draw attention to what the author regards as the undue rigour of the Anglo-Egyptian authorities in exercising censorship over the Egyptian Press. Mr. Mikhail quotes his own experience in journalism as an example of the grievance of which he complains. We are not in a position to judge the quarrel between Mr. Mikhail and the Press Bureau of the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior, but other cases which he cites in support of his appeal lead us to conclude that he has not duly weighed certain prime factors in the matter. The spirit of unrest which was so prevalent in Egypt before Lord Kitchener's appointment was largely due to the inability of not a few editors of the vernacular Press in discriminating between liberty and licence. The authorities were in consequence compelled to take action, and this, while it may have imposed a somewhat galling restraint on well-intentioned fervour in individual instances, was unquestionably to the advantage of the whole community.

Fiction

Justice of the Peace. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

THE interest of Martin Moir, the hero of this novel, in art, was incomprehensible to his mother, even when as a boy he sketched untiringly. "Artists" meant to her not persons seriously striving to express the beauty of the world, but persons of loose character whose intimacy with the human form was base and immoral. Her displeasure at his choice of a career showed itself by her comments on his work. It was "terrible" that he should draw from "real girls"; his sketches were "quite nice"; and Martin suffered the continuous pin-pricks which are galling when they come from any small soul convinced of its exquisite moral outlook, but which are maddening when that small soul belongs to one we love. His father, Ebenezer Moir, cloth merchant and justice of the peace, had the glorious gift of humour and reason, and he backed his son up, throughout the years of study, in a manner which was very disconcerting to the mother. She, however, took refuge in "freak" societies, meetings, gatherings for "doing good" and reforming the world, and all the time, even when Martin had grown famous, kept herself estranged from him. She would be almost incredible in her conceit and stupidity, did we not know that such people exist. Her curious, contradictory pride in her son, which led her to boast of his successes to her friends while withdrawing herself from all intimacy with his thoughts or aspirations, is a natural touch which shows keen observation.

The picture of the father, upright, strong enough to give in to others when needful—though the penalty of a half-humorous, half-pathetic concession to his wife was to be thought "weak"—is one of the best things Mr. Niven has done. For that alone the book is well worth reading. But its theme is the antagonism of mother and son, the mother who "thinks there is joy in the presence of the angels over a boat-load of Sunday trippers drowned," and it works out to a tragic conclusion. It is a debatable point whether this final tragedy does not come too heavily; to us it does not seem inevitable. A keen, satirical wit enlivens the whole book, and there are many memorable passages describing Glasgow, where the events, for the most part, are laid. The impulse of this novel, however, would carry the story through in any city, for the characters are intensely real, from the men of the cloth warehouse where young Martin tried hard to succeed, to the charming girl with whom he fell in love. Very fine indeed is the scene where Mr. Moir, driven to the breaking-point, has a "straight talk" with his wife; the whole attitude of the man, restrained and courteous until he can bear his wife's treatment of their artist-son no longer, is splendidly bitten in. "Ellen Adair" left us pleased; this book leaves us thinking that Mr. Niven can do great things. But he must be careful of his gift of satire, and cautious in the handling of tragedy as a finishing stroke.

Second Nature. By JOHN TRAVERS. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

TO inherit a fortune of £20,000 a year from a distant relative, who wished to wreak his spite against the pride of the Westfields of Wovington, our hero Jim had to conform to the conditions of the will within twelve months of the death of the old man. These were unusual and almost impossible—marriage with a woman who had served a term of imprisonment, in order that he, Jim Westfield, should enlarge his knowledge of human nature and provide an opportunity for reformation to one who had sinned against her country's laws, at some date previous to the death of the testator.

For eleven and a half months Jim fought against the ordeal. But having no money, and seeing his estate going to ruin, he eventually married a young girl who had been imprisoned for two years for manslaughter. The girl was very beautiful, but uneducated, having been a mill-hand, brought up amongst the lowest class of people. His friends rallied round him and tried to make the best of a bad job. But the girl's manners were impossible; for example, in the middle of a dinner-party at a town house she called down the table to her husband to throw over an apple! The lives of Jim and Joan became impossible in English society, and the man made up his mind to leave the country. Abroad, things improved greatly; and much to his own surprise, Jim found himself in love with his own wife. Frightened and uncouth, Joan had loved her husband passionately from the first, but was much too shy to let anyone know this. A new and delightful life is unfolding for husband and wife, when a terrible tragedy ends all.

Sunrise Valley. By MARION HILL. (John Long. 6s.)

MISS MARION HILL cannot be congratulated on the originality of her plots. In "The Lure of Crooning Water" she chose an actress, weary of town life, seeking rest and change amid fresh surroundings. In "Sunrise Valley," Blanche, a schoolmistress, leaves her aunt's luxurious mansion in New York and goes to take up her duties in a remote country district. There is again the taciturn farmer, at first very rude to the young visitor, but the reader knows that before the end of the story he will declare his long-pent-up passion for the lady who has many times decided that she hates him. The mothers' day at the school is very well described, but the short time it takes Miss Dering to gain ascendancy over her pupils is a little unconvincing. Throughout this book, as well as one or two others lately published, there is a tendency on the part of the author to put stress upon heredity. We wonder whether this is going to be the stamp of the latest fiction.

Messrs. Black are adding Mr. A. W. Holland's new book on "Germany" to their well-known "Making of the Nations Series." The work gives a concise and complete account of the German nation.

The Purple Frogs. By H. W. WESTBROOK and L. GROSSMITH. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)

WE had to read nearly half this story before the authors assured us that the frogs were only pyjama frogs; in this assurance we read on to the end. There are in reality two stories; in the first of them, the hero decided to write a novelette, which he would read to his wife and the man with whom he suspected her of undue affection; that novelette forms the second story, sandwiched into the first and vital one.

We term the first of the two stories vital only by comparison, for it is given as a real-life picture, while the other is confessedly a story; there is, as a matter of fact, very little vitality about either, for both are written with detached cleverness of the annoying kind. No character seems real, and we find ourselves unable to work up any great degree of interest, except in Vaughan—the manservant who very nearly succeeds in being amusing with his various inventions. Cicely, Ann, Stephen Kensington, and Isambard Flanders, are all obviously puppets on which to hang witticisms while they dance to the authors' music—there are musical illustrations to the book, by the way. On the whole, it is the very last word in cleverness.

Not that any sane reader can object to cleverness, but other qualities are needed to balance it. In order to gain a public an author must evince some sympathy with his characters, and that quality is missing here, while the quality of portraiture—as distinct from cynical caricature—is also missing. We hesitate to call such work as this humorous—we hardly know what to call it, but can assure intending readers that it is extremely modern, and quite devoid of sentiment.

Wayfarers' Library

THE new items in Messrs. Dent's "Wayfarers' Library" for May are exceptionally interesting. The critic will be pleased to see a republication of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Studies," and, although the author describes his essays as "restricted samples," all who know them are well aware of their value. "Prophets, Priests and Kings," by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, deals with a remarkably mixed collection of notable men; we have Keir Hardie next to Sir Edward Grey, Florence Nightingale adjoining John Redmond, and Lord Rosebery close to "General" Booth. If the essays are not distinguished by any very illuminating criticism, they are still interesting and cover an astonishing amount of ground. In fiction, "Rudder Grange," by Frank Stockton, is welcome for the sake of memories of amusement which it inspired in us more years ago than we care to recall; and "The Wonderful Visit" by Mr. H. G. Wells, which first appeared, we believe, nearly twenty years ago, may prove to those who have never read it a revelation of the simpler style which its author seems to have lost. The publishers are to be congratulated on the dainty appearance of these little volumes and upon the quality of the illustrations.

Navajo

THIS is the name spelt, but the *j* is softened in Spanish fashion. Only the other day, going through drab Islington, I heard raucous voices singing:

"Down in the sand-hills of New Mexico
There lives an Indian may-aid,
One of the tribe they call the Navajo,
Face of a copper shade."

Two hobbledehoyes and two girls, who had been drinking ale, cake-walked arm in arm down the street, shrilling this song to the depressing rabbit-hutches. I suppose they were trying to make the best of it; but it was not a noble picture. I had heard the air before—who has not? And, to my shame and to the horror of classicists I confess, had been delayed by it, hearing it rendered by an orchestra of vagabond violinist, flautist, harpist, before a public-house door. I had recalled, to bolster up that part of me that relished, against the part of me that condemned, the well-known comment of Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici*, on the possibly not unworthy effect of "that vulgar and tavern music."

But I experienced a deep stab, hearing it now, in grey Islington, sung thus (if "sung" is permissible) by two young men with faces vacant rather than depraved—more vacant than the face of the most blank Digger Indian—I cannot insult the Navajo by comparison—and by these poor girls, cheaply festooned as never was Indian maid, cake-walking down the street in a manner that the average Indian maid (even one fallen from grace, thanks to neighbouring railroad construction or tie-cutting camp) would consider immodest and unbecoming. And I willingly allowed my real self to be transported from Islington, as on a magic carpet, four thousand miles away, evading thus not only the customs men and hotel touts, but the sky-scrapers and sky-signs, and the tremolo piano-organs of half another Continent. I found myself in the hooded "rig," with slapping leathern blinds, swaying through dust behind a team of four, on the way into Navajo-land.

The Navajo—seeing that we have them in a ditty sung in Islington we may as well know something about them—live, as the song says, in New Mexico; also in Arizona. Ages ago they lived far north, in what is today Northern Canada, two thousand miles or more from their present home. It is doubtful whether they retain any legends telling of that stupendous trek. They are reticent with whites. Even at their tribal dances, unlike the Hopi, they are shy of the white onlooker unless he be a proved friend. But their southern neighbours, the Apache, have, as have the Navajo, knowledge that they too came from far north. They came from somewhere up toward the Arctic circle, "the land of little sticks," to the land of the cactus; from blizzard and northern lights to sand-storm and mirage. The reason for that wholesale migration is lacking—at least so far as sympathetic inquirers have been able to

discover. The cause, it is to be feared, is one of the minor lost stories of the world.

Not only myths testify to this odyssey, but their language does. These peoples are both of the Athabascan stock, and a Dog-Rib from the MacKenzie River would not need to use much of the sign-language in conversing with a Navajo of Arizona. That mighty trek must have been undertaken long before the stray Arab horses of the Spaniard came whinnying up on to the plains. Dogs would drag the "travois." They have legends, if not of leaving the north, of their beginnings south. From the Pueblo tribes of the south-west, in occupancy on their arrival, they learnt much. A strange people these, with a semi-civilisation—not in the making, but in decadence; so say the savants of the Smithsonian Institute, who have been amazed at their knowledge—of astronomy, for example.

The greatest change came over the marauding Navajo when they discovered—and stole—a flock of sheep. The Rio Grande is given, in their myths, as the place of that fortunate freebooting. Thereafter they came into the condition, step by step, in which they were when white men first saw them. They desisted gradually from their raids, leaving rapine to the Apache. Their women folk learnt the art of weaving from the Hopi men. The sedentary Indians gave them hints on the growing of peaches and melons and beans.

The Navajo gradually settled down to a pastoral life, living in scattered families over a tract of land large as Pennsylvania. For generations they have been self-supporting, their inter-tribal trade all that they required—bartering blankets to the Utes (to north of them) for baskets, for they do little in basketry; trading with the Pueblos for the beautiful pots these people make. Their beads they were wont to barter from the Zuñi; but they have many skilful silversmiths in the tribe who make elegant ornaments—wristlets, ear-rings, and finger-rings—from Mexican silver dollars and native turquoises. They have lived their lives, self-supporting, self-sufficient, down in that eerie and fascinating land. Of late years they have gone in more and more for weaving, and their blankets have now a market far from local.

But to-day they are in rather a predicament. A few years ago the Government of the United States, seeing very wisely that the reservation and communal life was turning the Indian, in too many localities, into a beggar and pauper—a pauper often left scantily provided for, despite treaties, when the agent in charge happened to be a rogue who intercepted instead of distributed—decreed that the Indian was to have his one hundred and sixty acres of land and become a citizen of these United States. Great was the joy of the land-grabbers down in the south-west, in the neighbourhood of the Navajo country. But the Navajo did not rejoice. Here was a case of "the letter of the law—which killeth." No matter how carefully the hundred and sixty acres per man might be selected, the Navajo would be made paupers if, on their desert land, that law were enforced.

Five hundred acres per head has been computed, by those who are fighting for the Navajo, as necessary—and, even granted that, it is essential to his life that he remain a nomad. His land being mostly desert, it is only by moving as the seasons and the rains decree that he has been able to be what he is—self-supporting, asking nothing of the Government. The trouble is not simplified when it is discovered that the Navajo are not decreasing. They have recovered, more successfully than many other tribes, from that first cruel shock of white civilisation that extends the right hand to shake in friendliness, and smites a knock-out blow with the left. They are, indeed, probably on the increase. The official census return is much below the estimate of population made by friends of the Navajo. But they can hardly be expected to be so deeply interested in the white man's census as to run after the enumerator. Their number, it is thought, over 28,000.

They achieved, long since, what the Government always has declared as its hope for the Indian—self-support; and that not by the chase, but by those very pursuits that Government (has it not said so in a thousand pow-wows?) wishes to see an Indian adopt. But what is said in the Council House is one thing; what is done in the desert is another. And woe-betide any Navajo shepherds who fall foul of white herders when leading their flocks from pasture to pasture over the passes of the Coconino country. For the white men say that they were there first!

As we sing our music-hall song, down in the sand-hills of New Mexico and Arizona the Navajo are fighting for existence, fighting for life against their nominal and self-created guardians.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

Indian Reviews

IN the *Wednesday Reviews* (Trichinopoly) for March and April it is stated that Brahmin pundits in conference at Calcutta resolved to excommunicate all persons returning from foreign countries except those engaged in commercial dealing. The editor regards the effort "as useless as it is ridiculous." He also comments on the co-operative moment, as at present run, as being no better than a money-lending agency, not worked in directions which will add to the wealth of the country. The solution of the South African troubles by the report of the recent Commission is welcomed as satisfactory; its effect on India should be favourable. Evidently the project of a State Bank will receive much prejudiced criticism before it assumes shape, if it ever does; already the attempt is made to disparage its subjection to a directorate of foreign merchants bent on injuring the interests of the general taxpayer! An Indian writer enumerates the various obstacles which social and religious ideas in India offer to its economic progress. For this, at any rate, the Government is not to blame. The appointment of a paid Vice-Chancellor

of the Calcutta University is not approved by the editor. This payment is a new departure. The review loses no opportunity of opposing the introduction of religious education into schools; it rightly attributes the ill-success of education to the failure of the family system. The Madras authorities clearly contemplate granting to local boards the power of local taxation. This may have serious consequences. To the poor, taxation is a burden, whoever imposes it; it will always be ascribed to the Government. There is a demand for agricultural education in Madras, and it is proposed to open ten more agricultural farms. The Government is, of course, blamed for not having done more already. The Asiatic Exclusion Bill, pending before the United States Congress, is naturally attracting attention in India; in this matter the Americans have a perfect right to decide as they please.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) for March 31 summarises the proposals for a University at Patna; they seem sound and reasonable; but the initial cost has been estimated at over half a million sterling, and the recurring charges will exceed £66,000 a year—a large additional sum to devote to one item in high education. The foundation-stone of a Women's Medical College has been laid at Delhi. This is apparently another device for booming the new capital; many a more salubrious site might have been selected. The Educational Budget for the year shows satisfactory progress, except in technical schools; in Bengal also a quinquennial review exhibits great advance in education. Bombay, like Calcutta, is starting a school of tropical medicine; there is room for both. A history of Hindu Mineralogy by an Indian professor contains much interesting matter. Though the ancient Hindus were ignorant of modern science and mechanical appliances, they knew something of the use of metals and gems in arts, industries, and handicrafts. The best course for modern enterprise is to follow the indications of ancient workings, while adopting modern methods. It is remarkable that so able a man as the Bishop of Madras should advocate secondary education through the medium of the vernaculars.

The thirtieth Royal Naval and Military Tournament came to its conclusion at Olympia on Saturday last. It proved throughout to be more popular than ever, and it is satisfactory to note that in both the objects aimed at—the advantage of the military and naval charities and the encouragement of skill in the many departments of the Army and Navy—the success of this year has surpassed all previous records. Perhaps the most interesting feature to outsiders is the competition between the naval field batteries, in which the smartness and agility of our sailors in tackling difficulties and handling the guns is exhibited with splendid effect. This and the tug-of-war—in which the Royal Marine Artillery after some long and exciting struggles won the Challenge Cup and first prize—proved very popular. The whole series of events was admirably managed, and representatives of the Press were given every advantage by the courteous and energetic secretary of that department.

The Theatre

"The Little Lamb"

PERHAPS you may recollect the queer story of Samuel Rogers—the wit, careful poet, and banker—in connection with the beautiful Lady Dufferin, who was immensely charming, like all the Sheridans. Somehow, at an evening entertainment, when Rogers was very old, he was left suddenly in the dark with his beautiful friend. He took her hand in his. "Ah, my dear," he said, "if I were only seventy-one again!"

We feel a little like that as we watch Mr. Michael Faraday's production of the translation of "Die Spanische Fliege" by Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Carrick from the German farce, at the Apollo Theatre.

If only we had not seen all the funniest French farces—shall we say?—some years ago, "The Little Lamb" would certainly have been more entertaining. As it stands, its great victory is the amusing acting of such accomplished personages of the theatre as Mr. Nigel Playfair, Mr. Arthur Whitby, and Mr. Rudge Harding.

The plot is a complicated piece of cunning mechanism such as must have been fairly familiar to French playgoers forty years before Mr. Franz Arnold and Mr. Ernst Bach wrote it in German. The names of the characters are French; the scene is, we suppose, in France, as it is a room in Max Dubonnet's house. But the names do not sound French on the British tongues which utter them, and the scene is far too much inclined to force itself on the audience and to belittle the actors to suggest a French environment. The wit which has suggested translating the title "Die Spanische Fliege" into "The Little Lamb" have, no doubt, made many other alterations which bring the humours of the farce within that which is supposed to be the English taste. But, taken in the proper spirit of youth that is free, the play remains distinctly naughty.

Twenty-five years ago, when everybody in the play was young, a Spanish dancer dawned upon the romantic vision of the grey and respectable people we now see. The lady came, was loved, and went her way. Later, several of the men received a photograph of a nice little boy, with the legend on the back, "I am, Your Little Lamb." They kept this matter to themselves.

Already marriage and that sort of thing, including membership of Purity Leagues, had settled upon these gentlemen, who went on paying the Spanish dancer for twenty-five years under the impression that each was secretly a father.

Dubonnet, Mr. Whitby, is one of the most amusing of regretful sinners; for the purposes of the play, he keeps the photograph, letters, and so forth, and, also for the purposes of the play, he has a severe wife who happens to be made very distinguished and real by Miss Helen Haye. She also happens to have arranged with her old friend Madame Lafitte, Miss Kate Bishop, that young Lafitte shall marry the Dubonnet daughter.

This Henri is delightfully played by Mr. Nigel Playfair. To most of the characters he appears as the son of the dancer. To the Dubonnet girl he seems a muff, but to a charming relation of the family, Mimi Barribal—made a sort of musical-comedy gay beauty by Miss Laura Cowie—he seems very nice, so he eventually has his reward, but not until he has been knocked about by various supposed fathers, after such a fashion that he is obliged to own that he will never sit down again. But why trouble about the plot? It is all very brisk and bright, and has plenty of broadly comic situations and some witty dialogue.

With all these advantages "The Little Lamb" found no favour with the public, or was it that this rather antique farce failed to please the management. At any rate, it has now, we regret, been retired from active service at the Apollo.

"Dido and Æneas"

THIS abridged version of a four-act tragedy in verse by Madame A. von Herder is occasionally written in rather a halting fashion, loaded with well-worn old poetic similes and lines which are not remarkable for beauty of sound, happy diction, or dramatic power. But as the story advances we find a somewhat new Æneas explaining to his beloved and loving Dido that he must go about his business, "that love encircles not the whole of us," and thus bringing down upon himself the lady's very elaborate and complete curse. Then the verse becomes less artificial, sometimes powerful, almost thrilling, and lines and even passages delight one. Later, when the Queen of Carthage has considered the matter, seen the Dardan chieftain once more, and changed her hate back again to love, we have some well-written scenes and effective language.

As the Dido of many long speeches, Miss Edyth Olive spoke with great distinction, often with deep feeling and passion, but we could not help thinking that she was sometimes rather wearied with her lover, her character, or her audience at the Ambassadors' Theatre, and wished she had not quite so much to say.

Miss Marie Vantini, who has produced so many plays for the Drama Society, gave some note of brightness to the part of the Queen's nurse, Barce, but the general effect of Madame von Herder's tragedy is depressing. This is not, we think, accounted for by the writing, but rather by the action and the foregone conclusion of an affair about which one already knows the root of the matter.

As Æneas, Mr. Shayle Gardner, who is in Mr. Kenelm Foss's company, looked handsome and heroic of figure, but the author makes him appear as a subjugated personage, gentle in manner and regretful—rather a domesticated chieftain whose passion needed the spur. Mr. Rathmell Wilson played Jarbas, the head of the Numidian tribe, with considerable fire and effect; we have not previously seen this earnest actor to so much advantage; which goes to prove, no doubt,

that the part of the angry lover of Dido is especially well written. All the minor parts were played with great sincerity. Among these, Miss Rose Yule, as the High Priestess of Ashtareth, was remarkably impressive and beautiful.

We have been told that the author of "Dido and Æneas," who is the granddaughter of Von Herder, the friend of Goethe, is going into the Far East in search of local colour for a new play. It will, we feel sure, be greatly to the advantage of her work if she appeals directly to nature rather than to her scholarship for her inspiration; if she wears her learning more lightly and simplifies her mode of expression. It is very nice to be clever, but it is more charming when writers can show us that they are gifted without appearing to wish to display such qualities.

EGAN MEW.

"Mr. Wu"

A SECOND visit to the Strand Theatre, last Tuesday evening, on the occasion of the two-hundredth performance of this remarkable play, leaves us still admiring the skill with which Mr. Matheson Lang takes the part of the impassive Chinese mandarin. If, upon consideration, we feel that the Englishman was too bluff, too blustering, and too easily borne down by the stone-wall persistence of Wu; if we realise, also, that none but a very unbusiness-like business man would have discussed the doings of the all-powerful Wu in a loud voice while a Chinese clerk was in the same room, obviously alert and listening, there yet remains a strong impression of vitality about the play. Miss Lilian Braithwaite's horror at the revengeful attentions of the Chinaman are sufficiently real, and the scene of the poisoning, where Mr. Wu's cunning over-reached itself, gave a powerful thrill to the majority of the audience, judging by the gasps and suppressed murmurs of horror that were heard. The unpleasant aspect of the whole thing is the domination of the Englishman, who is fooled at every turn; but no one seems to resent this—the general interest of the play overrides it, probably. To the actors high praise is due, for they have difficult parts. The setting, too, is effective, especially that of the third act, where Mr. Wu is "at home" to the trapped English lady. We must add a word of congratulation to "The Entertainers," who gave a delightful musical and merry half-hour before the curtain rose on the more serious business of the evening.

"Sunny Spain"

THE opening ceremony of the Anglo-Spanish Travel Exhibition, which occupies Earl's Court for the summer season this year, was performed by the Lord Mayor of London in full state on Thursday, May 28, at noon. Unfortunately, many of the invited visitors crushed forward into the roped enclosure and rather spoiled the effect; had they retained their positions,

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all might have seen and heard excellently, whereas in the event the pleasure was spoiled for nearly everybody, the guard of honour was completely engulfed by the crowd, and the impressiveness of the function was marred. However, the main thing was to declare the Exhibition open. It was not fully invested in the matter of side-shows, but the minstrels of "Sunny Spain" gave some excellent music, and, later on, well-known military bands provided promenade concerts which were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The model railway is a capital feature, and there are many additional attractions this year which greatly add to the pleasure of a visit. Earl's Court is now more than a mere centre of amusement—it should prove of considerable educational value to those who are not familiar with Spanish scenery or customs.

Music

MR. HOLBROOKE has so often been hailed as the pioneer of British music that he must have begun almost to dread the title. Everyone has heard of the Athenian who, having voted for the ostracism of Aristides, gave as the sole reason for his action that he was tired of hearing him perpetually referred to as "the Just"; we hazard the opinion that Aristides himself must in the end have grown weary of the epithet. A pioneer must, in the nature of things, find himself engaged chiefly in uphill work, but Mr. Holbrooke at least has a good many successes to his account: in any case, we are compelled to admire the unfaltering energy with which he pursues the frequently thankless task of giving to the struggling English composer some chance of fame, or at all events, a hearing. With such untiring zeal does he throw himself into his patriotic crusade that he has ended by not only almost eliminating his own work from his programmes, but, as he confesses himself, by completely subordinating his vocation of composer to that of concert-promoter. This result is deeply to be deplored, for, though neither of his own contributions to last Friday's programme at the Arts Centre is of recent date—"Annabel Lee"

was first produced in public in 1911, and the dances for piano and strings are considerably older—they yet stand in a very different class from the works that were given at the same time; we must, however, except Miss Smyth's fine quartet in E minor, the only other work not marked "first performance." The ballad, "Amabel Lee," undoubtedly loses much of its colour through being accompanied by piano instead of by orchestra, but it is full of real dramatic feeling, and possesses a strength and virility that are lacking in too much of our modern English music. It was very finely sung by Mr. David Brazell.

Miss Smyth's quartet is in three movements, all marked Allegro, though the second of them fills rather the rôle of a Scherzo; this sameness of tempo imparts a certain monotony to the work, and we felt that an Andante movement would have supplied welcome relief. The first movement is the most interesting, and contains some fine melodious passages for the violins, but the last, which suggests a country dance, is full of a fascinating rhythm, though it suffers a little from undue length.

With regard to the new works produced, Mr. Holbrooke prefaces each of them with such delightful little notices that further criticism seems almost impertinent; since, however, he appeals directly to the organs of the Press to "give more and more of their minds and space to the native works," we must try to fill the part of a conscientious assessor.

The first novelty consisted of a group of songs by Mr. Alfred Hale, settings of some unfamiliar, delightful words of Herrick, but the composer has failed to catch the airy spirit of the poet, gay beneath its reflectiveness, and has steeped his versions in the most determined melancholy. Mr. Edward Mitchell's setting of an anonymous poem was interesting for the curious blend it contained of modern harmonic ideas with almost old-fashioned progressions and cadences.

The first two compositions of Mr. Wilfrid Kershaw—"Character Sketch" and "Minuet Caprice"—were graceful and pleasing, but the "Symphonic Rhapsody" showed considerable advance in originality; it was brilliantly played by the composer, who is a member of the Royal College for the Blind.

Undoubtedly the most striking novelty of the evening was the String Quartet, "A Fantasia," of Mr. Richard Cleveland, which exhibited all the more modern Futurist tendencies in a highly advanced form. Though consisting nominally of a single movement, the work falls naturally into two parts, Andante and Allegro: the Andante section contains many curious but undeniably beautiful harmonic effects, somewhat reminiscent of some of Ravel's music, but in the Allegro form is so completely lost in fantasy that confusion results, at any rate on a first hearing. Mr. Cleveland seems as yet hardly to have grasped what possibilities lie before him in writing for stringed instruments; he makes so little use of the upper register of the violin that a certain monotony of tone colour is the consequence. Both of the quartets were admir-

ably played by Messrs. Sammons, Tertis, Petrie, and Withers.

Mr. Sammons' violin solos, one of them a brilliant Recitativo and Scherzo, of Kreisler, for violin alone, were a delightful feature of a lengthy programme, which, though its items varied in merit, was interesting throughout. The audience was large and remarkably enthusiastic.

Herr Mengelberg's splendid conducting of Strauss' Symphonic Poem, "Don Quixote," was the principal feature of the London Symphony Orchestra's concert on May 25. So much has been written about this work that nothing remains to be said, except that no other conductor has ever been as successful as Herr Mengelberg in emphasising the mixture of heroism and folly that Strauss has depicted in his score. Even the sheep bleated with unusual energy. The solo 'cello was played by Mr. Patterson Parker. The rest of the programme included the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart, Mendelssohn's Overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—which surely is needing a rest—and Saint-Saëns' piano concerto in G minor: the solo part of this last work was played by Miss Enid Brandt, whose playing is full of delicacy and charm, but singularly deficient in rhythm: probably she would be heard to greater advantage in a smaller hall.

Notes and News

Mr. Murray is shortly issuing a volume of criticism, "Studies in Milton," by Mr. Alden Sampson, which brings into better relief the charm and humanity of the poet, and suggests new aspects of his work and history.

Messrs. Holden and Hardingham will publish shortly an important book which Mr. Ernest A. Vize-ly has nearly ready for press, entitled "The Loves of the Poets and the Painters."

Mr. Richard Marsh has a new long novel, entitled "Margot and Her Judges," coming from Messrs. Chatto and Windus within the next few days. It is the story of a beautiful girl who, by a series of extraordinary accidents, is seriously incriminated in various strange disappearances of valuable property.

The summer idyll, "By the Western Sea," by the author of "John Westacott," James Baker, is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in the two shilling popular edition of this writer's novels, this completing the set of six volumes of stories that many reviewers have said will bear more than one reading.

The Year Book Press are adding immediately to their already numerous plays for schools three new ones by S. Sproston, entitled "Midsummer Fairies," a fantastic sketch in two scenes; "The Pudding Made of Plum," a tragi-comedy for children; "The Sword in the Stone," a legend.

"Prehistoric London: Its Mounds and Circles" is the title of a new work by E. O. Gordon, which deals with the Ancient Britons and the traces of Druidic worship to be found in London and elsewhere. The Rev. John Griffith contributes some appendices, and the volume, which is illustrated, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

M. Steinlen is to visit England in connection with the exhibition of his works—the first to be seen in this country—at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. His art will be thoroughly represented in the drawings, etchings, and lithographs which will be shown during the next two weeks.

Messrs. Ginn and Company, publishers of school and college text books, inform us that they have secured the services in their London office of Mr. Kenneth Bell, Fellow of All Souls College. Mr. Bell was for two years Lecturer in History at the University of Toronto, and is at present lecturing at East London College, under the University of London. Until recently he was a director of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, Ltd.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week an edition limited to 320 numbered copies, at three guineas net, of the "Keats Letters, Papers, and Other Relics," forming the Dilke bequest in the Hampstead Public Library, reproduced in fifty-eight collotype facsimiles. This is edited, with full transcriptions and notes and an account of the portraits of Keats, with fourteen reproductions, by George C. Williamson, Litt.D., and has a foreword by Theodore Watts-Dunton, and an introduction by H. Buxton Forman.

In order to encourage ladies to use the rifle in the standing position, instead of the lying-down or sitting position, which is ungraceful and difficult, Mr. Winans (author of "Shooting for Ladies") has given a belt-buckle, designed by the Vienna Court jeweller, representing a chamois in a border of oak and pine leaves, as a prize to be shot for by ladies in the standing position at 25 yards. This competition will be open during the whole of the Bisley Meeting.

A house exhibition of photographs of big game taken in British East Africa in 1909, photographs of Newfoundland caribou, and a number of miscellaneous photographs, all by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S., author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," "Wild Life and the Camera," will be open to the public, free, till Saturday, June 13, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 5 p.m., on presentation of visiting-card.

Mr. Francis Griffiths has in preparation an illustrated volume entitled "The Ukraine and the Ukrainians." It will deal in a most comprehensive manner with the Ukrainian nation, sometimes referred to as Ruthenians and Little Russians. The author is Mr. George Raffalovich, hon. sec. of the Ukrainian Committee in London. A few chapters will be reserved for recognised authorities on special subjects, such as "The Ruthenians of Canada," "The Oil-Fields of the Ukraine," "The Folk-Songs of the Ukraine."

The *Rheinisch Westfälische Zeitung* for April 28, referring to the luncheon given by Baron von der Heydt in honour of Oberbürgermeister Wallraf of Cologne, at the Carlton Hotel, on Monday, April 27, publishes the tenour of the speeches delivered by Sir Frank Lascelles and Herr Wallraf, who, on behalf of the City of Cologne, warmly invited English visitors to come and visit the Werkbund Exhibition, which will be opened in the course of this month to show the recent great progress of art in the province of arts and crafts.

It is more than ten years since Mr. Murray issued the first volume of the revised edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's famous "History of Italy." After many delays, the completing volumes, V and VI, are this month to be published. No work of the kind can be its equal in authority and excellence, for besides containing the notes and improvements of the editors, Mr. Langton Douglas and Dr. Borenius, it had the advantage of additions and amendments made by Sir Joseph Crowe and Cavaliere Cavalcaselle.

The Ford Lectures on the "Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History," delivered at Oxford, in the Hilary Term of 1913, by Professor T. F. Tout, are announced for publication by the Manchester University Press this week. In addition to expanding and to a large extent rearranging the lectures from the form in which they were delivered, Professor Tout has included in the volume two appendices, the first of which contains the household ordinances of Edward II, and the second a list of officials under that king.

The editor of the Homeland Association, Ltd., announces that new editions of the handbooks for Minehead, Newquay, St. Ives, Lynton, Torquay, the Scilly Isles, and other places are ready for the 1914 season. A revised edition of "Where Shall We Live?" describing the residential districts around London, is just out, and new books on Harpenden (Herts), Falmouth and Truro, and Bexhill-on-Sea are in the press.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 21, in a leading article, quotes some assurances which its editor received from a "trustworthy" personage in Paris with regard to proposals for an Anglo-Russian naval agreement, alleged to have been raised in Paris on the occasion of the recent visit of King George and Sir Edward Grey. The editor, after emphasising his absolute confidence in the correctness of this statement, utters a warning that such an agreement, if concluded, would be a setback to the cause of better Anglo-German relations for which the impending visit of a British squadron to Kiel would hardly offer adequate compensation.

For their last performance this season on June 21 and 22, at the Little Theatre, the Pioneer Players, under the direction of Miss Edith Craig, have a most attractive programme in a triple bill of one-act plays. "The Women," by Miss Magdalen Ponsonby, is an amusing skit on the ways of the fairer sex in committee. "The Level Crossing," by Mrs. Herbert Cohen, is pure tragedy; and in Mr. John N. Raphael's "Between Twelve and Three" Miss Nancy Price has a part after her own heart. The Pioneer Players wish it to be known that the matinée on June 22 will be open to the public, and tickets may be obtained from their office at 139, Long Acre, W.C.

Literary Competition

THIRTEENTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks since March 14 THE ACADEMY has printed each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day.

Thirteen quotations, including this week's, have appeared, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of July 11.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

In response to many inquiries from readers living abroad who are anxious to enter this competition, the date for sending in the answers will be extended to June 30.

QUOTATION XIII.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name

Address

.....

Coupon 13, June 6, 1914.

... Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

RUSSIA AND GREAT BRITAIN IN PERSIA—II

WHILE last week we were emphasising that Russia had virtually entered into permanent military occupation of the province of Azerbaijan, in Northern Persia, criticism was being offered in the Duma concerning the restrictive nature of British policy generally upon the legitimate activities of Russia throughout the country. A prominent member of that body, M. Markoff, frankly declared that he had no faith in the value of English friendship; her interests were fundamentally opposed to those of Russia. Doubtless, he added, it suited her policy to run counter to Germany, but that was no reason why Russia should permit herself to be carried along the same course. He then proceeded to argue that Russia and Germany were natural allies, and went on to mention that by reason of common interests France was more closely drawn to England than towards Russia. In particular, the speaker made much out of the Persian question, alluding to Great Britain as an undesirable obstacle to Russian progress. It is as well that we should remember that the politician just quoted represents a powerful school of thought in Russia. It is no secret that even so influential a statesman as Count Witte has a preference for an understanding with Germany rather than with this country. The well-known publicist, M. Menschikoff, of the *Novoe Vremya*, has also expressed himself in similar terms.

It is not our intention in the course of this article to deal at length with the Russian point of view thus described in its wider sense. The subject is one to which we will return later. What is of immediate importance, however, is that at a moment when Sir Edward Grey should be coming in for a good deal of criticism on account of his policy in Persia, which is alleged to be feeble, M. Sasonoff, in Russia, is being made the target of censure of exactly the same kind. It is not logical to suppose, when there is dissatisfaction in either country in regard to the aim of its partner, that a charge of weakness in policy can lightly be laid against one or the other. In the face of the facts that we presented last week we certainly think that Russia cannot be accused of failing to make sufficient use of her position in Persia. At the same time we fully appreciate the weighty reasons which preclude politicians in the Duma from seeing eye to eye with England. Naturally Russia is anxious to force the pace in Persia; for by so doing she has everything to gain, nothing to lose. There is in Russia no such liberal sentiment in favour of the preservation of the integrity of Persia such as exists in England. Moreover, commercial Russia, located as it is at the very portals of Persia, and finding that the Cossacks of the Tsar maintain perfect order in Azerbaijan, is anxious to consolidate and extend its opportunities. In other ways geographical advantages are a spur to the activity of

Russia. Railways may be built by her in all directions; but rather than react upon her strategical plans in an injurious manner, they will strengthen her grip upon new territories, and, as far as general policy is concerned, place in the hands of her diplomacy valuable weapons for offence and defence.

The case of England is altogether different. Our policy in Persia has always been and must ever remain inspired and controlled by considerations for the safety of the Indian Empire. In this simple truth we have at once the revelation of Sir Edward Grey's mind and the key to his attitude. Some of his English critics, as is their wont in surveying other spheres, have betrayed a too narrow perspective. They see only Persia as an isolated question, and their warm-hearted sentiment for a little nation seeking to renew its youth while caught between the buffers of two great Powers completely obscures their vision from larger issues. As a British statesman imbued with British ideals, Sir Edward Grey is himself not altogether bereft of like sentiment; but he is influenced by such consideration within definitely practical limits, and for the rest his policy is founded, as it can only be, in preserving and promoting the interests of the Empire as a vast whole. Hence in Persia his actions are dominated by the needs of India. When next we turn to the criticism in Russia levelled against his policy, we find this circumstance, too, indirectly accountable for the prevailing dissatisfaction. Believing, as he does, that the maintenance of the *status quo* in Persia is best suited to the strategical requirements of India, it is plain that Sir Edward Grey's insistence upon this principle thwarts the designs of the forward party in St. Petersburg. Yet no suggestion is forthcoming as to how Russia could benefit in Persia to a greater extent than is at present the case were she allied to Germany and hostile to Great Britain. Certainly she could not do so in such event without provoking world-wide war. The whole idea as presented by M. Markoff is fantastic, and takes no account of the realities and complexities of the international situation as a whole. If we agree that because of the diplomatic situation in Europe it is essential that Russia and England should be firm friends, then Sir Edward Grey's policy of tolerating within limits Russian aggression in Northern Persia becomes all the more intelligible. For, in spite of their outcry, the Russian critics cannot deny that the activities of their nation in this region bear the aspect of aggression. Not content with existing spoils, they want more.

That a strong feeling prevails in both countries that the time is ripe for a partition of Persia is not to be denied. Already we have alluded to the allegations of weakness frequently urged against British diplomacy. Apart altogether from any considerations of common justice as affecting Persia's right to exist, here again we find, as we have all along insisted, that British policy must be dominated by the needs of India. But, argue the advocates of vigorous action, surely Great Britain, following Russia's example in

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TO THE SECRETARIES OF LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETIES.

A fortnight ago we printed a note on Mr. Balfour's address before the English Association.

Every week, before some literary or debating society, papers are read by local ladies and gentlemen, if not by those of wider reputation, in which thought on affairs, on books, on art, science, or philosophy is crystallised.

Often we have been astonished when listening to papers and discussions in local societies by the excellent thoughts excellently expressed, which fall from the lips of men who are yet a long way off the eminence of a Balfour.

Why should these efforts go unnoticed outside the circles of the village or the town in which they originate?

We propose to allot some portion of the space of "The Academy" as often as may be necessary to a notice or a quotation from any of these papers whose intrinsic merits warrant either. This is an absolute novelty in London journalism, and can only prove the success we hope it will be if the Secretaries lend us their co-operation. If they will communicate with us we shall be happy to make arrangements with them which may be pleasing to them and to the authors of the papers or addresses, and we believe useful and interesting to our readers.

Sometimes we should be glad to publish a lengthy extract, sometimes a sentence or two, always an epigram or a paradox with which the local orator may elucidate or illumine a topic.

Letters to Editors from any corner of the country or the world which contain a point or convey information are always welcome: why should not a wider publicity be given to utterances which are none the less worthy of notice because they were prepared for the purely local audience?

the north, can pacify the south. Apparently they forget that to accomplish this purpose would require an army of occupation, a measure tantamount to extending the frontiers of India to an advanced Russia. Neither India nor Great Britain would be justified in expending the enormous sum required for so momentous a departure. If we are so timorous, then, the question will be asked, why have we given consent in principle to the Trans-Persian Railway scheme? As a matter of fact, much misconception exists about this project. It is not intended that the line shall take a route such as will require Indian soldiers for its protection. On the contrary, in its final stages, the railway will proceed along the coast, where, if necessary, it can be held by the Navy. At present, however, the scheme in its grandiose proportions is very much in the air. Railway development there will be in Persia. In the north Russia is showing a strong lead in this respect, and in the south England may in the interests of her High Policy direct, but she certainly cannot arrest, similar movement.

We have endeavoured to demonstrate in the course of this article how intimately Sir Edward Grey's actions in Persia are influenced by policy from India. At present the relations between Russia and England are cordial, and we do not think, as we said last week, Russia harbours designs against our Indian Empire. But Sir Edward Grey is the guardian of the interest of posterity, as well as of those of the present generation, and he cannot forget that the diplomatic scene is an ever-changing one. Proximity of her military forces to a frontier army of India in Persia might tempt Russia to exert pressure in this direction as a means of exacting concessions elsewhere.

MOTORING

FROM the point of view of the average motorist, there is no doubt that of all the contests, competitions, and races which have been held in connection with the motoring movement the International Tourist Trophy Race, instituted by the R.A.C. in 1905, stands out pre-eminent in interest and value. Prior to that date, practically all motor-car contests had for their objective speed and speed only, with the result that automobile development was proceeding on the lines of producing the purely racing machine—a type which can only appeal to the sporting and wealthier section of the community. In fact, up to the period referred to, the possession of a motor-car was generally regarded as an indication of affluence on the part of the owner, and no one realised that in the course of a few years the mechanically propelled vehicle would form an almost indispensable part of the establishment of the ordinary man in the street. But the unexpected has happened. The motor-car is no longer regarded as the prerogative of the rich alone, but as a common feature of the social and utilitarian life of the com-

munity. This has been brought about by a change in the objective of design, namely, from that of pure speed to the evolution of the car of moderate power, moderate speed, and moderate price, suitable for ordinary touring purposes; and this change has been largely brought about by the Tourist Trophy competition, which was expressly established to encourage the development of the type of car indicated. It was intended that the event should be an annual one, but, for some reason or other of which the general public are ignorant, it was dropped after the contest of 1908. Its revival is in response to the wishes expressed by many private motorists to the R.A.C., and the Club has doubtless been helped to a favourable decision by a series of liberal cash prizes offered by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. The race this year, which is to be held in the Isle of Man on the 10th and 11th inst., has aroused exceptional interest, and promises to be the most keenly contested of the whole series.

• • •

The entry of twenty-three, although smaller than in 1908, is fairly representative. Fourteen of the cars are well-known British makes—Vauxhall, Sunbeam, Humber, Straker-Squire, Star, and Crossley; whilst Germany sends Adlers, Belgium Minervas and a Sava, France a D.F.P., and America a Rawlinson-Hudson. In the earlier contests, foreign cars predominated numerically, and the reversal of the position may be taken as a proof that the foreign makers recognise the extent of the advances made by the British motor manufacturers and designers in recent years. Most of the foreign drivers in the forthcoming contest are men of international reputation; the home contingent are all skilled in competitive work; and the keen rivalry between men of different nationalities will retain interest till the final lap has been run. The course selected is the same as before—a circuit of 37 miles in length, which has to be covered eight times on each of the two days, making about 600 miles in all. To the winner, the Tourist Trophy itself and a sum of £1,000 will be awarded; to the second finisher, £250; to the winning team, £300; and there is also a prize of £100 for the best performance on a fuel other than exclusively petrol. The "Henry Edmunds" Challenge Trophy, which has not been competed for since 1910, will be awarded to the competitor who makes the best aggregate time in the sixteen ascents of the hill from Ramsey to the Bungalow. It is interesting to note that the makers of winning cars in the former races have not a single representative this year, and it is also worthy of mention that every car in the contest, with the exception of the three German Adlers, is fitted with tyres of British make, namely, Dunlops. Taken altogether, the International Tourist Trophy Race of 1914 may be considered the most interesting and important motoring event of the year. It will be contested with exceptional keenness, but it is fairly safe to prophesy that the winner will be found amongst the British competitors, all of whom have made the most strenuous preparations for the event.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange returned from its Whitsun holidays in an amiable frame of mind, but it found no business. For some days past, however, it has been the fashion to be an optimist, and undoubtedly the position is clearer all round. As I mentioned last week, banking troubles in Paris appear to be nearing their end. The latest advices from Russia are also satisfactory, whilst the news from Mexico continues to be good. In the political world an early settlement of the Ulster trouble is anticipated. The Stock Exchange is always sentimental, and there is no doubt that if the Prime Minister could announce that he had come to a compromise about Ulster we should see a sharp rise in all gilt-edged securities.

Considering that we are now well on in June the money market is remarkably easy; the banks have ample funds in hand, the foreign demand for gold appears to have ceased, and it is quite certain that in July we shall get an abundance of money with possibly a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. rate. Therefore it seems quite safe to buy Consols, Irish Land, India Threes and Two-and-a-half, all of which are very much under-valued. They are absolute securities of the highest possible rank, and they cannot long remain at their present level.

A great deal of the evident depression now existing is due to the heavy losses that the public has sustained in purchasing fourth and fifth-rate bonds in foreign corporations. During the past twelve months very large sums of money have been lost from enterprises against which I have steadily warned my readers. The public does not forget these losses, but it is gradually becoming awake to the fact that it is better to get a certain four per cent. than to take five per cent. and lose two-thirds of the capital. We have seen this sort of thing happen before. After the Baring crisis the public resolutely refused to put any money abroad: it had lost large sums in South America, and it declined to invest in anything except gilt-edged securities. Following that crisis we had a period of cheap money and very high prices in genuine gilt-edged stuff. History will repeat itself; therefore I have the utmost confidence in advising my readers to disregard all high-yielding securities and stick to safety. They will not regret it in the end.

FOREIGNERS.—No one can quite understand why the French Government do not bring out the National Loan. The Balkan war caused the French nation to hoard its gold, and although a certain amount of this gold is now coming into circulation there is still a large amount hidden away. The French are intensely patriotic, and if the National Loan were offered to them to-day it would be over-subscribed many times over. The banks have not acted wisely; they should have seen the position and helped the Government. Instead of this they manœuvred to get out their various Near East Loans, forgetting that these loans would have gone much better if they could have been floated on the top of a successful national issue. The news from Brazil is not good. Various intrigues are going on to force the Brazilian Government to hand over the Central Railway to the Brazil Railway, and incidentally to lend the Brazil Railway a large sum of money, which money is to be obtained by a national loan to be issued in London. It is believed that the House of Rothschild

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object to any such stipulations in the loan, and it is doubtful whether a new Brazilian issue will be made.

HOME RAILS.—There is nothing new to report in regard to the demands of the Labour men for an increased wage on the railways; most people are agreed that railway men are underpaid. It would cost the companies about six millions to give the advance asked for by Mr. Thomas. This is not a large sum spread over the whole of the railways of Great Britain, and a small advance in rates would easily recoup the outlay. The demand for shorter hours is more serious, and no one can say what this cost would be, but probably a compromise will be arrived at. It is perhaps uncertain whether the Labour Party are not putting forward their demands in order to help Lloyd George in his scheme for the nationalisation of railways. There is no doubt that if the Government purchased the railways of Great Britain almost every man in the Labour Party would get a very soft job indeed. I see no reason why people should refrain from purchasing home railways at the present time. If there is nothing in my suggestion and the Labour demands are genuine, then Parliament will certainly allow rates to be raised, and no one will be injured except, of course, the trader who uses the railway. But six millions spread over the whole trade of Great Britain is not a serious tax upon business.

YANKEES.—No one at the moment knows what is going to happen in regard to Missouri Pacific. Before these lines are in print a decision will have been arrived at. If the road goes into the hands of a receiver we may get a temporary set back in quotations, but if Messrs. Kuhn Loeb agree to a compromise a general rise throughout the market is possible. On the whole the position seems fairly good. The cotton crop is likely to be poor, but, on the other hand, the wheat crop will break the record. Bankers are generally talking in an optimistic manner. There is no speculation in the American market at the moment, and none is likely to occur, but I do not think that we are likely to see any serious fall.

RUBBER.—Plantation rubber remains at 2s. 4d. The synthetic bogey has been brought forward by the "bears," but it is extremely doubtful whether any quantity of synthetic has ever been manufactured. It is quite certain that the bulk of the rubber now sold as synthetic is either fine hard-cured Para creped or re-formed rubber. No reports of any moment have made their appearance, and speculation in the share market has quite died down. The Strathmore report was not satisfactory; the company is short of funds, its all-in cost is very high, yet the directors paid a five per cent. dividend. They were not justified in making this distribution, for they have a great deal of young rubber yet to bring to the producing stage.

OIL.—When the market opened on Tuesday morning after the Whitsun holidays, there were a large number of selling orders for Spies, and the price quickly fell to 20s. 9d. Various stories were sent round the market to account for the heavy drop. The pool comes to an end this week, and one or two weak "bulls" probably thought it a good opportunity to get out. I do not believe that anything serious has happened, and if the price falls I think my readers can safely buy. The news from Egypt is good. It is rather amusing to hear that Sir Marcus Samuel is now wondering why the British Government went into Persia when they could have gone into Egypt. Not so many months ago this great oil magnate was warning his hearers that the Egyptian field was quite unproven. North Caucasians have been flat not because there is any bad news, but because the account of one speculator was closed down.

MINES.—There is nothing doing in the Mining market. The Great Boulder report is uninteresting and clearly this

mine has come to the end of its life. It has had a magnificent career, but no mine lasts for ever. Kaffirs and Rhodesians need no notice; no one takes any interest in either. The speculation in Russians looks like coming to an end, the Kyshtim dividend disappointed the "bulls," the gamblers in Kirklands moved prices up and down to suit their own book, but the public very wisely stands aloof.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Lyons report is very satisfactory and record figures were shown; nevertheless the shares weakened. Virol, subsidiary of Bovril, has done well. The New Egyptian and Mortgage Company of Egypt both issued their reports, and in each case the figures are sufficiently good to advise my readers to invest. New Egyptians at 10s. 3d. are dirt cheap. Taking the land at its cost price the assets work out at 17s. 9d. per share.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVEREIN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Permit me, please, to make a brief and final reply to Mr. Allen's recent letter in *THE ACADEMY*. He has so deviated from the subject at issue between us as to render it necessary to re-state that issue, and then to draw conclusions; or, rather, to leave such of your readers as may have been interested in the discussion to draw their own conclusions. Mr. Allen's expressed views and opinions in regard to the Colonies and Imperial Federation should not be allowed to pass unanswered.

I affirm and believe that an Imperial Zollverein, or Free Trade within and throughout the British Empire (and within the Empire only), would greatly redound to the prosperity of all its component parts; and would effectively conduce to the closer union and permanent integrity of the British Empire. Mr. Allen maintains that the advantage of England alone is worthy of consideration, and that it is only desirable to impose a tariff on all foreign and Colonial imports. He declares that since the Overseas Dominions have thus far failed or declined to contribute their just quota towards the maintenance of a Navy strong enough to protect British commerce all over the world, then they should not be allowed any favours or privileges; but, rather, should be taxed, per high tariffs, on their exports! He even goes so far as to intimate that it would be best for Canada, at all events, to secede and to throw in her lot with the United States! In other words, Mr. Allen, I am sorry to say, has approved himself a confirmed "Little Englander," of the exploded (as I had supposed and hoped!) type of a generation or two gone by. He does not believe that England can retain its ascendancy, and is extremely pessimistic in all his views. He cares nothing whatever for "sentiment," or for "ideas," but rather regards anything approaching "sentiment" as nonsensical and repugnant to common sense! Such, in brief, would appear his philosophy; nor do I think I have done him any wrong in thus summarising. But, worst of all, was Mr. Allen's latest offence, in affronting, as he did in his last letter, the susceptibilities of his kinsmen in the Overseas Dominions by his assurance that "the English people care nothing for them." When will Englishmen of Mr. Allen's kind learn to be more politic and considerate? It was just such language and tone of thought as that which cost England the last of the thirteen New England colonies, so much blood and so many humiliations; the memories of which still rankle in many American minds. Let Mr. Allen read his Thackeray a great deal more than he has

done yet, and discover in "Henry Esmond" and in "The Virginians" that to which I refer. If I have not already made it sufficiently plain that an Imperial Zollverein would indubitably benefit and unite on a basis both of sentiment and interest the whole Empire, let me once more summarise the arguments I have adduced; for this will be my last notice of your correspondent's letters on the subject.

First, then, I have attempted to show that Imperial Federation, on the lines I have advocated, would promote the agricultural interests of the Overseas Dominions, immediately and immensely, because of the stimulus it would give to emigration from the British Isles and to investments of British capital in the Commonwealth of the Empire.

Secondly, it would prove immediately advantageous to British manufacturing interests, because of the removal of all duties on British wares, and because of the consequent disadvantages under which foreign manufactures would labour.

Thirdly, it would vastly benefit the maritime and sea-coast interests of the Empire, as well as the more immediate shipping interests of Great Britain and of the Commonwealth.

Fourthly, it would stimulate and facilitate improved methods in agriculture, or better farming, by reason of closer intimacy and friendly rivalry between the farmers and landowning classes, both "at home" and in the Overseas Dominions.

Fifthly, it would not raise the price of bread a single farthing in the British Isles, while it would undoubtedly occasion a rise in the prices of British stock and of certain seeds and grain.

Sixthly, and most important of all, it would so weld together in a common bond of union of sentiment and of interest, as to ensure the integrity of the Empire; and to assure, in so far as anything mortal can be assured, its permanent integrity. Such, at any rate, are the hopes and belief of tens of thousands of earnest and intelligent minds throughout the Empire, and even without it; for there are even thousands in the United States of America who think as I do, and who are yet loyal to the land of their adoption. I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

Buffalo, U.S.A.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

NEW SONNETS BY KEATS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The lovers of the poetry of Keats must be grateful to the Editor of the *Times*, for having, in addition to the previous lyric, unearthed two new sonnets by this poetic master. The fact of the MSS. being in his handwriting may also dispel any lurking doubts as to their authenticity. At the same time, it is almost unbelievable that during the lapse of one hundred years they should not have been included in any of the numerous editions of the poet's works. The sonnets in question, as we know, concern a laurel crown from Leigh Hunt and are an acknowledgment to the ladies who saw him crowned, and the writer in the *Times* accounts for their non-appearance in his poems—"because he was ashamed of his crowning and accordingly resolved to keep the sonnets to himself"—I am quoting the words of the *Evening News* in its issue of May 18.

Now, sir, it so happens that in the posthumous poems of Keats there is a published sonnet "To a young Lady who sent me a laurel crown," which hardly reconciles the above statement, and as it without doubt refers to the crowning it seems to me that the latest find requires some more elucidation.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

Kensington, W.

THE WORKS OF JOSEPH ADDISON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am preparing a new edition of the Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Addison (to be published by Messrs. Bell), and I am anxious to make the collection of letters as complete as possible.

I should therefore be very grateful if any of your readers would tell me of any unpublished letters to or from Addison, which may be in the possession of public or private owners. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

O. C. GUTHKELCH.

King's College, University of London.

A REPLY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—The lines beginning "God made man frail as a bubble," as to which "Curious" inquires in your issue of May 2, were written by Oliver Herford. Mr. Herford is also, by the by, the author of the following epitome of Omar's philosophy (not that he—Mr. H.—so labels it):

"The bubble winked at me and said,
You'll miss me, brother, when you're dead."

Faithfully yours,

E. STONE.

Newburyport, Mass., U.S.A.

MEXICO CITY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Penny's letter on the above subject is of interest. I can assure him I have not the least desire to fool your readers or propagate errors.

My visit to Mexico was professional, made in the autumn of 1893, and extended over a period of six weeks. The notes on which my article was based were jotted down by me on my way home. I will deal with Mr. Penny's points seriatim.

With regard to the negro and Chinese elements in the population of the city, Mr. Penny attributes to me a statement which I did not make. My statement was that he negro and the Chinaman are not notably in evidence to a visitor when he makes his way about the streets of the city.

With regard to the remark as to climatic conditions, my visit was in the dry season, but no one can traverse the high regions of the country without noting the evidence of erosion by rain scour or fail to be convinced that at certain seasons of the year tropical deluges must prevail. I believe the rainfall in Mexico City is about 40 inches, and that the period of rainfall is for practical purposes four months. A Scotch highlander, in reply to a query as to the amount of local rainfall, is reported to have said "about twelve fut." In the hill country to the north of Mexico City I saw the effects of scour which would probably have eclipsed the highlander's estimate.

I travelled in some of the remoter parts of the Republic and endeavoured—I trust successfully—to make myself "simpatico" with the Mexican peones. Their humour always struck me as of an inverted order.

My remark as to lassoing was founded on a concrete incident. One of my assistants when riding with the works' pay found himself shadowed by two Mexicans, also on horseback. They would have lassoed him had he not wheeled his horse round, drawn his revolver and threatened to shoot—when his pursuers bolted. Had he shot these men Mr. Penny will probably admit that the law would have upheld his action.

My reference to the right to touch a wounded man is also founded on an actual case. Two young Englishmen on my staff were attacked by Indians; one was murdered,

the other wounded. The cold that night was pretty severe, and the Indian workmen positively refused to touch the wounded man without the authority of the "jefe politico," who sent word that he could not come until the following morning. A third Englishman on the staff, disregarding the law, saved his wounded comrade's life.

With regard to the police methods of treating "drunks," the method referred to I saw in operation with my own eyes. It appeared to be a normal procedure and my friends told me that it was so. I am informed that a similar rule is enforced in some South American cities, although I have personally never seen it in action elsewhere than in Mexico.

With regard to Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihautl, as Mr. Penny surmises, my remarks were intended to be taken in a geological sense. Yours faithfully,

A. E. CAREY, M.Inst.C.E.

Victoria Street, S.W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Memorabilia Mathematica, or The Philomath's Quotation-Book. By Robert Edouard Moritz, Ph.D. (Macmillan and Co. 12s. 6d.)

China's Dayspring after Thirty Years. By Frederick Brown, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Murray and Evenden. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History. By T. F. Tout, M.A. (Sherratt and Hughes. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Caillaux Drama. By John N. Raphael. Illustrated. (Max Goschen. 16s. net.)

The Celebrated Madame Campan. By Violette M. Montagu. Illustrated. (Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Women of Egypt. By Elizabeth Cooper. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s. net.)

Impressions of British Life and Character. By M. N. Babasaheb. With a Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

The Case for Voluntary Service. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century. By A. V. Dicey, K.C. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Poverty and Waste. By Hartley Withers. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

From an Islington Window: Pages of Reminiscent Romance. By M. Betham-Edwards. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

Travel and Politics in Armenia. By Noel Buxton, M.P., and the Rev. Harold Buxton. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

American Public Opinion. By James Davenport Whelpley. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

An Essay on Indian Economics. By Shridhar V. Ketkar, M.A., Ph.D. (Thacker, Spink and Co. Rs. 1.8.)

THEOLOGY.

The Commonitory of St. Vincent of Lerins. Translated by T. H. Bindley, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)

Tertullian on the Testimony of the Soul. Translated by T. H. Bindley, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)

The Coming Christ: Christ in You. By Johanna. (Garden City Press, Letchworth. 5s. net.)

FICTION.

The Sun God. By Arthur Westcott. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 3s. 6d. net.)

That Strange Affair. By W. Brügge-Vallon. Translated by Gregory A. Page. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Adventuress, and Other Stories. By George Willoughby. (Max Goschen. 2s. net.)

Conscience Money. By Sidney Warwick. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

2010. By the Author of "The Adventures of John Johns." (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

The Adventures of Mr. Wellaby Johnson. By Oliver Booth. Illustrated. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.)

The Beloved Premier. By H. Maxwell. (John Long. 6s.)

The Toll. By William Westrup. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

Eve and the Minister. By M. H. Shaw. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

The Web of Circumstance. By Emily Maclaren. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

Roding Rectory. By Archibald Marshall. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Quinneys'. By Horace Annesley Vachell. (John Murray. 6s.)

Under the Incense Trees. By Cecil Adair. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Angels in Wales. By Margam Jones. (John Long. 6s.)

Scottish Stories. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. net.)

Poor Mrs. Egerton: A Study in Atmosphere. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 2s. net.)

The Death of a Nobody. By Jules Romains. Translated by D. MacCarthy and S. Waterlow. (Howard Latimer. 4s. 6d. net.)

Cloudesley Tempest. By E. H. Lacon Watson. (John Murray. 6s.)

Quick Action. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

Sylvia. By Upton Sinclair. (John Long. 6s.)

The Maze. By A. L. Stewart. (John Long. 6s.)

Louis Norbert: A Two-fold Romance. By Vernon Lee. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Chance Child. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

Private Affairs. By Charles McEvoy. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

The Tale of Lal. By Raymond Paton. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

The Marriage Tie. By W. Sherren. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

The Story of Amanda. By F. R. M. Fursdon. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 6s.)

Old French Romances. Done into English by William Morris. With an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

A Child Went Forth. By Yoŭ Pawlowska. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Cornhill Magazine; Fortnightly Review; British Review; The Antiquary; Cambridge University Reporter; The Bodleian; The Bookfellow; Britannic Review; Literary Digest; English Review; La Revue; Mercure de France; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; The Tourist; School World; University Correspondent; Deutsche Rundschau; Publishers' Circular; Bookseller; Wednesday Review; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue.

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12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.; Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Landor's Lhasa, 2 vols., new, 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cambridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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- No. 3. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT. Appeared April 25.
- No. 4. Mr. H. G. WELLS. Appeared May 2.
- No. 5. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. Appeared May 9.
- No. 6. Sir RIDER HAGGARD. Appeared May 16.
- No. 7. Mr. HENRY JAMES. Appeared May 23.
- No. 8. Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Appeared May 30.
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Notes of the Week

WHILST we are wondering why the seditious organisations of female furies are not forthwith suppressed, and all tangible assets sequestered, we are sorry to observe that the *Times* and the *Sunday Times* write in favour of letting militant suffragettes die if they refuse to partake of necessary nutriment in prison. Until these monomaniacs take human life, which they are quite certain to do shortly, the death-penalty is excessive. In last week's issue we reiterated the right punishments to inflict—namely, the use of the birch rod, or, in the alternative, commitment to a lunatic asylum. We cannot repeat the argument, which was admitted to be conclusive, in our issue of May in last year—namely, that a great number of these unwomanly women are abnormal. Of course, it is well known that the average woman's brain—hardly ever well balanced—is easily deranged. No doubt there are a large number of women who by brooding on the subject of their inequality with man—which is, of course, a fact of nature—have, in effect, contracted a disease which puts them outside the pale of ordinary civilised society. Stringent methods such as we have suggested would restore them to sanity. So much for those who are senseless enthusiasts in a cause which is not really worth fighting for. Now for the paid agents of these superfluous women. They certainly should

be dealt with as ordinary criminals. It is a world-fact, unhappily, that women of a certain type will do anything for money; these paid agents are of that type—a much more guilty type than many others—because they commit acts which should be abhorrent to their sex, and which are entirely devoid of excuse without the spur of dire necessity. The subject is not a pleasant one to dwell upon, and our remarks in last and in this week's issue of this journal will probably indicate that in our view exemplary measures, stopping short of capital punishment, should forthwith be adopted to put a term to an intolerable scandal.

Admiral Sir Percy Scott has fired his biggest gun, and in one shot, if we might believe some of the commentators, has disposed of the world's Dreadnoughts. The submarine and the seaplane between them have put the navies of all nations out of action! If Sir Percy Scott were right, then we should have no alternative but to conclude that the latest Dreadnought is as out-of-date as the old *Victory*. With a fleet of submarines and another of seaplanes to serve as scouts, Sir Percy is prepared to close the North Sea and the Mediterranean to any fleet of battleships. "The Navy will be entirely changed: naval officers will no longer live on the sea, but either above it or under it." Perhaps he has only put his message into a form so extreme in order to bring home to the country that the building of submarines and seaplanes is a vital necessity. Sir Percy Scott, it is as well to mention for the information of the uninitiated, is not a man of education, although he has in his time rendered yeoman service in insisting on the paramount importance of gunnery, a branch of naval efficiency which he made his own. A most unpopular officer when on active service, he now seeks in retirement to impose his crude and ill-digested views on those who are responsible for the actual national safety. There is a modicum of truth in the views which he has put forward, which educated and responsible Sea Lords will be able to appraise at its true value—a discount of about fifty per cent. being easily allowable.

In an article in *THE ACADEMY* of May 2 on The Ulster Man, we repeated the words used to us by a well-known Belfast man to the effect that, if all else failed, the women of Ulster would come out and fight for freedom. The remark has been a good deal quoted in Ireland, and has no doubt helped to draw attention to the fine spirit which the Ulster woman has shown in this crisis of her country's fortunes. How different it all is from the excesses of the mad women who want the vote on this side of St. George's Channel! If the men of Ulster are splendid, says the Belfast correspondent of the *Times*, the women are wonderful. The old mother and the young wife are equally determined to give up their men for the cause. And if the worst comes, and the Government force Ulster to strike for loyalty and freedom, the women are ready to do their part. The Red Cross organisation is as complete as that of the Volunteers themselves.

Australians in London are showing a very lively interest in the little constitutional crisis at the Antipodes which is the outcome of party necessities. Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson, only recently arrived in Australia as Governor-General, has had to assume a responsibility which few Governors of longer standing would care to face. The situation is simplicity itself. Mr. Cook's Liberal Government has a majority of one in the House of Representatives: the Labour Party have a majority in the Senate. The Commonwealth Constitution provides that, if a measure be passed twice by the Lower House and twice rejected by the Upper, with a three months' interval between the two events, the Governor may dissolve both Houses. The Liberal Government having twice passed a measure prohibiting preference to trade unions, and the Labour majority in the Senate having twice rejected it, the Governor has been induced to exercise his constitutional powers. The trial of strength between parties in the constituencies will be also a trial for him. Whether the Labour Party win or lose, we would not give much for his future comfort in this working man's paradise. By allowing the Government to go to the country, he has done the right thing, but that does not please the Labour men.

The precious secret of the anti-golf crusade, which has burst upon an astonished nation within the past week or two, is out. It is the protest of those who think that directly the cricket and tennis season begins no other game should be mentioned! All this talk, therefore, about men's obsession by golf just means that the talkers are obsessed by either cricket or tennis. Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet outdoes all the controversialists by admitting his gratitude to golf, and at the same time telling the man who has the opportunity for enjoying an occasional day on the links that "golf is merely a pleasant recreation and inducement to indolent people to take exercise." Everybody apparently who does not play cricket or tennis is a poor specimen of humanity. Could anything be more preposterous? Douglas and Hobbs, if you will, are heroes, but Vardon and Braid are hardly degenerates, and to suggest that we are going to perdition by way of the tee and the putting green does not argue much mental strength, whatever the physical calibre behind it.

It is something new to have a protest, made in all earnestness, against the work of those societies which are banded together with the object of suppressing the smoke, and therefore most of the fog of London. A lover of beauty, who signs himself "The Lambeth Pedlar," says in the correspondence columns of a contemporary that the "native murk" of the city should be allowed to remain; that "the atmosphere of London creates, by its translucency and colours, a far greater variety of artistic effects than would be possible in clear air"; and pleads that, as he crosses one of the bridges twice a day, and finds the beauty of the evening skies inspiring, the efforts of the Smoke-Abaters

to purify our air should not be too thoughtlessly encouraged. To some extent we agree with him—London's sunsets are famous, and the river can be astonishingly beautiful and mysterious on a grey, foggy day. But not all of us can be so genuinely enthusiastic as to welcome impure air for the sake of an occasional glimpse of a veiled river or a dreamy sunset—and, after all is said and done, we fancy there will always be enough vapour over this huge city to provide this protesting pedlar with his evening dreams.

Little has been heard in recent years of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, but his death on Saturday last reminds us that he was one of those quiet, powerful influences for good in the world of letters which we are apt to overlook by reason of their unobtrusiveness. He was a true poet, if not an inspired one, although amid the riches of the "Golden Treasury," even in its second series, not one poem from his hand, not one of his exquisite sonnets, finds a place. He was also what many true poets are not—a fine critic of poetry. It is possible to disagree with him on various points, but there is no shadow of doubt that he possessed splendid gifts of analysis and expression—gifts which appear at their finest in his famous essay on poetry as an art in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, where classic forms, metrical questions, the relation of poetry to the other arts, the epic and lyric, and a score of kindred subsidiary themes are discussed with an astounding range of scholarly allusion and delightful gleams of vision; as, for example, when he gives "heartiness and melody" as the two requisites of a song which can never be dispensed with. Mr. Watts-Dunton willingly took second place to Swinburne, content to serve him in devoted friendship for thirty years; of what that association meant to the more famous poet we can have but a slight knowledge. His name will last, if only for the two reasons we have suggested—his critical work, and his love for his friend, for his one romance, "Aylwin," though it reached many editions, cannot be said to have brought him popularity.

Rondeau

(After the French of Charles d'Orleans, 1391-1465.)

TIME hath throwne downe the robe he bare
Of wind and cold and chillie raine,
And nowe with sunbeams cleare againe
In lordlie raiment doth he fare.
Each beast and bird doth nowe declare
Harsh-voiced or smoothe the tidings plaine:
Time hath throwne downe the robe he bare
Of wind and cold and chillie raine.
Nowe fountaines, streams, and brookes repair
Their sheeny floods that downward draine
With gold and silver in their traine.
All things new vesture nowe doe wear,—
Time hath throwne downe the robe he bare.
WILFRID THORLEY.

Cobwebs

BUSY life within, without,
Has no corner free for doubt.
Busy life without, within,
Has no loophole left for sin.
But when stress of living ebbs
Sin and doubt spin dusty webs,
Till a hanging shroud disguise
Even the blue of Paradise.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

The Future of Art

LOOKING upon contemporary conditions, one may be tempted at times to declare that there is no future for art or literature at all. Modern life seems to be a thirsty quicksand of realism enveloping greedily everything that is in any way ideal. Art—one includes all manifestations of art literary or plastic—can be shown to depend on social and economic conditions, and it is these as much as anything else which compel its rise or fall. Society now is so diffused that it is almost impossible to point to any one art-loving and art-fostering class. The desire for works of art, the wish to surround oneself with beautiful things and beautiful thoughts, grows naturally out of leisure. We have, of course, a large leisured class still, though it is probably dwindling, and its composition is quite different from that of the leisured class of fifty or sixty years ago. Its basis is plutocratic rather than aristocratic. Its taste is therefore gross rather than epicurean; its patronage lavish rather than well ordered.

Taste, of course, is a matter of education. When a man has nothing to do towards earning his living, when all the mechanical part of his life goes on with perfect smoothness, he naturally interests himself in lighter and more graceful things. He begins to suffer that delicate ennui of the spirit which is one of the reasons for the existence of art; for it is not until one has felt the tedium of life that one can appreciate its joy.

Imagine the strange conception of life that the prosperous manufacturer carries in his mind. He sees life as a piece of mechanism whose motive force he takes in some way or another for granted. He resolves the universe into a system of engines, belts, pulleys, and counting-houses. He is like a man listening, fascinated, to the roar of some monster machine, for whom the green world beyond the factory, the marriage of sunlight and leaves, the faint music of the birds, are as a painted shadow, far away and unreal. Our civilisation tends to the production of such types. As a nation we are still too young to have suffered all the illusions of flesh and spirit by which the type-man of a race must be purified. We are still shopkeepers enamoured of the delights of shopkeeping. Indeed, since the new education broke down the barriers between class and class, we are more shopkeepers than ever, for a new order of men, suddenly given the opportunity of education, has burst in its simple force upon us, emancipated only as to its most primitive desires.

We may notice another characteristic of the leisured classes of our day, the classes whom we should naturally expect to look to art to refresh their over-materialised spirits—the fact that they amuse themselves with mechanical things, with material rather than with spiritual toys. One speaks of art as a toy, of course, only in relation to the world of fashion, but it is true that the folk whose occupation in life is only how most interestingly to spend their money are satisfied with such mechanical diversions as gambling, motoring, flying, to the exclusion doubtless of a large share of the interest which might be given to art.

Another feature which menaces the growth of art centres and art productivity among us is the extraordinary way in which ideas become “news” nowadays. With extreme and terrifying thoroughness an art movement is turned inside out; it is dragged into a glaring publicity which at once destroys all its nuances, those nuances which are like the delicate buds on a tree, the promise of development. We see an example of this kind of thing in the Futurist movement, which takes its place in journalism along with the latest murder or football match. The papers make a fashion of it; it lives in such a glare of artificial light that it cannot possibly develop. It must die of its own success, killed by cynical applause; for the heart of modern life is a fatal one, corrupt, unbelieving, and insatiate. Faithless, it is always thirsting for faith, and those whom it welcomes among the idealists, among the men consecrated to art, it will kill through its monstrous hunger.

We can see, then, that art exercises its influence over a much wider circle than it ever has hitherto, in our history. It colours the scenes of our music-hall stage; it lives in the flaunting poster. Wherever it shows itself it is devoured by a greedy mob whose lives are empty of beauty and imagination. It has never had so splendid a sphere of influence, and consequently never have the demands on it been so insatiate. The whole state of things seems to be resolving into a struggle between the greediness of an awakening middle class whose belief in their twin deities of gold and brute force is weakening, and the determination and self-restraint of the artists who, by too easily accepting the homage of the crowd, will lose their capacity to create art at all. The forces of Philistinism and culture, of beauty and ugliness, are now deployed in a gigantic battle array where every manœuvre is plain to the world. Without beauty—a thing variously interpreted according to climate and race—a nation must perish, for it is spiritual sunlight, lacking whose beneficent rays the soul must wither and grow morbid.

Gloomy as the outlook apparently is, it may be that the future of art in England will be a glorious one. The nation is strong and vigorous, its fibre unimpaired, its romanticism deep and pure, its ideal sense almost boundless. We have but to pass from the stage where art is regarded as a luxury to the stage where it is considered as a necessity for all the splendid humanity of the race to respond to the call of a new ideal, the tocsin of a new renaissance of beauty.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

X.—MR. A. C. BENSON

SIR,—The most fatal gift that can be bestowed upon the scribe who aspires to serious literature is facility. To the journalist, the leader-writer, the descriptive reporter, a ready pen is an asset; at so much a line, it means the difference between straitened finances and comparative affluence. But a man of letters, to secure permanence, must produce with a certain sense of blood and tears. Your works are nicely proportioned, free from ugly blemishes, and of normal temperament; but they are chronically anæmic. There is a shortage of the red corpuscles essential to Nature's big efforts. In all your writings there is a dead level of mediocrity which breeds irritation in the mind that thinks. You should have entered this world two generations ago—in those placid Victorian days when people were satisfied with things as they were, when they accepted ready-made opinions as Holy Writ, and when the iconoclast was regarded as a criminal disturber of the peace. Your gifts would then have been appraised by their right appellation: "genteel" is a word which nowadays carries something of reproach with it, but in its earlier significance it perfectly expresses you. You are so very genteel in all you put on paper, and would have been an acquisition to the most exclusive houses in the unruffled years when the one-horse barouche represented the pace of mental progress. Where do you find your readers? My curiosity is usually checked by the inquiry as to whether I mean "the *Dodo* man." Probably you find your vogue in Suburbia.

You crystallise the thoughts of Clapham. You put into sound easy English the sentiments of Streatham. You solve the muddled philosophy of Surbiton. What you think to-day Cricklewood will think to-morrow. That must be it. I can visualise quite plainly the harassed mistress of The Laburnums, Montessor Avenue, Middle Tooting, returning from the kitchen after having delivered a bowdlerised version of her lord and master's views on charred bacon and coffee grounds, opening one of your uncountable volumes of essays and finding therein a concise analysis of all the emotions and misgivings that were weltering in her capacious bosom, together with the correct antidote to them. Or, again, I can picture thoughtful Mr. Septimus Spink, in the City lunch hour, adding to his indebtedness to you some precious contributions to his address at the Tuesday meeting of the Clapton Higher Thought Centre. This may not be the world you set out to conquer; still, it is a substantial one, and permanent in its ideals. It is the world in which Miss Marie Corelli reigns supreme; where Mr. Hall Caine is taken seriously; where Ruskin is still accepted as High Priest in all matters of Art; and where Matthew Arnold is the last word in philosophic culture. I take it, in short, that you have the average mind, plus an appreciable amount of scholarship and a ready pen. You interpret the obvious to obvious-minded people.

You share their sentiments, their perplexities, their little spiritual rebellions. And being able to probe these mental complexities, and to control them, at least on paper, you can expound them with a gravity forbidden to a keen sense of humour. For instance, how many lovely women of Suburbia must have derived comfort and support from your autobiographical dissection of fear! What had been nursed in secret as a somewhat shameful weakness would have become rational and intelligible when shared with and understood by you. The palpitations in a dark room, the groping under the bedstead with a broom handle, the agony of passing a herd of cows, these would be no longer emotions to be battled with in solitude, but psychic phenomena to be discussed in the light of your self-mastery of them.

And that reminds me of the most lasting impression your essays have left upon me. With a textual heading and a little more doctrinal infusion, they would have made admirable sermons for a parish church. And you, sir, would have made a popular vicar. You would never have felt the reproach of empty benches, Sunday or week-day service, morning or evening, as long as you could rely upon that easy flow of well-turned platitudes. Every nice-minded spinster within a four-mile radius would want to "sit under" you as you gave verbal expression to those sonorous periods in which you embody the philosophy of the copybook. Your method seems to need the firstly, fourthly, fifthly, and so on. As an illustration of your pulpit manner, I take haphazard a passage from "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," in which you speak of "the secret of Christ—it was not a thing to be apprehended historically, or doctrinally, or authoritatively; it is as though in a great palace, where one had resorted in awe and bewilderment, crowded with busy, stately, severe, preoccupied persons, the Lord of the place came suddenly forward with a smile and an outstretched hand." This is rather bathos in cold print, but would be quite effective delivered oratorically from the pulpit.

Your volumes of—shall I say?—*belles lettres* so outweigh your other works that it is by them you will be judged. Nevertheless, I must give you credit for some quite respectable biographies and monographs. These include Lives of Archbishop Laud and of your father. Then to the "English Men of Letters" Series you have contributed appreciations of Rossetti, Fitzgerald, and Pater. I do not know if any of the latter will forgive you in the next world, but personally I shall not account these volumes to you as misdemeanours. They will pass muster in a series of varying merits. Coming to your copious output of verse, it is more difficult to be tolerant. There is some justification for uninspired prose; none for uninspired poetry. I shall not turn back to your earlier effusions, but shall convict you on a quotation from your volume of "Poems," just published by Mr. John Lane. The lines to "The Barbel," you will remember, begin thus:—

Bearded Barbel, swimming deep
In the cool translucent gloom,
Poised in contemplated sleep,
In your liquid moving room.

Now, as "Fanny's first poem," this would be execrable. I would ask you, sir, for the sense of that last line. If you mean, as obviously you do, that the stream is the "liquid moving room," surely you should have realised that water is to a fish air, space, freedom, sun, moon, and stars, or what you will; that the sense of restriction implied by the metaphor would begin for the barbel on the bank where we mortals draw life and vigour. I cannot see any excuse for such doggerel—even the edification of Clapham.

Forgive me, sir, and believe me your most obedient
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Business Jargon and the American Language

IT is a hundred years since we were first called "a nation of shop-keepers," and the title does not suit us so well now as it did then. Americans who have lived in England for any length of time—for any time sufficient to give them some idea of the place which is held by games and athletics in the national life—have rechristened us "a nation of sportsmen"; and they feel that the title of "shop-keepers," in the twentieth century, belongs more rightly to them.

Any Englishman who has lived long in America will be disposed to agree with them. By comparison with the American, the Englishman is a poor business-man. By comparison with the Englishman, the American is a worse sportsman. Whether or not the British passion for games makes for national efficiency need not be discussed. Whether or not the American passion for business results in the development of a race of intellectual pygmies may be passed over. The point I come to is the inevitable and indelible impression which the ruling passion makes upon the speech of the two peoples.

In 1914 the American language is a very different tongue from our native English; and just as the spoken English of England has acquired, in the last twenty or thirty years, many new words and phrases which previously were confined to the paddock and the playing-field, so the spoken American of the Americans is now taking on a very pronounced commercial colour, until the common speech of the people, indeed, consists to a marked extent of business words and expressions. At the Savoy the supper-time conversation of the English girls carries with it the unmistakable breath of

the open country. You can almost catch a smell of the river-weed up the Thames, the suggestion of newly-turned turf at the point-to-point, and the tang of the Cowes sea-winds. At the tea-tables in the St. Regis, in New York, and the Copley Plaza in Boston, on the other hand, the breezy gossip of the American women is simply redolent of the broker's office, the curb market and the warehouse.

There is much less slang in America than in England, contrary to the usually accepted English view. But, assuming that there is abundant justification for the use of colloquial slang, American slang is good slang, and the English not so good. English slang, in a way, is the more picturesque, but it is unquestionably the more artificial. Individual words are coined with a bolder imagination and with a better eye for colour and artificial effect; but the slang of the American is the speech from the heart. The English use slang and know that they are using it. The Americans use slang and think they are using English—because their slang, to a great extent, is the language of their business; and the American, first, last, and always, is a business-man. It is therefore quite true to say that American slang, as we know it in England, is the language of America to a far greater extent than English slang, as it is known in America, is the language of England. In ten years' time I think that there will be very little English left in America. There will be nothing but slang—the commercial jargon of the office and the store.

There is no affectation whatever in the slang of the American business-man. His language is pithy, forceful, expressive and ugly. His coined words are self-explanatory and descriptive. His verb-clauses are often excellent specimens of what slang can really become. A trader may "stop in" at your office. He may make you all kinds of "fool" promises, but if he cannot "deliver the goods" he will never "win out." He may "hand you the straight dope," but if he cannot "make good," he simply cannot "get away with it." He may try to "put one over," or "slip one over"; but, if you give him a "show down" and he fails to "come across," you will quickly "get wise" to the fact that he is not "on the level," and you, of course, will not "stand for it." You will then proceed to "call him down" and "bawl him out," and you will not "let up" until you have "got his number." "Getting his number" means knowing all that there is to know about him; but if, instead of that, you "get his goat" you will rouse his anger, and he may "go up in the air." He will undoubtedly "get warm round the collar," and

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may even "hit the ceiling." If things cool down you will hold a "get-together" meeting, and "figure on" the cost of the "proposition." If it looks like resulting in "big business" and "big money" for the pair of you, you will "fall for it" and proceed to "get busy."

Now these words are simply a few typical examples. The American father uses them, and a hundred others like them, and brings them home with him. The family adopt them, and they pass into the regular speech of the people. There is no affectation about them; they are helping to build up a new American language. The slang of the English school-girl, on the other hand, is an artificial growth which can be exterminated in a week by the iron hand of the British matron. No iron hand could check the growth of the commercial language of America—a dialect utterly lacking in the imaginative, the beautiful, or even the picturesque—but a genuine folk-dialect. Americans should be proud of it. They are proud of being called a nation of business-men, and their speech is certainly the speech of a strong business people. It should not, however, be confused with English.

New York City.

DOUGLAS S. MARTIN.

In Balzac's Country

I. A SEARCH FOR THE HOUSE OF GRANDET.

BY R. A. J. WALLING.

HAVING worshipped at the shrine of Honoré de Balzac in Tours, we went on to Saumur. At Tours they had told us Saumur was not interesting, or not very. If we wanted to spend a few hours in Anjou, we might stop at Angers; but Saumur!—it was not worth while to get out of the train.

There was a sentimental reason why we insisted—a reason not easily explained to the haughty Touraniens. We dissembled. We pointed out that the guide-book did not agree with them. According to that, Saumur was an exceptionally lively and coquettish city—"fringante," "pimpante." They shrugged shoulders. They declared that the guide-book was issued by an Angevin Syndicat d'Initiative, which, like an advertisement committee for an English Spa, would say anything but its prayers. However, as we were determined, they gave us up for two mad English, and wished us *bon voyage* in a tone of no conviction. And so we found ourselves in due course walking across the amazing bridge which, resting on an island by the way, spans the broad, sandy reaches of the Loire. And in further course, sitting in a little garden by the river-side, looking at the richest architectural monument of a chequered history, the Town Hall raised by the City Fathers of Saumur in their proudest sixteenth century days.

Why had we come to Saumur? Our delicate, fugitive, sentimental reason seemed a fragile wisp of a thing now that we were here. For let the truth be told—there is little to distinguish Saumur from any

other castled town on the banks of the Loire. In its older parts, narrow, tortuous streets and old houses in all the stages of picturesque decay; towering above them, the ramparts of the castle. In its newer parts, broad, straight avenues, a theatre, cafés, and the usual assortment of growlers drawn by horses whose emaciation is only exceeded by their somnolence. Perhaps a few more soldiers than usual, splashing the landscape with colour; there is a Cavalry School at Saumur, but nothing especially distinctive.

We sat in the garden with the nursemaids and the soldiers, looking furtively at one another while we pretended to examine the guide-book and the plan of the streets. It really did not matter to us that the Romans, with their accustomed intelligence, realised the strategic importance of this bluff by the river, or that the Normans battered the gates of its Abbey, or that it had been du Guesclin's headquarters during the Hundred Years' War. We could not work up a thrill over the Protestant Temple which was there to remind us that theology had always been more progressive than street locomotion in Saumur. It was not any of this that had brought us; it was not even the relics of the great du Plessis. . . .

"Well," said I, at last, "shall we go and look for it?"

And she assented.

We sought it out, that "rue montueuse qui mène au château par le haut de la ville, . . ." that street remarkable for the cobble pavement, always clean and dry, the narrowness of its winding way, the quietude of its houses dominated by the ramparts; that street with little, dark shops with no windows and half-doorways, occupied by prosperous coopers; that street at the end of which was placed the house of Balzac's immortal miser; the street that nobody can ever forget who has read the first chapter of "Eugénie Grandet."

For some vague reason this seemed a devouter pilgrimage than the visit we had paid in Tours to Balzac's birthplace. There, everything was in plain daylight—the effigy, the inscription, patent, unmysterious, prosaic. Here, the secret was to seek, the vision to evoke.

Erring in the streets of even a small town like Saumur on a warm day is fatiguing. And the little iron tables on the pavement outside the corner café had little iron chairs beside them. She thought, with me, that it would be rather amusing to sit out in the street and drink a bock. It was afterwards confessed that the attraction consisted rather in the iron chair than in the pale and inconclusive nectar which the waiter brought in thick glasses standing upon saucers.

A *moue*. She thought the last person who drank from that glass was addicted to the garlic habit. The first sip was the only one. It might be true that a slight flavour of onions was indigenous to bock; the glass might be as innocent of offence as when it emerged from the factory; but—

"C'est le premier pas qui coûte, Madame," said the waiter, encouragingly, as he hovered over my hand searching for small silver.

She smiled at him divinely, and he gave an extra twirl to his moustache; but she resolutely refused to proceed with the experiment.

"What is there," I asked him, "that is interesting to see in Saumur?"

"Ah!" he answered, "monsieur is droll—monsieur makes pleasantries."

I assured him that his judgment was highly flattering to my sense of humour; just at this moment, however, I was bent upon serious inquiry.

"Ah, but monsieur and madame can have come to Saumur but for one thing—the same thing for which all the world comes to Saumur to-day. Monsieur has doubtless noticed that the town is *très mouvementée*?" This with a sweep of the arm over the street, where one emaciated cab-horse had been goaded into a shambling trot along the cobblestones, one old gentleman stood gazing in a shop window across the way, and two elderly ladies ascended the steps of the Post Office.

"Quite lively," said I. "What is the cause of it?"

"Ah, monsieur will have his joke! It is, of course, that we prepare for to-morrow. Doubtless monsieur and madame will be staying until to-morrow——"

As he seemed to be about to embark upon an intimate catalogue of the conveniences and comforts of the hotel which surmounted the café, I hastened to assure him that we had only one afternoon to spend in Saumur, and were expected at Nantes that night. His surprise! . . . but it was rather stupefaction.

"Mon Dieu! What! Monsieur leaves to-night! And then, to-morrow—to-morrow. . . ."

He wrung his napkin with agonised fingers. It appeared that to-morrow was the great day of the year in Saumur.

"To-morrow!" he went on, jerkily, "the great review—M. le Ministre—the magnificent assembly of foreign officers—the defile of the *écuyers*—the bands—the *carrousel*—*courbette*, *cabriole*—the gaiety there will be under the elms of Chardonnet—mon Dieu!"

I begged him to pardon my ignorance. I deplored the fate that prevented me from assisting M. le Ministre to see the evolutions of the Cavalry School. In the meantime, we should be glad, I said, to make what reparation we could to Saumur by inspecting its points of interest. The claims of Saumur to fame, he replied, rested upon its Cavalry School. To-morrow we might see the Cavalry School in the efflorescence of its glory. To-day—he hardly knew what we could do to-day. Of course, we could go and look at the parade-ground, which had been swept and garnished in readiness. But, to-morrow——

He gathered up his crumpled napkin sorrowfully, pocketed his franc, and prepared mournfully to depart and attend to the old gentleman who had left off looking in the shop-window and was now hammering with his stick on one of the iron tables.

"Do you know," I asked him, "where I can find the house of M. Grandet?"

"M. Grandet?" He bent his brows and searched his memory. But no; he had not been long in Saumur,

and he did not know everybody. There was M. Legrand, who kept a grocer's shop in the Rue Dacier, two steps from there; but Grandet? No.

The hammering became insistent. Monsieur would pardon him. Ah, if monsieur could only stay till to-morrow! . . .

In the postcard shop at the corner Madame X heard us posing questions to the young lady who sold us (at a sou apiece) delightful pictures of Saumur and its environs. She descended from her pulpit to inquire whether she could be of any service to Madame and Monsieur.

"You are very good," said I. "We had an hour or two to spend in Saumur, and we wanted to know what there was to be seen."

It was desolating, she observed, to think that we could not stop till to-morrow to see the review. But never mind—as who should say, "It is a crooked world, but far be it from me to try and straighten it out." We ought at least to inspect the Town Hall. It was magnificent.

We admitted that it was; but we had seen the Town Hall.

And then, on the Ile Offard, in the middle of the river, there was the house of Queen Cécile, which well deserved to be viewed.

Agreed; we had looked at it as we came from the station.

In that case we had doubtless seen the Theatre, with the corn-market underneath? But had we observed the house opposite, the Hôtel Bancler? Yes, we had. And were we aware that, at the Hôtel Bancler, Napoléon and Joséphine stopped in 1808? So the guide-book had informed us.

Madame X began to look desperate. She had probably never encountered two such unreasonable foreigners before, who, having exhausted the main features of interest in Saumur, were still avid. There remained the Castle——

"Could you tell me," I insinuated, "where one might find the house of M. Grandet?"

"Grandet? Grandet?" Madame X placed the tip of her forefinger at the corner of her lip and screwed up her brow.

"The celebrated millionaire and miser, Grandet," I said, to assist her.

"Ah, no, monsieur. I regret I do not know the house of M. Grandet. But the Savings Bank is in the Rue Dacier!"

I fear our flight from the postcard shop was hurried, undignified, even impolite; but the crisis was one of those in which it is necessary to take sudden action for fear of the worst. The charge of laughter that was killing us had to be exploded somewhere—rather in the street outside than in the shop of Madame X.

But she was all solicitude and suspected nothing. She followed us to the door, and cried after us voluble instructions for reaching the Castle, taking the Caisse d'Epargne by the way.

The Belgian Congo*

IT is possible to find fault with such a book as this to an extent that it would condemn the work beyond hope, for the author is not by any means a literary man—he is a hunter. He confuses his pronouns, writes so scrappily and jumpily as to bewilder the reader, and plays other tricks that no man initiated in the ways of writing would think of playing; yet, granting the unliterary quality of the book, it is one to read and remember, for we feel that the author is telling truth, and that which he relates is of more than common interest. Sometimes he gets away from his point, more especially when, quite without bearing on the story he has to tell of the Congo, he talks about his travels in other parts of the world; paragraphs are thrown in here and there bearing no relation to the theme, and there are some rhapsodies that would have been better left out, dealing with sunsets, the emotions of the hunter in sentimental mood, and like subjects; for the inclusion of these the book is the poorer.

Nevertheless, it is a good, human story, and the first point it raises in the mind of the critic is that here is yet another man who, having gained a broader view of life than the average, comes back a rank Tory in sentiment and principle. Unwittingly so, perhaps, and it might be better to describe him as anti-Radical rather than Tory, for he shows his colours mainly in his condemnation of the Radical colonial policy—that which has crippled the enterprise of colonial administrators since the time of Majuba, and before that, too. Having seen, he condemns; not directly, but in his own way, and perhaps unconsciously, for the book is quite free of political sentiment.

Youth shows in his enthusiasms; the sun is generally the "great sun," the moon the "great moon." He has a leaning towards savage life, and no love for the civilising processes that result in virtual enslavement under the cloak of missionary enterprise; he sees the native content in aboriginal laziness, and queries why the poor fellow should be exploited, given tastes that were not his before, and made to work—made miserable, in fact. The only answer to the query seems to be that the white man wants more land, or more fields for trade, and the native has to suffer. Selfishness, not Christianity, is at the root of civilising influences in Africa.

There is ground for this view in that the author's *safari* was carried out in the most cruelly treated part of all Africa—the Belgian Congo. This book tells little of the ways of that land, merely hints at the happenings that have been told by others; but the hints enable us to understand that the author saw little to cause him to love the civilising influences of the districts he traversed. Whatever may have been the original propensities of the natives, they have had a long course of training in suspicion and treachery, as

well as in refined cruelty and unlimited extortion, at the hands of the white man.

These, however, are minor points in the book, which is concerned principally with elephant and other hunting—sometimes with the author himself as quarry, though, fortunately, he escaped at the worst with an arrow-wound. We would commend the book to all who intend to hunt elephants or other big game, in any part of the world, for it has much practical information that will be of real service. We commend it, too, to those who like a real story of adventures in unknown lands, perils among men little less savage and far more cunning than beasts, as well as among the beasts themselves. It is a scrappily written story of great doings, and the interest of the matter more than compensates for the manner.

The Veto of Canada

THE dramatic arrival in British Columbian waters of an organised party of 375 Indians has, so far as this country is concerned, abruptly revived interest in the whole question of Asiatic immigration into the territories of the white man, and particularly in so far as it affects the Pacific seaboard. The immediate significance of the incident lies in its bearing on Imperial unity; but viewed in its widest aspect, a problem is revealed which contains the elements in that long struggle which is to determine the ultimate relations between East and West. When, therefore, we attempt to pass critical judgment on events that are happening to-day, it will be as well to bear this stupendous truth in mind. For some years past there has been a strongly marked tendency in this country to belittle the claims put forward by our Colonial kinsmen, and to dismiss their case with the superior assumption that it was based on the ignorant grounds of racial prejudice. Sometimes they have been taken to task on account of their inconvenient obstinacy, for the fact has never been lost sight of that, sooner or later, Great Britain itself must become involved in the dispute. And here it is instructive to recall that, when some seven years ago immigration troubles were coming to a head in California and British Columbia, no little hostility towards the agitation movement was shown in the States and Provinces of Eastern Canada and America. With the acquisition of greater knowledge of the actual merits of the question, however, and with the additional experience of Asiatic activity on the Pacific Coast which time has brought, this hostility has been converted into a sympathetic realisation of the danger that threatens the Western shores of both countries. In other words, what was once looked upon with irritation as a parochial bugbear, is now come seriously to be regarded as a common peril. We fear it is almost too much to hope that this process of enlightenment, although it has spread amongst vast communities situated thousands of miles from the regions directly concerned, will in the near future penetrate to any effect beyond the Atlantic. Our very immunity from Oriental immigration on any con-

* *Hunting and Hunted in the Belgian Congo*. By R. DAVEY COOPER. Edited by R. KEITH JOHNSTON. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

siderable scale, and our enthusiastic if somewhat selfish conception of the Imperial idea, preclude us from sharing the point of view of our Overseas Dominions.

It would be futile to deny that the question involved in the arrival of the *Komagata Maru* at Vancouver possesses a very disquieting significance in regard to the Imperial outlook. The case that is being put to the test is to decide whether our fellow-subjects in India are to be permitted to take up their residence in the lands which by the laws of the pioneer belong to our fellow-subjects in Canada. Without any discrimination, the Provincial Government of British Columbia has set its face against Asiatic immigration. Restrictive legislation has long been in force; but, in spite of all precautions which such legislation provides, nothing so far has been devised to stay the steady inflow of Japanese, Chinese, and Indians, which year by year goes to diminish the proportion between the white and Asiatic populations. Finding that the law which prohibited the landing of Indians in Canada who had not come by continuous journey from their native country had ceased to be an effective check upon immigration, the Provincial Authorities were compelled to adopt other means for enforcing their policy. An Order in Council was issued prohibiting the admission of artisans and labourers until March 31 of the present year.

This period has been extended by six months. As the Indians on the *Komagata Maru* have not made a continuous journey from India, even though they plead that they belong to neither of the categories mentioned, it is difficult to see how they can make good their case before the Canadian courts. Their leader, one Gurdit Singh, a man of determination and resource, appears to have taken upon himself the task of settling one way or the other the complex problem involved. Incidentally, as we have already implied, he is raising the whole question of Asiatic immigration and is hastening the day for the final settlement of this question. In such a settlement we firmly believe that compromise will have no part. Were the peoples of Asia to remain content under laws which merely imposed restrictions on their right of entry matters might be otherwise; but the history of the past few years shows only too clearly that the Indians are becoming restive and the Japanese positively aggressive under the bar which has been placed upon them by the white man.

It is altogether too late in the day to equip expeditions or to exploit the Press for the purpose of raising the issue in test form. The results of the last elections afford conclusive proof that not alone the residents of British Columbia, but the people throughout the Dominion as a whole, have decided that Canada shall remain a White Canada. This decision they have reached in no mean or ignorant spirit of race prejudice. It is based on a realisation that human progress and human happiness cannot be furthered by implanting in their midst an alien people whose social customs, ethical conceptions, and economic status differ so widely from their own. If this divergence did not exist then assimilation would be possible and time would

remedy all things. But it does exist, and assimilation is out of the question. If the difference between the white man and the Asiatic were one of a merely economic nature then the world's verdict would be "let the best man win." But disparity lies deeper. The Canadian is the product of Western civilisation. The code which governs his family life and his life in the community is the code which is common to Christendom. Is it reasonable or right to expect him to welcome in his midst a people who look upon women as slaves, and who condone where they do not practise concubinage and polygamy? When to the total irreconcilability of moral ideals is added the economic inequality between the white man and the Asiatic the hopelessness of arriving at any solution of the problem satisfactory to both is painfully apparent. Yet determination to have his own way, no matter the cost, characterises the attitude of the one equally with the other. As far as China is concerned she is fully occupied with her own domestic troubles and is unlikely to prove a disturbing factor in the problem for many years to come. With Japan the case is different. However tolerant her rulers may be in devising temporary expedients for meeting the delicate situations that must continue to arise owing to the insistence of America and the Colonies to maintain their white status, the people themselves will sooner or later demand the satisfaction of finality. This aspect of affairs is not lost sight of in the Colonies, where it is realised that any day the hands of the Japanese Government may be forced and a crisis precipitated. And behind this realisation lies the desire, which so urgently and so repeatedly they have advanced, that adequate naval provision should be made in the waters of the Far East.

Meanwhile Great Britain will have to face the difficulty that is rapidly assuming grave proportions owing to the determination of British Columbia to prevent the landing of Indians in Canada. Compromise may offer the line of least resistance; but it cannot provide a lasting settlement. Indeed, it is questionable whether the day has not already passed when on this question compromise could form the basis of any agreement, however transient. For the Canadians as a people, having learnt the lesson of restriction, are swiftly being educated to the idea of nothing less than exclusion. This is what we in England must be prepared to see in the near future, an irrevocable part of Canadian policy.

The Civil Servant: His Manners and His Merits

GREAT BRITAIN has always been proud of her Civil Service. The intelligent foreigner, we believe, has been known to endorse the national view that we have the finest Civil Service in the world. We alone seem to have discovered the secret of a public service whose efficiency and integrity are national and Imperial assets. On the whole, the compliments which have been showered on the Civil Servants of the British

Empire are well deserved: in India and the Crown Colonies we have a body of men as devoted, as able, and as incorruptible as any in the world. At home the same remark applies with some sort of qualification. We make no sweeping generalisation: we are not going to say, for instance, that all Civil Servants are uncivil—a cheap sort of pleasantry which amounts to a class libel. But we do assert that with the advance of democratic conditions the Civil Service has not advanced in manners. Whether it has advanced in efficiency is open to question. A couple of months ago the Report of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service recommended that certain improvements in our educational system should be introduced, paving the way from the primary school to the Universities, so that any bright youth, a candidate for the Civil Service, not blessed with rich relatives, might be given the opportunity of competing successfully with the less bright youth who had that advantage.

We are all for merit, but in the public service we are disposed to plead for manners as well. Some specimens of the Civil Servant promoted from the lower grades, with whom we have had the misfortune to be brought in contact, have unquestionably lost in the cavernous depths of swelled head any manners they ever had. Wherein their greater efficiency consists, the powers who control promotion might be able to tell: it has not been obvious to others. Women as public servants are seldom as pleasing to deal with as men, but all the faults and airs which women display are insignificant by contrast with the insolence of some Jacks-in-office. Some men who have climbed the official ladder from the lowest rung are among nature's gentlemen. Unfortunately, popular education is not necessarily a leaven of boorishness. Nor is it possible that "the finest Civil Service in the world" can maintain its reputation under modern conditions of expansion. In one of the latest of the always valuable historical and economic studies issued by Columbia University, Dr. Robert Moses gives, for the benefit of American reformers, an exhaustive review of the findings of various inquiries into the needs and character of the British Civil Service. "Even those who see the need of higher standards," he says, "are constantly raising the bugaboo of bureaucracy." It is hardly surprising if the selfsame bugaboo has made its appearance in Great Britain. The rate at which officials have increased and multiplied under the Radical régime is positively appalling. The *Daily Telegraph* recently estimated that in the last four or five years their number has gone up by nearly 12,500, and that the country is called upon to pay an extra one and three-quarter millions sterling annually for the luxury of being governed according to the democratic notions of a Lloyd George. And who is prepared to claim that merit, with or without manners, is the distinguishing characteristic of this particular bureaucratic accretion? The manifestation of the Trade Union spirit in the lower ranks of the Civil Service is the measure of its public spirit. Bureaucracy has indeed become a bugaboo in this country, and seems to be drifting to the dangerous frame of

mind that the taxpayer exists for its benefit and not it for the taxpayer's.

Civil Servants are often loud in their complaints of the hardship of having to work for the quite respectable salary they receive—a salary which carries a pension, and which they not infrequently themselves supplement by outside work in competition with the very men who provide that salary. It would be astonishing if the Civil Service, with its permanency, its preferments, and its privileges, were not popular in Great Britain. Dr. Moses amusingly accounts for the fact that the Civil Service is less attractive in the United States, on the ground that America has no gewgaws to distribute. "In Europe," he writes, "titles and orders, and (in monarchies) the exaggerated respect paid to Civil Servants as the visible symbols of royal power, attract the brains of these countries into government work, in spite of low salaries. If vanity and other pardonable human weaknesses can be capitalised at all, a C.B., a knighthood, a *Herr Oberregierungsrath*, or a *Geheimer*, must be capitalised so as to double the existing salaries of the title holder." The average Civil Servant would certainly not endorse Dr. Moses' view; rather he would be prepared to argue that the mere fact that he had been given some sort of title showed him to be deserving of a larger pecuniary reward!

There are certainly some reforms in the Civil Service that should be insisted on. One is that there should be some regard for the type of man as well as the quality of brain; a second that Civil Servants should not be allowed to enter into competition with the public which provides them with comfortable billets; a third that the patronage of Ministers in the interests of their private secretaries should be abolished. The manner in which Mr. Lloyd George has found fat berths for men who have enjoyed the distinction of acting as his private secretaries is in accordance with the very worst traditions of pre-democratic times. Mr. George would no doubt retort that he was sacrificing something in parting with such excellent assistants. His devotion to the public weal is, of course, unchallengeable, but we should at least take care that the self-sacrifice so characteristic of ministers of his kidney does not involve wrong to those who have not had the advantage of serving them.

A. W.

In the Learned World

AN entirely new sort of aeroplane or gyropter has been devised by MM. A. Papin and D. Rouilly, which, if it does what is expected of it, will go a long way towards making accidents like that from which the unfortunate Hamel has suffered impossible. It has neither propeller nor tractor like the other models in use, its organ of propulsion being a single wing projecting from the rear of the machine and curved in a way which is said to reproduce the behaviour of the boomerang. The pilot sits in front in a kind of car on the upper side of the machine, mounted in ball-

bearings so as to rotate freely, but otherwise resembling the seat of a monoplane. The engine, which surrounds the pilot's seat, is in effect a turbine, and works apparently by the extremely rapid expulsion of air, which takes place at the rate of 100 metres per second through a flattened tube with an orifice under the posterior end of the wing. In appearance, the machine is said to resemble a violin case; but a still more apt comparison would apparently be one of the seed-pods of the sycamore or plane-tree, which seems to have first given the inventors the idea of it. To this is due its great peculiarity, which is that, if for any reason the engine stops working, the machine, instead of dropping like a stone, flutters quietly to the earth by a gyrating movement like the seed-pods mentioned, and is even then under control and steerable by the "way" given to it by the wind rushing through the air-passage. Its weight is 500 kilogrammes, its spread of wing only 12 metres square, and it is claimed for it that it can rise from the earth directly and alight without the run on bicycle wheels, which is not one of the least dangerous incidents of the ordinary aeroplane's ascent and descent. It is described with illustrations by M. Lucien Fournier in *La Nature* of the 23rd of last month.

The improvements lately effected in the observation of the weather formed the subject of a well-illustrated lecture given to the Royal Societies' Club at the end of last month by Sir John Moore. A great part of the lecture was occupied with a description of the working of the State Meteorological Office, which came in for many compliments. One of its achievements seems to be the substitution of a new system of nomenclature which records barometrical pressure by "millibars" instead of in the old fashion by inches of mercury. That the old system is logically indefensible is true enough, and much contempt was poured upon it in the course of the evening, it being said with some truth that while all students of physics and chemistry are taught the metric system, and even the modification of it known as the centimetre-gramme-second or C.G.S., after an Englishman leaves school or university he never hears of either again, except from technical people. Yet one looks with some mistrust upon new scientific jargon, and Dr. Shaw, the official head of meteorology in this country, who also spoke, confessed to a furtive regard for the Fahrenheit thermometric scale, which he declared gave a unit of measurement easier to manipulate than the Centigrade. Both speakers agreed that the layer of the atmosphere from which our changes of weather really come is the "stratosphere," which begins about 10 kilometres above the earth. Five miles up is rather high for a balloon, whether dirigible or otherwise, to ascend; but, if this view be correct, safe predictions of the weather may have in future to be founded on observations taken of this stratum by one means or another.

It is a commonplace remark that people seem nowadays to make such frequent employment of artificial means of locomotion in the way of automobiles and aeroplanes as to be losing the natural use of their legs. It may be doubted whether we have yet gone

so far in this way as in countries where horses are within the reach of everybody, and foot-brakes and levers give plenty of employment to the feet in nearly all kinds of motor-driven machines. The advocates of ambidexterity sometimes urge that this might be done away with with advantage by our being taught the indifferent use of either hand. Yet it is doubtful whether this would really be advisable. According to Dr. Felix Regnault, the veteran biologist, the left hand does not, as the classical authors said it did, do less work than the right, but only a different kind of work. It is generally used, as appears from figures lately given by him to the Paris Société de Biologie, for actions of long duration which demand static muscular contractions, as opposed to the dynamic contractions of the right hand. Hence, he says, people are generally found carrying burthens (and babies) on the left arm, while the right is kept for clearing away obstacles and delicate acts which require varied and rapid movements. According to him, this is due to a corresponding difference in the brain and nervous centres in man, which has grown up by a long process of evolution. The lower animals, he says, are all ambidextrous, and the fact that man is not so is to be attributed to the division and therefore economy of labour which can be traced in all his organs. There is much to be said for this, but is it really true that the other animals are ambidextrous? Horses and dogs appear generally to "lead off" with the right fore-foot.

M. Marage, who has devoted himself to the scientific side of music, has lately communicated to the Académie des Sciences some investigations made by him into the sensibility of the human ear to certain sounds. Three hundred scholars and professors of the Sorbonne were lately placed at his disposal, to whom was played music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on the piano, clavecin, clavichord, and viola, and they were afterwards asked to write down the physiological impressions received. Slightly more than fifty per cent. failed to do so; but the 142 answers he did receive showed a singular agreement. All received a pleasant impression from the deep sounds of the viola, and a disagreeable one from the sharp notes of the clavecin, an old-fashioned instrument in which metallic strings are "plucked" or pinched by mechanical means. Their appreciation of the piano, the lineal descendant of the clavecin, varied with the player. On the whole, M. Marage is of opinion that sounds are more pleasing the more familiar they are to the hearer, which is borne out by his earlier researches into the use of the telephone, in which he established that each vowel has a particular note which is perceived by the listener with less expenditure of energy than any other. Occupation, too, must have its influence, for while 62 per cent. of those who sent in good answers were professors or students of music, those engaged in literature who did the like numbered only 35 per cent., or 12 per cent. below the scientific. Those who had no acquired knowledge of music gave only 20 per cent. of intelligent answers, but some of these were as high in order of merit as those of any of the professors of the art. F. L.

REVIEWS

An Editor as Essayist

Art and Common Sense. By ROYAL CORTISSOZ.
(Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. CORTISSOZ is, we believe, an editor, and the title of his collection of essays has the charm of the true journalistic quality. It is a delight to read a book promising to set art free from the shibboleths which are always ready to spring up and choke it. But unfortunately the present work will do very little to rid the world of the criterion set up to distinguish the Ephraimites from the Gileadites. Alas, Mr. Cortissoz belongs to the great school of writers which tells us very neatly the few poor things about art which we have long since found out in our own rough way. Books, like oysters, keep secret all the pearls that may or may not be within until their covers have laboriously been set open.

Our first disappointment with Mr. Royal Cortissoz—how alluring a name—was to find that "Art and Common Sense" was the title of the introductory short essay and a very small part of his 450 well-packed pages. Next his opening lines, "There are some impenetrable mysteries about a great work of art," gave us that peculiar pang often felt when a friend to whom we wish to be extremely hospitable begins, as a personal experience, a humorous story with which we have been generally familiar these twenty years. However, the present book was written for Americans, so possibly this phrase may be new to them—this idea about the mysteries of a great work of art.

Everything is a mystery to somebody. We once knew a charming visitor from the United States who wondered what part of the street we called by the name of pavement and why we should wish to make our way there instead of on the sidewalk. But to the all-embracing sympathy of the artistic brain there is a clearness of purpose even in the uttermost mysteries. When young, and inclined to argue about it and about, we read a very beautiful and complicated passage from one of Browning's plays to an even younger person who did not trouble herself about art or literary expression. We did not understand the passage, but she said at once that it was perfectly clear and beautiful to her. She could not tell us the meaning, and yet she was truthful in her appreciation. It was the intensity, the broken energy and passion, the vague, indefinable essence which her sympathetic nature enabled her to envision. There were no mysteries in art or literature for a soul unconsciously cultivated beyond the dreams of pedestrian man.

And thus it is with many great examples of art. We may wish to produce and therefore bother about the technique and ritual of the affair, but if man should chance to create anything good we do not agree with Mr. Cortissoz when he says "Genius itself cannot read the riddle." On the contrary, thousands who know

nothing of the cant phrases of critics and artists, of which the writer justly complains, will leap these barriers of words or points of view and enjoy the masterpiece because some kind fate has given them the power to appreciate, even if they are robbed of the honours of creation.

"Art and Common Sense" is an admirable plea for the release of the public from the superstitions connected with art, but it does not go quite far enough towards the enfranchisement of the public mind. From the first essay Mr. Cortissoz goes on to the consideration of very many masters, old and new. There is a little pilgrimage *à propos* of that, to us, especially attractive artist, Ingres, and there are many weighty sayings and wise views upon Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer of Delft, Chardin, Alfred Stevens and, perhaps, a hundred others, including people so near us as Whistler and Sargent. But these expressions of opinion are not very brilliant nor—at least, in Europe—unknown to the ordinary student of art. Still they are always expressed with a welcome frankness and a cheerful appearance as of one who, returning from inspiring visions, brings glad new tidings to the lovers of beauty and of art.

The chapters on four leaders in American architecture particularly interest us, for, as the author says, that is the art which is most richly vitalised of all in the America of to-day. H. H. Richardson, Richard Morris Hunt, Charles F. McKim and Daniel H. Burnham are the men with whose work he particularly deals, but he does not spare his praise nor his blame to American architecture in general. The author is just and acute in all his criticisms of these men; for example, he says of Richardson, whose work was, we think, first seen late in the sixties of the last century: "He cleansed taste. . . His energy reached far. He communicated precious elements of life to a movement needing just the burly impetus that he was qualified to give it. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that he encouraged exoticism, redundancy, and an inexpressive, florid kind of swagger, at a time when the one thing we needed was discipline." In this direct and lively way Mr. Cortissoz deals with each of the men who were working when, as he says, architecture was more important than any other human interest. Happy nation that can thus set aside the thousand calls of its population so that an art may receive its full measure of consideration, happy author who can write with such confidence of past problems: "I was there in my youth, and I know." Ah, if youth but knew in England, what a proud city London might be.

Dr. Montessori is proposing to visit England in October in order to give a series of lectures and a short course with practical demonstrations for parents and teachers. This course will be designed to throw further light on the Montessori Method, particularly with relation to its employment in this country; and prospective students and others interested should apply to C. A. Bang, 20, Bedford Street, Strand, London, for further particulars.

"Lady in Waiting to Marie Antoinette and Confidante of Napoleon"

The Celebrated Madame Campan. By VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU. (Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net.)

"HORTENSE has a beautiful disposition; we understand one another so perfectly," were almost the last words of that survivor of hundreds of wrecked fortunes, Madame Campan. It was because she could see the beauty in the disposition of many such people as the Queen of Holland, and because her quick and sympathetic nature enabled her to understand perfectly so many of her friends and pupils, that she has become one of the most interesting figures in French social history. In her wonderful and useful career are interwoven the symbolic bees of Napoleon and the Bourbon lilies of France—both stained with the blood of the revolution and of—as it now seems—useless wars.

Long before we begin Miss Violette Montagu's well-arranged and admirably clear account of Madame Campan we are interested in her, but all is newly set forth with skill and leisure, from the birth of Henriette Genist and her acquaintance with the *roi bien-aimé* until the last line is penned and this remarkable woman lies, in 1822, at peace at last in the cemetery at Mantes.

The intention of the author of this book has been, as she says, "to present a faithful picture of the France of the *Œil de Bœuf* and of that greater France when no education was considered complete without a sojourn in Paris, that Parnassus whither Napoleon, the master mind, invited the world's most gifted artists, musicians, *littérateurs*, scientists and thinkers." This is a bold undertaking, but one for which Miss Montagu would be perfectly fitted but for an occasional efflorescence of style and a slight inclination to wander from the matter in hand. But as her more direct work, "Eugène de Beauharnais," proved, she knows the vast numbers of *mémoires* of the period perfectly, and is completely at ease in later eighteenth and early nineteenth century France.

While dealing with the fortunes of her heroine, all the hurrying, pushing, palpitating world of Louis XV, Louis XVI, of the Revolution, of the Napoleonic era and the confused time that followed, are laid before us.

How low men were, and how they rise,
How high they were, and how they tumble,
O vanity of vanities,
O laughable, pathetic jumble!

That is the sort of picture one sees once more in Miss Montagu's interesting pages. It is true that much has been told to us before; almost all the characters are historical; but the author endows them with new life and adds a thousand little touches, gathered from wide reading or personal observation, which make her story of *Maman Campan*—for she was a mother to all the great or would-be great ladies of the Empire—fresh and delightful. The reader of to-day need not trouble himself about the rather heavy and at the same time elusive

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MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

volumes of "Memoirs" which Madame left us; for Miss Montagu has adjusted the stilted style to modern taste.

The first part of the volume dealing with the Court of Marie Antoinette is to some extent Madame Campan's own work, wisely edited and assisted by much knowledge gleaned from other and equally useful sources. The second part, which the author calls "The Governess of the Bonapartes," is founded on some of the correspondence between Madame Campan and the mother of Napoleon III, who was, of course, under her care as Hortense de Beauharnais, and among all her beloved pupils the most beloved.

The Fates may not have allowed all the girls who were brought up by Madame Campan to prove later very kind or very clever, but the governess at least saw that their minds and bodies were perfectly healthy while she could influence them, and her carefully thought out methods certainly produced many capable, witty women and caused a tradition of wise education to flourish in France even until to-day. Madame herself came of a family famous during generations for their taste for hard work and common sense, for caution and in some cases coldness. But the fine flower of their race, the Henriette of the present volume, combined much knowledge of men and things with wide sympathy, and much warmth of character with wisdom which was both lively and discreet.

From the days when, a child *lectrice*, she entered the Court of Louis XV as the companion of his daughters, to the very end, she held in her heart the spirit of a devoted and unselfish mother, and although her own marriage—made by her parents, of course—was unhappy, she never failed to make lighter the burdens which others had to bear. At fourteen, Miss Montagu says, her heroine was in danger of becoming a blue-stocking, for she was quick and clever and made much of by the various masters of the arts of the day. Albanesi, the most fashionable of singing masters, taught her the melodies of the alluring Lully, while Goldoni himself made her familiar with Italian.

The little picture of her as she comes into prominence shows that the blue-stocking period was soon over. Miss Montagu pictures her entering the great world "wearing a long train, her slender figure enclosed in stiff stays and voluminous panniers, with her little tear-stained face besmirched with rouge and powder." Her father had given her many wise warnings. "Whenever you receive flattering attentions," he said, "you will gain an enemy." Of flattery and enemies Madame Campan had her fair share as the years passed; but her head was always cool and her heart true and sound, and thus she survived—the friend of humanity—through so many and such various periods of Court life. Her character and her surroundings make her a particularly interesting subject for such a volume as Miss Montagu gives us. It is the life of a wise and sympathetic woman written by another—and such an alliance will always make a delightful book.

The Elements of Religious Science

Introduction à l'Histoire des Religions. Par RENÉ DUSSAUD. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

"APAISEMENT," word of Mesopotamian balm, has now breathed its healing influence over the land of France for a decade or more. It began with religious politics; it is now extending its operations to the sphere of religious science. We do not suppose that the extremists of any cause will ever disarm because they find there is nothing to fight about, and we know that the first echoes of the word of peace made the political anti-clericals fiercer than ever, but we are sure that a book like this must be, through its candour, fairness and good faith, an influence for good. "The calm and sincerity," says M. Dussaud, "with which research into the history of religion is pursued nowadays may rank among the most remarkable results in the evolution of ideas during the last thirty or forty years." There may be shocks for the novice at this particular branch of study, and we suspect there are many bones to be picked with the experts, but the good intentions are well carried out, and a sound introduction to religious history is offered to the general reader.

We believe it is one of the first attempts that has been made in France at a preliminary sketch of the general problem. Primers of religious science abound in the English language, and of course there are thousands of works in all languages dealing with various branches of the subject. The book is controversial enough, as a book on religious origins could hardly fail to be, but, as the author remarks, "il ne faut pas s'exagérer la diversité des opinions." Disputes about animism, for instance, as often as not are mere exercises in word-chopping.

We will quote, without discussing, M. Dussaud's definition of religion. It takes centuries to elaborate a definition, and it takes an expert ten minutes, at most, to pick a hole in it. This definition, given by way of conclusion, is as follows:—"Une religion est constituée par un ensemble organisé de croyances et de rites qui se propose d'accroître et de perpétuer le principe de vie de l'individu, du groupe et de la nature." This is given as "une définition minima." The important words in it are "le principe de vie," for, on the notion contained in those words, M. Dussaud has erected his whole system. That most essential phenomenon of religion, sacrifice, is viewed solely as an instrument for the nourishment and perpetuation of the principle of life. It is shown that, at various times and places, "no distinction was made between the principle of life of the plants and that of the animals," and that "in the Homeric poems the sole essential difference between men and gods was that the former, being endowed with a purer and more powerful principle of life, are immortal and consequently happy."

Among the headings of chapters we will note "Naturisme, Animisme, Préanimisme," "l'Ame," "Le Sanctuaire et son Organisation," "Le Sacrifice" (2 chapters), "La Prière," "Les Morts et leur Culte."

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE ACADEMY

13th JUNE, 1914

On Words as Fossil History

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG

THOUGH England, as compared with France and still more with Germany, is deficient in the science of philology, yet we possess in English a store of good works on the philology of our own language, such as those by the late Professors Sweet and Skeat and by that popular work "The Romance of Words," by Professor Weekley. But there is still room for a work which shall deal adequately with the science of semantics or semasiology; a knowledge of the steps whereby words change their meaning. It were to be wished that a competent English scholar would produce for us a book on the model of Darmesteter's "Life of Words," written for the benefit of French pupils. One of the most interesting qualities of words is that they are in many cases merely stratified history, and few more interesting tasks can be proposed to the scholar than to track the changing meanings back to their source. Some of the acutest word-craft in this direction has been displayed by the late Professor Jhering in his "Vorgeschichte der Indo-Europäer," in which he goes back to sources far preceding in antiquity those commonly tapped by philologists. His assumption is that many words still exist which point to the habits and customs of our Aryan forefathers, whom he supposes to have migrated in huge masses westward, to have taken perhaps hundreds of years in their migrations, and to have left traces in the language of the nations who successively hived off from the parent stock, of the state of civilisation at which they had arrived. He, as an expert in Roman law, looks naturally for his proofs in the Latin language, but it is clear that even in modern languages many words and metaphors exist which carry us back to prehistoric times.

It is agreed by all that the examination of any language must help us to form an idea of the civilisation at the epoch when that language was spoken: thus we know that the Romans were an agricultural people from words like "emolumentum"—payment of the miller's money—an emolument; "salarium"—the quantity of salt given to a labourer for his services—our "salary"; "lira"—a furrow; "delirare"—to go out of the furrow—hence to become delirious. Jhering gathers, from a comparison of the Indo-European languages, that it was not till they had settled down after their migration that the Romans became an agri-

cultural people: there are many words in Latin which seem to show that during the migration they were purely pastoral, and that recollections of many of their habits are embedded in words still existing in Latin. These words had been by the Latins usually associated with religion; but, as a matter of fact, in their origin they were descriptive of nothing but the habits of a primitive people, and were in no way connected with religion. Many words and customs connected with Roman law may be explained in the same way. For instance, the word "nexum" is an obligation incurred by a debtor: the creditor had the right to keep the debtor for sixty days in chains, during which time he publicly exposed his debtor on three "nundinæ," in the hope that some person might release the prisoner by paying his debt. Thus "nexum"—"nectere"—and "obligatio"—"obligare" (to tie up)—express quite simply and literally the fastening up of the debtor in some public place; and "solvere"—to pay a debt—meant, in the first instance, literally to unloose. So that our words "solvent," "obligation," "attachment for" debt, have a far-reaching history.

"To strike a bargain" recalls the Latin "fœdus ferire," because a victim was struck down on the occasion of making a treaty. Our word "stipend" is from "stips," an ear of corn, and refers to the method of payment among a primitive people. The derivation of the word "pontifex" has been disputed, but it seems probable that its original meaning was the bridge-builders, the earliest and most important engineers among the primitive nations, and it is interesting to notice that the Roman "pons sublicius" was built entirely of wood and fastened solely by wooden clamps; it would seem in memory of the simple wooden bridges of prehistoric times, when the Aryans were traversing Asia at the time of the great migration. "Flamen" (the dean of a Roman temple) meant originally the blower or kindler of a sacrifice. Our word "arable" is from "arare," to plough: but the Sanskrit has retained the primitive meaning of the root (which merely meant to divide) in "aritra," a rudder, and "aritar," a steerer. But the fact that this expression is common to all the daughter Aryan languages in the sense of ploughing shows that they knew the use of the plough before the separation. Our word "letters" ("literæ") comes from a root "li," seen in "linea," and means originally smears or marks, daubed probably on to cattle. "Scribere," to scrape, takes us to a later date, like "write" and German "ritzen," when the method of record was scratching

words on stone. Our word "pecuniary," like "fee," takes us back to the time when exchange and barter were made by means of cattle. "Mint" and the German "münze" take us back to Roman times, when the Roman treasury was attached to the temple of Moneta, the goddess-counsellor. The word "classic" has its origin in the Servian census, where the "classici" are those who have wealth and position in contrast to the "proletarii," who are not worth consideration. We know that our words "auspices" and "augury" descend from the Latin "auspicium" and "augurium" respectively, and are compounds of "avis," a bird.

But the history of these words, according to modern scholars, can be traced further back than Roman times, viz., to the epoch of the great Aryan migration, when long strings of migratory birds, flying from their winter to their summer quarters, indicated to the wandering Aryans their proper route. "Conjugal" with us conjures up the vision of a comfortable couple more or less happily enduring the marriage yoke, "jugum": it is probable that the original meaning of "conjux" was a person who really and truly shared the yoke of the plough, when the two had to drag the plough over their scanty acres in prehistoric times. A curious reminiscence of those days seems to linger in the Roman formula, "ubi ego Gaius, tu Gaia"—where we are expressly told by a Roman grammarian that the word "Gaius" means originally a ploughing ox.

Sometimes our words and metaphors bring us reminiscences of some pursuit which was once popular, but has now fallen into disuse, like archery and falconry. The names Bowyer and Fletcher (fléchier) are examples of the former: perhaps the most singular instance of the reminiscences of the latter is to be found in to "punch" a ticket—merely a variant of "pounce"; this word is a technical one of the goldsmith's trade, meaning to stamp patterns on metal work. But the word "pounce" is properly applied to the talons of a hawk, and probably is ultimately derived from a Latin form, "punctiare." Shakespeare's "seeling" night comes from the expression "siller le faucon," to sew up its eyelids (cils) in order to prevent it from seeing, and by this method to tame it: "haggard" and "lure" and "allure" are other words taken from the technique of falconry. A most singular word from ornithology is found in the word "dupe," a corruption of "hoopoe," which bird, like the cuckoo, was supposed to be singularly stupid. The French word "trueie" takes us back to a Roman pleantry; the Romans were very fond of roast pork, and one of their favourite dishes was a sucking pig, into whose interior small live birds were inserted by way of joke; so the sow was surnamed Troja, in allusion to the Trojan horse. The word "gêne" goes back to "gehenna"; and one of the most interesting of recent statements is that the word "apple" means the fruit from Abella.

A collection of Mrs. Meynell's Essays will be issued this week by Messrs. Burns and Oates. This volume will be uniform with Mrs. Meynell's "Collected Poetry."

An Essay for Parents*

THESE is an old, and constant, contention between schoolmasters and parents: the former complain of the material entrusted to them, the latter of the neglect or misdirection of their children. Dr. Lyttelton's excellent little book naturally takes the point of view of the schoolmaster. He has, by virtue of his career and office, had enormous experience of young boys as they enter a large school, straight from home or from preparatory schools, and he has evidently used his powers of observation to some purpose. To the supposition, sometimes entertained, that the school is stronger than the home, and that the schoolmaster ought to set right all the erroneous ideas of a child, he replies that the law of nature is the influence of the home, that the normal outcome of education is the outcome of the home, and that as a rule the school cannot foster what the home has neglected to plant. In formulating his conclusions as to school-life, his main contentions are that it has certain characteristics which cannot be changed, and that, unless higher principles are instilled at home from the beginning, the ideals of boyhood "cannot be expected to rise above the teaching of public opinion, which very seldom demands anything more than a prudent and pleasing selfishness."

Dr. Lyttelton's essay on the home-training of children involves an examination of the natures of boys in general and of particular cases; of their characteristics and dispositions, such as a tendency to yield to inclination, a desire to interpret life, a faculty for so doing according to the facts presented, a tendency to give a primary place to those presented by the parents. He traces, also, a boy's development according to the choice of his egoism, and the tendency to look to public opinion, or propriety, or "the right thing." It may be accepted that inclination is paramount and that rationality cannot be assumed in children. A special merit of the book is its searching examination of the home-training generally provided and of its shortcomings. "Can anything more definite be said than that the parents have to live as nearly as they can in conformity with the Christian ideal?" Dr. Lyttelton is severe on the mere profession of Christian beliefs combined with conventionalism, insincerity, and reticence in practice: he points out in some detail what may be regarded as essential for the planting of the idea of God and of the Divine Presence in the children's minds. As early training is, in his opinion, the dominating influence in character building, the lesson for parents is clear enough—the inculcation and practice of a thoroughly Christian life—and many an English home will be brightened by serious attention to the valuable advice so firmly and pleasantly offered to parents in general.

* *The Corner-Stone of Education.* By EDWARD LYTTELTON, D.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

REVIEWS

The Academist at Large

The Inner Life of the Royal Academy. By GEORGE DUNLOP LESLIE, R.A. Illustrated. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

ALTHOUGH not very lively, nor witty, nor wise, there are kindness, an immense quantity of information and many matters of interest in Mr. Leslie's memories of some seventy years' connection with the Royal Academy.

His own delight in everything connected with the institution and his pleasant, casual style of writing about the things he knows so well engages our attention at once, and we enter upon the stout volume of some three hundred pages with infinite pleasure, and finish it with the regret one feels at an abrupt termination of a conversation with a friend. One fault, however, we are inclined to mention: the volume is by no means well illustrated. There are rather commonplace reproductions of photographs of past Presidents, such as Millais and Leighton; and some sketches, we believe, already published, and certainly badly drawn, by Richard Doyle; also a few scraps and rough drawings of no importance. Mr. Leslie might have made this part of his book far more interesting and beautiful; but in regard to that which he writes he gives us of his best.

One of those curious people who send letters to the papers was once supposed to have said: "I have heard the cuckoo thus early in the year, but the point of my writing is not that the cuckoo has been heard, but that I have heard it." So with "The Inner Life of the Royal Academy." Although utterly without vanity, it is the author's observations that are important rather than the mere doings of the excellent corporation of artists now so comfortably placed in Burlington House. It is Mr. Leslie's point of view with regard to older artists—of the present members of the R.A. it would be undignified to say anything—and his stories of his own young days, and those of his father before him, which give peculiar point to these pages. He is rich in reminiscences of long-past Academy dinners, at one of which Mr. Leslie was mistaken by the then Lord Dufferin for the King of the Belgians. The author adds, with characteristic Royal Academy caution, that the late King was not then so notorious as he afterwards became. He also gives us his opinions on the various things or people, calling them "the natural enemies of the Academy." In this connection he is sometimes mistaken, but when fully informed he is perfectly fair.

"Eulogistic criticisms in the newspapers may sometimes be very advantageous," he says, "to a young beginner in the profession by bringing him into notice; defamatory ones, on the other hand, I think, do but little harm to any artist who has already obtained a fair amount of reputation for his works." That is not

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(June 18th.)

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very original, but, doubtless, quite true. Sir Francis Grant, of other days, was more decidedly against the impertinence of people who write. The author tells us that he spoke of the remarks of the newspapers as the ephemeridæ bred in stagnant pools, dying on the day of their birth. These seem rather harsh words to apply even to the work of journalists, but we do not suppose that anybody feels these and other shafts particularly. Newspaper people may not be so gifted as the general run of R.A.'s; still, as a rule, they have been through the fire of life, and, although not creators, are often sound students of the arts they attempt to make interesting to the public at large, who, truth to tell, read their articles with avidity.

But Mr. Leslie's point of view is mid-Victorian and pleasant and honest; ours belong to the present time, with all its faults and freedoms and victories. Then, there are passages in the book completely foreign to us both in phase of thought and phraseology. For example, Mr. Leslie's ideas on fun in the schools, and later among the forty, seem to us banal; whereas his statement that on the one occasion when he went among the critics, by mistake, on a Press day and found that they "looked harmless enough, were very quiet, and scarcely ever spoke to one another," shows a delightful detachment from the world at large, which may or may not be of infinite benefit to the maker of such pictorial masterpieces as Mr. Leslie has given us for a good many years past. Even this season, after having helped Turner at the Academy on varnishing day, some seventy years ago—when he often made his pictures kill all those that had the misfortune of hanging near by—this veteran of Burlington House has on the walls a picture, "At the Well," which has been admired.

After all these years he is blithe and fresh of heart, generous to the memory of many men in his particular circle who could not have been greatly in sympathy with him, and warm, indeed, in regard to those who in an easier and happier period of England's history than ours he loved and admired. Thus a truly agreeable book of old memories and far-off ideals is placed before us; full of happy recollections for the older generation and of interest for the people of to-day. Never was a writer on his art less free from self-appreciation or more generous to those he does not, perhaps, completely understand.

You may remember the old saying in Japan of which Okakura-Kakuzo tells "that a woman cannot love a man who is truly vain, for there is no crevice in his heart for love to enter and fill up. In art," that writer adds, "vanity is equally fatal to sympathetic feeling, whether on the part of the artist or the public." Mr. Leslie's kind and often informing pages prove that in him and in his day the note of vanity was never unduly forced, and the result is an atmosphere of geniality, of love, and of beauty in the accomplishment and even in the pursuit of art, feelings which we hope may last throughout our time, as they have done during the days of the author of "The Inner Life."

EGAN MEW.

A Turning Point in English History

The Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History. By J. F. TOUT, M.A., F.B.A. (Sherratt and Hughes. 10s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR TOUT'S monograph on this short but turbulent period of our history is based upon the Ford Lectures he delivered last year at the University of Oxford, but they have been rearranged and considerably expanded. The additions consist of a large number of notes, two long appendices, and the greater part of the last two chapters, in which the dealings of Pope Clement V with Gascony and the whole genesis of the compulsory staple system are related at considerable length. In the course of his researches, which have extended over several years, the author became impressed with the exceptional importance of the reign of Edward II in the history of administrative development in England, and notably as the point in which the marked differentiation of what he roughly terms "Court administration" and "National administration" first became accentuated.

There is little fresh to be said as to the personal deficiencies of the ill-fated Edward of Carnarvon, whom Stubbs has described as the first King after the Norman Conquest who was "not a man of business well acquainted with the routine of government." According to the chroniclers he was a strong, handsome, weak-willed and frivolous monarch who cared neither for battles nor tournaments, politics nor business. He had no other wish than to amuse himself, which he did in the company of such adventurers as Peter of Gaveston, the Gascon, and other upstart courtiers, while systematically avoiding the society of his nobles, the magnates of the land. The latter, who could approve the King's drinking and gambling and other dissipations, found it hard to understand that he should affect such "ignoble sports" as racing, rowing, driving, play-acting, farming, smith's work, thatching, digging, and similar "mechanic arts." Such things were taboo to mediæval gentlemen. To-day, these innocent recreations may be indulged in by the highest in the land. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* With all this Edward II was by no means lacking in courage, though most writers suggest he was no better than a coward. The St. Albans chronicler, John de Trokelowe, describes in vivid language how the king, roused by the spectacle of his friends' slaughter at Bannockburn, rushed, like a lioness bereft of her cubs, on the victorious Scots and drained the life blood of his enemies with his glittering sword until his escort dragged him against his will to a place of safety.

Great administrative changes were a special feature of the reign of Edward II; reforms and readjustments were going on, more or less, all through the twenty years it lasted. Even during the worst period the general machinery of administration went on much as usual. The judges went on circuit, or sat at the courts at Westminster or York, just as regularly, and worked through their lists just as carefully, as if the country

had not been in a frequent state of civil war. Despite times of trouble and distress, there is evidence of the normal course of public business in the proceedings of the general eyre of Kent, when five justices sat at Canterbury for the whole year preceding Bannockburn, and heard all manner of pleas, alike on Sundays and weekdays, taking only a short holiday in August. The worst times were the four successive black years 1314 to 1317 inclusive, when there were cold, rain, flood, famine, and pestilence, involving such mortality as had not been seen for a century. In 1318, however, there came a rapid improvement. The bushel of wheat, which in the previous years had sold for 3s. 4d., could now be easily secured for sixpence. There were more favourable seasons, less fighting, and wiser government. The revenue began once more to yield better results, and of great significance for the period was the growth of an English capitalist class, which was able to compete with the Italian bankers for royal favours and commercial privileges. The foreign staple was abolished, and English staples established; and encouragement was given to the manufacture of cloth in England.

A sign that Edward's reign was not altogether unprosperous is to be seen in the remarkable number of pious foundations for the maintenance of religion and the advancement of learning. A bull of Clement V had, in 1312, established the short-lived mediæval Irish University at Dublin; and in 1318 John XXII granted one which formally founded the University of Cambridge. Collegiate foundations were numerous during these twenty years at the two English universities, the King and his ministers setting the example. The same period saw the establishment of the practice of regarding only those parliaments as true parliaments which contained representatives of the commons—the shires, boroughs, and lower clergy. The reign of Edward II was also a turning-point in military history, since it witnessed the critical stages of the transition from the fashion of fighting under Edward I to the English military system of the Hundred Years' War. Professor Tout's learned, impartial and exhaustive work is a valuable addition to the history of a period which has been much misrepresented and inadequately dealt with.

The French Cream Jug

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

THERE is a well-known French expression, "L'Assiette au Beurre," which Mr. John Raphael calls "The Cream Jug," the sweets and emoluments of office, which is "dipped into very freely by members of all parties who have access to it in every French Parliament":—

The principal vice of the government of France, to my mind, is the *payment of deputies*. The class of man is growing in France who serves his country because his country pays him six hundred pounds a year to do so, and because there are plenty of pickings over and above the annual stipend—such as free railway

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travelling on the nationalised railways, free stationery, and countless other similar things.

This is a brilliant and fascinating story* of the affair Caillaux told by an English journalist who has made his home in Paris for many years and has an insight into French feeling that few Englishmen obtain, or, if they do, can make clear to English readers. His stories and studies of Parisian life and French character in all classes are familiar to readers of the various London papers he has represented with so much ability and fairness.

Anyone who wishes to understand French politics at the present day, or desires to have explained in everyday terms the procedure adopted in the French criminal courts, in order to follow the forthcoming trial of Madame Caillaux, should buy the book, which tells the whole story without bias. Of course, as the author says, if the wife of the most powerful member of the British Government shot the editor of the *Times*, both he and his publisher would be sent to prison for publishing such a book; but in France, he explains, it is different. The French welcome discussion when a trial is pending, and even the magistrate at the close of each day himself sends a summary of the evidence of every witness to the Press. Mr. Raphael boldly suggests that the event may be compared to the shooting of the editor of one of our great morning newspapers by the wife of a prominent member of the Government; but it is impossible to get absolute parallels, simply because all our institutions are so different. The *Figaro*, for instance, is not a bit like the *Times*. However, let us follow Mr. Raphael's plan and try to picture the sensation which would occur in England if the following events occurred.

Imagine a man, whom I will call X, who had risen from a humble to a great position in English politics; who had become rich, it is alleged, by dubious means, and politically powerful; who had a bad temper and an unfortunate turn for epigrams which stuck, and who had made enemies. Imagine X occupying various positions in the State—including that of Prime Minister, and having a hand in most of the political events of the last few years. Imagine a popular journalist like the late Mr. Stead when he was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or Labouchere, whom I will call Y, had convinced himself, rightly or wrongly, that X was a corrupt person and a danger to the State. Imagine that Y attacked X in his paper and accused him of various financial and political crimes; that X had helped financial adventurers for his own pecuniary advantage; that, while Finance Minister, he had

* *The Caillaux Drama*. By JOHN N. RAPHAEL. (Max Goschen. 16s. net.)

allowed "wild-cat" companies to be quoted on the London Stock Exchange; and finally, when the French Whitaker Wright, or Jabez Balfour, or Hooley, whom I will call Z, had been brought to trial, had compelled the Judge of the Court to postpone his trial for a year because Z had X in his power. Imagine, further, that the unfortunate X was also accused of nearly bringing about a war with a powerful neighbour, and of being outclassed in diplomacy, so much so that a telegram passed between the foreign Government and its embassy in London to this effect: "Do not waste time in discussion with A or B. We can get more out of X"—and that this telegram was in possession of Y.

In addition to this, consider the domestic position of X. He had married the divorced wife of another statesman, and, *when married*, had carried on a flirtation and a secret correspondence with the wife of another man, couched in endearing terms.

Now imagine that Y, the editor of the newspaper, had also got hold of some letters from X to the second lady, which they believed had been burnt. It is true these were twelve years old, and that in the meantime X had divorced his first wife and married the lady; but they contained statements showing that, while pretending to be the champion of a certain policy, he, X, had secretly done everything in his power "to crush it"—and said so! After a series of attacks which Y had relentlessly carried on for many months from day to day, he suddenly published one of these private letters in facsimile, and showed that he possessed others equally damaging. X says he "will smash the editor's face in"; the wife decides to save him the trouble and stop further publication, buys a pistol one day, waits six hours in the office of the paper, and then shoots Y in the editor's room.

She now declares she did not mean to kill him, but only "to give him a lesson"; and, to do her justice, there is a great deal of evidence in favour of this view. There are many details, but that is the story roughly told in English. Mr. Raphael describes the sensation it caused in Paris—how it emptied the theatres that night, and how a crowd gathered round the police-station and would probably have murdered X if they had got hold of him when he went to see his wife.

Madame Caillaux's life in prison awaiting trial is described in detail; we are told how her husband, the X of my imaginary English Minister, resigned office, sought re-election, and how and why he came to be re-elected. We have a description of the extraordinary way in which the judge who tries the prisoner in the first instance examines the prisoner and the witnesses, acting the part of prosecutor and judge at the same time. The hearsay evidence he accepts, and the comments of the Press on everything that is said and done from day to day. We see how two parties arise—those for and those against the prisoner—and how politicians and newspapers join in the fray, and people volunteer evidence which would not convict a dog in England.

All this is very clearly described; it is told in a detached manner and without bias; in fact, the dexterous way the writer manages to present the case without

showing where his sympathy lies is one of the triumphs of this clever book. It is a book which gives one much pause for thought; it shows how things have progressed in France after forty-three years' trial of the Third Republic. We may shrug our shoulders and say we manage things better in England, and preen ourselves on our superior virtue, but it also points out how things have drifted and how the evils that have arisen in French politics may spring up here. The quotation at the head of the article is one of the most significant statements in the book; we, too, have our "cream jug."

Our Government have not yet dared to tamper with the independence of our judges; but in recent Acts of Parliament, such as the Insurance Act, they have appointed umpires and other officials whose decision is final and conclusive—*i.e.*, the jurisdiction of the law courts is excluded. This is the tendency of modern English legislation; I could enlarge on the subject at length, but this is not the place to do it. This book, however, clearly shows whither Socialism has led our neighbours—to a false expediency which allows men in the position of Prime Minister, of judge, of public prosecutor, to tamper with fact, to mislead, and to lie in the belief that they "have the right" to do so.

The Dryness of Travel Books

BY F. G. AFLALO.

IS there any other form of literature so elusive for both writer and reader as the narration of travels in far lands? Whereas the output of such works is very great, only a very slender minority have any claim to more than ephemeral appreciation, and there is, in fact, no stage on which the author finds it more difficult to win his audience, which is necessarily out of touch with his restless temperament and wandering instincts. If he should tell the bare truth he is voted commonplace. Should he make the most of his meagre adventures, embroidering the everyday happenings with emotional digression that, short of absolute falsehood, magnifies the reality, he is straightway condemned as a liar, accused of claiming the discovery of rivers known to his predecessors and of recounting adventures that exist only in an inflammable imagination, fired by publishers with an eye to sales.

Realisation of this dilemma does not come to those who sit at home in comfortable armchairs. All that they can be dimly aware of is the ever-baffling choice between the dry-as-dust extracts from a diary and the more attractive approximation to the naked truth supplied by memory; or, as Arthur Young, most unpractical of farmers, but also most delightful of travellers, has it, between writing of the journey for itself, or merely of its results. Even of this obvious alternative proper appreciation can be won only in the wilds, where the lonely traveller, under contract to publish the story of his wanderings, realises painfully, as he sits of an evening outside his tent, while his natives are cooking his meal, drawing water, hewing wood,

and piling up the camp-fire against surprises by wild beasts, that yet another day has gone without furnishing a single episode worth the telling to those who read only for the sake of excitement. He sees himself, in short, in the unenviable position of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, when she found that her letters home were no longer welcome because she "would not lie like other travellers."

As a matter of everyday experience, travel, even in the wilds, tends towards the commonplace, and adventure comes, if at all, to those who seek it. I recently went through portions of the forest of Uganda and into the lonely highlands overlooking the Rift Valley with no firearm more formidable than a twelve-bore and a pocket pistol. Residents in those countries warned me of the folly of going without some sort of rifle into regions infested with leopard, lion, elephant and rhinoceros, and tourists envied what they described as my probable good luck in meeting with some, if not all, of these beasts, a boon which I discounted heavily, my purpose being to catch fish and not to provide sensation. It is not to be denied that I came upon the spoor of all of the quartette, but not one creature did I actually see or hear greater than baboons, hyenas and warthogs, with none of which could even he of La Mancha have contrived perilous encounter. When a peaceful angler returns safe and sound from the back of beyond, only to find his friends unfeignedly disappointed by his lack of adventure, the only construction that he can reasonably put upon their attitude may not be flattering to himself, but it certainly explains the demand for sensational travel stories. The lack of their supply must be accounted for on other grounds.

It will at once be obvious that the promise of thrills in any book of travel may be approximately estimated from the longitude of its theme. Neither New Zealand nor the Black Forest, both the subjects of excellent books during the present season, would be expected to provide hair-raising adventure, since the whole milieu of the German summer resort is homely and secure, and the land of the Maori does not, if we leave out of account its imported deer, support any land animal more formidable than a rat. The headwaters of the Amazons, on the other hand, would, particularly in view of Colonel Roosevelt's harrowing experiences, suggest unlimited possibilities of high adventure, and another new volume of recent appearance is not likely to disappoint those in search of it.

If the drab veracity of modern writers of travel is already checked by wireless telegraphy, the vogue of the photograph, which rests chiefly on its cheapness as compared with the work of artists, is another influence which tends to eliminate romance. No longer are we held spellbound by graphic representation of the death-struggles of lions and elephants such as embellished the books of our boyhood; and this is better so, since the fortunately few attempts to photograph the last moments of moribund game have roused the well-merited indignation of a public never, even in its most morbid moments, very tolerant of wanton and avoid-

able cruelty. As a result, we are shown nothing more discomposing than the prone elephant, with, at its worst, the sportsman standing proudly at gaze, one foot planted on its head in the self-satisfied attitude of a Roman Emperor enjoying his Triumph. No one of discrimination would pretend that this cold and lifeless panorama of dead beasts and fat Nimrods is comparable to the now obsolete pictures that pleased an earlier generation, when more or less competent artists strove, with the aid of rough sketches or other available information, to give a semblance of reality to selected episodes; but the new order of illustration is, at least, more in accordance with the solemn repression of modern writers who, for fear of being lampooned as kinsmen of Munchausen, go to the opposite extreme of retrospect so bare as even the most hectoring silk would find himself unable to upset in the smallest particular. Such care for nothing but the truth, while infinitely creditable to the writer's honesty of purpose, makes the majority of present-day travel books about as interesting and attractive reading as the *London Gazette*. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the art of enlivening such literature with reflection and digression, such as crowd on the impressionable mind of the exile in tropical moonlight or the silence of the jungle, is as dead as that of oratory in the House of Commons. The reason is the same. There is no more demand for either, and the narrative, like the speech, must, unless in exceptionally privileged hands, be as arid as the desert in summer-time.

The Spirit of Japanese Poetry. By YONE NOGUCHI.
(John Murray. 2s. net.)

IN the "Wisdom of the East" series many interesting volumes have appeared, but few will be found of more appeal to literary readers than this little book on a style of poetry which is far removed from the work of our own great poets. It might justly be said that the Japanese poem depends more upon what state of mind the reader brings to it than upon any startling or beautiful effect in the work itself. Take, for example, one "very famous Hokku," translated thus:

The old pond !
A frog leapt into—
List, the water sound !

One's first impulse is to laugh at the notion of such a trifle, a mere word-splash, being an immortal poem; and in truth it may be doubted whether our Western sense, accustomed to rhyme and rhythm and the music of Shelley, Keats, Arnold, Swinburne, will ever welcome heartily these exercises in concentration and suggestion. "But," says Mr. Noguchi, "when the Japanese mind turns it into high poetry, it is because it draws at once a picture of an autumnal desolation reigning on an ancient temple pond whose world-old silence is now broken by a leaping frog. . . . Each reader can become a creator of the poem by his own understanding as if he had written it himself." And we begin to see, faintly, that a certain mystical beauty lurks in the three

brief lines; that it is not such a "trifle" as at first sight we thought; and that it is not wise to judge hastily an art that moves in ways different from our own.

The author's chapters are full of suggestive remarks. He notes that in his own country "the best poetry was produced in the age when publication was most difficult," and urges poets to be less eager to appear in print—a counsel of perfection. While versifiers can bring out neat little books by merely paying for publication—one in a hundred, perhaps, being the true poet whom we cannot blame—the temptations are too great. Mr. Noguchi impresses upon poets the value of extreme concentration, but at times we feel that he has not sufficiently grasped the beauty—as distinct from the sense—of English poetry. For this none may blame him, any more than we may be reproached for missing the full significance of his Japanese measures; he is rather to be congratulated on having so far mastered a language strange in character and construction as to give us good original work in it.

The book treats of other matters—of the famous "No" play; of the significance of what we might in Carlyle's words term "Æsthetic Tea"; and gives plentiful information regarding the most noted Japanese poets. Literary criticism, perhaps, is not Mr. Noguchi's strong point, but his allusions to our own poets are occasionally illuminating, and his pleasant talk of his own land we take as a real contribution to knowledge.

A Book about Authors. By A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.
(A. and C. Black. 10s.)

How many years ago was it we used to read and enjoy the stories of Mr. "Ascot R. Hope" in the *Boys' Own Paper*? We hardly care to say; but at any rate it is a pleasure to have here his reminiscences and confessions—the story of his life among books and papers. It is one of the best, gentlest, and most fascinating stories imaginable. Mr. Moncrieff freely admits that he is not among the great writers, and we like him all the better for the entire absence of conceit in his pages. He withdrew some of his early books from publication, "recognising their insipidity," and yet has to his credit about two hundred volumes "at all prices from pennies to pounds," many of which have been translated into several languages.

The book which here sets the coping-stone upon his edifice treats of authors from many points of view. We have a fine, fanciful "History of the Author" to begin with; sections treating of the "Anatomy of Authors" and "The Author's Apprenticeship"; and chapters devoted to publishers, editors, and readers. Mr. Moncrieff knows all the troubles of the man who writes—the strange, mysterious moods, glum and almost sullen; the "frosts of silence"; the effect of genial company; the pleasures and pains of the travelling manuscript; the bother of the "journalist with a conscience." He knew the publisher who admitted ignorance of literature but was a successful man because he recognised "what would sell"; he knows the

editors, armed with blue pencils, with a taste for "potted phrases rather than for sappy flowers of speech"; and he tells some good stories—notably that of the would-be contributor who pressed his lengthy essay upon a reluctant editor with the cool remark that "by omitting the advertisements, it might easily be got within the limits of a single number." And, best of all, in a noble closing passage which we should like to quote in full, he says: "On coming to add up my account, I find a balance on the right side." He is not referring wholly to money matters; he means more than that. It is something worth doing to have helped to turn the wilderness of life into a garden; to have sought steadfastly to do good, to give pleasure; to have kept a clear, healthy outlook, and to draw near the end of the journey with no heavy regrets. This Mr. Moncrieff has accomplished; how, the book will tell, with a kindly humour and a pleasant pride. We have read it with delight, and with a sense as of an intimate talk with an old and valued friend.

The Meaning of Truth in History. By RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALDANE, K.T., F.R.S. (University of London Press. 1s. net.)

NOT long ago a self-esteeming colleague of Lord Haldane informed the world that he regarded it with "the modern eye"—a sorry compliment to the modern eye, as recent events have shown. Lord Haldane himself regards the world with the German eye, and the German eye, even to this day, is not happy unless it is transcending something. It may merely transcend morals and common sense, like Nietzsche and his disciples, or it may be prompted by a more or less dim Hegelian tendency and hanker for exalted synthesis. The German eye of Lord Haldane is in the latter class. So when he recently discoursed of "The Meaning of Truth in History" before the University of London he informed his hearers that history, properly so called, is more than an art because it is a science, and more than a science because it is an art, and that when the record of the past is presented by both those achievements of the human mind in the medium supplied by genius you have history proper. Perhaps the most interesting observation in the Lord Chancellor's lecture is the following:—"Speaking with some knowledge . . . of the public life of this country, my experience has impressed me with a strong feeling that to try to reconstruct the story from State papers or newspaper accounts or letters or biographical sources would be at present, and must for some time remain, a hopeless attempt."

Certainly no historian could "reconstruct" much veracious history from the first White Paper lately presented to Parliament by Lord Haldane and his colleagues as a sufficient account of the naval and military preparations for giving effect to "precautions" in Ulster, though the second White Paper on the subject was more illuminating. And, as Lord Haldane knows, even the official record of Parliamentary proceedings in "Hansard" may serve to convey a misleading impression.

Shorter Reviews

Les Emprunts de la Bible Hébraïque au Grec et au Latin. By MAURICE VERNES. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 7 fr. 50.)

PROFESSOR MAURICE VERNES has devoted a life-time to the study of the connection between the Hebrew, Greek and Latin vocabularies, and he has stated his conclusions with considerable boldness. It was the habit of scholars under an older dispensation to assign an Oriental origin even to the most Western-looking words they found, for instance, in the Hebrew Bible. Professor Vernes takes the opposite view and maintains that not only these obvious words, but hundreds of others had a definite Greek, or occasionally Roman, pedigree. A detailed catalogue of these words follows. Reasons are given for assigning late dates for most of the books in the Canon, and for assuming contact of all the stages between the Jews and the Western world. Professor Vernes is always remarkably candid, and often convincing. It is difficult to understand why the Jews should have had to borrow a word for "mountain," or why "our expert in religion" should have gone to the Greeks for words describing the phenomena of sacrifice. A word often used for gold does look remarkably like χρῶς, but—we quote M. Vernes—"que penserait-on d'un auteur français qui écrirait par exemple: une bonne conscience vaut mieux que beaucoup d'argent et que beaucoup de gold?" And we do not understand the explanation given of the matter. The identification of "cherub" with "gryphon" is entertaining and well worked out.

The Modern Chesterfield. Edited by MAX RITTENBERG. (Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE real Chesterfield was, like Dr. Johnson, *sui generis*, and it is not easy to conceive a modern imitation. But the author has, in this case, gone as near as could be expected to reproduce the spirit of the original. The keynote is not a difficult one to strike. Any reader of the classics will recall the excellent advice Horace mentions having received from his worthy father: and it is natural that a self-made father should take to "importing counsel and an occasional grilling" (to quote the title) to the son whom he desires to see successful in life. Is there any father who has not given such advice—if he has been permitted to give it—and seen it rejected? The amusing feature of this little book is its unabashed worldliness, cynicism, want of high principle.

Success in life is the main object, the "quocunque modo rem" of which Horace wrote. Success might have been sought in business, or the Army, or some other profession; the editor has chosen to lay his story in a journalistic career. It may be hoped that there are not many Sir Benjamin Budgens in that line. The principles declared surely represent an exaggerated view, a skit indeed, of modern cheap journalism; and

it is not unsatisfactory to read of Budgen being beaten at his own game, though his pluck and resource are undeniable. It is tempting to cull some of his epigrams and clever passages. "I believe in women in business. They're cheap, and they keep men cheap. That's why I give space to the Woman Suffrage movement in our pages—it brings them on the market. It'll be a bad day for business when the suffrage scream dies out." "Consistency doesn't matter a dam. Consistency is the virtue of the bore, the proser, and the rut-sticker. . . . There's no valid objection to changing one's views, provided one has a good excuse pat. Remember this: the world demands excuses good." "Honest men are never dangerous"; and the words to the daughter-in-law designate, "Honeymoon sweetness melts away, but the sweetness of success stays with one to the end." But it is hardly fair to pick out too many plums. This book is far more entertaining in its own style than many a more pretentious volume.

The German Lyric. By JOHN LEES, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)

DR. LEES has produced an exceedingly useful little handbook to the study of the German lyric. Unassuming as it is, it will, we trust, do something towards a better appreciation not so much of the giants of German literature, but of the less known poets of the Fatherland. Most of us know, or profess to know, the lyrical compositions of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, but we suspect that amongst the reading public of this country the names of the majority of the poets of whom the author speaks are names and nothing more. This is not as it should be, for German literature is extraordinarily rich in lyrics of the highest possible quality. Were it not for the ever-present tendency to indulge in "gush" many of the gems with which we are familiar would be flawless. Dr. Lees has aimed at a complete survey of the subject extending from the days of the Minnesängers to the present day. His chapter upon the rise of lyric poetry is especially good. We are inclined to think that his somewhat cramped space is too valuable to be occupied by certain names which it were invidious to mention. They might well give way to a slightly fuller treatment of the great classics, a study of which should, after all, form the groundwork of our reading.

Babylonian-Assyrian Birth-Omens and their Cultural Significance. By MORRIS JASTROW, JUN. (Töpelmann, Griesen. M. 3.20.)

PROFESSOR JASTROW, who has written an important work on the religion of Babylon and Assyria, has here given us an interesting dissertation on Birth-Omens. Every great religious invention of early Europe came from Assyria or from some part of that corner of Asia that included Assyria, and Professor Jastrow is no doubt right in ascribing the European arts of divination to that source. His classification of divining methods

gives us Hepatoscopy, Astrology, and Birth-omens. Each of these had a long life, and, if Hepatoscopy eventually generated Anatomy and Astrology Astrology, "the resemblance between man and animals"—which was a principle of the lore of birth-omens—"became the basis for the study of Human Physiognomy." Its path to that end has been stained at times with blood and cruelty. The Latin word "monstrum" shows that the Romans regarded any fancied resemblance between the young of various species as a "sign" sent by a divinity; in mediæval times this belief was echoed in witch-burning. The "case-law" of birth-omens is amusing reading; the texts found in Ashurbanapal's library give us constructions for all sorts of impossible phenomena. "Twins being regarded as significant . . . the priests provided for cases when up to eight and more infants were born at one time." It gave a mathematical verisimilitude to their conclusions.

Round the World in a Motor Car. By J. J. MANN.
Illustrated. (George Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this book is either possessed of a very keen sense of humour or absolutely deficient in that quality. The frontispiece to the work is labelled "Sydney," and gives a view of a man seated in a motor-car, with, in the background, something that might be Harrow, or Balham, or anything—perhaps it might even be Sydney—but the quantity shown is not sufficient to enable even an expert to judge. It is a good view of the car, and the offence is repeated later in the book in connection with a lake—there is too much car in the illustrations, far too much. Except for this, they are quite good photographs.

As for the letterpress, when it has been remarked that there are 238 pages of well-spaced type, it will be understood that the view of the world is necessarily rather sketchy. One must read the author's impressions of the Sphinx, and of the Taj Mahal, in order to get his view of the world's wonders. The one is a query as to the sex of the object, and the other is mainly a description of the way to take a photograph of a screen. As a matter of fact, the attitude of the frontispiece holds good throughout the book; lacking the art of description, the author gives us himself rather than the world, and his scrappy, detached way of writing makes it difficult to get any idea of the things he saw.

So much against him; but for him, it must be said that he owns his own inability to grasp the problems of outland life. He has a good word to say on the caste system of India, for example, and another sentence or two worth remembering about the way in which Moham-medans practise their religion and make it a part of the day, instead of something to remember at odd times. But then he dismisses Canada in five pages, and jumps through New Zealand with a mere glance at it. On the whole, we find our knowledge of the world very little improved by a perusal of these pages, and would advise a shorter distance, observed with greater care, if ever there should be a "next time."

Fiction

Baba and the Black Sheep. By E. W. SAVI. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

"BABA" was Jean Farley, who lived alone, as far as white folk were concerned, in charge of a plantation on the Ganges bank, after the death of her father, and inspired love in the heart of John Strong, the magistrate of the district. Across the river from Jean's plantation dwelt in solitude one Max Harding, heir to an English title, but so impressed with a sense of the wild cats he had sown that he preferred to let a report of his own death pass for truth, while he buried himself alive in Indian solitudes. Certainly his wild oats had involved a term of imprisonment, but we think him a little too harsh on himself, all the same.

Now, although John and Max were old chums, and although John and Jean were exceedingly intimate, Max and Jean had never met until Max, with almost impossible bravery, saved Jean from drowning in the Ganges. Then the trouble began, and a misunderstanding on Jean's part about a little half-caste boy complicated matters; meanwhile, John refused to realise that he was out of the running, although he stood by his friend with great and praiseworthy loyalty, to be rewarded in the end with what strikes us as second-best.

Apart from the mere story, the book is intensely interesting as a study of native Indian life; the quarrelling women may be cited as an example of native customs depicted here. When interrupted in their wrangling, these women invert a basket before they go about other business, to signify that the dispute is not ended, but is merely covered up, to be resumed as soon as opportunity permits. This, however, is but one in a hundred points of interest; we think, though, that the author has interlarded his English too thickly with native words and phrases, and has trusted too little to the intelligence of his readers in the mass of footnote translations, provided even for such common expressions as *dak-bungalow* and *darsi*. These are small points for criticism in a book of such quality as this, and in making the criticism we own the book as an exceptionally good one.

The Adventures of Mr. Wellaby Johnson. By OLIVER BOOTH. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd. 1s. net.)

HERE is a good companion for a railway journey—a commercial traveller by instinct, a man of Yankee originality in his methods, endowed with boundless conceit—with some small reason for it—and a thoroughly commercial brain. The book concerns his escapades, successes and failures, on various trips that he undertook in the interests of sundry firms, and the orders that he booked—from ginger-beer advertisements to drapery side-lines—form a groundwork for some very funny incidents. Lightly and interestingly written, we recommend it as a collection of smiles interspersed with not a few good laughs.

The Death of a Nobody. By JULES ROMAIN. Translated by D. MacCarthy and S. Waterlow. (Howard Latimer. 4s. 6d. net.)

SELDOM has the dictum, "Art for Art's sake," been better exemplified than in this short sketch; Wilde would have gone into raptures over the book, probably, and it may be that the decadents will see in it a work of art—which it is—and a book of note—which it is not. The "nobody" was one Jacques Godard, a retired engine-driver of the Northern Railway of France; he died in the first chapter of the book, and the remaining hundred-odd pages are taken up by minutiae of the effects produced on various persons by his death. The *concierge*, the neighbours, the father and mother of the dead man, the inhabitants of his native village, are all made to yield up their inmost thoughts, and very commonplace are those thoughts. Here and there are paragraphs and phrases that stand out from the rest of the work like gems in clay; the decomposition of the corpse—for the author hesitates at no detail—gives rise to one brilliant sentence—"The dead body was crumbling into innumerable lives." In its large, spiritual sense (granting the paradox) the thought enables the ignoble book.

For the book *is* ignoble: one is forced, at the end, to a dreary conviction of the utter uselessness of such work; nobody will be better or happier for having read such a study, and only the morbid few will be entertained by so grey and depressing a story. We grant the art that lies behind, the technique of the thing; we admit, as the translators claim, a post-impressionistic effect; we feel that if Rodin cut statues in ice and stood them in the sun he would be accomplishing practically the same class of work as is presented here.

Quick Action. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Illustrated. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

A SET of short stories, told by a crystal-gazer to a circle of admiring youths, forms the matter for this latest Chambers volume. The object is to illustrate the way of a man with a maid, and the possibilities of love at first sight, and in perusing the stories we admit not only the possibility, but the probability of the occurrence. In each case, however, the heroine is exceptionally beautiful, and the hero represents the highest type of manly perfection, so the characters can scarcely be considered representative of common humanity—these are distinctly Chambers creations, to such an extent that we seem to recognise the same pair of actors throughout, albeit their names and *rôles* are changed, while the setting is varied in each scene to an extent which redeems the stories from the charge of monotony.

But, then, a book by this author is never monotonous, for he has perfected the art of telling a story by means of conversations to a very great extent; even in these short stories he brings his characters into close contact with his readers. The book should be a very acceptable one, and we trust that it will make the author some new friends in addition to pleasing those who already know his work.

The Marriage Tie. By WILKINSON SHERREN. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 6s.)

THE trouble with the problem novel, as a rule, is that the problem becomes so great as to obscure the novel, and that is what has happened in this case. The hero of the story, David Tellson, fell in love with a girl born out of wedlock—an honourable, fine-souled girl. Being possessed of the reforming temperament, David immediately espoused the cause of the ignobly born, and contested a Parliamentary division on the question of the social status of these children. He lost the fight, of course, and we cannot see that his was to any extent a glorious failure; he married his girl, and at the very end of the story persuaded his dour Puritanical father to acknowledge her. We conclude that the Tellson family was happy ever after, as far as mere mortals can attain to that state.

David was one extremist, his father another; there is much to be said for David's views, for the author is so evidently and thoroughly in sympathy with his hero that he puts the cause in the best possible light. He works in a certain amount of suffrage business, though to his credit be it said that the wild women are not given a large advertisement; he makes his characters vehicles for his views and theories to an extent that robs them of human interest, and thus defeats his own ends. For, when a man is out to tell a thrilling story or to illustrate a principle, the first necessity in his work of fiction is that it should grip the reader; and with all regard to the author of this book for the gravity of his problem and his sincerity in tackling it, we assert that his work lacks just that quality of gripping interest which would have made the book a power for good in the field it is intended to cover. Between the main problem, that of industrial unrest, and a few minor "views" as expressed by various characters, the people of the book have but a small chance to live interestingly.

Rebellion. By JOSEPH M. PATTERSON. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

CERTAIN intricacies of American dialect render the opening chapters of this book difficult for an English reader, but, once the human interest of the story is fairly started, there is sufficient strength in the work to carry one to its last page without pause. Georgia Connor, the heroine, was a Catholic, and "Catholicism is different from all other creeds. It is not just something you think and argue about, but it has 'you—you belong to it; it is as much a part of you as your blood and bones.'" Yet Georgia's husband was an habitual drunkard, and after he had revolted her beyond the possibility of her living with him any more, she fell in love with Mason Stevens, a man of as clean life as herself. The aggressive Americanism of the book will probably injure its success among English readers, and in that is matter for regret; for the author has done clean, powerful work, and for the sake of its interest and value the book deserves a large public.

Music

A POLLO has not deserted his worshippers in London. Last week gave us the Whitsuntide holidays, when most of the richer patrons of opera-houses may be supposed to be at their country seats, yet were we privileged to hear four such operas as "The Magic Flute," "Otello," "Boris Godounov," and "Ivan the Terrible." What a feast of good and rare things! For Mozart's masterpiece, except for an occasional performance in English, has been "shelved" for many years; "Otello" has never been in the regular repertory, while London made acquaintance with the Russian opera only last year. Well do we remember the sensation they made, reminding us of bygone thrills when we sat enraptured at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, listening to Titiens, and Nilsson, and Mme. di Murzka, and Santley in "The Magic Flute" (in those uncultivated days all the world loved, and wondered at, this opera); of the excitement of an early performance of "Otello" at the Scala, with Tamaquo. We remember, also, how the gossips said, last year, that the cost of the Russian opera had been too great even for Sir Joseph Beecham, and we must not expect to enjoy it again at Drury Lane. Yet here again is the incomparable Chaliapine, here is that marvellous chorus, here is M. Emil Cooper, the conductor, here are Mmes. Petrenko and Brian, MM. Andreev and Belianin, and they are to give us "Prince Igor" as well as several performances of the three operas of last year. Sir Joseph—oh, admirable Sir Joseph!—adds "The Magic Flute"; and Covent Garden—admirable Covent Garden!—has given "Otello," and promises "Falstaff." We are a lucky people indeed.

Last year we all lost our heads a little over Chaliapine and the Russian operas—at least, some of us thought we must have lost them. This year one hears it said that the music of "Boris" and "Ivan" is not so very wonderful after all, that the scenes in which Chaliapine does not appear are even dull, and that without him the operas would have no permanent success here, first rate as is the work done in them by the other artists. With these judgments we ourselves are not in agreement at all. The music of "Boris" is still to us a triumph of truthful expression in music. Not a page of it wearies us. We would not have Chaliapine on the stage more constantly. What he does and is when he is there is enough. If we have a complaint, it is that his acting absorbs our attention to so great an extent that sometimes we are not sufficiently alive to the equal marvel of his singing. When we give our whole mind to his singing, a few bars are enough to convince us that he is not greater as actor than as singer. His song is speech, and the speech of the greatest actor we have known; his art as a singer is as truly wonderful as is his action at those moments when he has nothing to say. Everyone who has observed him closely at those moments will know that we cannot give higher praise to his singing. We are anxious to make this clear, since the tame critics who now are finding fault

with the music of Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff are murmuring that Chaliapine is not equally supreme as vocalist and actor. We think they are wrong. The criticism of a blind musician would be interesting on this point. We believe it would confirm our view.

When people ask us which we prefer, "Boris" or "Ivan," we can but reply that we are happy with either. Moussorgsky's music impresses us more as the utterance of a composer of genius, Rimsky-Korsakoff's as that of a consummate master of operatic craft. But how vivid is "Ivan"! It is hard to deny genius to the composer of such living strains. If a choice must be made, we are inclined to think that Chaliapine's performance as "Ivan" transcends even that of "Boris." Then, too, the chorus in "Ivan" is such a perpetual joy. We are not at all insensible to the fine work done by other members of the Russian company, and must offer a warm word of welcome to M. Altchewsky, who has not sung here for several years, and whose performance as "Toucha" is remarkably able. But after Chaliapine it is the chorus which most excites our admiration. It is even better than it was last year. That Sir Joseph Beecham's season has "caught on" could unhappily be too well understood at the performance last week of "Boris." During the intervals it was forced upon our notice that of all those in the adjacent seats not one appeared to have come for the sake of the music or the performers. The buzz of conversation was made up solely of inquiries as to the identity of important personages who might be seen in the boxes! Not one allusion did we overhear as to the merits of music or performers! Our neighbours were there because "it was the right thing."

The success of "Otello" with its audience was so great that we indulge the hope that the directors of Covent Garden may think it wise to present the opera more frequently in the future. In many respects the performance was very fine. But we were forcibly reminded of old Dr. Johnson's criticism of the play when Boswell said that it had not a moral: "In the first place, sir, we learn from Othello not to make an unequal match, and, in the second, we learn not to yield too readily to suspicion." The match between M. Franz as Othello and Mme. Melba as Desdemona was a very unequal mating. The French tenor acted and sang with extraordinary force, lived in the part even vehemently. Mme. Melba phrased perfectly, and moved about with perfect propriety, but uttered the heart-rending sentences without the slightest trace of suffering or wrong. With all respect to the great vocalist, for Mme. Melba is indisputably a great vocalist, we must say that the opera would have seemed much more perfectly done had the Desdemona been played by a singer who, though she might not possess the half of Mme. Melba's gift of pure vocalism, would have better matched the emotional power of M. Franz. The feeling put into the words "Son mesta tanto" was the measure of the feeling with which all the rest was sung, and they were uttered with the polite indifference which would have been appropriate had Desdemona been asking for a cup of tea. But we trust that the

authorities will learn from "Otello" not to "yield too readily to suspicion," suspicion that people will not come to hear Verdi's opera if they announce it. With such singers as MM. Franz and Scotti and the other artists who did so well, and with an orchestra playing so brilliantly under Signor Polacco, the opera should be a certain "draw," and there could be little difficulty in finding a perfectly competent Desdemona.

As to "The Magic Flute," an opera before the music of which all composers of opera, whether Russian or Italian, yes, and great Wagner, too, must bow their heads, its performance at Drury Lane under Mr. Thomas Beecham was so great a treat that we would like to look back upon it as something perfect, and say that we had no fault to find. But this would not be fair. In one respect it was perfect—namely, in the performance of Mme. Claire Dux as Pamina. With a clear recollection of the great singers of our youth, and of ladies of great merit who we have heard as Pamina at Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Paris, we declare that Mme. Dux is the unrivalled, the ideal Pamina. Her sweet singing was wholly worthy of Mozart's music, and what more can we say? But Mme. Hempel, fine artist as she is, was not altogether equal to the difficulty of the Queen of Night's arias, her voice not quite reaching to the high F, and some of the florid passages being a little smudged. She is said to have the reputation of being the best of existing Queens of Night, but that must be because there is no one entirely competent. Mme. Herzog, in her prime, was the finest we have heard since the day of Mme. di Murzka. Mr. Ranalow sang very well as Papageno, but he has much to learn as an actor; Herr Bohonen was unequal as Sarastro, and Herr Bechstein did not seem to grasp the significance of the part of Monostatos. Herr Kirchner was a very fair Tamino. But the ladies of the Queen of Night, whose work is of the finest importance, were sadly inferior; the three Genii were much better. Such artists as Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Carrie Tubb, and Mme. Edna Thornton might have been sought for the trio of ladies. It used to be made up of singers of the first rank, and rightly. Considering all the advantages possessed by the Drury Lane management, we think that their performance was not, for them, so creditable as was the Carl Rosa performance of "The Magic Flute" at the Coronet Theatre. But then, when all is said that could be said about the shortcomings of each of these, we admit that we enjoyed both of them enormously, and, if Sir Joseph Beecham were to repeat "The Magic Flute," and do it only half as well as he did last Saturday, we would spend our last half-crown in order to go and hear it every time.

Concerts have been numerous, but at one given by M. Cavilieri, at Queen's Hall, that gentleman showed himself to be an excellent orchestral conductor. He introduced some unfamiliar pieces, and he also brought forward a young lady, Miss Florence Macbeth, who has a most lovely voice, clear, sweet, delicious. She sang "Ah non credea" from the "Sonnambula," and her coloration was surprisingly accurate and effective.

The Real Way to Educate Good Citizens

IT is said that there are now very few towns in England without a Public Library. It may be said with equal, if not more, truth that there are very few villages or rural districts which possess such an opportunity for the reading of good literature. The learned miner, cultured agricultural labourer, or well-read mill-girl are not, however, unfamiliar figures in Yorkshire villages and hamlets, due very largely to the activities of the Yorkshire Village Library, a voluntarily supported, non-rate-aided institution, which is just entering upon its diamond jubilee year.

If a library is of value anywhere, surely it is in the villages where it has few rivals as a means of pleasure or of education, and is sure to justify itself by the extent to which it is patronised.

The organisation of which we are speaking, by means of its travelling library, not only helps villages which are without books of their own, but is also of service to districts which have what might perhaps be termed permanent libraries, the books of which have been read and re-read by the members until they have become stale and are left unused on the shelves, the funds at the disposal of local committees not being sufficient to enable them to provide many, if any, new books.

The only way in which such centres can enjoy the "ministry of new books" is by getting them on the plan adopted by the Yorkshire Village Library, which sends out each quarter a box of 50 books to each of the 200 village institutes, reading-rooms, clubs, libraries, etc., that pay the small subscription asked.

The late Prince Consort was a generous supporter of the Yorkshire Village Library in its early days, and in 1855 presented books to the value of several hundred pounds.

Queen Victoria was its patron for over forty years, up to the time of her death, and in July, 1867, personally selected and sent to the library nearly three hundred volumes, again in 1877 showing her practical interest in the work by another donation of 270 books. In 1887, when the jubilee of the Yorkshire Union of Institutes—with which the Yorkshire Village Library is associated—coincided with that of her own, her Majesty displayed again the strong interest she felt in the organisation by sending a donation of £40 to the special appeal which was then made in its interest.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra followed Queen Victoria as patron, and the Duke of Devonshire is now the president; while Earl Fitzwilliam much appreciates the educational value of the Yorkshire Union of Institutes and Village Libraries.

On Wednesday evening, June 17, Mr. Frederic Harrison will present at the Haymarket Theatre a new play in four acts by Mr. E. Temple-Thurston, in which Miss Alexandra Carlisle will make her first re-appearance in London since her return from America.

The Theatre

"The Cinema Star"

MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S latest elaborate and clever production does much more than deserve success; it makes certain of that desired result by its skilful plot, its excellent acting and singing, its gay music, its brilliant and inspiring *ensemble*.

Mr. Jack Hulbert has made the English version of the German success, "Kino Königin," and done it uncommonly well. Mr. Harry Graham, long since famous for his neat and witty verse, has written most of the lyrics, and the omnipotent Mr. Jean Gilbert has supplied the lively three acts with light and sparkling music, written after the welcome fashion we are now well accustomed to greet with pleasure. Added to these are at least a dozen other causes of victory.

Mr. Lauri de Frece, for example, has a capital part, and shows us a high-spirited and untiring comedian and dancer from first to last as Mr. Clutterbuck, an eminent moralist, at the suggestion of his second wife, who works with remarkable lack of success for the destruction of cinema shows. His adventures are delightful, his humour fresh and charming, his energy on the first night indefatigable and warmly rewarded by the laughter of the enormous audience. His daughter, with plenty of amusing songs and the most delicious dance of the season, in company with Mr. Welchman as Victor, her lover, was made very light and graceful by Miss Cicely Courtneidge. We have never seen this lady to greater advantage.

A newcomer, Miss Dorothy Ward, described as "The Film Princess," set the pace for the rest of the excellent company, and made a very rapid and jolly business of the whole affair. Her voice, her manner, her appearance and style are all just right for this sort of light musical comedy, and found the fullest appreciation. Miss Fay Compton, too, was never better than in her character of a slightly Cockney and very beautiful sort of chorus-girl who is determined to have a good time.

The author of the English version, Mr. Hulbert, did not provide himself with a very effective part as Billy, the manager of the Film Company, but perhaps he was too busy seeing that all the others had bright dialogue and amusing business. Mr. Harry Welchman proved as good as heretofore in the part of the actor who is also the impassioned and sprightly lover of Phyllis; his admirable duets or songs with the attractive Shaftesbury chorus were always successful. Mr. H. V. Tollemache as Lord Clarence Wentworth gave a distinguished rendering of a young man of fashion who appeared to be scored off with cruel frequency, but he was always lively and accepted his little misfortunes with the true engaging lightness of comedy.

Mr. Lionel Rignold and Mr. George Hestor, as an old actor and his friend, did a great deal to keep the fun at fever heat; but all were good, and one would

have to make a catalogue of the long cast at the Shaftesbury and praise everybody fully to convey the merriment that clings about "The Cinema Star" like music round a shell. The plot is clear and excellent for this sort of gorgeously mounted piece, but that you will discover for yourselves. The dresses are beautiful in colour and design, yet they are in no way allowed to overwhelm the human interest of the play.

All theatre-goers who love everything on the stage, from Shakespeare to the musical farces, will find a feast of fun and beauty in "The Cinema Star." The play will, we think, shine throughout many a lively night at the Shaftesbury Theatre and justly reward Mr. Courtneidge and his splendid company for the amount of skill and witchery they have crowded into the three brilliant acts.

"The Duke of Killicrankie"

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S farcical romance, which was produced the other night at the Playhouse, had a tremendous success during its first avatar. We trust it will renew its youth like the eagles of Fortronald, for it is delightfully played.

Miss Marie Tempest now brings her accomplished and sophisticated art to bear upon the character of Lady Henrietta Addison, a lady who has shone in society for some seasons without crowning her victories with marriage—a serious matter to her mother, the Countess of Pangbourne, whom Miss Kate Serjeantson makes very important and effective. It is about ten years since "Killicrankie" was seen, so you will have forgotten the story or belong to the newer generation, and perhaps consider it a rather forced, but amusing, affair.

The duke, Mr. Graham Browne, is in love with the lively Lady Henrietta, but he fails quite to arrive in the matter. He seems to be the prey of a seeking and desiring vampire, but he abandons all the schemes on which he has embarked, either because of an exhausted will or of a disposition to discover the utter vanity of life. This inability to bring things to a climax is the lady's reproach. Accordingly he resolves to pursue tactics which will redeem this fault of character. He, or the author, as you will, quickly hatches a scheme to possess her. He decoys Lady Henrietta to his romantic castle in Scotland—Crag-o'-North. The ruse is now unwillingly furthered by the duke's friend and the lady the friend wants to marry, two persons played with utmost success by Miss Marie Illington and Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Henry Pitt-Webly, M.P., Mr. Weedon Grossmith, is a notorious fortune-hunter seeking to marry Mrs. Mullholland, Miss Illington, whose riches have been made out of a glue manufactory, a fact considered for some occult reason rather humorous. Mrs. Mullholland is extremely jealous of her reputation. She is made a victim of the plot, and is secured as chaperon to Lady Henrietta, and at the same time Webly, who is helping the duke, can pursue his plans to marry her. As the two ladies are society enemies, the second act furnishes a

good deal of acid conversation when they find themselves face to face at dinner at the castle. This is by far the most amusing, best written, and best acted scene of the play. It is marred a little, however, by the dialect of the servants—Scottish in intention, but Cockney and even Irish in result.

The gulf fixed by the curious views of society ten years ago between the two ladies disappears when they find they are both prisoners in the castle. At the end of the week Lady Henrietta believes that she really loves the curious duke, and Mrs. Mullholland is ready to marry Webby to save that important reputation of hers. And thus they depart from Crag-o'-North, not without regret, for in London they must face the music. The whole story has got into the newspapers, and we have plenty of sharp sayings about the ill-taste or shamelessness of the daily papers, and we are also given an amusing journalist with a camera, played very neatly by Mr. Norman Laring.

We were surprised to find how well Captain Marshall's little play stood the test of time, and how the spirited humour of many of the scenes had managed to keep a smack of wit throughout a whole decade. Of course, the part of the duke is purely of the theatre, and Mr. Browne wisely does not try to make it real; but Miss Tempest gives a thousand touches of character to the heroine of many seasons, and she wears such nice hats and dresses. We have not seen her look so well for many a long day as she did on the first night when she came alone on to the stage, in her white and black cloak, to receive the warm applause of her friends. We have already said that Miss Illington and Mr. Gros-smith cause their characters to live—their performances alone should make for the renewed success of this play of the day before yesterday.

"The Belle of Bond Street"

WE suppose there are a few people left old enough to have enjoyed the gaieties of "The Girl from Kay's," and still sufficiently young to appreciate the same play translated into American and transformed by a long residence in the States.

Our main recollections of the original musical farce were connected with the rich and lively humour of the late Mr. Willie Edouin and the singing of some charming ladies who have long since passed from musical comedy into severer paths of life. The present play at the Adelphi Theatre is almost new, and different in a hundred ways. One very marked change is in the character of that ultimate example of the newly rich, Max Hoggeneimer. Mr. Edouin's reading of the part was admirably adjusted to a decade ago, but the more blatant method of the well-known American comedian, Mr. Sam Bernard, fits better with the style of our own times. He almost overwhelms the play as it now stands, and he delights the audience intensely. To hear and see him is a liberal education as to the sort of person it would be natural to avoid in every phase of life—except the theatrical. In musical comedy he

is a constant source of fun and absurdity; of broad humour in regard to which he occasionally forces the pace just a little too much. As to the popularity of Mr. Bernard there can be no doubt; he is the most welcome of visitors.

The story of the play is, of course, of no importance, but everything is bright and gay, and many of the new songs and dances go with a dash and relish not too common on the English stage. Among the surprises of the evening, Miss Ina Claire is easily first. When "The Girl from Utah" was produced, we felt this lady lacked the gifts now necessary to make these light entertainments effective, but as Winnie Harborough, the Belle in question, she has developed many qualities causing the part to be as amusing and interesting as it is possible for such a heroine to be. The rest of the cast, which includes Miss Mabel Sealby, Mr. Percy Ames, and many other clever people, works with a will, and we should think the latest "Girl" is likely to be able to defy even the difficulties of a warm London summer—if we are going to be blessed with one.

EGAN MEW.

The Irish Players

THE Irish players opened their annual season at the Court Theatre with "The Playboy of the Western World" and "Kathleen ni Houlihan." Miss Sara Allgood filled the part of Kathleen with her usual beautiful interpretation. Both plays are by now very familiar—more familiar to the English audiences, we may say, than to the Irish—and were very well received, though we noticed the effect of world-wide popularity in a loss of freshness in the acting. That, however, was not so marked on Thursday, owing to the natural nervousness of a first-night performance. It has become the rule to choose London instead of Dublin for first productions, with questionable patriotism, and on this occasion it happened also that "The Supplanter" was the first play its author, Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy, has had produced. It necessarily bore the stamp of the 'prentice hand. It worked its way into many thrilling situations that were apt to fall flat, because Mr. McCarthy, when he had achieved them, scarcely knew what to do with them, and could not satisfactorily extract himself from them. A more grievous fault was that these situations became largely stipulations, because the characters, and the emotions that went to their compounding, were themselves stipulations in the first place. Yet, on the other hand, Mr. McCarthy has an excellent craftsmanship. His construction was well devised; indeed, he leant too much upon it, and made it punctilious and punctual often to the degree of artificiality.

"The Supplanter" and his supplanting must be taken for granted. It is not made real to us why Mrs. Keegan, a widow-woman with a farm that her son has made successful by ceaseless toil, should decide to marry John O'Connor, a man with an evil reputation

in the neighbourhood. He calls in the first act on the pretext of borrowing something; she goes out with him to find it, and returns towards the end of the act, having agreed to marry him. Such stipulations are often necessary in drama; but this particular instance, involving as it does an obvious repentance in the second act on the part of Mrs. Keegan, alienates our sympathy at the start. We feel it should either have been made real to us or have been stated as a postulate in the play's original proposition.

Yet it is not Mrs. Keegan who is chiefly to suffer, bad lot though her husband turns out to be. For John O'Connor hates young Phil Keegan; and, apart from the perpetual mutual antagonism, Phil is continually distressed by seeing the farm, heavy as it is with his sweat and thought, pass into a state of ruin, and finally go into the market in order to provide O'Connor with the money for drink. He determines to emigrate, though as a patriotic Irishman he has always contended against emigration. Slowly, and with great difficulty, he is saving to this end, when O'Connor, whom he has flung to the ground for striking his mother, discovers his hoard. When he learns this, Phil goes out with a gun, and returns with murder on his hands. At this the play closes, very tamely indeed, despite the violent conclusion; for the return is in the nature of an anticlimax. When Phil went out with the gun we knew the end, and the play should either have concluded at this point, or have worked to a different and unexpected end. Indeed, since the play continues, the mind half expects some other finish, and so the close seems unreal.

It must be admitted that poor Phil is unfortunate in his affairs; for he has worked hard in the hope of marrying Ellie Cassidy, his cousin, who has always lived at the farm; but his friend, Pad Saunders, supplants him there. Mr. Fred O'Donovan gave reality and conviction to Phil, and Miss Eileen O'Doherty made a tragic figure as his mother. Miss Ann Copinger, whom we have not seen before with the Irish Players, was admirable as the gossip neighbour, the Widow Flynn. Mr. McCarthy, the author, is, we understand, a Cork postmaster, and thus belongs to what has been called the school of the "Cork realists." About "realism" we do not know. We refuse to believe that the beautiful is not the finally real thing about man. Yet Mr. McCarthy's play is good dramatic journalism, and we have no doubt that he already has better work ready.

D. F.

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters

THIS group of artists, most of whom are connected with other societies, gives us a very pleasant exhibition at the Grafton Gallery this year, showing that many very interesting and attractive people have sat to the sincere and accomplished portrait painters who flourish in our midst.

The most successful of the 165 examples is, we think,

Mr. Frederic Whiting's boldly treated, simple, and beautiful painting of "Eva," depicting a young girl in riding dress, standing against a broadly treated landscape. The handling of the paint is delightfully fresh and sincere, the composition satisfying and the portrait agreeable in every way, without affectation of any sort, but instinct with a spontaneity that belongs to all the best periods of modern art.

Among many other matters that interest us as we pass through these well-lighted, well-arranged galleries we note that Mr. Ellis Roberts shows an enormous improvement on his old and popular eighteenth century style of work. "The Countess of Clonmell" may not be a great picture, but it is an advance on some of the artist's previous portraits. Mr. Logsdaile is not very happy in his "Daughters of Viscount Dalrymple," but Mr. Harold Speed is at his best in "Lieut. Edmond Antrobus," and the Hon. John Collier, like the famous Bourbons, displays the fact that he learns nothing and forgets nothing in his large pictures, such as the spick and span "Mrs. Lindsay" and other handsome ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. Orpen has a vivid and graceful portrait of "Miss Muriel Wilson," which catches and holds a light, bright mood of that accomplished lady with the apparent ease which denotes mastery and inspiration. There is a brilliant "Zächra" by Mr. John Lavery, and Mr. H. Harris Brown is well represented by a characteristic painting of "The Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery" and an admirable "Major G. FitzGerald Stannus"—atmospheric and suggestive, and obviously an excellent portrait. The same painter's "Christobal de Murrieta, Esq.," looks very determined to be artistic at all hazards, but the artist has cast over the portrait the charm of his method which carries with it just that touch of mystery so valuable even to the most handsome of sitters.

The gifted Mr. P. A. de Laszló has a sketch of the "Baroness Meyendorff" which is fresh and free, delicate in effect, bold in handling; and three other pictures, the weakest of which is the "Comtesse San Martino" and the strongest "Lady Ponsonby."

The clever actress, Miss Edyth Olive, is shown in a life-like and telling portrait by Mr. H. Chamen Lintott; and many other well-known people, such as "The Late Duke of Argyll" by Mr. Young Hunter, the "Viscountess Falmouth" by Mr. Eves, and those lords of commerce, "Joseph Rowntree, Esq.," and "George Mathieson, Esq.," are full of character and admirably painted.

There are two pictures of ladies playing with babies, the first of which, by Mr. Spencer Watson, recalls at a considerable distance some faint echo of Orchardson's well-known painting of a mother with a bright-eyed baby—now an exhibitor in this gallery, we suppose—and a much more charming example by Miss Flora Lion. This last is one of the most effective compositions in the whole gallery; the result is bold and yet graceful, and fulfilled with the beauty and pathos of the subject.

There also are two works by Lady Scott, a marble

bust of Gustav Hamel and an excellent bronze of Mr. Asquith. We have made notes in regard to almost every other picture in the exhibition, for nearly all are of interest, but perhaps it will be enough to say that the sitters are fortunate in their painters and the artists inspired by their subjects in the present collection of the R.S.P.P.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN FRANCE

IN describing the international situation as it exists to-day it would be wrong to say that Europe is enjoying a period of tranquillity. It is true that no acute crisis darkens the horizon; but, nevertheless, the shadow of the vast armaments maintained by all the Powers casts its sinister gloom everywhere. Peace among the nations is only preserved at the bayonet point, and, in spite of the successful issue of various diplomatic negotiations, the feeling of suspense is not for a single moment relaxed. As a matter of fact, the settlements arrived at recently in regard to many international problems of magnitude are known to be merely of a makeshift character. Both in the Far East and in the Near East, questions dealt with in this patchwork manner are again forcing themselves into prominence, and compromise is once more being resorted to in order that the overwhelming calamity of a Europe in conflagration may be averted. The state of tension which exists manifests itself in many ways, not the least illuminating of which is the interest which one nation takes in the internal affairs of another, friendly to itself, with a view to determining whether or not the military strength essential for preserving the balance of power is being properly maintained. For example, not long ago the French Press, alarmed at developments in Ulster, took to lecturing England upon the necessity for political stability in these times of stress. Now it is the turn of the French to expose themselves to criticism on a similar score. It will be recalled that the answer of France to German military expansion was to increase the period of conscript service from two to three years. That measure was introduced by President Poincaré, when Premier, and it received both the consent of Parliament and the adhesion of the country. An extraordinary wave of patriotic enthusiasm then passed over France.

Russia also decided upon an elaborate scheme for increasing her army so as to give a total peace strength of 1,700,000 men, or approximately double that of Germany. It is a fact within common knowledge that, as a consequence of their alliance, certain definite military obligations exist between Russia and France. The recent political crisis in the latter country, centring, as it does, upon the continuance or otherwise of the three years' service, has caused considerable misgivings in Russia, and the Government has conveyed an official

intimation to the Quai d'Orsay that it will regard a reversion to the two years' system in a serious light. This remarkable development will help rather than hinder President Poincaré in his dilemma. At the same time it is impossible to discover any real grounds for the fears expressed on behalf of Russia, fears which, it may be added, are to some extent shared in England. France as a nation has made up her mind that no sacrifice is too great for the safeguarding of her frontiers. The President himself, though embarrassed, is not dismayed at the difficulties of the political situation. The stories that he contemplated resignation because of the deadlock merit little credence. He is not the sort of man to run away from his opponents. On the contrary, all his public utterances go to show that he is bent upon upholding and developing the military strength of France. Referring to the new generations that had grown up, knowing nothing of war, he said recently that history was there to teach them that countries which slumbered in apparent security awoke too often to humiliation or defeat. France, he continued, did not wish to be exposed to the subjection of foreign rule. She was resolutely pacific, but she intended to safeguard her independence, her rights, and her honour. For their defence she must have an army composed of heavy effectives and capable of rapid mobilisation. She must also have trained, instructed, and exercised troops.

This clear enunciation of presidential policy followed quickly upon the resignation of M. Doumergue, who, rather than remain to profit from the Radical and Socialist victories at the polls, discreetly eliminated himself, thus evading the burning issue of the hour, military service. Although a majority existed in the Chamber in favour of a three years' term, the Unified Socialists and Unified Radicals, who were opposed to the measure, represented as a coalition the strongest body. M. Caillaux, the leader of the extreme Radicals and the evil genius of France, and M. Jaurès, the eminent Socialist, have exerted an extraordinary influence in the crisis. The personal hostility of ambitious party men towards the President has also been an awkward factor in the situation. Five politicians declined M. Poincaré's invitation to form a Cabinet. All attempts to find a basis of compromise such as would bring together the two wings of the Radical Party ended in failure. Radicals of the robust type of M. Léon Bourgeois and M. Clemenceau, who were in favour of the three years' service, refused to be put off with any concession to expediency. In short, they proved themselves patriots before politicians. Indeed, M. Clemenceau, in spite of his dislike for the President, has sunk all political differences and come out strongly on the side of France throughout the crisis.

That the hour will produce the man in M. Ribot now appears to be a foregone conclusion. The veteran statesman summoned to the Elysée has consented to form a Cabinet which it is already decided shall include such strong personalities as M. Delcassé and M. Léon Bourgeois. France, therefore, it seems, will have a Ministry which will make manifest to the world her

strength and solidarity at a time when Europe is almost trembling from the nervous strain of suppressed enmities. M. Ribot will be a commanding figure among the statesmen of his own time. He is the author of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and, needless to say, is in favour of the three years' Military Service Law. M. Delcassé, who will probably be the new Minister of Marine, was formerly Ambassador in St. Petersburg, and therefore knows well what Russia requires of her ally. Were any doubts to exist on this point, then M. Paléologue, the present representative of his country in Russia, is in Paris, prepared, so it is said, to resign should the term of three years' service be abandoned. But M. Ribot, whose return to power is described as "a reminder of the Parliamentary glory which attended the foundation of the Third Republic," is not likely to need any stimulus; for, in taking upon himself the task of forming a Ministry at the advanced age of seventy-two, and at a time when his health is none too good, it is clear that he is animated by motives of the purest patriotism. He is not an advanced Radical, but will doubtless attract from the followers of M. Caillaux many politicians none too sure of their ground, and he is certainly assured of a majority in the Chamber. Though a political opponent of the President, the two statesmen are at one on the supreme question of the hour, military service.

The first of the afternoon meetings of the Royal Meteorological Society for the present session was held on Wednesday, May 20, at 70, Victoria Street, Mr. C. J. P. Cave, M.A., president, in the chair. Mr. E. Gold discussed "The Reduction of Barometer Readings in Absolute Units, and a New Form of Barometer Card." Mr. A. Hampton Brown read a paper on "A Cuban Rain Record and Its Application," in which he dealt with the rainfall records of the Belen College Observatory, Havana, for the period 1859 to 1912. The author has endeavoured to trace the connection between the wet season at Havana during May to October, and the precipitation in England, South-West and South Wales during the three months, January to March, following, and has found that from 1878 onwards, when the first reports for this country are available, an excess rainfall in Havana was generally followed by a deficient rainfall in South-West England at the beginning of the next year, and vice versa. There were many years where the application failed, but the general continuance of the see-saw movement could hardly be regarded as merely coincidental.

ACROSTIC COMPETITION

The Literary Competition just concluded in THE ACADEMY has created such widespread interest that we purpose giving another competition to commence in our issue of June 27. We have arranged with an expert to prepare us a series of ACROSTICS on literary lines. They will be twelve in number, and will run from June 27 weekly.

MOTORING

IF anything were needed to prove that the big petroleum corporations possess what is practically a monopoly in the supply of motor spirit, and that in consequence of the absence of effective competition the motorist is paying far more than a reasonable and legitimate price for his fuel, it is to be found in the report for 1913 of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, Limited, which has just been issued. According to this report, the profits for the year mentioned amounted to no less than £1,581,200—an increase of £422,000 over those of the preceding year—and permitted of a dividend of 35 per cent. to the shareholders. In 1912 the dividend was 30 per cent., and in 1911 20 per cent. While it is impossible, from the business point of view, to blame the Shell, or any other trading company, for making as big a profit as it can from the sale of its commodities, it is obvious that such figures as the above would not be possible if the motorist were not paying an artificially inflated price for his fuel.

* * *

One of the most marked features of motoring development during the last year or so has been the extension of motor omnibus routes from London and the big provincial centres into the surrounding country. This movement has unquestionably been advantageous from some points of view—for example, in enabling the general public to enjoy to some extent the pleasures of motoring in the country at a minimum expense, and also in establishing in many quarters a competition with the railways which can only have the effect of stimulating the latter to provide cheaper and better facilities for travel. But this new departure has also resulted in the rapid deterioration of many roads which under previous traffic conditions had remained good for long periods, and, as *The Motor* points out, control of some form or other in the direction of adapting roads and traffic to each other is becoming an imperative necessity. Our contemporary naturally looks at the problem principally from the motorist's point of view, dwelling upon the discomfort caused to the motorist by being compelled to travel on narrow roads in the dusty wake of a motor-bus or van for a considerable distance, and there is no doubt that this is an increasing nuisance. But the general and rapid road destruction which is accompanying the extension of heavy motor traffic into the country is an even more serious matter to the community, and the authorities should certainly take steps of some sort to find a remedy.

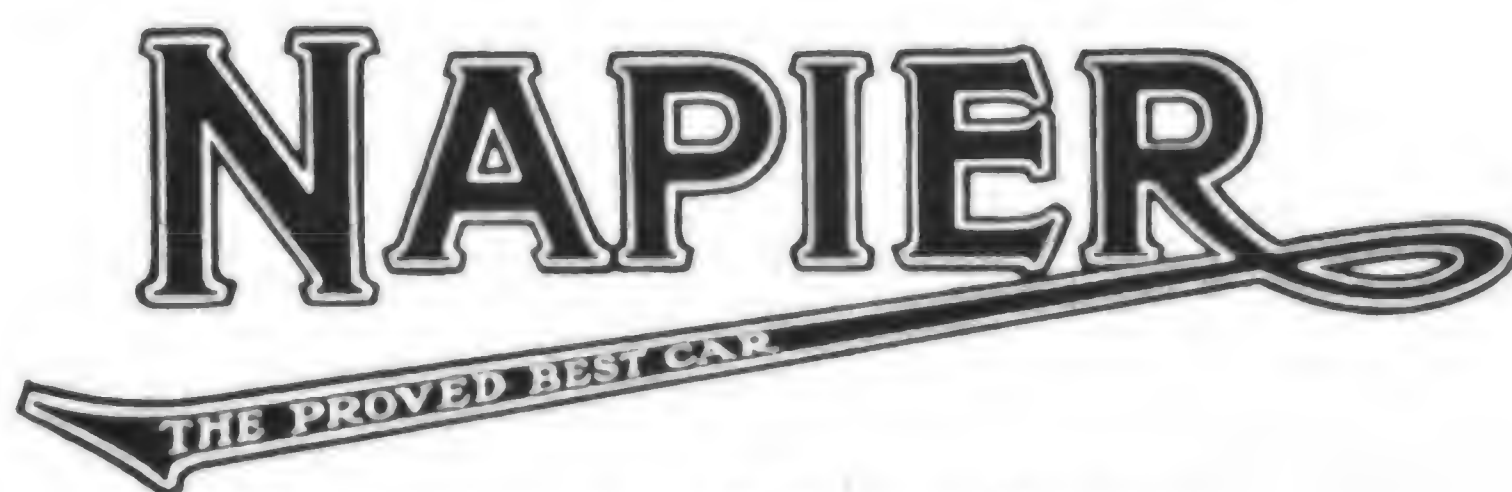
* * *

Road-racing has always been popular in Russia, and the contest for the Russian Grand Prix, which took place on the 31st ult., aroused great interest throughout the dominions of the Great White Czar. The length of the course is 450 miles, and the road has such a singularly uneven surface in parts that the ordinary English traveller would probably regard it as quite unpracticable for motoring at all. A big Benz, with an engine of 150 h.p.,

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COMFORT AND SPEED.

"With reference to the 25 h.p. Vauxhall, it gives me great pleasure in stating how pleased I am with the car. Although fitted with a Sutherland cabriolet body it takes the hills in this neighbourhood with the greatest ease, mostly on top speed. The car is very fast . . . As regards the springing it is the most comfortable car I have ever been in."

Letter No. T.F. 398.

secured first prize, the second position being obtained by a Prince Henry Vauxhall—a standard sporting model identical with those which accomplished such noteworthy performances at Brooklands last year. The special first prize for regularity of running, presented by the Russian Imperial Automobile Club, was also secured by the Vauxhall. Considering that this car has only about a quarter of the cylinder capacity of the Benz, Great Britain has every reason to be proud of the performance of its representative.

* * *

An International Map Exhibition, organised by the Automobile Association and Motor Union and the League Internationale des Touristes, has recently been opened at the Anglo-Spanish Exhibition at Earl's Court, and will remain open until the end of the summer season. It claims to be the most complete and representative collection of maps ever gathered together, and motorists especially will find it interesting to note the various and ingenious methods adopted by the British and Continental cartographers to convey to them the information they need when on tour. The exhibition is in the "Section Tourism" in the Ducal Hall, and members of the A.A. and M.U. will find a special enclosure reserved for their use as a rendezvous.

* * *

Several changes of importance have been made in the staff arrangements of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., following the cessation of Mr. B. Johnson's connection

with the company. Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, who has been associated with the Napier business for the past twelve years, has been appointed assistant manager to Mr. Vane, and Mr. A. Norriss, who has also been connected with the company for many years, is now the home sales manager, in succession to Mr. Johnson.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

WE have had a week of excitement. On Saturday morning Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell and Co. and the Canadian Agency, an allied house, both closed their doors. These failures were expected, and would have passed off without notice had not Mr. Arthur Grenfell been so ill-advised as to publish a manifesto in the *Times* in which he tried to argue that he had not been speculating, and also talked about keeping the flag flying. This boastful interview was in the worst possible taste. The City has taken the failures with great equanimity; they have long been expected. The promotions in which the two houses were interested were seldom satisfactory.

That the Bank of France should have been called in to certify that the portfolio of the Société Generale was liquid has not created a good impression, for the certificate did not go far enough. Nevertheless, although it is possible that one of the second-rate banks in Paris is in serious difficulties, if not two, no one anticipates that the Crédit Lyonnais, the Comptoir d'Escompte, or the Société Generale will have any difficulty in meeting their engagements. Paris is in a bad way; it is choked up with securities that it cannot sell. But I again impress upon my readers the fact that the position in London is thoroughly sound. No doubt losses have been made. This, in these days of depreciation, cannot be avoided; but they are losses that can be easily met. Trade in Great Britain has been excellent for some years past, and the savings of the nation are enormous. Our banks are models of caution and their position is stronger than that of any other series of banks in the world. All of them hold from 25-30 per cent. of cash, and from 25-30 per cent. of gilt-edged securities which have been rigidly written down. Therefore, London need have no fear; there is no possible chance of any panic. In New York and in Berlin the position is equally good. Both capitals suffer from a very natural depression, for Berlin is closely allied with St. Petersburg and Russian trade generally, and has also lost severely through the Balkan war; but the German banks are sounder than they have been for many years past. We can safely say the same thing about the banking institutions of the United States; there has been no over-speculation, such as there has been in Canada, and the only thing that the States suffers from is a general *malaise*. We can sympathise with them, for we have a touch of the same.

The Canadian Government has offered us five million sterling 4 per cent. bonds at 98, a fine Trustee security. The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway has offered us £2,300,000 6 per cent. two-year notes at 97½. The company is to be reconstructed and the repayment of these notes will form part of the reorganisation scheme. They

are a reasonable gamble. National Nut Butter proposes to make margarine on a new process. It is a sheer speculation. The Brazilian Warrant Company offered 7 per cent. preference at par. The company does a good business, but in view of the present state of Brazil the shares are on the speculative side. Anton Jurgen's, a well-known margarine factory, offers £700,000 6 per cent cumulative participating preference shares. The firm is quite sound, and the shares are a reasonable Industrial risk.

MONEY.—Money remains cheap. The Stock Exchange got all the loans it needed at from 3-3½ per cent. There is no likelihood of any stringency occurring in the Money market. The end of the month settlement in Berlin has all been arranged for. The Bank of England is getting what gold it needs, and 1914 is certain to be a year of cheap money, therefore it is perfectly safe to buy all gilt-edged securities, for they must rise in value.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market has been strong. It is confidently stated that a new Brazilian loan will shortly be issued, and some of the newspapers have actually gone so far as to state the terms; but there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and I cannot believe in the loan until I see it advertised. All Japanese stocks have been very steady. The general opinion of the City is that the present Japanese ministry is determined upon genuine economy. Negotiations still go on with regard to a new Chinese loan, but the amount has now been reduced to five millions. The Russian railway loan has been cut down to three millions.

HOME RAILS.—As the settlement approached it was seen that quite a large "bear" account existed in the Home Railway market. All the talk during the past week has been of large accounts being liquidated; but when the carry-over day came the boot was on the other leg—no stock came on the market for delivery, and the "bears" rushed to buy back. Districts jumped to 24½, and all the speculative securities with the exception of Little Chats and Dover A moved up. Income bonds remain dull. Great Westerns are a shade harder, but are still very much under-valued. Great Easterns look attractive at under 49. There has been some buying of North Eastern, which have hardened to 121. I again repeat my advice to buy all the best railway stocks.

YANKEES.—Americans have been much harder. The crop reports are all excellent. The latest news from Mexico is that Huerta will probably resign; if this occurs we may expect a sharp rise. The English speculator, however, is completely out of the market, and the Wall Street bankers are not encouraging the gambler. It is believed that the Inter-State Commerce Commission will consent to increased rates, and although I cannot see any boom in Americans, a rise is much more likely than a fall.

RUBBER.—Rubber shares have been very dull. Very few reports of any importance have made their appearance. The Batavia Plantation Investment, an admirably managed little Trust, once again pays 15 per cent. dividend. It holds a controlling interest in three Dutch companies, which are working at the low cost of 1s., and have made admirable contracts for the sale of their rubber. The shares look reasonably valued at 21s. 6d.

OIL.—The spectacular collapse in Spies completely stopped all speculation in the Oil market. It was due to the inability of a Russian speculator to meet his engagements on the Paris market and it synchronised with a sudden flow of water in one of the wells. I can find nothing sinister in the delay in announcing this catastrophe; it was due solely to the necessity of first informing the authorities at Grosny. I believe the Spies officials to be absolutely innocent of any intention to mislead the public. The Shell report was excellent; huge sums are again written off for

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depreciation; the dividend is raised to 35 per cent., and the cash and gilt-edged investments are shown to be over one-third of the total issued capital. No company could be in a stronger position. Together with Royal Dutch this combine probably controls the largest output of oil in the world. Maikop Pipeline report is not exciting. The profit is slightly down, but the directors very wisely utilise the whole of the earnings in depreciation.

MINES.—The Mining market has improved together with the rest of the Stock Exchange, the only exception being Copper shares, which remain dull. The American statistics are certainly not reassuring. It looks as though the fall in Kaffirs had reached the bottom, and some of the best shares are certainly under-valued to-day. The Briseis report is reasonably good considering the present low price of tin, and the shares look cheap at 4s. 6d. Ouro Preto is to reconstruct. We are promised that if the shareholders will find more money considerably improved results will be shown. Certainly the report of the Engineers is encouraging.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Brazilian Traction report is, as the *Economist* wisely remarks, an impenetrable maze. What strikes a student of finance is the ridiculously small amount of cash compared with the huge capital of the various companies. The bonded debt is enormous, being over 50 per cent. in Rio Trams, 55 per cent. in Sao Paulo Electric and nearly 35 per cent. in Sao Paulo Trams. Profits are nothing like as good as we were promised, and if the 6 per cent. dividend is to be maintained, it is quite clear that they will have to increase largely. It is true that there are large reserves, but they are entirely on paper. British Electric Traction is another extremely disappointing report. The revenue has slightly increased, and $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is added to the dividend on the non-cumulative preference. But if the directors had written down their holdings to the market value, not even the full debenture interest could have been paid.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Beginning next week we hope to introduce a new feature in our City page. We ask those of our readers who are interested in investments to send us in questions regarding their securities, and we propose to devote a certain amount of space each week to replies under the head of "Answers to Correspondents." Every letter concerning investments must contain the name and address of the sender, but if this name or initial is not to be used in the paper a pseudonym must be given.

CORRESPONDENCE

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORDBOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The following extracts may serve to augment a new edition of an existing, or the unpublished matter of a projected, Dictionary of the English Language. Thomas Godwyn, or Godwin, D.D. of Oxford, Headmaster of Abingdon School, in Berkshire, which is still at work, died in 1642. In his *Moses and Aaron*, London: 1625 (of which the 12th edition appeared in 1685) we find:

AMISSE-LED. p. 294. *A baptismation for the dead, 1 Cor. 15. 9 proper to some amisse led Christians.* In the edition of 1667 it was printed "*amisse-led.*"

BAPTIZATION. 294. *A baptismation, or washing of the dead corps it selfe;* 295. *; the first, drawne from their superstitious baptismation for the dead:*

BRIDEWIFE. 287. *: whence the wedding ring, giuen unto the Bridewife, had this inscription or posie, Mazal tob;*

BRIDEWOMAN. 293. Note in the last place, that a nong the *Jewes* the bridewoman also brought a *dowerie* to her husband;

CORRUPTER. 122. Concerning the sanctification of the Sabbath day it selfe, in corrupter times some things the *Jewes* added ouer and aboue that which God commanded.

DENAIR. 326. . . ., now that coine which was termed *Zuz* by the *Hebrewes*, was answerable to the *Roman denair*,

DENEYR. 287. *; whereby he endowed his spouse, if shee were a virgin, with two hundred deneys (that is, fifty shekels) and if she had beene married before, with an hundred deniers (that is twenty five shekels).*

FAVOURABLEST. 243. The fauourablest exposition is to be giuen. (The Dictionary gives no instance before the year 1655.)

FORE-ACQUAINTING. 284. *; or if it were by themselves, without the fore-acquainting of witnesses,*

HALF-WIFE. 121. *; other feast-dayes to concubines, or halfe-wiues;* 281. The other sort of wiues, they call *Pillagschim*, *Secondary wiues*, or *halfe-wiues*; the English translates them *Concubines*,

HEAVE-OFFERING. 268. These two last are called *Therumoth*, that is, *heave-offrings*; this the *heave-offring of the threshing floore*; the other, the *heave-offring of the dough*, Numb. 15. 20.

HEN-EGGE-SHEL. 320. *; all their measures were defined by a set number of hen egge shels of a midle size.* In 1667 they printed it "*Hen-eggs-shels.*"

RUNDLE. 328. (of a coin) On the reuerse side, the rundle was filled with this *Hebrew*.

SHAKE-OFFERING. 268. *; and Leuit. 23. they are both called Thenuphoth, that is, shake-offerings.*

SPADLE. 65. The first yeere they receiued . . ., a spadle with which they digged a conuenient place (The Dictionary quotes *Spaddle*, with the date of 1669; and Dr. Wrights Dictionary of the English Dialects records *spadle* in the sense of a *spadeful*.

TUCK. 125. Hence they held it vnlawfull, to *roste an apple, to tucke an herbe, to climbe a tree, to kill or catch a flea.*

TUMBLE. 246. one of the witnesses tumbled him by a stroke vpon the loynes;

VOLUTATION. 297. through which his body by a continuall volutation and rolling, may be brought into the land of *Canaan*.

WAVE-OFFERING. 268. *; both signifie shake-offrings, heave-offrings, or waue-offrings,*

WAVE-LOAF. 269. as was signified, both by this oblation, and likewise by that of the *two waue loaves*, Leuit. 23. 17.

Noah. Attempted from the German of Mr. Bodmer. Vol. II. London. 1770. contains the following:

DEPICTIVE. p. 6. *; the beautiful works of Sipa's daughters, whose depictive needles had form'd a lively representation of the sacred places in the mount.* (The Dictionary quotes it from the year 1821.)

SANATIVE. 145. Far from the walk of science, he practis'd the sanative art, (The Dictionary quotes no specimen between 1822 and 1695.)

SKY-TINCTURED. 195. (of Raphaels wings) . . .; the third pair sky-tinctur'd cover'd his legs, and graceful touched the floor.

SUBLIMING. 15. . . ., thro' what infinite works of unsearchable wisdom and power does the eye of contemplation range, subliming the soul with encreasing light! Who was the author of this translation?

The Bioscope Explained. London: 1812. (The second edition, of 1814, is wrongly assigned to 1874 on the Catalog of the British Museum, which attributes it to Granville Penn.) provides:

AGEDNESS. 105. Wherever I turn, I see the proofs of my own agedness.

ASSAILMENT. 99. The religion of Christendom, was the great object of their assailment;

EXHAUSTURE. 152. When the graduated scale marks out to our view the terrible truth, of the exhausture of our stock of time. (The Dictionary leaves it at 1796.)

Fitz-Gwarine &c. By J. F. M. Dovaston, A.M. Shrewsbury, 1812: in a dedication on p. 259, has POET-FERNEAT.

THREE-SHEAR SHEEP and SHEAR-HOG SHEEP. The *Oxford Times* of May 8, 1914, reproduces the following from "Jackson's Oxford Journal," May 7, 1814: "A remarkably fat three-shear sheep was killed and shown by Messrs. Harris and Silman, at Burford Fair, on the 30th of April last, which weighed 12 score 9 lb., bred and fed by Mr. Large, of Broadwell, in this county, deemed by judges to be the greatest weight on the smallest bone ever exhibited.

. . . . On Saturday last William Collison was committed to our county gaol charged with stealing one shear-hog sheep, the property of Sarah Butler, of Elsfield."

IMPERIALITY. The *Observer* of May 24, 1914, on page 11, under the heading "Passages from the Sunday Papers of May 22, 1814," speaking of the mother of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, says: "This old lady is understood to have amassed a large fortune, during the few years of her dowager imperialism."

DIVERTISEMENT. The *Times* of May 28, 1914, quotes from its number of May 28, 1814, "King's Theatre. Mr. Vestris's Night. On Thursday, the 2d of June, 1814 . . . End of the first Act, a Spanish Divertissement," of which word the Dictionary gives no specimen between 1854 and 1719.

COMBATANCY. On p. 5 of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 3, 1914, "The ebullition of the national spirit must have been extraordinary to maintain all the activities of exploration, colonisation, commerce, and combatancy on the part of the relatively meagre population who obeyed the sceptre of Elizabeth."

TELEGRAM-POLES, instead of Telegraph-poles or posts, is an expression much used by Cornishmen.

In THE ACADEMY, No 2195, p. 702, col. 1, read "words, may seem to" and "libro le falta."

I remain, sir, yours, EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Oxford Union Society; Oak-Apple Day, 1914.

THE WRONG SPIRIT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I read with regret the letter of Mr. Wallace in THE ACADEMY for May 2, which I regard as most ill-timed and objectionable. Mr. Wallace had no right or reason whatever to impute such motives to the American nation and Federal Executive as he plainly did. Moreover, it was in exceedingly bad taste to indulge in such a vein of ill-humour. How long, I wonder, will a certain class of Englishmen continue obsessed by unwarranted and nonsensical prejudices and delusions, which are apt to occasion international mischief and ill-feeling? For it does not seem to matter how absurd and unjustified such "obsessions," some newspaper will always be found to open its columns for their publication. At one period it is the Russian bugbear that haunts the British mind and renders a certain portion of the British public hysterical; at another, it is the "German scare." And yet all those "Russian" nightmares were speedily dispelled when the brave Japanese army faced and defeated Russian hosts, which were supposed to have been directed towards the Indian frontier, and whose Tsar and his Ministers were so bent on the invasion and absorption of British India! While, on the other hand, so far from Germany having

TO THE SECRETARIES OF LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETIES.

A short time ago we published a note on Mr. Balfour's address before the English Association.

Every week, before some literary or debating society, papers are read by local ladies and gentlemen, if not by those of wider reputation, in which thought on affairs, on books, on art, science, or philosophy is crystallised.

Often we have been astonished when listening to papers and discussions in local societies by the excellent thoughts excellently expressed, which fall from the lips of men who are yet a long way off the eminence of a Balfour.

Why should these efforts go unnoticed outside the circles of the village or the town in which they originate?

We propose to allot some portion of the space of "The Academy" as often as may be necessary to a notice or a quotation from any of these papers whose intrinsic merits warrant either. This is an absolute novelty in London journalism, and can only prove the success we hope it will be if the Secretaries lend us their co-operation. If they will communicate with us we shall be happy to make arrangements with them which may be pleasing to them and to the authors of the papers or addresses, and we believe useful and interesting to our readers.

Sometimes we should be glad to publish a lengthy extract, sometimes a sentence or two, always an epigram or a paradox with which the local orator may elucidate or illumine a topic.

Letters to Editors from any corner of the country or the world which contain a point or convey information are always welcome: why should not a wider publicity be given to utterances which are none the less worthy of notice because they were prepared for the purely local audience?

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proved England's enemy, the German Emperor, at all events, conclusively proved England's friend during the South African imbroglio, when all Europe besides was pronounced in hostility of sentiment. Moreover, if Germany ever seriously intended war with England she would have assuredly declared it before this, during so weak and vacillating a Government as the present.

I have declared Mr. Wallace's assertions and insinuations to be unwarranted, and I will endeavour to prove it. In the first place, President Wilson is a man of conscience and veracity, as well as an ardent lover of peace. His whole life and conduct, his writings and his public addresses, bear witness to this. Moreover, he has distinctly declared that the United States Government has no wish whatever either to conquer or to annex Mexico; but desires only to see peace restored within that distracted country. He has had infinite patience, and has used every means to restore law and order in Mexico. So patient and forbearing has he been, indeed, as to have provoked the satire of "Jingoists" in America, as well as of foreign critics and diplomats. To be sure, he may have made mistakes; and his conduct in insisting only upon the removal of Huerta, and in taking temporary possession of Vera Cruz only upon the refusal of Huerta to "salute the flag," has no doubt rendered him justly liable to criticism and adverse comment. But "to err is human," and whatever President Wilson's faults of statesmanship may have been, he is generally and very properly recognised as a man of high honour and sincerity. Yet Mr. Wallace declares that it has all along been the plain intention of the United States to take Mexico, even though the American Government may not have directly thus committed itself. At all events, that is the substance of his assertions. I beg, therefore, to assure him that he is mistaken; that neither President Wilson nor the American Congress, nor yet the American people, desire anything of the kind. Indeed, so far from that, Mexico and the Mexican people are commonly regarded by Americans as utterly undesirable, either as an annexed and to be absorbed or as a conquered nation, and the "Mexican question" as an intolerable nuisance; and nothing short of absolute necessity will induce the President and Congress to so much as attempt to conquer or annex that wretched country. As it is, the question of race and colour, or of unrestrained immigration, is already assuming grave proportions in the United States, and is occasioning a great deal of anxiety. In effect, the United States does not want any more territory—much less territory where people are so semi-barbarous and undesirable as are the Mexicans.

"But," Mr. Wallace will no doubt interject, "do you pretend to say that no American 'adventurers' and no American 'prospectors' have done aught to provoke complications in Mexico, in order to further their ends?" To which assumed interjection or query I would reply: "No, I do not deny that unscrupulous men of that description may have thus plotted, for has it not ever been thus?" But I do not admit the general truth of Mr. Wallace's assertions in such regard; I simply declare that he was not justified in implying, to say nothing of asserting outright, that the United States, as a nation, had ever cherished "designs" on Mexico, or had sought by secret methods to entangle it. Has Mr. Wallace forgotten the example the United States set the whole civilised world by its treatment of Cuba? Yet, prior to the delivery of Cuba from the Spanish yoke, all Europe professed to be quite confident that America had all along intended to "gobble up" Cuba,

and that all American expressions of "humane intent" were but nonsense.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
EDWIN RIDLEY.

Buffalo, U.S.A.

THE BASQUE LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—You have published in THE ACADEMY of the 30th ult. an interesting letter from Mr. E. S. Dodgson, respecting an old basque text recently discovered in Vizcaya. Allow me to present your readers some observations.

The basque sentence alluded to is written on a book of the XVIth century but is without any date, so that one cannot ascertain when it was written. The remarks of Mr. Dodgson are of course questionable. What he says about *cuztai* would be right, did not *guztirequin* occur in the preceding lines.

"Echave's discursos" were reprinted in Madrid about forty years ago in facsimile by Don Mariano de Zaballurn.

Van Eys' edition of the 1896 proverbs is not so incorrect as Mr. Dodgson asserts, but this scholar is in the habit of undervaluing all work but his own.

As regards the so-called song of Lelo, one may suppose it has been discovered by your correspondent; it was first published by W. von Humboldt in the year 1817, and several times reprinted since then. In 1880, José Manterola made a new edition of it carefully revised in his *Cancionero*. Lately, Don Julio de Urganjo reprinted it, with a photograph of the original text, in his much valuable *Revue Internationale des Etudes Basques*. Yours truly,

Paris, June 4.

PROF. JULIEN VINSON.

CONGRATULATIONS!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May I congratulate THE ACADEMY and its correspondent, Mr. E. Stone, on having found the author of the lines I sent you at the beginning of May? The reply shows the wide range of THE ACADEMY readers, and it shows also that Mr. Stone knows more than some of his literary compatriots. Two years ago I was in America, and made inquiries everywhere I went, but no one had ever heard the lines in question. I am sorry I do not know Oliver Herford's work. Mr. Stone might tell us in another letter more about him. Yours, etc.

CURIOUS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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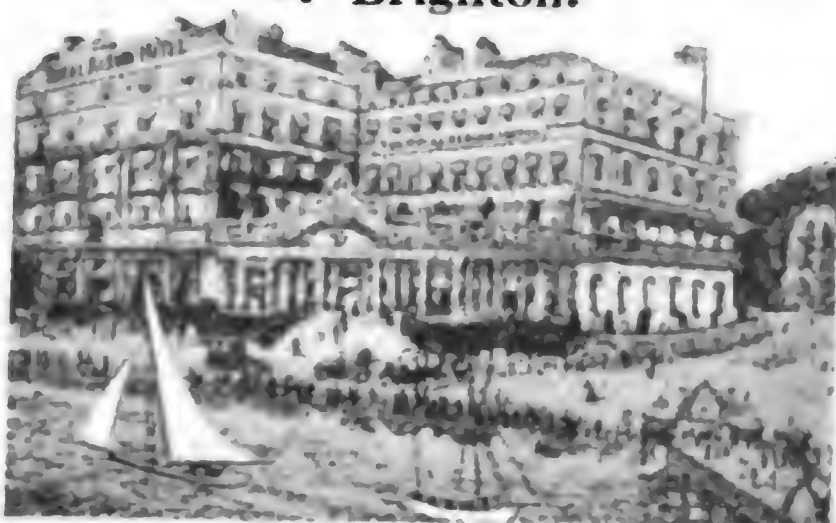
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Notes of the Week

THE case of Laura Grey, as she chose to be called, appeals to the writer somewhat vividly. Mr. Hornung has in a charming manner depicted the fine qualities of the girl's nature before her understanding became warped by the noxious teaching of those whose mission it appears to be to destroy on the one hand the charms of womanhood, and on the other to prove conclusively the limitations of female natures and their unfitness to take part in pursuits which are really foreign to them. The writer's experience of the unfortunate girl was confined to the two occasions when she stood charged with arson before the Bench to which he belongs. She was charged with another woman of a very different type, whose behaviour was insolent and suggestive of ill-breeding. Laura Grey's demeanour was not objectionable, so long as the proceedings lasted; but when the adjournments took place, and she joined the crowd of ill-favoured women who had thronged the jury-box, her manner ceased to be refined. Now for two outstanding features of the case. There is no doubt that the girl was a paid member of the militant section; there is no doubt that money was behind her, because the Bench required bail for the two prisoners in the sum of £8,000, and on each of the two occasions when the case was adjourned the unsavoury crowd of women who were in court were able to satisfy

the police that the sureties offered were substantial. The prisoners were committed to the Assizes; a true bill was found, and they were sentenced to three years' penal servitude. Laura Grey hunger-struck, and she was released in the course of a few weeks. She was presented with a medal "for valour" by her employers; but if the writer is not mistaken, she was discharged from their service because she could be no longer useful in committing outrages, on account of her identity being so well known to the police. It is not therefore unreasonable to suggest that when her usefulness ceased, and her womanly qualities had been defaced, she was consigned to the gutter, to descend from the status of crime to that of depravity.

The Lords do not intend to be rushed over the Amending Bill. If Lord Lansdowne's speech has any meaning at all it is that the peers are alive to the "confidence trick" methods of the Government. Better make a stand in the last ditch than not make a stand at all. Every possible means left to what passes for our Second Chamber must be used to defeat the Government's wicked designs on Ulster. It is a thousand pities the Unionist leaders did not take the course we advised in February last. They should not have been parties to the voting of supplies until the Home Rule Bill had been deprived of its most insidious element. All talk about dislocating the finances of the country was wholly out of date. The precious Budget of 1909 renders such a plea inadmissible to-day. If the Lords want support for any action they may take they can surely find it first in the series of conversions which have followed the visits to Ireland of Radical politicians anxious to see things for themselves, and secondly in the deputation which waited on Mr. Asquith on Monday afternoon. Lloyd George's finance is playing ducks and drakes with the business of the country. When a Mond is party to squeals over Radical taxation for objects not yet approved by Parliament, we may indeed feel that Radical autocracy is coming to judgment.

We are constrained to hope that the Irish National Volunteer movement may, however late in the day, complete the opening of sane Radical eyes to the great achievement of the Government. Ministers have simply turned Ireland, which they took over in a state of peace greater than she had known for centuries, into a couple of armed camps. We attach importance to the I.N.V.'s, not because we have any fears that they might for a single moment successfully challenge the U.V.'s, but because they show the risks involved in stirring up passions which it will require a statesmanship certainly not to be found in the Radical ranks to allay. The I.N.V. movement in a military sense may be little better than a travesty: the Southerners, we are assured, do not take themselves seriously as the Ulstermen do. But they take themselves sufficiently seriously not to allow Mr. Redmond to assume the rôle of a Carson in directing and controlling their organisation. Mr. Redmond may well be both annoyed and

astonished. He has so long been in the habit of issuing his orders to the Government and seeing them punctually obeyed that he cannot understand the refusal of the National Volunteers to place themselves under his wing. They are out to fight for Home Rule, and they refuse to take orders from the Home Rule leader. How absolutely Irish the whole thing is!

Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, in his talk at the Royal Institution on "Aspects of American Democracy," did not seem to hold out very much prospect of improvement in the conditions which the present generation has to face. The dominant note of American life, he said, is hopefulness, and the real aim of American democracy is to provide opportunity for the children. It is a self-denying ordinance which, with some experience of American democracy so called, we must confess we should never have suspected. American democracy is just as real—that is to say, as unreal—a thing as British democracy, or French democracy, or any other. There can be no democracy in a country of Bosses and Trusts. Our observation of the really honest democrats in America suggests that they have grown almost to despair of bettering things. The true reformer in America goes in danger of his life: his success would destroy too many vested interests. And if the Trusts were broken to-morrow, the country would find itself in the grips of the Knights of Labour the day after. Even in democracies someone must be on top. Democracy is an ideal. The world has never yet seen it in practice.

What it means to a country to have men on top has been strikingly illustrated this week by President Wilson and ex-President Roosevelt—captains both, whatever we may think of certain of their public actions. President Wilson in the northern continent has made re-discovery of America's credit and honour, and Mr. Roosevelt has made discoveries of another sort in the heart of the southern continent. In their respective ways the achievements of the two men are equally notable; and quaintly enough, both turn on waterways which the Americans may be said to have added to the map. The repeal of the shameless preferential clause in the Panama Tolls is a personal triumph for Mr. Wilson: he has rescued ninety millions of people from a position of international obloquy. Mr. Roosevelt's river may or may not be as important a fact as he himself thinks: his adventures were at least extremely interesting and trying. It is something to have penetrated so far into the Brazilian unknown, and there are doubtless Fellows of the R.G.S. who will be glad, at no distant date, to avail themselves of his proffered letters of introduction should they choose to follow in his footsteps.

Excellent work has been and is being done by the Unionist Social Reform Committee; its inquiries into and reports on social problems which the next Unionist Government will have to take up have turned the members of its various sub-committees into the most compact

bodies of social economic experts in the country. And its public spirit is fine. Conclusions arrived at mainly in the interests of the Unionist party are made as readily available to political opponents. This week's report is a valuable indication of the lengths to which State interference in Labour questions should go. It suggests State control of conditions of employment, State intervention in disputes, and the minimum wage according to the nature of service. The proposal to adopt the Lemieux Act now in force in Canada would be more interesting if there were some qualifying hint of the necessity of compulsion. Public opinion will not always secure justice: the only element of weakness in the report is that it does not propose to remove the immunity of Trade Union Funds. They are the one means by which recalcitrant Labour can be brought to reason in times of crisis.

Great Britain is having her ups and downs just now in the world of sport. The British cavalry officers were decisively beaten in the jumping competitions at the Olympian Horse Show. By way of compensation the British polo team at Meadow Brook astonished friends and opponents alike by Saturday's victory over the American team—almost as sensational an event as—shall we say?—the triumph of the British golfers over Mr. Travers and Mr. Ouimet—and on Tuesday they made good their advantage by winning the Cup. The Derby was won by a French horse which at Chantilly did not even secure a place. In international sculling the Englishman, last year's winner, was badly beaten by the Italian. And so the glorious uncertainty of it all continues. Meantime cricketers who have been protesting against the growing popularity of golf may breathe again. The return match of Surrey against Essex drew a crowd of 6,000 people to Leyton on Saturday last. Englishmen, therefore, after all, have not entirely abandoned their interest in the national game. Lawn tennis, we believe, is still being played, and a certain number of people are preparing in the usual way for Henley.

The excellent seamanship of Captain Roberts, of the American liner *New York*, is now placed on record as the means by which another great disaster at sea was avoided. The *Pretoria* and the *New York* just scraped each other as it was, but the passengers all agree that Captain Roberts acted in a terrible emergency with sound judgment and admirable coolness. A small incident of the affair is distinctly amusing; one dear lady, we are told, refused to sign the document presented by the passengers to the captain in praise of his good management, "because she heard him use forcible language from the bridge to the captain of the *Pretoria*." This is simply delightful. Did she, we wonder, expect him to shout through his megaphone courteous phrases of warning—to say that he was sorry to be so troublesome, but the *Pretoria* was coming uncomfortably close, and unless something was done immediately he very much feared there might be a collision?

Youth that is Free

Lines on a GARDEN PIECE by Charles Sykes, designed for Lord Montagu's grounds at Beaulieu. The figure of a young girl, an immortal, is seen for a moment in the sunshine.



I.

IN the earliest days
Ere life's glories had set,
When Time was a cherub
Who knew not regret,
From the woods and the waters
Paradisical lawns
Oft welcomed the footfall
Of nymphs and of fauns.

II.

To-day, in a forest
Where rivers run near
Young Nature adventures
A peep at our sphere.
Some hint of romances,
Enveloped in flowers,
Has called to her world
From this worn world of ours.

III.

In the sunshine at Beaulieu
Where sweet silence reigns
She poised for a second—
And for ever remains.

For the sculptor, so cunning,
Whose eyes see beyond
Our own narrow vision,
Holds beauty in bond.

ENVOI.

Ah, reader, perhaps
You're neglectful of Pan
And his friends who hold revel
A long summer's span;
I pray you return now
And worship with me
This delicate spirit
Of youth that is free.

EGAN MEW.

Eminent Bookmen and their Opinions

I.—MR. JOHN MURRAY, C.V.O.

LITERARY England is justly proud of its historic publishing houses, and to none of them does it acknowledge a larger debt of appreciation than to that which has been ruled for nearly a century and a half by the dynasty of Murray. With the great record of the Albemarle Street house are for ever associated the names and works of many of the brightest stars that shone in the firmament of English letters during a period of exceptional brilliancy. Byron, Scott, Borrow, Southey, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Milman, Hallam, Grote, Crabbe, Mrs. Somerville, Croker, Lockhart, Horace and James Smith, Darwin, Stanley, Gladstone, Livingstone—these names, and others of not less secure literary fame, are on the roll of the clients of the House of Murray, which, under the guidance of its hereditary chiefs, has consistently lived up to its high traditions. To-day, with John Murray the Fourth at its head, it still worthily maintains its place among the foremost publishing houses, not only of England, but of the world.

That it should have owed its foundation to a follower of the profession of arms is a rather curious fact; but the original *métier* of John Murray the First was that of an officer of the Royal Marines. Retiring on half-pay in 1768, he purchased a bookselling business in Fleet Street, and undertook some ambitious publishing ventures, with varying degrees of success. His son, John Murray the Second, was a minor at the time of his father's death, but later on, after sundry enterprises in association with the then bearers of two other famous publishing names, Longmans and Constable, started the *Quarterly Review* in conjunction with Sir Walter Scott, to whom he had previously paid a thousand pounds for a quarter-share of the copyright of "Marmion." These enterprises he followed up by securing from Byron the copyright of "Childe Harold," which had previously been rejected by Mr. Miller, of

Albemarle Street, whose business he thereafter acquired, thus establishing himself in the home of many literary memories with which the name has ever since been associated.

During the long life of John Murray the Third, who joined his father in or about 1827 and survived until 1892, the great and flourishing house, as it had then become, saw many important developments—among them the inauguration of the famous series of Handbooks and a large extension of enterprise in the direction of educational works, while the names of authors of the highest eminence in various departments of literature jostled each other upon its lists.

To the readers of this paper it may be of interest to recall the fact that it was to the third John Murray that THE ACADEMY owed its start in life. Its original promoters, in the early 'seventies, had in him a sympathetic friend and a willing *deus ex machina*; but, before the successfully launched review had been long in existence, he found himself so little in touch with what seemed to him the ultra-liberal theological outlook favoured by its first editor that he felt bound to free himself from responsibility for the paper, which thereupon passed into other hands.

There is no need to prolong this necessarily slight abstract of the history of the house by dwelling upon the ability and success with which its best traditions have been upheld under the *régime* of John Murray the Fourth, its present head. That is, indeed, a matter of common knowledge; but it is specially pleasant to record the fact that his son, John Murray the Fifth, is now rendering active assistance in the conduct of the business, and—cultivated book-lover and keen man of affairs that he is—already gives sure promise of eventually carrying on with undiminished prosperity and distinction the work of his predecessors and namesakes of four generations.

The home of the House of Murray in Albemarle Street is a great deal more than the headquarters of a great publishing firm. As all who have ever been its guests are aware, it is also a literary museum of unique treasures and of almost inexhaustible interest. Beneath its roof—under which Scott and Byron foregathered in the days of John Murray the Second—is stored a collection of manuscripts, souvenirs, and portraits of illustrious men of letters which would be the making of any half-dozen exhibitions of such memorials. We may mention that some of the Albemarle Street treasures are at present on loan to the great Book Exhibition at Leipsic. The manuscripts and autograph letters preserved here are of extraordinary value and interest. Among them are to be seen the complete manuscripts of Byron's "Childe Harold" and many of his other works, and Scott's "The Abbot"; revised proofs as they left the hands of many other immortals who were clients of the Murrays, and letters and manuscripts innumerable from the pens of "men of light and leading" of diverse orders of fame and of successive generations. The objects of interest include a travelling

writing-desk which was in constant use by Scott, a snuff-box which belonged to Byron, containing a lock of the poet's hair, and a screen designed by him, adorned on its respective sides with pictures of the theatrical favourites and leading prize-fighters of the time; a brace of pistols which Sir John Moore was carrying when he received his death-wound at Corunna, and a watch that was once the property of Warren Hastings. The portraits which the house contains—not a few of them by leading English masters—are of an interest commensurate with that of the manuscripts, most of the great writers whose names have already been mentioned having their presentments on the walls, with other famous figures, including such heroes of travel and exploration as Franklin, Parry, Richardson, and Livingstone.

A word about the rare and beautiful books, collected by successive representatives of the Murray family, which are among its most prized possessions. There is no opportunity to say more than that they are a continuing joy to every bibliophile who comes within range of them, including a first-folio and a second-folio Shakespeare and a remarkably fine "Caxton." The man who has not penetrated beyond the business portion of the Murray domain in Albemarle Street has missed an experience full of fascination and intense interest for every worshipper at the shrines of the *dii majores* of a mighty period in the history of English letters.

Surrounded by these memorials of the historic past, one may be tempted to seek from the present head of the house an expression of opinion as to the trend and effect of the modern developments which have so markedly influenced the world of books in general, and the conditions of the publisher's business in particular, within very recent times. Mr. Murray, who bears his sixty-three years with an almost jaunty lightness, and who reveals a spirit no whit less buoyant than that of John Murray the Fifth, who sits by his side, has manifestly no trace of pessimism in his mental composition. But he is far too alert to ignore the teaching of facts; and he recognises that publishing conditions have been made more strenuous in these times by various circumstances, of which one of the chief is the extreme shortness of the life of a new book. The cry for something fresh is constant and insatiable. From the publisher's point of view, he will tell you, there are nowadays three sharply defined periods in every year, bounded respectively by the three annual holiday seasons; and a book that is issued during any one of these periods—unless it is a work of altogether exceptional importance and success—may for all practical purposes be counted as dead when the next holiday interval is reached. The fact has also to be considered that comparatively few people in these days have leisure, inclination, and housing-space for the formation of anything worthy of the name of a library, unless it be one composed of the cheap popular editions which are now produced in such abundance.

On the question of these cheap issues, Mr. Murray is emphatically of opinion that a shilling should and indeed must be the "bed-rock" price, and that the "sevenpenny" in cloth as a lasting institution is impossible, since it can leave no adequate margin of profit to anyone concerned. With regard to the possibility of popularising the paper-covered volume in this country he owns himself sceptical; and, in illustration of the marked difference between the Continental and the English point of view in this matter, he shows a French edition of so important and permanent a work as "The Letters of Lord Byron," produced in a flimsy yellow-paper wrapper which already shows signs of perishing, though the volume has had very little handling, and bids one compare it with the stout and durable style in which even works in pamphlet form issued by his own house are bound and produced. Book-buyers in this country, he believes, would be slow to reconcile themselves to the association of easily perishable covers with books having any claim to real and enduring literary value.

Turning to the question of the circulating libraries and the powerful position they have acquired in these latter days, Mr. Murray makes it clear that he does not share the feeling of hostility which they seem to have evoked in some quarters; and he points out that they do an inestimable service to contemporary literature by enabling books of merit and value to be published which would have no chance of production if it were necessary to depend upon sales alone. He is, however, none the less decisively of opinion that any organised "censorship" of literature is not only undesirable in theory but impossible in practice. While sympathising heartily with the troubles of the book-sellers, Mr. Murray feels that these—like the troubles of the publishers, both here and in other countries—are mainly due to the great existing overproduction. On the vexed problem of the "superfluous" book, he confesses his inability to see any effective means of suppression. The mere fact that there will always be publishers who are prepared to issue books at the author's risk makes the problem, he thinks, an insoluble one.

In speaking of the general outlook in contemporary literature, Mr. Murray allows his reasoned optimism once more to assert itself. The average level of literary talent, he thinks, is higher to-day than at any previous period, though he is fain to own that we do not live in an age of literary giants. The services that John Murray the Fourth has rendered to the craft of letters are too well known to need recital here, although it is impossible to forbear all reference to his gallant leadership of the successful side in the memorable "book-war" of a few years ago. Of the personal popularity of the "Fourth" it is unnecessary to speak; if we were to do so, it might be thought that we had an overmastering affection for a man and a house who have stood for all the best traditions of literature.

ALFRED BERLYN.

Some Futurist Jokes*

SIGNOR MARINETTI continues to jest with such fluency that it is not easy to keep pace with him, but one of his latest jokes is so very remarkable that it cannot go entirely unwept, unsung. Neither of the participles lacks its justification. If the following remarks shall seem to many readers to have little in common with their conception of a song, neither will the constituents of "Zang Tumb Tumb" appear to them exactly to discharge the function of "poems"; as to the weeping, it is customary to weep over a demise, and the conviction is forced upon our reluctant minds that "Zang Tumb Tumb" is the swan-song of Futurist literature. It is a pity, for the first essays in this *genre* were so promising of amusement. Now it is but too evident that there is nothing more to be done in this direction; a bridge has been built to carry a jest, but it will bear nothing heavier; "Ponte" is an allegory of the system of poetics that produced it.

What is poetry? A whole chorus of confused answers comes; we shall not give our own. All the hundred answers have something in common, having indeed to do with the explanation of permanent characteristics of the human mind, and we shall always believe that the broader the basis the truer the truth. Mankind never discovered how to make war or love or poetry; it has made them because it could not help itself; it has altered its methods of making all three, but gradually and continuously; there never has been a revolution. Tiny reforms act much more immediately than drastic ones. Sadowa was won by a slight improvement in the pattern of a rifle; at Creçy the French employed cannon for the first time, and we are told that "the English do not appear to have noticed them." Poetry has throughout the ages involved the notion of articulate speech, and the greatest poets have generally been the most articulate; Signor Marinetti wishes to persuade us that poetry is perfectly inarticulate; that, to achieve it, all we have to do is to "in-ebbriarsi della vita"—just gurgle or scribble—gurgle first, scribble afterwards, then gurgle again. We have heard that, at one of Signor Marinetti's recitations, a candid critic said that the poem recited—we believe it was "Ponte"—was sheer nonsense, but that the reciter had made it sound like something rather fine; to which Signor Marinetti replied that the poem was, on the contrary, the finest poem that had ever been seen, but that he, the reciter, was wholly incapable of doing it justice.

Typographical limitations debar us from giving any adequate notion of the newest poetry; besides, the demonstration of the "Art of noises" at the Coliseum will probably include some recitations; the announcements, oddly enough, are not drawn up in Futurese. But everybody ought to have a look at "Zang Tumb Tumb"; there is food for at least five minutes'

* *Zang Tumb Tumb*, Adrianopoli, Ottobre, 1912. *Parole in Libertà*. By F. T. MARINETTI. With Portrait. ("Poesia," Milan.)

laughter, even, or especially, for those ignorant alike of Italian and Futuress; Italian scholars with a capacity for being shocked must be cautioned.

Another good joke is the manifesto against "Parsifal" and the tango; the latter, it appears, is a dance in which the partners gaze into each others' mouths "*comme deux dentistes hallucinés*"; as to "Parsifal," it may be guessed what Signor Marinetti's opinions are; but chiefly we are bidden remember that "*ce n'est pluus chic*." Another good joke was the lecture on clothes, but, like so many good jokes, it numbered chestnuts among its ingredients, and required to be served piping hot, so we must let it alone.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

XI.—SIR GILBERT PARKER.

SIR,—You will not, I trust, resent it as an impertinence that I address this letter to you through the medium of THE ACADEMY for all the world to read, instead of through the ordinary channel of the post for your own private benefit. I do so because I am fearful you may regard some of the things I have to say as so utterly absurd that you might be inclined to consign my words to the flames with rather less compunction than you showed when burning certain of your earlier effusions. No man within my knowledge has ever been at greater trouble than yourself to assure the world of his own pre-eminence; certainly none has ever been more happy in the conceit. On the few occasions when it has been my privilege to rub shoulders with you, I have been charmed with your genial good nature; I have even caught the spell of your enthusiasm, and I should never have thought from personal contact that the author of "The Seats of the Mighty" considered himself the occupant of one of those seats.

It is a revelation of character to leave the author and turn to a study of his work. To my mind, the prefaces to the Imperial Edition of your novels constitute the most monumental literary edifice in self-appraisal ever given to a public prepared to take the man it likes at his own valuation. Ability to detect the utter worthlessness of popular applause in matters of art is not one of the gifts vouchsafed you. You are no better than a Marie Corelli or a Hall Caine in that respect. Record sales and a collected edition, to you as to them, are absolute guarantees of superlative merit. In politics you naturally only admit the sound judgment of the majority when it votes in favour of your side. In literature you see no reason to adopt any other criterion of popular sense and good taste, inasmuch as for nearly a quarter of a century the verdict has been yours. What, however, frankly surprises me is that you do not carry sufficient ballast or possess the necessary modicum of humour to enable you to regard your success with a measure of philosophic modesty. On the contrary, success has merely convinced you in your prime that the generous self-estimates of youth were

wholly warranted. You have clearly come to consider yourself as one of the Immortals even while mortal. In your view it has become a matter of first-rate historical literary importance that the world should be let into the secrets of the sanctum whence came the masterpieces of Gilbert Parker. How grateful we all should be that you permit us to know you wrote "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" in four weeks, that it possessed you, and that until it was ready to be given to an impatient public you moved "as in a dream."

More conclusive proof of the gestation of genius we could hardly find. Then the complete obsession to which alone we owe "The Seats of the Mighty"! Think of the sublime spectacle of "the slave of his subject" showing himself still "the master of his material." Who would imagine from this that the author, true to the instinct of his earlier journalistic experience, had been to Quebec, the very atmosphere of which is romance, to gather material for his novel in the manner of the born reporter? "I believe," you tell us, "that every book which has taken hold of the public has represented a kind of self-hypnotism on the part of the writer." In some cases, apparently, the hypnotic state continues long after the precious effort is complete. What do you tell us of your South Sea stories? You go so far as to admit that others might have written them better—inconceivable!—"but none could have written them with quite the same turn or touch or individuality." A Meredith or a Stevenson might have handled the identical theme and have produced a masterpiece, but I suppose we are to understand that neither would have produced the work of a Parker. I agree.

Your exalted view of the art of fiction and the place it should hold in the national life has my entire approval. Without fiction, if I may be permitted a paradox, life would be much less real. Our Merediths and our Hardys are indispensable to our national economy, and there is need, too, for our Parkers, however little there may be for the Corellis and the Caines. But, sir, you only make yourself ridiculous with your airs, when you turn a public liking for the mostly melodramatic children of your brain into a hall-mark of genius. To such a length have you carried your proclamation of your own quality that, when I read the following passage in an article of yours, I felt you had inadvertently omitted something: "Fiction is not a mushroom trade, a mere side-show of literature, but an art inherently as old as the oldest. Indeed, the storyteller, the first historian of life, is the master of all other artists in essence—as was Ptah, the father of the gods—incarnating himself at last through sixty centuries into at least three master-craftsmen whom it is the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race to have produced—Scott, Dickens and Thackeray." No, sir, the missing name is not Shakespeare: it is neatly covered by the reservation "at least." You shall have one guess. You are right, but I quite see that there are occasions when modesty compels silence.

There must be, I am afraid, a critical kink in what passes for my mental equipment. I have

been assured by readers of your novels that quite one of the best, in some respects the best, is "The Pomp of the Lavilletes." I am told it has the atmosphere of old French Canada. It is a good enough story of the sensational, improbable kind, but to me the atmosphere is as much that of the Old Adelphi as of Old Canada. A friend of mine who, I believe, has read every word you have written, was asked recently what he really thought of your novels. His answer was: "I have found some jolly good stuff in Gilbert Parker, and one never knows when one may come upon a really fine thing from him, but"—and here he shook his head—"he has written some awful tosh!" I should not pass "tosh" as a first-class expression in literary criticism, but, assuming that it is a word of some significance, I should say that a specimen of "tosh" unrelieved is this: "For us who write songs, tales or histories, nature and beauty repay us by so much as we let them come near to our souls. The nearer we let them come the more generously are we repaid." I hope you have been repaid in full. My belief is that you have got more real satisfaction out of your political work than out of your literary, the prefaces notwithstanding. You are a fine type of the Empire patriot: that flag incident at Bonaventure stands for the real Parker. Your grip of such problems as small ownership commands my unqualified admiration, and no one can doubt for an instant either your intellectual acumen or your public spirit—which only makes all the more remarkable your prefatorial self-propaganda.

I am, sir,
Your very obedient servant,
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

The United States Justly Viewed*

BY COSMO HAMILTON.

MR. JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY has been well advised to collect a number of his valuable and enlightening essays which have appeared from time to time in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Century Magazine*, and been read by a small but appreciative number of people. It is to be hoped that the present volume, in which are included two hitherto unpublished papers, the one on "The Monroe Doctrine" and the other on "American Foreign Relations," will be widely read, especially by our politicians, whose ignorance of people and places outside Europe is very pitiful and dangerous, and who cannot be brought to understand that the United States is anything more than a vast comic country in which "spit and splendour" are the chief characteristics, where cowboys and broncho-busters hold up millionaires in Fifth Avenue, and in whose Senate bull-neck "bosses" sit merely in order to feather their nests. Especially it is to be hoped that the

Ministers of the present Government will study Mr. Whelpley's wise and dignified essay on "Mexico and the United States," in which they will discover to their surprise and chagrin that there is at any rate one man at the head of a great nation's affairs who remains honest in spite of all temptations and political pressure, and whose personal honour has not been sacrificed upon the altar of commerce and popularity.

In these times of degenerate governments and political knavery it is tremendously inspiring to read Mr. Whelpley's estimate of President Wilson's calm strength and probity in dealing with the crisis in Mexico, with which he is and has been faced, and to realise the splendid example he is setting to the governments of other nations by his steel-like determination to do the right thing against the slander of the Press and the Gargantuan efforts of the Standard Oil Company. How distasteful it must have been for the British Government, finally and after many struggles, to give its support to President Wilson in the position which he has adopted and held with such tenacity and courage, is only to be understood fully by those who know how closely several of our Ministers are commercially connected with the oil industry in Mexico, and how they, like the Standard Oil Company of the United States, are not specially concerned with the well-being of the unoffending Mexicans so long as dividends come regularly to hand.

If [writes Mr. Whelpley] the United States, when the right moment arrives, should present an ultimatum to the factional leaders of Mexico's armed and political forces, and the representatives of all other Powers interested signified their approval of, and their intention to support, the position of the United States, there seems reason to believe that the outcome might be successful. This would rest largely with England, for Germany has from the beginning expressed and shown her willingness to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the American Government. Whatever mischief may have been caused at the beginning by the doubt which existed as to England's position would probably be neutralised by the unqualified support the English Government now seems willing to give the American Government in its efforts to bring about an effective settlement of Mexican troubles.

It will be seen that Mr. Whelpley writes "the unqualified support the English Government *now seems willing* to give." What a world of distrust lies behind those three small words!

To invade Mexico with an armed force for the purpose of bringing about safety for life and property does not mean merely inflicting punishment upon an opposing force. It means taking charge of the whole show and running it in detail until it is safe to leave it in native hands once more. . . . To invade Mexico would mean to make war upon the Mexican people, the majority of whom are innocent of offence, and, as things are now, have no grievance against the foreigner. That they would have, should foreigners attempt to control their country, is inevitable; and it is to avoid not only the bill of costs for the American people, but arousing the Mexicans to undying hatred

* *American Public Opinion*. By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

and prolonged resistance, that President Wilson is pursuing his policy of watching and waiting. The man most concerned is the President of the United States, and others can afford to give him the free hand he desires to work out a solution of a most difficult and trying problem. There is every reason that he should want to prove that he is right, and there are many who have faith that he will do so in the end.

Whether he does or not, the man whose duty it will be to write a history of these times will certainly find himself drawing a comparison between the upright and dignified and honest methods of this "Professor" politician and those to which none of these words can be applied which have been practised by the professional politicians of Great Britain, and it will be very much to the detriment of the latter.

Among the other questions dealt with by Mr. Whelpley with the same illumination and good sense are public opinion and the tariff, the American people and their diplomats, America in the Far East, Japan and the United States, food as an international asset, and the land of the optimist. The last-mentioned paper, which is the first in the book, sums up the character and conditions of the United States more clearly, fairly and intelligently than anything else that we have read. As the essayist truly says, there are only two sources of information as regards the United States. "One is the Press, which quite naturally deals almost exclusively with the unusual and the sensational, and the other is Wall Street, a most notoriously inaccurate reflector of real conditions and an alarmist without intelligence."

To one who has lived for two or three years in the country, who has spent some time in its big cities, and who has taken the trouble to make a study of its many domestic problems, it is a matter of great admiration that this optimism to which Mr. Whelpley pays tribute remains an unplumbed well. There must be something wonderfully stimulating in the clean air, in the red rock which was grappled with so courageously by the early pioneers, and in the knowledge of the immense resources of the country that enables men like Mr. Wilson to fight against a corrupt and powerful press, a network of Trusts, and a constant in-pouring of alien emigrants who, in the unscen parts of the cities, sow the seeds of mental and physical diseases which are as difficult to eradicate as the mustard weed in the vast acres of Canada.

The truth of it is that a great deal that was fine and strong and forthright in those men and women who went over in the *Mayflower* has remained in the blood of the true and genuine American, and he, although he is to the casual observer few and far between among the vast hordes of Jews and Poles and Swedes and the rest who call themselves Americans, remains the solid backbone of the country of which he is naturally so proud. It is his heritage, and he is, as a rule, unrecognised, seeing to it that he leaves it better than it came to him. There are splendid men in the Navy and the Army, in Law and Politics, Medicine and the Church, whose key-notes are optimism, patriotism and duty, and who are

quietly but steadily re-adjusting the chaos brought about by the peculiar standard of business and political morality which, like the gin-bottle of the man at the heels of the missionary, followed the early pioneers. At the moment, these men are leading a bloodless revolution against disorder, lawlessness, disease and dishonesty. They are setting their immense and indescribable house in order. The consequence, as Mr. Whelpley well says, is that every piece of real property in the United States is worth more now than it was ten years ago; the physical plant of every great industrial enterprise, from railroad to mill, is to-day more valuable than ever it was. The revision of the tariff law has given Europeans a better chance of business in America than they have ever before been offered, and has at the same time unquestionably stimulated the productive power of the American people.

The country is too big, too rich, too self-contained, and inhabited by too energetic and ambitious a people, to remain supine under any difficulties which are hinted at now or can be foreseen in the future. The pessimist and the whiner have lost and will continue to lose. The foreigner who seeks opportunities in America, or who, having found them, fears for his ventures, need but exercise his patience and have faith, for his interests are being jealously guarded by a people whose very lives and liberties are at stake as well as their property. The American people are not "quitters," and they are working out the greatest experiment in government by a people for a people that the world has ever seen. It is an experiment worth watching, for it is founded on a plea for human rights, and from the results the world has much to gain both for humanity and for material progress. At this time, when criticism of America and its affairs are rather the vogue, the spiritual and material prospects of the country and its people were never brighter. The very throes through which the nation is passing attest the casting out of devils, some of whom are most fetching in their borrowed robes of white and haloes of reform.

Can We Think Without Words?

"THAT thought cannot exist without speech is a truth generally admitted. The negations of this thesis are all founded on equivokes and errors." So writes Benedetto Croce, last and not least of modern æstheticians.

The intimate relationship of thought to speech has been admitted implicitly ever since man could speak, and explicitly ever since man could think. *Phrazomai*, the Greek for "I meditate," means literally "I speak to myself." *Logos*, the Greek for "reason," also signifies "speech." When the Homeric heroes ponder, they are described as "talking to their own hearts." Again, when Huckleberry Finn says that "the noise was so great, you could hardly hear yourself think," the phrase seems to imply that thought is a kind of internal dialogue which can be interrupted from without.

Nevertheless, the broad assertion, as quoted above, cannot be accepted without qualification. In the first place, thought is an elastic term. If by thought is meant any kind of mentation, the assertion is manifestly false, for it is clear that we can think about things and persons and places, that we can call up pictures of scenes visited and actions performed, without the co-operation of any verbal images. Moreover, it can be shown that the human mind, when it is concerned with concrete things, can perform highly complex operations without calling into play the speech faculty, as, for example, an architect in planning a house, a chess-player contemplating his next move, or an employer arranging his staff's time-tables of work.

There lives in London a clergyman of the Established Church who possesses a free pass over two of the great English railways. This privilege he receives in return for assisting these companies in arranging the time-tables of their trains, for he has the rare faculty of grasping and co-ordinating an immense number of time units—a faculty which is surely quite independent of the speech faculty. The same truth is well illustrated by a story told by Brillat Savarin in his *"Physiologie du Goût."*

There lived in the town of Belley—his native place, of which he was mayor—a certain M. Chirol, a retired member of the bodyguard of Louis XV, and an inveterate card-player. In his latter years he had a paralytic stroke, which extinguished all his intellectual faculties except that of playing cards, which continued unimpaired until his death. Shortly before that event he gave remarkable evidence of the continued integrity of this faculty. "There arrived at Belley," says the gastronomer, "a banker named M. Delines. He came to us with letters of recommendation; he was a stranger, a Parisian; this was more than enough, in a little provincial town, to make us anxious to render his visit agreeable. M. Delines was a gourmand and a card-player. On the first count, we gave him sufficient entertainment by keeping him six or seven hours a day at table; on the second, he was more difficult to amuse. He was very fond of piquet and talked of playing for six or seven francs a point, which greatly exceeded the rate of our most reckless play. To obviate this difficulty we formed a society, in which all who desired took a share. And to whom, think you, did we entrust the business of defending our united interests? To M. Chirol. When the Parisian banker saw the pale, gaunt figure which came and sat down before him, he thought at first it was a pleasantry; but when he saw the spectre take the cards and shuffle them expertly, he began to think that this adversary might at one time have been worthy of him. It did not take long to convince him that his opponent's skill still survived, for, not only in this round, but in many others which followed, M. Delines was so utterly and hopelessly beaten that, at his departure, he had to pay us more than six hundred francs, which were carefully shared out among the associates."

That this old gentleman, who could not speak, was still capable of effectively thinking is surely manifest.

If, however, we narrow the meaning of the word "thought" sufficiently to make Croce's proposition unquestionably true, it is in danger of becoming merely axiomatic; for, if by thought is meant the capacity of thinking in words, the thesis that thought cannot exist without words is self-evident.

The real question at issue is not whether we can think without speech, but whether without speech we can form general notions. That this faculty is particularly associated with the speech faculty is unquestionable. One school of philosophers, the so-called Nominalists, maintained that a general notion is nothing more than a name to which a number of images is attached, a sort of strap with a handle by which bundles of assorted particulars are strung together for convenience of transport. Others, who hold that a generic notion is something different both from its name and the particulars from which it is extracted, nevertheless hold that such a notion cannot subsist in the mind without the support of a verbal image.

The first objection to this view is that it seems to preclude the possibility of growth in language; for language grows by the coalescing of names and notions, but in order to coalesce they must come together, and, in order to come together, they must have existed at some time apart.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but the mother must exist before the child; and what necessity can call into being a new word but a new notion lacking a name by which to utter itself?

Furthermore, if thought cannot be dissociated from words, all our thought must be tainted with the imperfections inherent in language. "Words," says Locke, "interpose themselves so much between our understanding and the truth that, like the medium through which visible objects pass, their obscurity and disorder cast a mist before our eyes and impose upon our understandings." If, then, we are for ever incapable of seeing behind this distorting mist, a true vision of reality is unattainable. Language is an instrument in the fashioning of which all the dead generations of men have had their share. Not only all the truths which have ever been discovered, but all the falsehoods that have ever been believed, have left their mark upon it. Only the supreme intellects can presume to mould or modify it to their own purposes; the generality of men must use it as they find it. Through language we are, in truth, "heirs of all the ages," and in some respects it is an inheritance which we should be richer by repudiating, if it is our sole means of contemplating the truth.

To avoid these unacceptable consequences, let us for the moment suppose that it is possible to think in the abstract without words; yet we are no richer even though we possess this faculty; for, not only shall we be incapable of communicating the results of our meditations to others, but we shall be unable to retain and record them for our own use; since language is not only a

vehicle of communication, it is a means of fixing and perpetuating ideas on our own behalf.

It appears from this that, in order to think effectively, we must be able to think with words, but not through them; we must be able, from time to time, to detach the notion from the name and view them apart; otherwise, we shall not use language, but shall rather be used by it: words will not be the ministers but the masters of our thought. This is, indeed, the fate of the generality of men. What language has joined under one name they are incapable of putting asunder. For example, if a certain system of commercial relations is called "Free Trade," they will believe it is something to be fought and died for, like Free Thought and Free Speech. If a certain contagious distemper of the respiratory organs is called a "cold," they will believe that it is a result of chill and exposure, though science and experience with one voice assert the contrary.

Hence we may discern the great educational value of translating ideas into a foreign tongue. For notions which in one language are comprised under one name, are in another divided among two. Thus, in order to translate correctly, we must be constantly detaching the notion from its signifying name. For example, a school-boy learns that "now" in French is *maintenant*; then he comes across the sentence, "Now there lived in this city . . .," and he is told that "now" must be translated *or*, whilst in the phrase "Now listen" he must use *donc* for the same word. It is clear that he cannot know in future which word is to be used except by detaching the three notions signified by "now" in English from the sound which they have in common.

The greater the difference in the idiom of two languages, the greater is the capacity of detachment required in translating from one to the other. Hence the unique value of the time-honoured, but now often derided, school exercise of translating English into idiomatic Greek or Latin. Indeed, there is no better test of a boy's mental calibre than a capacity for doing Latin prose; and we need not ridicule the belief of George Borrow's father that no boy ever came to a bad end who had thoroughly mastered Lilly's "Latin Grammar."

JOHN RIVERS.

Folk Lore of the Lakeland*

MR. PALMER has gone among the people of the dales of Cumberland and Westmorland, pencil in hand, has noted down stray talks and anecdotes, and after very little editing, leaving to them for the most part their native freshness, he has published them for the interest and pleasure of the larger world who have no foothold among the dales. The book he has thus constructed is packed full of matter, and the predominant feeling of the reader on coming to the end is a desire for more of

* *Odd Yarns of English Lakeland*. By WILLIAM T. PALMER. With a Preface by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

the same character. Mr. Palmer and his dalesmen talk on all sorts of topics, and on every one they have something new to say. Love, ghosts, school, St. Valentine's Day, Easter, funerals, Guy Fawkes, Christmas music, Shrovetide giants, raffles, and many other subjects combine to form his *olla podrida*. Many of the customs recorded by him have died out, for the levelling engine of universal education in accordance with a machine-made pattern has penetrated even into these isolated dales and has, as elsewhere, destroyed much that is picturesque in its course. Even the custom of sending valentines has disappeared, and the place of the sentimental and meaningful love-token is now to some extent only occupied by comic—that is to say, as a rule, vulgar—postcards. Here and there, however, among the children is to be found a survival; for instance, that which marked the impending conclusion of Lent, "a dishpan chorus done in daylight, without any malice or suggestion of tar and feathers."

Scattered among the narratives is many a good anecdote well worthy of repetition. We will select two and refer to the book itself those who desire more. One relates how a congregation, one Sunday, arrived at the church to find the door shut and the clerk, mounted on a flat tombstone, announcing blandly: "This is to give notice that there will be no service in this church for a matter of four weeks, as the parson's best game hen has 'setten' herself in the pulpit." In the second, also a church story, there was a sudden commotion at the beginning of the sermon, after which the voice of an ancient dame piped out: "If I'd been killed I'd have been right served, for didn't you say, 'Behold, I come quickly'?" The pulpit had come to pieces and deposited the preacher in the midst of his congregation.

Where every chapter is attractive it is difficult to express preferences. One reader at any rate will, however, give his vote to "The Night Shepherd" among the longer pieces, and that of the lost child among the shorter.

In Balzac's Country

II.—THE TREASURE OF SAUMUR.

By R. A. J. WALLING.

WITH the sun in the western sky shining up the broad valley of the Loire, we climbed the steep ascent to the Castle of Saumur. There are many castles on the Loire more beautiful and curious than the Castle of Saumur. It cannot rival the flamboyant grandeur of Chambord, or the historic interest of Amboise, or the romantic loveliness of Chinon, but there is a certain rugged charm about this stern old pile on its great escarpment, with the town and the river at its feet. And the view from the battlements is superb, extending westward even to the cathedral spires of Angers, thirty miles away, and eastward to Chinon itself.

The wide, sweeping landscapes of the Loire, either in Touraine or in Anjou, have a special fascination.

Their grandeur is that of great spaces; they are dominated by no mountains; they are not awe inspiring; they are not pastoral in the English sense. But the low hills, the low sandstone cliffs along the wonderful river, vast vineyards, great expanses of meadow, miles of forest, the jutting towers of church and castle, the gleaming walls of cottage and of villa, and the great arc of the summer sky over all, make up a whole which produces in the mind a kind of hypnotic content. There is nothing sensational to alarm the attention, not a rock, not a torrent, not a smoke-cloud over a great town: nothing but the immense peace which comes out of the eastern horizon with the shining Loire, hovers above it as it winds past its beaches of fine sand, and carries the imagination into the spaces of the West where it melts into the sky. Standing on the ramparts of Saumur and submitting to the influences of the scene one understands the nostalgia of the men of Anjou, their passion for the *douceur angevine* immortalised by Joachim du Bellay:—

Plus me plait le séjour qu'ont batis mes aïeux
Que des palais romains le front audacieux,
Plus que le marbre dur me plait l'ardoise fine;
Plus mon Loire gaulois que le Tibre Latin,
Plus mon petit Lire que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.

But here was the châtelain, jingling his keys. We had seen nobody as we mounted the great flight of steps from the fosse to the courtyard and passed through the gateway; but he had seen us, and had estimated us accurately.

"Bon jour, madame, monsieur. Vous êtes anglais? Bien." (Jingle). . . "Le château de Saumur est très ancien. Il fut restauré en 1810." (Jingle.) . . .

The good châtelain was convinced that, in dealing with English people, the louder he talked and the more he jingled his keys the better he would be understood. A torrent of French history was dashed against the walls and poured back over the ramparts into the valley of the Loire in the tone and the accents of the Guard Room. Every date was punctuated by a short jingle, and every century by a long one. We gazed at him with more astonishment than the schoolmaster's pupils in Goldsmith's poem—

". . . and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew."

It was clear that the châtelain was not an archaeologist by taste or instinct. His dates were perfunctory and his monologue was badly delivered. But in the bright brown eye of this grizzled upright man in the grey linen suit there was a caressing gleam as he looked around him upon the sombre walls, and we came to the conclusion that when he left off being a gramophone and became a human being there would be interesting matter in him. And there was. . . .

"Le dernier des prisonniers de l'état y fut interné en 1830!"

And at 1830, the torrent subsided as suddenly as it had arisen. The châtelain heaved a sigh of relief. We echoed it. The tension of his muscles relaxed, as

those of a man who has performed an arduous and thankless task and rests from his labours.

"Now," said I to Her, "we'll have the real thing."

"Follow me, madame, monsieur, and you shall see the two great curiosities of the Castle of Saumur. Voilà!" He was fumbling in his coat pocket, and produced a crumpled copy of the *Petit Journal* and a box of matches. Then he led the way mysteriously and dramatically to a shed in the centre of the courtyard. Inspired by his gait, we followed breathlessly and on tiptoe. We must have looked for all the world like a band of conspirators about to set fire to the castle.

The illusion was deepened when the châtelain opened the door of the shed, invited us to enter, and pulled the door behind him. After the brilliant sunshine, the gloom was deep. She gave a little gasp. I heard the châtelain chuckle: there was a strong dramatic strain in his composition: patently, this was much more to his taste than his gramophonic historical recital. A little light came through the chinks of the roof, and, when our pupils had been sufficiently dilated by the darkness, we could make out his figure and his movements. He rolled the *Petit Journal* up into the shape of a torch.

"Tenez!" said he to Her, and, when She had taken it, he struck a match. That ingenious product of the State factory fizzled and fumed and filled the place with mephitic odours; it sputtered blue for a few seconds, and then burst into a flame.

"Voyez!" said he to Her, and grasped her arm as he held the match over a low circular wall.

"Prenez garde, monsieur!" he cried, as I was about to lean over. Then he applied the expiring match to the end of the *Petit Journal*, which blazed.

"Relâchez-le! . . ." She dropped it over the wall. "Ecoutez! . . ."

The burning paper fell apparently into the bowels of the earth. We watched it as it went, spinning slowly first and then whirring more and more rapidly, lighting up the sides of an immense shaft. "Ecoutez! écoutez!"

And a strange sound came, first a dull roar, then a furious blast, rising to a shriek as the newspaper spun down and down; it declined, the light became dim; the noise faded into silence, and the light into darkness. The châtelain opened the door, admitted the sunshine, and pointed to the circular wall, over which ashes of burnt paper were floating upwards in a thin veil of smoke.

"How thrilling!" said She, as we stepped into the daylight. He stiffened himself once more into the character of an animated guide-book.

"Le puits," he began, "a cinquante mètres de profondeur. . . ." It went right down to the level of the Loire. The well was used by the inhabitants of the castle in other days as a secret way of going and coming. And much more information of a statistical kind came before the châtelain was once more absorbed in the dramatist: you could, he declared, throw burning papers down the well all day and never a one would reach the bottom.

REVIEWS

The Other Victor of Quebec

The Life of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K.B.
By EDWARD SALMON. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.
6s. net.)

POSTHUMOUS praise may be a small matter to its objects, the noble dead, but it is a great matter to the living, whose capacity for discriminating admiration is indeed one of the best measures of their value. Some admirations are almost too easy; it is as impossible not to admire Wolfe or Clive or Nelson as it is not to cherish in some degree the patriotic sentiment from which such idolatries spring. An enlightened patriotism must, however, aspire to being democratic; it is less to England's honour that there should have been, at a given period, one man capable of dazzling feats than that there should have been many hundreds of men capable of great actions, quietly performed.

The case of Sir Charles Saunders is peculiar in this: as the equal, loyal and efficient colleague, in one of the most striking achievements recorded in our annals, of one of our supreme national heroes, he reaped a rich harvest of contemporary fame and then passed into a most astonishing, if only comparative, oblivion. For the normally well-informed patriot, Quebec was taken by General Wolfe, who died happy in the moment of victory at the head of a land army; a fleet had, indeed, co-operated in preparing the event, commanded as fleets are, by some admiral or other. Saunders was not killed in the moment of victory; he was a man of few words; and he never commanded the fleet in a general and decisive action, but chiefly, and probably for the reasons already given, he has lacked the "sacred bard," and so his fame has been the affair of naval experts and their readers. Mr. Salmon has endeavoured to remedy the omission of the biographers and to restore to us one of our national heroes.

The claims of Saunders to the grateful remembrance of his countrymen do not rest on his share in a single exploit, but on a long career of usefulness and unremitting devotion. He was with Anson on his famous voyage round the world, he commanded in the Mediterranean during the critical and trying times that preceded the intervention of Spain in the Seven Years' War, and he was First Lord of the Admiralty under Pitt in 1767. But to our mind the most glorious page in his record, not excepting even Quebec, is composed of a letter, which we shall quote with Mr. Salmon's introductory explanation. Saunders, it must be mentioned, was on his way home from Quebec.

He had barely entered the English Channel, when he got news that Hawke was out after Conflans and was not, perhaps, any too strongly equipped for the work in hand. Saunders must have been tired, his ships were foul, and his officers and men were certainly eager to get home. But he did not hesitate a second. He turned south and despatched this little note to Pitt:—

Sir,—The Lizard now bearing N.W.b.N. distance 17 Leagues (having with me the *Devonshire* and *Vanguard*) I am joined by Capt. Phillips of the *Juno*, who informs me that the French fleet is at sea and Sir Edward Hawke after them. I have therefore only time to acquaint you that I am making the best of my way in quest of Sir Edward Hawke, which I hope His Majesty will approve of. . . .

Somerset, 19th November, 1759.

The ships arrived too late for Quiberon, but the usually unsympathetic Lord Chancellor, Hardwicke, wrote: "The part which Admiral Saunders has taken voluntarily is, I think, the greatest I ever heard of."

Saunders' share in the taking of Quebec has been the subject of some controversy, but the doubts thrown on it will probably serve the eventual end of emphasising it. Contemporary opinion had no such doubts; Wolfe and Saunders were inseparable stars. Hardwicke, again, wrote: "I question whether any other two officers except Saunders and Wolfe would have carried this arduous affair through." The bringing of the fleet up the St. Lawrence was an extraordinary *tour de force*; perfectly harmonious and effective co-operation with the land forces was another. The circumstances that have militated somewhat against the reputation of the Admiral are his own sparing and restrained penmanship, and Wolfe's readiness to put down in black and white the impulsive impressions of a moment. When, however, the general reflected, however slightly, on the action of his colleague, Mr. Salmon shows that he has always subsequently withdrawn his criticisms.

Saunders seems to have concerned himself very little with his own fame, and fortune so willed it that his achievements frequently needed emphasising. At Hawke's victory off Finisterre in 1747, his ship the *Yarmouth* performed absolute prodigies, and one of his officers wrote: "In all the accounts I have seen she is not so much as mentioned, as though no ship had been there." His Mediterranean command from 1760-2 was undistinguished through its very effectiveness. The enemy were given no chance of concentrating or offering battle, though a battle must have saved his labour and served his fame. "It requires considerable powers of imagination to enter into the conditions in which Saunders maintained the barrier of the Straits against the possible exits and entrances of Spaniard and Frenchmen." This task he accomplished, and, by soothing the wounded feelings of Portugal and by keeping Morocco quiet, he showed that he possessed diplomatic gifts as well.

Saunders performed many and great services, and one, Quebec, "enough," Mr. Salmon quotes, "to have placed him in the front rank of sea commanders. But by the frailty of human judgment such a place can only be won by a successful action." Mr. Salmon's is a really valuable contribution to our naval and imperial history.

Bless and praise we famous men—
Men of little showing!

The Epic of the Western World

The Ancient Irish Epic Tale: Táin Bó Cúalnge ("The Cúalnge Cattle-Raid"). Done into English by JOSEPH DUNN. (David Nutt. 25s. net.)

MR. DUNN begins his all too brief preface by declaring that "The Gaelic Literature of Ireland is vast in extent and rich in quality. The inedited manuscript materials, if published, would occupy several hundred large volumes. Of this mass only a small portion has as yet been explored by scholars." Moreover, most of that literature is couched in highly refined artistic forms, deduced from nothing but their own beginnings; with no hint, in spite of schools of learning probably unique for distinction and enthusiasm in all history, of any foreign derivation, until about the eighth century, when rhyme came into the poet-schools of Leinster from the influence of the grammarian Virgilius; and as distinct in the spirit that pervades it as it is in the elaborate forms devised for its deliverance. It has nothing of that contentedness with time and place, the lack of mystery and reaching-after, that marks the Greek (for even Æschylus and Plato are hedged by that limitation), nor has it any of the coarseness and crudity of the Norse. It is something quite separate from all other literature; and had it not been for the unhappy political confusion of the last three or four hundred years there is no doubt that it would have come to hold a high place. We should be better able to understand much that now seems strangely grotesque, such as the contortions of Cuchulainn, which, though they baffle us in their literal meaning, yet ring a familiar echo in our minds.

The older portion of this literature—that is to say, that large mass of it that took its final form before the twelfth century A.D.—pivots chiefly round about two bands of heroes. The younger and more popular cycle deals with Finn mac Cumhail and the Fiana (or Fenians), and the elder and more aristocratic with Cuchulainn and the Ultonians. The former may be found to-day throughout Ireland on the lips of tradition; but the latter has even escaped the scholar's activity. The centre of the cycle is the famous "Cattle-Raid of Cualnge," and for the first time this has now been translated by Professor Dunn. Eugene O'Curry, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," translated the central episode, the great fight between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad. Miss Eleanor Hull gathered together from various places stray translations of fragments of the Raid; and Miss Faraday translated the passages from the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* (Book of the Dun Cow) and the *Yellow Book of Locan*; but not till now has the whole story been translated. Indeed, Professor Dunn has translated it finally; for he has gathered all the differing accounts, and fitted them into their sequence with a careful critical apparatus showing the sources of each. It is thus not only a book for the scholar, but a book that puts even the ordinary reader into the position of a scholar. The interpolations and glosses of later scribes, alternative

and discrepant readings, are all obvious where they stand in the text. The history of the epic tale can thus be traced by the student who has no knowledge of the difficult Old Irish, with almost as great an ease as if he were in touch with the original sources. This has, to be sure, its attendant disadvantages: the narrative halts and turns back upon itself: passages that run in sequence are in truth parallel readings: but generally these are so obvious that the disadvantage is dismissed; and certainly the compensation is more than sufficient, for we may follow the adventures of the historical original as it became literature and passed from hand to hand.

Seen in this way, the tale may be detected on its way to becoming an epic, but before it has reached that position. It seems clearly destined to win a certain final form and to become one of the world's memorable poems, but never achieves it. It is, for example, in prose; but the many poetic fragments throughout it, duplicating in most cases the prose dialogue or account beside them, suggest the coming of a form that for some reason was never completed. The present reviewer, after some thought on the subject, is of opinion that this was due to the appearance, soon after the form in which we now hold the "Táin," of the Fiana and the Fenian cycle, and the popularity this won—which it has held to the present day. However this may be, the fact is as stated; and it is not without compensations; for the "Táin" as it stands is not only full of a rolling force—a force partly derived from its very incoherence—but has a closeness of detail of the very highest value from an historical point of view. To this we hope to turn at a later date in these columns; but at the moment we cannot do more than notice some of the features.

We have already said that Cuchulainn's contortions in battle-fury never make us feel that they are purely fantastic inventions. They always subtly keep in touch with, and suggest by implication, that portion of human nature that becomes superhuman and angelic (or inhuman and diabolic—which is another phase of the same thing) when some sudden demand in the physical system calls in the powers of the ultra-physical being. They are nearly always in some strange way meta-physical, but they encroach on the fantastic; and, through the incoherence of the material, the constant repetition of the marvellous becomes wearisome, and the interest is surrendered. Fergus, by contrast, is a much more human figure; in fact, he may be called the hero of the work for this reason; and his generosity, uprightness, and chivalry are not just stipulations, but become part of a man so skilfully and truthfully drawn that to meet him in the "Táin" is to love him and to remember him. But when Cuchulainn meets an equal foe, he, too, becomes human in this more intimate sense; and it so happens by a happy chance that this very episode is also the moment when the zest of personal combat is the fiercest and most glorious. We have already spoken of the fight between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad as the central episode of the whole. It would be a big claim to make that this is the greatest description

of a combat in all literature; but we make it, nevertheless. There is nothing in the Iliad to equal it; and that is to say that there is nothing anywhere else to equal it. The very telling of it rises in passion and glory until the moment when: "Such was the closeness of the combat they made that they forced the river out of its bed and out of its course, so that there might have been a reclining place for a king or a queen in the middle of the ford, and not a drop of water was in it but what fell there with the trampling and slipping which the two heroes and the two battle-warriors made in the middle of the ford." It is a story to read again and again; and we can give no higher praise to Professor Dunn than to say that he conveys much of the extraordinary glory of the original, the flashing of the eye, the roll of the voice, and the fierce and detailed intensity of its first teller. There is this quality throughout, and Professor Dunn has made a translation that must enforce the claim of this book to be not only an excellent, but probably a final, rendering into English. Without a doubt it is a book that should be widely read. Certainly no Irishman should be without a copy, despite the price.

Elba

Napoleon in Exile: Elba (1814-1815). By NORWOOD YOUNG. With a Chapter on the Iconography by A. M. BROADLEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 21s. net.)

NAPOLEON at St. Helena is a tragic figure; Napoleon at Elba is at best comic. There is nothing whatever noble about this first phase of exile. It started meanly, with a departure that was almost a flight, with unworthy concealments, ridiculous disguises, and abject fears; it ended unimpressively, with a return inspired by boredom, the fear of assassination, and a craving for those little creature comforts of flattery and idolatry which had become a necessity to the conqueror of Europe. Mr. Young quotes the story of a sergeant who hoisted the Emperor into his saddle "in the most unceremonious manner it is possible to imagine," uninvited and in the teeth of voluble protests. "Such experiences were among the causes which led to his leaving the island."

Still, the story of Elba is worth reading. It is an interesting study in the pathology of tyranny. The King of Elba, late Master of the World, had the ghostly faculty of compression, and shrunk to a dwarf to govern a dwarf kingdom. We see him conquering, if there had been anyone there to conquer, smaller islands; we see him developing his realm with roads, buildings, and the like, mostly with a view to his own personal convenience; we find him bullying Pons to make him give up a treasure that belonged not to Napoleon, but to the Legion of Honour. An elaborate court was organised, strictly to scale, and the island soon bristled with tiny winter and summer residences.

The mirage, which invited disaster during the last days of the Empire by making one army corps appear as three, was in adversity rather a source of comfort. "He was now forming brigades consisting of two mules and a Corsican horse, three French horses and two Elban horses. Thus, with nine French horses, six Elban, two Corsican, and five mules, he was in a position to create five brigades." Other instances of the same kind of illusion are to be found in these pages.

The chief authorities for the Elba episode are the British observers, especially Sir Neil Campbell, who went out in charge, and Pons, an old friend of Napoleon, who managed to combine an intense admiration for the man with an austere Republicanism. Pons has inimitable phrases—"the Emperor amused himself with them" (certain Elban ladies) "at games which are called innocent, though their innocence has never been established."

Elba was sordid; it cannot be made anything else; but Mr. Young appears to us to make it even more so than it really was. Even when he is trying to import a little pathos into the story he fails. Napoleon was an actor, and sometimes nothing else; but he often deserved his applause. Here, however, he had a poor part in a poor play, and his theatrical efforts are merely cloying. Of a passage in a letter to Marie Louise, Mr. Young says: "Here there is a mark of a tear on the manuscript." Why *here*? The tear of any but a very theatrical or a very myopic scribe would be unlikely to choose the most pathetic spot for its descent; it is just as likely to select a remark about the weather.

Socialism and Statistics

Social Reform, as related to Realities and Delusions.
By W. H. MALLOCK. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

THE recent progress of Socialism in Occidental countries is mainly due to the discontent of a large class which, until a recent time, had neither education to expand and intensify its aspirations nor political power to give a practical scope to such aspirations for economic betterment as it cherished. A theory which fitted the discontent has been widely welcomed, and in Britain the theory has gained from the industry of a group of its promoters advantages which have largely counterbalanced its inherent weakness. The Fabians at the outset of their campaign realised that success is almost always obtainable by those who are proof against boredom. With the endurance of zealots they examined blue-books new and old, fought their way through agglomerations of statistics, and were rewarded by the discovery of material which, appropriately marshalled and edited, appeared to substantiate their case. Mr. Mallock long ago perceived that the range of varied data which had been so serviceable in accrediting the Fabian contentions would be equally useful in disproving them and, by adopting the Fabian method of research *à outrance*, he has become one of the most formidable opponents of Socialism.

The preface to the book before us proclaims one of his triumphs in research:—

Use has been made, for the first time, of specific official information, the existence of which appears to have been overlooked, relating to the amount and distribution of income at the beginning of the nineteenth century. McCulloch believed that the records here in question had been destroyed. At the same time, he regarded them as so essential to a true understanding of conditions at that time that he compared their supposed destruction to the loss caused by the burning of the Great Alexandrian Library. They are not quoted by Porter, Levi, Dudley Baxter, or Giffon, or in any of the encyclopædias published during the course of the nineteenth century. Two copies were found by the author in the University Library of Cambridge.

The records thus caught in the author's wide-sweeping net were a report on the census of 1801 and the report on the income tax imposed in that year, which were printed in conjunction by order of the House of Commons in 1802. In face of the figures obtained by comparing population and incomes after the interval of about one hundred years, Mr. Mallock asks what becomes of the Socialist contention, once vigorously upheld as a mainstay of the creed, that the development of industry "under capitalism" in the nineteenth century only made the rich richer by making the poor poorer? And if that contention, held to be essential to the Socialist theory by the pristine preachers of it, has to be abandoned in the light of facts, what ground have we for supposing that other essential dogmas of Socialism are less fallacious?

Mr. Mallock deals a shrewd blow at the "redistribution" form of Socialism which his arch-enemy, Mr. Bernard Shaw, declares to be, as it probably is, the only form in which the Socialistic ideal could be realised. The book provides a panoply against dogmatic Socialism, which is, in fact, an antiquated product of the dogmatic era that preceded the great advance of science led most conspicuously by Darwin. But Mr. Mallock's outlook appertains to the same era, and he proves too much. If his conclusions as well as his facts are right, the nation could do nothing better than revert to the anarchical heyday of the *laissez-faire* school which beheld the exemplification of wisdom in pigsty conditions for the mass of the people. The *élan* of the national conscience towards a new ideal makes such reaction impossible, and the fact that political predominance has passed to the classes on which a life-sentence to the sty would be pronounced gives a strong practical reinforcement to the national conscience. Humanity is not limited to the choice between the ruinous tyranny of all for each in Socialism and the stupid oppressiveness of each against all under the individualism of the doctrinaires. The mind which can recognise no halting-place between extremes is of an ancient type. "*Pergis pugnancia secum opponere*," said Horace to the man who in his time thought consistency lay either in being perfumed like Rufilius or a tribulation to the nostrils like Gorgonius. The proper channel lies between the stakes of dogma that mark the opposite shallows.

Shorter Reviews

Das Getreide im alten Babylonien. Privatdozent Dr. FRIEDRICH HROZNY. (Alfred Hölder, Vienna.)

"CORN in ancient Babylon" has a specialist ring about it, and certainly, for a complete appreciation of this work, a knowledge of the classical and modern languages of the East, together with botanical qualifications of a very special order, would be necessary. But with the right dictionaries within reach there is a great deal to be learned, even by the most dilettante reader. "Ancient Babylon," remarks Herr Hrozny, "was, according to an oft-repeated supposition (whether it is more than a supposition we can hardly judge here), the home of corn-cultivation." The study of cereals has led in some places to important results, notably in Egypt, where ancient grain has been found and preserved. In Babylon the lack of this kind of direct evidence has had to be compensated by the use of texts and inscriptions, and by analogies from more or less ascertained conditions in other ancient countries—Egypt, Greece, Rome, Asia Minor, Syria, India, Palestine and even China. The predominance of wheat and barley in early civilisation was almost everywhere threatened by a grain that Herr Hrozny refuses to accept as spelt, but consistently translates by "Emmer"; about oats the opinion of the ancients was very much that of Dr. Johnson.

Poverty and Waste. By HARTLEY WITHERS. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE faculty of making economic problems not merely intelligible, but interesting to the "man in the street" is sufficiently rare to ensure attention and appreciation for the writer who possesses it, no matter what precise views or theories he may seek to commend by the exercise of his gift. In the case of Mr. Hartley Withers, for example, one could not but be attracted by his power of lucid exposition, his chatty argumentative style, and the pleasant little touches of dry humour with which he

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enforces his points, even if he were seeking to commit his readers to the most reckless of economic heresies. As it happens, the doctrine that he propounds with such forcible simplicity in his latest book is unimpeachably orthodox, though the fact that it enjoins self-sacrifice upon those who accept it is bound to affect its popularity in practice.

Briefly, Mr. Withers sets out to maintain the theses that the more money individuals spend upon ephemeral luxuries, the less there is available in the form of capital for the production of necessities and for the development of productive industries; that the wastefulness of the well-to-do consequently tends to make necessary articles dearer, and so to intensify the struggle of the poor; and, therefore, that it is within the power of every individual citizen who has more than a "living wage" to help towards the alleviation of poverty by curtailing expenditure upon luxuries—which term he defines as comprising "anything that we can do without, without impairing our health of mind and body."

The array of facts and arguments which Mr. Withers marshals in support of his position is undoubtedly a very strong one. Socialism he frankly regards as an idealistic form of government only suited to an idealised humanity; it is in the voluntary action of the individual that he sees the best hope for the amelioration of our social conditions. We have had no saner, more logical, or less rancorous preacher against the evils of wasteful ostentation and extravagant luxury. Let us hope that so clear and strong a voice will not be allowed to cry unheeded in the wilderness.

A Short History of Feudalism in Scotland. By HUGH B. KING. (Wm. Hodge and Co., Edinburgh. 3s. 6d. net.)

CONTAINING an immense amount of matter in its two hundred and forty-two pages, this book is of both an historical and a legal character. In fact, it is a contribution to legal history and a portion of that science, Scottish Feudalism, which has hitherto been much neglected. Mr. King brings out very clearly the difference between Feudalism in the northern country and in that of most other kingdoms. In England and in many parts of Europe feudalism was imposed by alien conquerors, and as a means of forcing obedience. In Scotland, however, the advance of Feudalism was a peaceful process. Its purpose was not conquest, "but organisation of a free people for defence, national and local, for the general welfare—the highest ideal of the feudal contract." Mr. King divides Scottish history into four periods: (I) The great feudal period when the full benefits of the system were enjoyed, from Malcolm Canmore until after the death of Robert Bruce; (II) The illegitimate period of Scots feudal law, until the revolution of 1688, and to some extent also for a further sixty years; (III) The early modern period, "orderly, but pusillanimous," until 1874; and (IV) The recent period. To those who are interested in the subject on which Mr. King writes, the book should prove very useful.

The Passing of War: A Study in Things that Make for Peace. By CANON W. L. GRANE. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the Fourth Edition of a work which has been noticed in THE ACADEMY at its first appearance. As then pointed out, there is no question but that Canon Grane's view is inspiring. We fear, however, that his splendid ideal can never be entirely reached so long as sin and the struggle for existence have to be reckoned with. His optimism is unfortunately too altruistic. The advance of world-civilisation seems to increase rather than diminish the awful struggle for existence. In modern commerce there is a perpetual and subtle form of war, which presses cruelly upon individuals and sometimes on communities, though never a shot is fired, nor sword drawn. But open war from time to time is the result. No doubt there have been unnecessary wars for political aggrandisement, or to satisfy national jealousies. There have been terrible wars of religion, which may seem to us quite out of date to-day. And yet our own country is now on the verge of civil war, and the cause is religious difference.

Canon Grane considers the development and establishment of the pacific idea in Europe and America. Let us grant such a possibility. But what is to be said of the awakening of the East? Of the growth and expansion, for example, of China? International peace might be secured in Europe. But Europe might have to resist a terrible Oriental onslaught. And how is peace to be secured during the development of Africa; in the face, too, of the rivalry of Islam, a religion of the sword? These are factors which Canon Grane hardly touches or passes over lightly. No: the elimination of war belongs to Utopia, to a kingdom which is not of this world. We cannot find any evidence that the Founder of Christianity contemplated the cessation of war in the world, but rather the reverse. Christianity has not rooted out cruelty, oppression, greed and selfishness. Yet without the ideals of Christianity, the world would be poor indeed. Therefore all that promotes and tends to foster the ideal of peace is welcome. But while sin and selfishness remain, we fear that it is hopeless to expect the absolute "passing of war."

In Nature's Ways. By MARCUS WOODWARD. Illustrated by J. A. SHEPHERD. (C. Arthur Pearson. 2s. net.)

GILBERT WHITE'S "Natural History of Selborne," in spite of the pleasing writings of the many followers in his footsteps, is still practically the only work in our language on natural history pure and simple which has become a classic. Extracts from it form the foundation of the present volume, and to these Mr. Woodward has added a simple running commentary of notes and explanations, with the result that the budding naturalist is provided with an excellent introduction to White's delightful chronicle and to the study of the natural history of an English countryside. Mr. J. A. Shepherd's amusing drawings display a keen sense of humour combined with accuracy.

Fiction

Scottish Stories. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.
(Duckworth and Co. 1s. net.)

SEVERAL of these stories have appeared in magazine pages, and a foreword by the author states that they have also appeared in various books previously published. The collection now issued throws varied lights on the Scottish character and its peculiarities—more particularly on that of sixty years and more ago, when, as the author says, easy means of travel had not made men uniform as they are to-day. This appears especially in such sketches as "Aunt Eleanor," "My Uncle," and "A Retainer," sketches so delicately limned that it is as if these people of a past age spoke from the printed pages.

Another spirit breathes from "McKechnie v. Scaramanga," for in this we have the sea-going Scot as even Kipling could hardly have pictured him at his yarn-spinning. Finest of all in the book, to most readers, will be found a "A Braw Day," a half-dozen or so of pages filled with the most delicate atmosphere that print could possibly convey. This is the mature work of a master of words, a brilliant achievement in literature, taking that word in its highest sense. Every sketch is worth reading, and the book is one worth keeping, for here are humour and pathos, colour and depth such as rarely are found in the writings of authors of to-day. Not only is the spirit of the work good, but the form is also exquisite; the world will be the richer for such a little volume as this, though the work is too fine and delicate to attain to popularity.

Johnnie Maddison. By JOHN HASLETTE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

VERY little can be said either with regard to originality of theme or of treatment in Mr. Haslette's latest book; but at the same time the author tells his story in an interesting manner, and the reader feels that he is fairly well acquainted with the little group forming the picture of the South American settlement, even if he is not permitted to see very deeply into each one's personality. Molly, an English girl living with a crotchety old aunt, meets and falls in love with Edmund Serge, an accountant in a mining company at Puela, who is spending a year's holiday in England. In a short time Molly goes to South America to be married to her lover. Unfortunately for all concerned, Edmund is an habitual gambler, his affection for Milly coming a long way after his love for cards. He fails to meet her when she arrives, Johnnie Maddison, his friend, very reluctantly going in his stead. From this point one will see that it does not require a great deal of imagination to foretell the end of the story—Molly's disillusion of Edmund and her appreciation of Johnnie. The manner in which this comes about is worth following, and a reader will feel that he is not wasting his time to keep with the little company of colonists until the last page is reached.

A Child Went Forth. By YOI PAWLOWSKA. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

THE title of this book is fully justified by the fact that the story ends when the child is at the age of ten or thereabouts. Anna, the child in question, lived in a Hungarian village; she was a middle-class child, brought up principally by her nurse and the servants of her father's house, and thus made fully conversant with the legends and superstitions of the district. There is little of incident in the book, which ends at the point where Anna is sent to England to be educated. Yet there is, nevertheless, a great charm about the work, due to the simplicity of the language employed and the delicate atmosphere which the author has managed to convey. It is a very simple story, very simply told, and few works that we have read recently are as impressive, for here is Hungarian peasant life and village life as it really is; the work is photographic in its truth, and at the same time it is true romance, for the characters are alive and real—they lack the stiffness of merely photographed figures.

A word is due with regard to the illustrations. With the impression of the crayon sketch is combined the delicacy that is characteristic of the text. Here are real illustrations, not mere decorative embellishments. No indication is given as to whether the work is a translation or original writing: if the former, great credit is due to the translator for preserving the spirit of the story so faithfully instead of merely anglicising a Hungarian work; if the latter, then the author combines a perfect knowledge of the English tongue with an ability to use that tongue in the production of a work Hungarian in spirit—and an arresting and convincing piece of work at that.

Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels. By MRS. CHARLES BRYCE.
(John Lane. 6s.)

COMPARING the opening chapters of Mrs. Bryce's story with the other part of the book forces one to the conclusion that the author would do better to confine herself to writing an ordinary romance in preference to spending time by drawing largely upon her imagination for descriptions of criminals and their methods. Mrs. Vanderstein, her companion, Miss Turner, the beauty specialist, Madame Querterot, are all very well drawn characters, and in their social intercourse with one another are interesting. As the plot develops, however, the unreality of the intrigues, the murder, and the actions of the majority of the people is borne upon the reader and deducts greatly from the pleasure of the beginning. The capture and detention of Mrs. Vanderstein and Miss Turner is clumsy; the murder and the burial of the elder lady in a flower box very unlikely to be accomplished by the French manicurist; while the impersonation of the murdered woman by Madame Querterot is not likely to deceive anyone. In her next story we hope that Mrs. Bryce will confine herself to less gruesome matters, particularly as her attention to and description of details, apart from crime, shows that she ought to be able to write a very good novel.

Music

NOW we know what "Prince Igor" is like, though not, perhaps, what the composer Borodin intended it to be like. For we are told that he had scarcely begun the orchestration when death overtook him, and it fell to his friends Glazounow and Rimsky-Kowakow to make the opera ready for performance. All that fine musicianship and great knowledge of orchestral effect could accomplish was certainly done, and the result is an opera which contains some stirring scenes, much captivating music, and that special Russian flavour which is so refreshingly new to us. That "Igor" is as remarkable from the musical point of view as "Boris" or "Ivan" we do not maintain. It was composed on the older, more conventional lines, and the lyric power of the set arias is not strong enough to make them seem irresistibly right. Except for Galitzky's roystering song in the first act, and Prince Igor's long *scena* in the second, the formal solos are rather uninteresting, and it required the fine art of MM. Chaliapine and Paul Andreev to make them as successful as they were. Mmes. Kousnetzow and Petrenko are first-rate artists, but even they failed to persuade us that their solos helped on the drama. The chorus is the real protagonist in this opera, and the music provided for it is almost always effective and stimulating. M. de Diaghilew's wonderful choristers certainly bore the chief burden, and to them the great success of the opera with the audience was chiefly due. The animating scene where the ballets are danced roused the house to an unexampled display of delight. Well as we know and much as we had always admired these dances, they were many times more exciting when seen as part of the opera.

The *décor*, also, must be credited with its share in winning favour for "Igor." The scenes are rich and magnificent in colouring. Although M. Chaliapine appears in two different parts, perhaps, indeed, because he does, this prince of operatic artists does not dominate and control the interest of the opera as in "Boris" and "Ivan." But it is extraordinarily interesting to see him in these widely differing parts. In the Prologue Prince Galitzky has only one short speech. But to see Chaliapine doing nothing, saying nothing, to mark how he walks, how he looks, what he does with his hands, is an education in the actor's art. His movements in the silence of that Prologue show, not less than the mad scene in "Boris," what a master of his art he is. Presently he appears in a very "unbuttoned" condition as the dissolute, unprincipled nobleman who shames the name of Prince, and the scene between him and his sister (Mme. Kousnetzow) is one of the best in the opera. If the "book" were not as loose as it is, the bringing on of the actor who had played Galitzky as the rather impossible Khan in the second act would have been a dangerous experiment. But since Galitzky is not really necessary to the development of the plot (his part could be better

spared dramatically than that of Prince Vladimir which was actually cut out), this doubling of parts was not, in fact, disturbing. M. Chaliapine, indeed, had transformed himself so completely into the likeness of the Tartar chief—he could only be recognised by his height and his art—that one could only look upon him as a newcomer in the cast. It is not very easy to believe in this admirable Khan. What is to become of the proverbial "Tartar" if, indeed, their chiefs were as magnanimous and easy-going as this friendly "Konchak" is represented to have been? War between the Russians and the Tartars in the 12th century cannot have been so very horrible if the leaders were like Konchak and Igor. But though we could not readily take him very seriously, it was pleasant to see M. Chaliapine in a friendly, smiling part, no longer a man of blood and terror, but one ready to swear blood-brotherhood with his bitterest enemy. "Igor" was conducted by M. Steinberg, whose success was brilliant. It is not without its weak spots, but everybody should take an opportunity of seeing it for the sake of the scene in the camp, for the sake of seeing M. Chaliapine doing nothing, and to hear the chorus sing and see it act. The processional chorus in the last act was as wonderful in its way as the unforgettable Prayer in "La Khovantchina."

The Russian Ballet without the incomparable Nijinsky sounds as if it would be sadly incomplete. But with M. Michel Fokine, to whom the design and arrangement of so many of the favourite ballets is due, as principal male dancer, and with M. Bolm as his colleague, we may be perfectly satisfied. M. Fokine, it is true, has not the indiarubber-like elasticity of Nijinsky, but he is a very fine dancer, and a fine-looking man, while as an actor he is in the first class. Had we not known Nijinsky as Petrouchka, everybody would have hailed M. Fokine in that part as the only possible Petrouchka. Indeed, his success should be a warning to people who are inclined so to identify a particular actor with a part that they think it impossible for anyone else to act it satisfactorily. We had formed such high expectations about "Daphnis and Chloe" that perhaps we were rather disappointed by it. The conjunction of Fokine and Ravel promised something that would surely be of the most entrancing. The ballet is very pretty, very graceful, very charming, but it seemed to us to lack the note of high distinction. Mme. Fokina and Mme. Henriette Majcherska danced delightfully, and sometimes the grouping, the circles of delicate Mantegnesque nymphs, formed pictures which made one glad to have lived to see them. But the dramatic opportunity of the story was not brought out quite as well as we had expected. As to the music, we would wish to hear it again before we can agree with the composer that it is his master-work. That Ravel has produced a series of beautiful musical pictures by means of his wondrously perfect art of writing for the orchestra is certain. But his music did not, at the first hearing, strike us as the only music conceivable for the situation it illustrates. It is unnecessary to say that

much of it is very beautiful, and all of it interesting, or that it accompanies the scenes harmoniously. Still, greatly as we enjoyed "Daphnis," we are not sure that it is as perfect as we hoped it would have been. "Papillons," which followed it, is very delightful, and it would be absurd to find fault with it because it is not quite up to the level of the "Carneval" in variety, nor in the attraction of its music. M. Fokine played the Pierrot admirably, and Mmes. Karsavina and Schollar and their sisters were moths fluttering round the candle such as anyone in his senses would have wanted to catch. "Petrouchka" completed our evening's pleasure and sent us away with a wonderfully satisfied feeling. In its strength and originality this ballet is unrivalled, and still our wonder grows at the uncanny cleverness of the music and of the chief performers in the drama.

Among the concerts of the past week we must mention two which had special interest. M. Thibaud has long been known as a violinist of rare gifts, one who occupies a place by himself; wherever he plays, or whatever, he is one of those who must be heard, if possible. In a concerto of Vivaldi arranged by Nachez and in Bach's popular work in E-major, he was accompanied, at Bechstein Hall, by a double-quartet and a small organ; in the masterly and beautiful concerto by the lamented Chausson for solo violin, piano, and string quartet, he had the inestimable assistance of M. Georges de Lausnay as pianist, and the performance was almost too good for praise, M. de Lausnay dividing the honours with M. Thibaud.

The London String Quartet's programme brought a crowd to the same hall on another afternoon. They began with the "Phantasy Quintet" for strings by Vaughan Williams, which was first introduced at one of Mr. F. B. Ellis' concerts in March. It is short, but packed full of fine thought expressed with cleverness and charm. A most welcome contribution it is to the repertoire of chamber music, and a piece which must add materially to its composer's great and growing reputation. After this very attractive music, the Quartet with soprano solo by Schönberg, op. 10, did little but perplex the mind and depress the spirit. Only in the last movement, as it seemed to us, does the composer throw a few phrases at the hearer which he would willingly listen to again. Miss Carrie Tubb did her best, no doubt, with the vocal part, but could not make it appear that it had any necessary connection with the suffering cries that proceeded from the strings. The writing for the instruments in the first and second movements is impossibly unsuitable. But in the last, work is given them which they reasonably can do, and there are certain passages for each of them which did certainly arrest the attention, and not disagreeably. Debussy's Quartet which succeeded Schönberg's is beautiful in every line, but it did not sound so delightful as usual at this concert. Were the players' sensibilities somewhat deadened by the long struggle with the ugliness of Schönberg?—or were those, perhaps, of one of the unhappy listeners?

The Theatre

"An Indian Summer"

MRS. JITTIE HORLICK'S comedy, consisting of four extremely long acts, has been produced by Mr. Allan Aynesworth at the Prince of Wales' Theatre with infinite care if not with perfect decorative effective.

The sophisticated theatre-goer will know the sort of spirit dominating the play when we say that there is not a moment's hesitation in getting on to the right number over the telephone, and that the harmless necessary stage letter is dashed off with enviable celerity by means of the quill pen, which has now been out of general use these thirty or forty years. But the author has made a great effort to give us of her best, and give it with both hands. The result is an immense quantity of rather artificial dialogue in which the queer people of the play explain and explain again what they believe is interesting in regard to themselves.

We hope Mr. Aynesworth as Nigel Parry, K.C., afterwards knighted—for looking so serious and handsome, we presume—will please the public. In the first act at least he has a little dramatic chance when he explains to his wife, Miss Edyth Goodall, that he has never loved her during their twelve years of married life, that he is living with another woman, that he will do anything she wishes and always be quite nice and polite, and all that sort of thing.

His wife, Helen, admirably played, cannot engage our interest very much; and although she is said to have loved Nigel we cannot believe it. She is cold and disagreeable, and, later, when her son marries, at twenty-two, a rather stupid young lady of the stage, extremely jealous and powerfully unconvincing. The daughter-in-law is Ursula, presented by Miss Dorothy Minto after a manner which would certainly make Helen Parry thoroughly dislike and suspect her. She is equally helped by the author in this matter and does just the foolish things which complicate the story and lengthen it out to four acts.

As her lover-like husband, Mr. Donald Calthrop is the one person of the play we can believe in a little and sympathise with a great deal. He is always fresh and charming and hearty, and makes his mistakes—with a view to the fourth act—just in the right way. Mr. Sam Sothern has nothing to do as a friend of Ursula and her husband Vivian, and he does it in his old familiar manner, lightly and bravely and with a Cockney accent.

Nigel's mistress dies; Ursula's stupid action with a pistol and her frequent allusions to the twins she expected are explained away; very late in the play Helen Parry's character softens and the gentle, fragrant quiet of "An Indian Summer" is supposed to settle upon all the people of the play. This charming result is, we apprehend, greatly helped by a Mrs. Melville, a widow, played with utter sweetness by Miss Ellen O'Malley. She listens to many long stories and always says at the

end that she understands perfectly; she knows everything; and has felt everything and is ready to put all aright. We don't quite learn if she does this last, as that is one of the many points which Mrs. Horlick leaves in a nebulous, not to say chaotic, state, but we are sure her tact and gentleness and flow of words would drive any ordinary person towards a strong feeling of no enthusiasm, as we say in Peking. But then the personages of "An Indian Summer" are not ordinary or real—you see they get the number they want on the 'phone at once, and they use quills for the purpose of writing.

Mr. James Welch Returns

"If in doubt, play 'When Knights Were Bold,' and play it better than it has ever been played before," seems to be the motto of that public favourite, Mr. Welch. We don't know quite how many thousands of times the farce by Mr. "Charles Marlowe"—with a fair amount of addenda by the leading actor—has been given to the public, but we realise that it never seemed fresher, brighter, gayer, than on its production at the Apollo Theatre the other evening. Although we have seen Mr. Welch many times, he has seldom appeared to be in higher spirits or more in touch with his audience than in his present representation of Sir Guy de Vere, who so utterly lacks the repose that was once supposed to mark the caste to which that family belongs. He is splendidly supported by his present company, who play up to his wildest humours and "feed" him with delightful loyalty.

Everybody knows the play, of course, but all interested in this laughter-making branch of the art of the stage will love to see "When Knights Were Bold" again. On the first evening at the Apollo we were next to a playgoer who had watched the farce ten times and was still so completely overcome by its fun and satire and quaint contrasts that it seemed entirely new to him. Although it is sometimes spoken of as a one-man play, the present production gives us many clever character sketches. This is especially noticeable in the second act, when all the modern people are put back seven hundred years. Miss Iola Glynn as Lady Rowena and Mr. Lloyd as the Jew and Mr. Denis Hogan as Sir Brian Ballymote were admirable, while the many beautiful young ladies, of whom Miss Violet Graham was, perhaps, the most lovely, looked their very best in the costumes of 1196. We wish there remained something new to tell or say of this amusing farce, but, finding that such an attempt is hopeless, we are content to add that "When Knights Were Bold" could never be seen to more advantage, and that no one should miss the chance that Mr. Welch offers us of enjoying the merriest night's entertainment now to be found in London.

A Retrospective Revue

THE latest adventure at the Little Theatre results in a fairly amusing entertainment—with passages of boredom. Perhaps Mr. Bertram Forsyth and his ex-

cellent company are not quite sure as to the end they have in view, but it seemed to us that the revue eventually became what was probably a very admirable series of burlesques of personages whose fame has long been in the mouths of men.

We are presented with all sorts of historic matters of interest; there is a harpsichord that was bought by Napoleon for Marie Louise, and it is very nicely played upon and sung to by Mr. Ivor Novello, as the young Mozart—a very handsome and pleasant youth he seems, although his voice is not very alluring. The atmosphere of a theatre in the eighteenth century is suggested as fully as possible. A Royal Prince and his suite are welcomed by John Philip Kemble, Mr. Forsyth, walking backwards, bearing candles. Later the same character gives us a far too long prologue, written by Mr. Arthur Scott-Craven, telling us something we already knew about "our grandfathers' fathers or their sires." Later again Mr. Kemble appears as Lord Randolph in the once popular dreary nonsense which the Rev. John Home called "Douglas."

In the scene of this banal play Miss Marjorie Patterson gives us something that is supposed to be like Mrs. Siddons; the presentment may have some characteristics in common with that great lady of the stage, but is certainly not like her in appearance, and Miss Della Pointer presents us with that ultimate bore, the Infant Roscius. There are a few burlesque points in his representation of "Douglas" which amuse, but the rest is tedious. The once famous amateur, Mr. Coates, then appears as Romeo, and as Mr. Nigel Playfair acts the part it is delightfully funny, although not the least like the Coates of history.

Every now and then there are intervals for orange girls and an amusing eighteenth century stage manager and for the harpsichord. After one of these pauses, which are very pleasant, comes Garrick's Hamlet, played by Mr. Forsyth. Of course, the present manager of the Little Theatre is entitled to his own view of how Garrick acted, but, judging by the well-known history of the actor, we should say it was utterly unlike him, and it is all the funnier on that account.

Mrs. Abington's Queen of Miss Beatrice Smith seems a far more probable and at the same time satiric performance. The scene is helped out by the excellent acting of that part of the audience who crowd on to the stage, Mr. Moffat Johnston as Lord Englefield giving us a true touch of the eighteenth century character, and many of the others bring some of the air of Garrick's time to the other side of the footlights—which are supposed to be candles.

"As It Used to Be" then gives us a little bit of "The Beggar's Opera," excellently played by Miss Hannah Jones as Mrs. Peachum, Mr. Laurence Leonard as Captain Macheath, Mr. Moffat Johnston as Peachum, and Miss Hilliard as the engaging Polly. We see that Mr. Pearce, who wrote a lively book on the subject recently, suggests that the musical piece should be played as a whole, and we are inclined to think that if it were wisely edited it would make a success even now, although there are several dull and impossible parts of

it which should be adjusted to modern views. After the act of the opera we have an epilogue spoken by Mr. Forsyth, and so home with the impression that this gentleman has found just the sort of thing that, with some additions and changes, could be made to fill the Little Theatre for a considerable time.

EGAN MEW.

The Irish Players

MR. T. C. MURRAY, whose "Birthright" proclaimed him as one of the most promising of the playwrights fostered by the wandering Abbey Theatre company, held the larger part of the programme last week with a one-act play entitled "Sovereign Love" and his two-act play, "Maurice Harte." "Sovereign Love" was a first production, and though written with excellent humour throughout, was savoured with a fine salt of satire. We may be permitted to protest against the way in which the Court Theatre audience prepares itself to laugh at everything the Irish Players may say or do, as though they were a comic troupe. The Irish pronunciation of English, for example, is not a comic thing, but just a musical way of speaking a not very musical tongue. Some of the laughter that met "Sovereign Love" must have been galling to Mr. Murray as a dramatist, and rather diminished the force of the laughter at other parts where the humorous intention was apparent. Indeed, we are not sure that Mr. Murray would not have preferred his satire to have been received in perfect silence; and no doubt in Ireland, the proper place for such a play, that would have occurred. For the picture of the two old men bargaining over the marriage of their son and daughter was more sad than humorous; and the final scene, where one of them "reneagues" because an American suitor comes forward and wins through a longer purse, though greeted with roars of laughter, was not a comical thing at all. Mr. Murray's choice of a title makes his attitude quite clear, at any rate. Happily, such scenes, that have become a travesty of what was once a justifiable system, are becoming rarer, owing to a variety of causes, one of them being a more resolute attitude on the part of the younger generation in Ireland. Mr. Murray constructs his play well, and has a fine sense of the stage. The dialogue is good. He was very well supported by the players, Mr. Kerrigan in particular being admirable. And Mr. Sydney Morgan, as the other of the two bargainers, played with his accustomed strength.

"Maurice Harte" we noticed at some length on its first production last year. It has been very much improved since on the part of the players; but Mr. Murray cannot persuade us that it is not a falling away from "Birthright." "Birthright" was built out of human emotions, whereas "Maurice Harte" is built upon a postulate. It would in any case have been a very difficult thing for Mr. Murray to make real for us so remote a situation as he faces. The idea of a man chosen for the priesthood because of the social aspiration of his

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LECTURE BY

MRS. ANNIE BESANT

Tuesday, June 23rd, 8.30 p.m.

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parents, and driven to lunacy because he feels he has not a "vocation," is remote enough. But when that remote thing is not expounded in terms of the man's own psychology, but is stated and assumed throughout, for us only to perceive its terrible effects on the parents, then we feel inclined to protest against such cruelty that does not appear to proceed from a sufficient cause. In the result, "Maurice Harte" harrows us without any compensating purgation, and we put away its thought because the emotion has not come with a sufficient warranty. In contrast, "Birthright" remains with us always, because it commanded our sympathy at every step. But at least the production was free from the many gaucheries that so marred it last year.

D. F.

On Tuesday, June 9, Mr. John Lane published "The Works of John Hoppner, R.A.," by William McKay and W. Roberts, with photogravure plates, the majority of which are taken from pictures never before reproduced, and a frontispiece printed in colours. Many of the plates are India prints. Mr. John Lane announces that he has taken over the 150 copies of this book, originally published by Messrs. Colnaghi, which still remain of the 500 copies originally printed. Mr. Roberts has written a supplement to bring the work thoroughly up to date, and this includes all the latest information on the subject, and contains six extra illustrations. This supplement is bound with the 150 copies of the original edition. The published price of the complete work is five guineas, but those who possess copies of the original edition and wish to obtain copies of the supplement will be able to do so at the price of one guinea net.

"THE ACADEMY" ACROSTIC COMPETITION

The Literary Competition which concluded in THE ACADEMY of June 6 created such widespread interest that we purpose giving another competition to commence in our next issue. We have arranged with an expert to prepare us a series of ACROSTICS on literary lines. They will be twelve in number, and will run from June 27 weekly. Conditions and Prizes will be announced next week.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WE came back to the House on June 9; but, as usual, the Whips put down nothing of importance for the first week, because it is so difficult to get men back from the holidays. John Burns introduced an amending Bill to patch up some of the holes which experience has worn in the slovenly Insurance Act. "Peckham," as usual, hit the nail on the head when he said the Bill was introduced because an Act which is supposed to be popular is working very badly.

Next came a much needed Milk Bill. If all one hears about the way milk is handled be true, one would never drink another drop. There were very few Radicals present, but Unionists watched the Bill with interest. Some from the agricultural constituencies watched on behalf of the farmers, while London members looked after the retailer; the majority of us gave the Bill a hearty reception, and Harry Barnston, who knows, said it was the best Milk Bill that had yet been produced.

On Wednesday we had a great Post Office night. Pressure, more or less heavy, according to the number of the postal employees in a constituency, was brought to bear on every member, not only to attend, but to vote. The lobby was full all day long of employees "buttonholing" members, interviewing them singly or by means of deputations, and sending in cards for admittance wholesale. To make sure of getting in, one gentleman sent in twelve cards to members he did not know, on the chance of one being able to grant his earnest desire to hear the debate.

If he succeeded in getting in, which I doubt, he did not witness anything very exciting. Hobhouse assumed his *blasé*, rather sulky, manner. Men rose in battalions on either side, armed with printed briefs supplied by the endless number of associations which look after the interests of the infinite number of classes of employee. The Holt report appears to have recognised that there are grievances—that, strange to say, under a Radical Free Trade Government, all the necessities of life had gone up, while the postman's wages had not risen in proportion. On the other hand, although the Committee recommended a considerable amount of relief, this had been whittled down by exceptions, with the result that the new men joining the service would really benefit. This naturally annoys the man who is left out after twenty or thirty years in the service.

Touche, the clever accountant, whose head always reminds one of the bust representing Homer, made an excellent speech. His constituency takes in part of the town which represents the G.P.O., and I suppose he has more electors in the employ of the P.M.G. than not. As the afternoon wore on, Radicals joined in the fray—the philosophic Dickinson, big-headed Rowntree, and Mr. Dundas White of Glasgow; all of them belaboured the unfortunate report. Things were getting exciting; Illingworth, the Chief Whip, came

in two or three times, and reported what was being said in the lobby. It would be a serious thing if the Labour men felt obliged to back up the demands of the Unionists. Lloyd George went out and had a chat with Ramsay MacDonald. When the latter got up, he suggested the appointment of a small expert committee to consider the report of Holt's Committee. Hobhouse roused himself from his recumbent position, and declared that Ramsay's speech was the finest he had ever heard. "He is a Government bonnet," said Goulding passionately. "I do not know what you mean," said Hobhouse, as if he had never heard the expression outside a milliner's shop. But the shaft went home, for Ramsay still more passionately said, "If it were in order, I should call the hon. member a liar." "You are merely adopting Gilbert Parker's suggestion," shouted the Unionists.

Things were very serious; the Unionists were there in tremendous force; if the Labour members, or any considerable part of them, broke away, the Government would be defeated. Hobhouse agreed to set up such a Committee "at the earliest possible moment." "You are doing this to save your skin," shouted the indomitable Goulding, who was not at all grateful. But the Labour men, as usual, were only too anxious to save their faces. They swept into the division lobby behind the official Whips; but, in spite of this, the Government could only number a majority of 54.

On Thursday the Prime Minister had to throw over his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lloyd George is so inaccurate on the platform that, after every great speech he makes, his veracity is questioned. At the Ipswich election he said: "The British aristocracy and their friends were crowing jubilantly over the mutinies in the Army." Griffith-Boscawen asked the Prime Minister for particulars of the mutinies that had taken place. The Prime Minister was obliged to confess there had been none. Lloyd George later on had to say he meant "prospective" mutinies—which is a very different thing. "Then the statement about the Army was a downright lie," said Tullibardine.

Robert Cecil then called attention to the recent outrageous actions of the Suffragettes, and moved a reduction in the salary of the Home Secretary. McKenna defended his Cat and Mouse Act, and declared that the Suffragettes wanted to die. He would find out whether the wealthy women who subscribed the funds which enabled these crimes to be committed could not be indicted for conspiracy. While he was speaking, a bomb went off in Westminster Abbey and did some damage to the Coronation Chair. Arthur Markham called the Home Secretary's treatment of the whole question "sloppy sentimentalism." Lord Winterton opined that militancy is a blood-relation to the platform oratory of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Rupert Gwynne said that if the Home Secretary could not govern he had better get out. Those in favour of votes for women joined with the "antis" in declaring something must be done; but no one seemed to know of any real remedy. It was declared that half a million pounds' worth of property

had been destroyed, and that the police expense was enormous.

On Friday we had a miscellaneous assortment of little Bills. John Burns introduced one to reduce accidents at sea, from experience gathered in the *Titanic* and *Empress of Ireland* disasters. There had been an international convention, in which all countries had agreed that every ship carrying over 50 people should be furnished with a wireless apparatus; there was to be a patrol in the Atlantic to watch for icebergs and destroy derelicts; there should be compulsory drill, and adequate provision of lifeboats. To the credit of the shipowners, it should be recorded that, although all this will greatly increase the expense, the members representing the Mercantile Marine cordially agreed with these suggestions. Lord Kitchener wanted an amendment to the Bill providing money for the Soudan—and as it will please the Lancashire cotton industry, this was agreed to. Then Ireland wanted some money for school teachers. Gretton wanted to know why this was necessary if Home Rule was about to come into force. Birrell did not know how to answer this; but it is characteristic of the Irish that they should try to get all they can before the Act comes into force or—in case it does not. They were taking no risks where money was concerned.

On Monday interest shifted from the House of Commons to the Lords. We cannot pretend to hope that Lord Lansdowne read our article on the general situation last week, but he had certainly taken a step which shows he sees through Mr. Asquith's evasions and delay, for he gave notice that he intended to raise the question why the Amending Bill has not been produced ere this. What is the meaning or reason of this delay? Twelve weeks have slipped by and nothing has been done. He told the Government plainly that the peers would not debate the Home Rule Bill without having time to consider the Bill which is to modify it. Lord Camperdown bluntly wanted to know if it is drafted yet. Lord Crewe was not in a position to say exactly how far even the drafting had proceeded.

In the Commons the action of the Government in spending £2,000,000 on an oil supply in Persia—150 miles from the sea in an unsettled country—is being narrowly watched and criticised. People who know something about oil seem to doubt the wisdom of the whole proceeding and think we could have spent our money to better advantage elsewhere.

Then the Plural Voting Bill came up again for the second time. In the larger Reform Bill which was wrecked by the Women's question two years ago there were a great many parts of it acceptable to the Unionists. The Radical Party have chosen to proceed in this Bill with the one point which will tell heavily against their opponents. The Bill is a very short and simple one; it is merely a Bill with penalties not exceeding six weeks' imprisonment or £20 fine for a man who votes twice at a General Election. It is difficult to find fresh arguments, and the debate was lifeless and per-

functory; but under the Parliament Bill it had to take place.

Peter Sanders, the popular Whip, moved the rejection, and angered his adversaries by solemnly pronouncing that it was a "low-down trick." Hugh Cecil, who, like his father, is becoming "a master of jibes and flouts and sneers," compared the Ministry's idea of honour to one which he quoted from a Hansard of nearly two hundred years ago. "They have adopted," said he, "a kind of post-impressionist standard of honour which we consider rather smudgy." His description of the original plan, by which members represented communities or districts rather than a given set of people, was extremely lucid, for it led irresistibly to the conclusion that all interests should be represented, and that men might and did have very real interests in two or more districts. Hence the logical position of the plural vote.

Major Morrison-Bell made a fine speech on his pet subject of the inequalities of Parliamentary representation. "What was the use," said Sir William Bull, "of talking of the alleged iniquities of plural voting when we had Kilkenny sending one representative to Parliament, and Romford, thirty-four times larger, sending only one also—when there were forty-two per cent. of Unionists in Scotland, and only eight representatives out of seventy-two?" He stoutly affirmed his belief that a man with a stake in the country should have more power than the man who had not.

Tickler, the new member for Grimsby, made his maiden speech. I never saw anything more casually done—five minutes before he got up he had no more idea of doing it than sitting on the front bench. In easy colloquial language, without a note, he seized on the principal points, said how he had spoken against the Bill in his election, and wound up with the Claimant's celebrated description of men with brains and men with money. He said "but" several times, but pronounced it "bud," which amused the House. The Government majority was seventy-eight.

On Tuesday there was a frontal attack by the Unionist Party all along the line. In the House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne moved his vote of censure, with the result that the amending Bill is to be brought in next week. Two features stood out to my mind. One was the calm assumption of Lord Salisbury that he would succeed Lord Lansdowne as Leader of the Peers and thus carry on the political dynasty of the Cecils, and the other the welcome part that the Earl of Crawford took in the debate. Since his father's death he has been very quiet, but we now hope that he will once more take an active part in politics. He is the very man we want at the present time. He is young and alert, but cool and experienced, with an intellect that will be priceless in the days that are impending. Lord Crewe rather mystified the House by saying there had been a "conversation"—well, not exactly a conversation, but a "communication"—with the other side. This turned out to be nothing more than a request from Asquith to Carson to let him have a map of Ulster showing him the difference in population.

When the Unionist members got their whips in the morning they were somewhat surprised to find it a three-lined one. "Why on earth should we be dragged back from Ascot merely to vote on one of cheerful Charlie's resolutions about swine fever or bee diseases?" Such was the grumbling question of many, but the inwardness of the matter displayed itself when Lord Robert Cecil got up and moved the adjournment of the House to discuss the question of the rival armies in Ireland. He wanted to know what the Government intended to do about the matter. It was admitted on all hands that both of them were entirely illegal, and a spark might cause a conflagration at any moment. Neil Primrose, who is getting more and more like his father in face and manner and attitude, speaking on the Government side, complained bitterly of the speeches made by some members of the Government. The First Lord of the Admiralty went to Bradford and said that the law ought to be enforced. He then comes to this House and on a vote of censure promptly veers round and makes an offer. We never know what he is going to say next. He is the most perfect example of a human palimpsest extant. The adjournment was rejected by a majority of 65.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST.

THE acute crisis which has arisen in the Near East will have given no surprise to anyone who has followed at all carefully the course of events since the outbreak of hostilities between the Balkan League and the Ottoman Empire. What should have proved the permanent settlement of antagonisms that, for a generation past, had made South-Eastern Europe a dangerous storm centre, merely resulted in the perpetuation of a state of perilous friction, from which, sooner or later, grave problems were bound to emerge. Indeed, little imagination is required to gauge the magnitude of the disaster brought about by the quarrel among the Allies. Until that moment, Turkey, chastened, though not humbled, was in no position to frame any other policy than that of internal regeneration and consolidation. As a factor of disturbance she had disappeared from Europe. When, however, the victors drew the sword against each other, one and all they practically invited her to disregard the lessons they had been at such pains to teach her, and to take advantage of their insane strife by endeavouring to retrieve the position she had lost. But history will record that the recapture of Adrianople counted as nothing in comparison with the elimination of Bulgaria. So long as the League remained intact, its individual adherents enjoyed the strength which comes from unity. Having beaten Turkey on the field of battle, it was only left for them to follow up their victories by combining in diplomacy, and the much vexed Balkan problem would have reached solution. As things are to-day, Turkey is once more able to adopt the Oriental policy of playing

off one State against the other, while taking advantage of the rivalries existing among the Great Powers, who remain more or less in the background.

The present crisis, then, is the outcome of the second Balkan conflict, without which the immediate causes that have led to disagreement would never have arisen. The truth of such an assertion will be found by reference to quite recent history. It will be remembered that the final disposition of the islands of Chios and Mytilene was left both by Turkey and Greece in the hands of the Powers. Early in the year an Identical Note was presented in Constantinople and Athens, confirming Greece in the possession of these islands, stipulating, however, that before such possession became officially operative, the Greek troops should be withdrawn from Southern Albania, and also that the island of Sasseno should be surrendered to the new Principality. Greece adhered faithfully to her part of the undertaking. It is true that some delay took place in carrying out the evacuation of Epirus; but it was a delay for which, while it undoubtedly suited the aims of Turkey, the Government in Athens could not be held responsible. The Porte soon made it clear that they had no intention of abiding by the decision of the Powers. In February, Ghalib Bey, Ottoman Minister at Athens, made a statement to the effect that, if friendly relations were to be maintained between Greece and Turkey, the latter must be allowed to regain possession of Chios and Mytilene. Meanwhile frantic efforts were being made throughout the Empire to gather in sufficient money for the acquisition of powerful warships. Moreover, Turkey was successful in floating a large loan in Paris, and, although it was expressly understood that the proceeds should not be devoted to warlike purposes, it is difficult to resist the contention that by being relieved of immediate State embarrassments the Government found itself in a position to employ its local monies in furtherance of a scheme of naval expansion. The net result of this activity means that within a few months Turkey will possess two formidable ships of super-Dreadnought fighting capacity, a circumstance that will give her a substantial margin of superiority over the Greek navy.

It is quite evident that the policy of Constantinople has been to keep the settlement of the islands question in abeyance until such time as the arrival of these two battleships in Turkish waters. Indeed, there has been all along little concealment as to the intentions of the Porte. To meet the situation, Greece first endeavoured herself to purchase warships in the open market, but without success. In the meantime a state of affairs already sufficiently delicate was complicated by the intrusion of another very troublesome question.

Thousands of Greeks, subjects of the Sultan, were submitted to persecution at the hands of the Moslems. They were driven from their houses, their property was plundered. Vast numbers of refugees found their way to Greek territory, where they have remained a heavy charge on the Greek Exchequer. To all remonstrances the Porte has so far given plausible denials of the existence of anything in the nature of persecution, and

has even formulated counter-charges of ill-treatment of Moslems and their consequent migration from territory in the occupation of the Greeks. No useful purpose would be served in inquiring at this stage into the rights or wrongs of this particular question. To tell the truth, outside the Balkans a general feeling of disgust prevails at these recriminations and counter-recriminations on the subject of the persecution of racial minorities. Too many lies have been told; too much capital is made out of lying. At the same time the mere fact that these charges have been made tends, as we have said, to complicate the situation.

In all the circumstances it is little wonder that at the present moment feeling runs high throughout Greece. Whether or not the Government is exploiting the agitation caused by the ill-treatment of Greeks in Turkey is, for all practical purposes, beside the question. M. Venizelos is no cynical opportunist, nor is he lacking in astuteness. He realises that, while the situation will not permit of procrastination, the moment, so far as national sentiment is concerned, could not be more favourable for decisive action. We cannot do otherwise than hold to the opinion that true statesmanship justifies the Greek Government in issuing at this stage the proclamation of annexation of Chios and Mytilene. Such action, together with the Note which has just been presented at the Porte demanding past and future satisfaction for Greek subjects residing in the Ottoman Empire, is rightly intended to force Turkey's hand. Delay would mean the delivery of the two Dreadnoughts to the latter Power and the temporary disappearance of Greek supremacy on the sea. At the time of writing, Athens is still awaiting the reply of the Porte. But it must not be taken for granted that the issue of peace or war is necessarily dependent upon the attitude Turkey should see fit to adopt. However conciliatory the terms of the reply to the Greek Note, the important fact remains that nothing can prevent the arrival of two powerful units to strengthen the Turkish navy within the next few months. If Greece is to safeguard her immediate future by employing her land and sea armaments, she must strike now. If she elects to keep the peace, it can only be because she has decided to rely upon the forces of her own diplomacy, backed by the assistance of her friends in the Balkans, and the support of the European Concert. The history of the past will not incline her to repose too much confidence in the offices of the Great Powers, while Servia and Montenegro can be of but slight service to her, except in the field of battle.

Whatever may be the issue of the present crisis, it would seem that a reshaping of the Balkans is inevitable. In spite of her set-back, Turkey remains a menace to tranquillity, for under the régime of the Committee her aggressive policy seems to have taken on a new lease of life. So much is evident from her attitude towards Greece, an attitude which she has deliberately adopted in implied defiance of the will of the Powers; but if further proof were needed, it is to be found in the intrigues which at present are undermining the integrity of Albania.

It must be confessed that in a general sense the outlook for the peace of Europe is disquieting. The visit of the Tsar to King Charles is perhaps not unconnected with the question of the Dardanelles, while it cannot fail to give rise to an uncomfortable feeling in Vienna, where, too late in the day, regrets are entertained that the goodwill of Rumania should not have been cultivated before Russia made her advances. To-day Rumania must be a deciding factor in any conflict that may arise in the Balkans. It is she alone who prevents Bulgaria from lending support to Turkey. Unsupported, it is difficult to see how, in the event of hostilities with Greece, the former Power can long sustain its European prestige. All indications go to show, therefore, that Russia is backing the winning side. But another triumph for Russian diplomacy will mean another drop in the cup of Austria's bitterness. Thus it would seem that a further period of European tension is approaching.

MOTORING

WHEN, some eight years ago, Mr. Charles Jarrott suggested the formation of a small body of cycling scouts to afford at least partial protection for motorists against the police "trapping" system which at one time threatened to render motoring in this country almost impossible, neither he nor anybody else could have foreseen that he had laid the foundation for such a gigantic organisation as the Automobile Association and Motor Union is to-day. The "A. A." is by far the biggest and most influential body of its kind in the world. Its original sphere of operations has been gradually extended from the mere function of protecting its members against police traps to the provision of almost everything conducive to comfort, convenience, and safety on the road; and, in fact, it has rendered itself so indispensable that it is now almost as natural for the owner of a car to join the A.A. and M.U. as it is for him to take out his licence. This objective is what the executive of the Association have been striving for, and they are thoroughly entitled to congratulation on the success already achieved. More especially is credit due to Mr. Stenson Cooke, who has proved an ideal secretary of the Association from its inception. It is primarily due to his energy, ability, and unflagging enthusiasm that the A.A. and M.U. is what it is to-day.

* * *

The total membership of the Association now exceeds 80,000, and during the past few weeks it has been increasing at the rate of nearly one thousand per week. Some idea of the manifold activities of this unique organisation may be gathered from the fact that a permanent staff of over 700 is necessary to cope with the requirements of members. These requirements include arrangements for tours, shipping cars abroad, supplying routes for tours in this country and abroad, the provision of free legal advice and defence on all mat-

ters appertaining to the ownership of their vehicles, and the ensuring of safety and comfort while "on the road." A strong organisation of patrols for the protection of members against "trapping" is maintained—at a cost of about £30,000 per annum in wages—and every important main road in the country is now covered. In order that members resident in all parts of the kingdom may obtain prompt and effective service, branch offices, affording the same facilities as the London headquarters, have been established in the following important centres:—Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Norwich, Exeter, Plymouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Swansea, Newhaven, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, and Cork; whilst, for the convenience of members touring on the Continent, there are A.A. offices at Paris and Nice.

* * *

The recent Tourist Trophy race was a triumph not merely for British cars, but also for British-made tyres. Every one of the competing cars except three was fitted with Dunlops, so that it is not surprising that the trophies, the cash prizes, and the fastest times for laps were all included in the Dunlop bag; but although this numerical preponderance of the British make limited the competitive nature of the contest so far as tyres were concerned, it should not be forgotten that each set had to go through the 600 miles test all the same, and that not a single car was "let down" through tyre failure. During the two days some of the times were faster than had ever been accomplished before in the Isle of Man, and each car had to fight its way over a course that contained every element requisite for a supreme test. British makers, both of cars and tyres, have therefore every reason to look back upon the revived T.T. contest with satisfaction.

* * *

One of the drivers in the great Austrian Alpine Tour, which commenced on the 14th instant and finishes on the 24th inst., is the English amateur, Mr. Tinsley Waterhouse, the car he has selected being a Vauxhall of the standard Colonial type. It differs from the well-known "Prince Henry" in that it has 880 by 120 m.m. wheels instead of 820 by 120; a 3.6 to 1 top gear instead of 3 to 1, and stiffer springs. The radiator is also larger. The engine is of moderate size—95 by 140. The chassis is fitted with Derihon Shock Absorbers and a "tell-tale" water-gauge to radiator. Special protection is afforded to the carburettor by a gauze shield. It is to be hoped that the Vauxhall, as a representative British car, will meet with better luck than in the Tourist Trophy race, and, may we add, that a little more time has been spent in preparation for a strenuous international contest.

R. B. H.

A new story by James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible," begins in the July number of "The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine," entitled "A Cathedral Singer."

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of the journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Office, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

MARKETS remain motionless; there is no attempt to sell shares, but no one wants to buy any. The dealers have protected themselves by going short in almost every market, and this is the only reason why we do not get a severe slump. A week or two back prospects looked clearer. Then came the Albanian trouble, and on top of that the quarrel between Turkey and Greece. The intervention of the Bank of France did not promote confidence. Yet both in the United States and Great Britain the financial position is remarkably sound. In both countries traders have had three or four years of high prices, and the whole nation has made money. President Wilson declares that the depression is psychological. It does not much matter what you call it. The depression exists and is none the less unpleasant because it is given a long name. The public declines to subscribe to anything. It left the Canadian Government loan in the hands of the underwriters, and it did not treat the Russian Railway loan very much better. It is hardly likely that the issue of the Investment Registry, which is really a relief loan for the Brazil Traction group, will be subscribed. It appears most unattractive.

Yet the present moment, forbidding as it may seem, is one in which the cautious investor can pick up many first-class gilt-edged securities. Irish Land stock yields nearly 3½ per cent. and India stock 4 per cent. The British Government has guaranteed the Turkish 1885 loan, and to-day it yields nearly 4 per cent. Lincoln, a Trustee Corporation stock, gives 4 per cent. Port of London and Thames Conservancy, both yield 4 per cent. The new Canadian loan is at a discount and therefore yields over 4 per cent. New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Victoria and Western Australia Trustee stocks all give 4 per cent. With the present price of money it is impossible that these loans can remain at their present figure. They must appreciate during the next six months. Do not forget that although the yield is only 4 per cent., that a 5 per cent. rise in a year is a magnificent profit on such securities, and such profit seems a certainty.

When we come to what may be called the second grade of good securities we get 4½ per cent. without any difficulty. The City of Quebec yields this. Port Elizabeth loan gives the same yield. The City of Vancouver shows up well, and the City of Wellington and the City of Victoria are worth thinking about. In each case the risk is hardly to be considered. If we take foreign loans, the yield is even higher. For example, the City of Budapest, one of the most important of European capitals, gives a yield of 5 per cent. Buenos Ayres also gives 5 per cent. Lima gives even higher and Moscow almost 5 per cent. There is really very little risk with any of these loans. Argentine issues yield 5 per cent. Chilians stand about the same level, and the Russian railway loans can be bought to pay nearly 5 per cent. There is no question about the stability of these countries, and it is most unlikely that

the present low prices will continue. The public is perfectly determined not to buy Home Railway stocks. It has been completely scared out of the market, and in spite of the fact that traffics on Great Western, North Eastern, Midland and Great Northern are reasonably good, the price sags. There seems very little doubt that the Labour leaders are only bluffing. It is suspected that they are working for nationalisation, and that they make the speeches with the concurrence of the Government, who desire to have their hands forced. Public opinion is so strongly against any strike that it would be impossible for the railwaymen to hold out very long. But we think that all idea of a strike may be dismissed. It will end in talk.

The foreign market has been completely disorganised. Every important Greek in London declares that his nation is determined to go to war with Turkey. Greece has been preparing for war ever since it found that Turkey had purchased the battleship from Armstrongs. It does not mean Turkey to obtain possession of this ship. The Continent believes that the war can be localised. Bulgaria now holds a strip of country which separates Turkey from Greece. Therefore, land operations are impossible. The Albanian question remains unsettled. The only thing that can possibly improve the position of the foreign market is the successful issue of a French national loan. The sooner that loan is out of the way the better. There is no news from China. Affairs there seem to be in a dangerous condition. Seldom has the American market been so idle. Wall Street is determined to do everything it can to discredit President Wilson. It looks upon him as a person whose tendencies are distinctly dangerous. Certainly, he has mismanaged the Mexican business, and he appears quite determined to make it unpleasant for the railways. He declared that the railway magnates are responsible for the present dull trade in the United States. Such an assertion is incapable of proof. The railways are not ordering simply because traffics are falling away so fast, and taxation increases each year. Therefore, the only way in which the dividends can be maintained is by the exercise of rigid economy. We are now nearly approaching the end of the fiscal year. Atchison, Pennsylvania, and one or two others of the big lines will be able to maintain their dividend, but there is no doubt that the smaller roads are in a bad condition. The Gould estate came to the rescue of Missouri Pacific and found nearly a million dollars for the purpose of taking up the deposited notes. In this way a receivership was avoided. Chesapeake has had a bad year, and it is impossible that any dividend can be paid next year. The New Haven scandal runs its weary length day by day through the American newspapers. Mr. Mellen has attempted to evade blame by accusing the late J. Pierpont Morgan of all sorts of financial excesses. It was a bold step to take, and if it does not come off is likely to end in serious trouble for Mr. Mellen, who has now got the house of Morgan against him. The Inter-State Commerce Commission has not yet given its rate decision, but it seems settled that the roads will get between 3 per cent. and 4 per cent. increase. That may give the market a much-needed fillip.

There is little or no business doing in Rubber. Most of the important companies have issued their reports, and those that now appear have no effect upon the market. The Rubber Exhibition will shortly open, and may attract public attention once again to the great industry. There is hardly a town in England where large blocks of Rubber shares are not held. Unfortunately, most of them were purchased during the boom, and the holders cannot realise without making a heavy loss. However, Plantation keeps firm round 2s. 4d., and at this figure carefully managed companies can make handsome profits. No rise is

TO THE SECRETARIES OF LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Every week, before some literary or debating society, papers are read by local ladies and gentlemen, if not by those of wider reputation, in which thought on affairs, on books, on art, science, or philosophy is crystallised.

Often we have been astonished when listening to papers and discussions in local societies by the excellent thoughts excellently expressed, which fall from the lips of men who are yet a long way off the eminence of a Balfour or a Haldane.

Why should these efforts go unnoticed outside the circles of the village or the town in which they originate?

We propose to allot some portion of the space of "The Academy" as often as may be necessary to a notice or a quotation from any of these papers whose intrinsic merits warrant either. This is an absolute novelty in London journalism, and can only prove the success we hope it will be if the Secretaries lend us their co-operation. If they will communicate with us we shall be happy to make arrangements with them which may be pleasing to them and to the authors of the papers or addresses, and will, we believe, be useful and interesting to our readers.

Sometimes we should be glad to publish a lengthy extract, sometimes a sentence or two, always an epigram or a paradox with which the local orator may elucidate or illumine a topic.

Letters to Editors from any corner of the country or the world which contain a point or convey information are always welcome: why should not a wider publicity be given to utterances which are none the less worthy of notice because they were prepared for the purely local audience?

The Outlook

For June 20th contains

PETERSBURG DREAMS

By DOSTOIEVSKY

An Autobiographical Sketch hitherto unpublished in English

THE OUTLOOK

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OF ALL NEWSAGENTS

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probable, but it is clear that we have almost reached the bottom. The discussion in regard to the Anglo-Persian Oil deals drags along. The opponents of the Government are attempting to find a second Marconi scandal, but it would seem to an impartial observer that there is nothing in the deal except stupidity. Premier Oil and Pipe have had a small rise mainly because the "bears" have been buying back. The Assam Oil figures were reasonably good. This concern continues to make slow progress. The strike in Baku has had a bad effect upon Russian Oil shares. The settlement in Anglo-Egyptians passed off successfully, the "bull" account being much smaller than was anticipated. Spies are now 19s., at which price they are worth holding. The misfortunes of the Emba Caspian have yet to be told. The shares are unsaleable. The circular issued by the Chartered Company, although it contained some good points, had little or no effect upon the market. The dividends that continue to be announced in the Kaffir market are none of them particularly satisfactory. Tin shares continue to be sold, and the Copper figures for the first fortnight of June are so discouraging that "bulls" continue to sell their holdings in all Copper securities. There have been a few dealings in the Canadian group. Prices on the whole have sagged. There is evidently nothing to go for in the Mining market, which remains most depressed. Miscellaneous shares remain idle. The Hudson's Bay report showed a reduced dividend, and the shares have been sold to below 9. All Canadian securities have been offered. A dead set has been made at Maypole Dairy deferred on the tale that the report would be bad. Shipping shares continue weak. Forestal Lands have been steadily offered, but it is now said that although the dividend must be reduced the figures in the report will be on the whole reassuring.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. M. P.—PINDENIOYA RUBBER.—"T. M. P." points out that the Pindenioya Rubber talks of reducing capital in order to wipe off deposits, and be able to sooner pay a dividend. He wishes to know what advantage there is in this. I consider that the policy suggested by Mr. Yuille is thoroughly sound. Pindenioya balance sheet showed coolie coast advances £6,073, an item that is practically irrecoverable, and it showed preliminary expenses £3,384, an asset which is also of no value. Then there is a loss of £1,926. If the capital of the company were written down by £15,000 it would hurt no one, and the assets would then much more fairly represent the £45,000 than they do to-day. The company is carefully administered, and has a reasonable chance of success. But what shareholders want is a dividend, and this they can never get until the balance sheet has been put on a sound basis.

ACADEMUS asks why EDMONTON 5 per cent. scrip stands so low. The second-rate Canadian towns have all borrowed far too much money, and they have used this money in a very extravagant fashion. Cautious bond houses in Canada now refuse to finance the second class towns at all, and they are compelled to go to New York or London for their money. Edmonton is a growing place, and one of these days will no doubt be a very prosperous town, but to-day at any rate in the eyes of the big Canadian bond houses, it ranks as a second-rate city. I think myself that the loan is quite safe, but the market is a poor one, and if we get any further Canadian slump the price might fall still lower.

LIVERPUDLIAN wants to know why BAUCHI (Nigeria) Tin 10s. preference shares are only quoted at 7s. 6d., and

thinks that they are fully worth 10s. It is quite true that the output from Bauchi is steadily going up, but my correspondent must remember that the price of tin is going down rapidly, and that Bauchi, in spite of its increased output, will not be able to show any better profits for 1914 than it did for 1913, when it made £67 a ton profit. The financial position of the company may be fairly safe if the loans against security are all right. It has lent £50,000, and if this money can be called in at any moment, all well. Personally, I should consider Bauchi preference highly speculative.

J. G.—The fall in MAYPOLE deferred is due to a fear that the company is not doing well, but if the Van den Bergh balance-sheet is any criterion it is possible that the "bears" may be disappointed. You must not forget that the holders of deferred received a very handsome bonus by the distribution of shares at 2s. each. All the same, I think the deferred are fully valued to-day. The company is in a magnificent position financially, having one of the strongest balance sheets in the Industrial market.

KENTISHMAN.—I do not think that the resignation of the Burrs from the KENT COAL CONCESSIONS will have any effect upon the shares. What Kent Coal wants is about five millions of money to exploit its various collieries, and how it is to get this money no one knows. It seems to me that Kent Coal Concessions at their present price are fully valued. I am perfectly certain that there is a large coal-field in Kent, but I am equally certain that it will take between five and six millions of money to exploit it, and until this money is spent, very little return will come to the shareholders.

P. & P.—You should certainly sell all your Iron and Steel shares. Trade is going down fast, and although PEASE & PARTNERS report was good, it is most improbable that the results of the current year will be equal to those of last year.

EGYPT.—UNION FONCIERE report was moderately good. At the present price of the shares the land appears to be only valued at a little over £23 per feddan. As the book cost of this land is about £61 15s. per feddan there seems room for considerable appreciation in the £5 shares. The company owns 9,647 feddans, which it sells round about £83 a feddan. It is financed by the Land Bank, to which it now owes £133,400. The Parisians are buying Union Foncière, as they think the shares are cheap. Personally I should prefer to buy Salt and Sodas, which I look upon as quite the best bargain in the Egyptian market.

The arrangements for the Royal Hunt Cup (Totalisator Co., Lucerne, H. Cullerne-Bown, Managing Director) draw of £3,000 took place on Saturday last in the presence of several well-known leading journalists. The fortunate winner is Mr. A. Crane, of Earls Court Road, W. Subscribers should watch for the St. Leger £5,000.

The flying race from Hendon to Manchester and back in one day will take place on Saturday, June 20, and the competitors will start from the Hendon Aerodrome in the order of their handicap times at intervals between 8 a.m. and 11.30 a.m., the winners being expected to arrive back at Hendon shortly after five o'clock the same afternoon. The total distance is approximately 325 miles, and the pilots must make a stop of half an hour at Birmingham both on the outward and return trip.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRETTIEST VILLAGE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir

Kindly do me a favour and mention Patcham Village Sussex near Brighton in your Valuable Journal I Claim this Village as the best in Sussex and want to make it the headquarters of other Villages You can copy what is on this Postcard I feel sure when once people have been to see this Pretty Village they would want to live and die their.

Homerton.

H. COHEN.

[We print this communication as received.—ED. ACADEMY.]

AMERICA AND MEXICO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Edwin Ridley (of Buffalo, U.S.A.), in his long letter in to-day's ACADEMY in reply to mine of May 2 is extremely interesting because he really shows that there are people in the States who do not approve of buccaneering expeditions under the Stars and Stripes. No doubt President Wilson is one of them, and I am not prepared to say he is not. All I would ask Mr. Ridley is this: Why did not Mr. Wilson stop the export of arms and of marauders across the American border? If he had left Villa and the rest to be dealt with by the *de facto* President, Huerta, there would have been no need for the American expedition! To have drawn Mr. Ridley's letter is something perhaps to the good, but he does not convince, Yours very truly,

June 13, 1914.

ARTHUR WALLACE.

CHILDREN AND HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May we invoke the hospitality of your columns once more, on behalf of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, to ask all those who are fortunate enough to obtain a holiday to bear in mind the needs of the poor children of London?

The Fund has now been at work for over thirty years. During that time it has given nearly a million children a fortnight's holiday each in the country or at the sea. It is recognised that the month during which the schools are closed is perhaps the most critical period in the year for the children. Not only do they tend to forget what they have learnt during term, but they are thrown back upon their home life, with nothing to occupy their minds, save the chance excitements of the street.

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Last year, owing to lack of funds, the numbers dealt with had to be cut down by 800. Even so, 45,602 children were made the happier by a fortnight's holiday. But it was a bitter disappointment to those 800 to be left out, and we appeal to your readers to help us not only to send them, but several hundreds more of the thousands of children in London who have never been away. Donations sent to the Earl of Arran, Hon. Treasurer, C.C.H.F., 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., will be most gratefully

acknowledged. Every £1 given ensures a fortnight's holiday for two children.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,

Yours faithfully,

LOREBURN.

HAMBLEDEN.

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ENGLISH IDIOMATIC EXPRESSIONS DONE INTO GERMAN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—A copy of THE ACADEMY, No. 2, 195, containing a review of the above book, has just come into my hands, and I shall be glad if you will allow me space to inform your critic that "ä" is included among the "difficult sounds for Englishmen," as it is not, as is generally supposed, pronounced like the "a" in "day, way, say, or pay." The German "ä" has an impossible twang to it, accurately produced by a hungry lambkin on the hillside. (Kathleen suggests placing said wee lamb on the other side of a smoothly flowing river, when the Yankee-like nasality of its voice will be softened by the water—as per our experiment with a gramophone—thus producing the German "ä" in all its beauty.)

As for "Es regnet alte weiber," this expression is only used in certain parts of North Germany, but it shall be included in the Second Edition. "Es regnet Bindfaden" is, perhaps, the best expression, as everybody knows it; and we have always tried to give expressions known all over Germany in preference to those known but to a limited few. Yours faithfully,

HERBERT PARKER.

4, Von der Tann St., Munich.

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- Will o' the Wisp, and the Wandering Voice.* By Thomas Bouch. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Lord's Mother: St. Luke's Quest.* A Dramatic Poem. By A. Boyd Scott. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
- Cubist Poems.* By Max Weber. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Elfin Chaunts and Railway Rhythms.* By Edmund Vale. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Poems.* By Rita Francis Mosscockle. With Portrait. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)
- Florentine Vignettes.* Metrical Letters of the late Vernon Arnold Slade. Edited by Wilfrid Thorley. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Post Meridian Verse.* By W. H. Houlden. (Walter Black and Co. Nottingham. 1s. net.)
- Faeryland.* By Charles Cammell. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)
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- Cambridge University Reporter; Literary Digest; The Collegian; Revue Critique; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; La Revue; Wednesday Review; Cambridge Magazine; The Theosophical Path; Bookseller.*

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- No. 5. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. Appeared May 9.
- No. 6. Sir RIDER HAGGARD. Appeared May 16.
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- No. 10. MR. A. C. BENSON. Appeared June 13.
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Notes of the Week

THE Home Rule Amendment Bill, which was considered in the House of Lords on Tuesday, we think, marks an end to the obstinate determination of the Coalition to bang, bar, and bolt the door to all possible terms of compromise. Though late, all too late, in the day, we still are glad that the appalling consequences which were bound to result from the *non possumus* attitude of the Government may still be avoided. Neither Lord Lansdowne nor any other responsible Unionist leader considers the permanent division of Ireland into two hostile camps as being anything short of lamentable, and there was a shadow of suggestion thrown out in the debate that a middle way might still be found which would appeal to reasonable minds. We are sorry that this view has not been assimilated sooner, and we repudiate all personal responsibility for the impasse into which matters have drifted. In our issue of October 4, 1913, we wrote:

We now, however, hazard a suggestion. The only possible solution—if the *status quo* is to be departed from, which we do not admit—is an assembly for Catholic Ireland and another for essentially Protestant Ireland. The two countries might conceivably get to know and trust each other in time. We think the time will more probably be measured in centuries

than in decades, but there is just an off-chance of success. There might be an arrangement for joint sessions and conferences, with the British Government as ultimate arbiter. Especially in matters of finance, such a scheme seems to be indispensable. We leave Members of Parliament to digest the proposal, and, if there is anything of value in it, to elaborate it. The lamb has never yet lain down with the lion without absorption, but we live in a progressive age, and miracles are commonplace.

The scheme we hinted at has no doubt many difficulties inherent in it. Thus we find the parliamentary correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* writing in the issue of the 24th inst., after the debate in the House of Lords had taken place, in these words, whilst referring to Lord Lansdowne's speech:

The suggestion underlying these remarks is regarded in some quarters as a hint that the Peers may possibly convert the amending Bill into a scheme of Home Rule within Home Rule, and as all parties dislike exclusion, Ulster included, the drift of opinion may set in this direction. But it must be added that the Nationalists, much as they dislike exclusion, seem even more averse from such a scheme. For they would greatly prefer to leave the Catholic minority in Ulster under the British Parliament than to surrender them to a covenanting assembly.

What does this point to but the resurrection of the idea which we ventured to put forward nine months ago? We can quite believe that Nationalist Ireland would not relish the scheme, but the time has passed when it is possible to consider the too fastidious tastes of those holding one view or the other. If statesmanship is to assert any claim to be viewed as scientific, the only course is to adopt the least objectionable of possible alternatives, and we believe that the scheme to which opinion seems to be veering, is quite the best that is open at present as a solution of the situation.

It will, we think, be a surprise to some of our readers to learn that we have to-day made a donation to the funds of the fanatical section of the "Votes for Women" party. We have purchased, for the first time in our lives, a copy of the official organ of the party, edited by the ineffable Christabel. The paper was well worth the penny, because it reveals the consternation prevailing in the camp over the miserable end of Laura Grey. Every conceivable argument, logical and illogical—mostly the latter—is trotted out to prove that the unhappy girl was not the victim of the deplorable tendencies which were imparted to her by her criminal employers. Mr. Hornung's eulogy of the woman when she was young is italicised to show that this "human flower" was not blighted to destruction by the guilty and irresponsible training of her novitiate in a monstrous system. With unspeakable meanness the League suggest, and, indeed, promulgate, the view that the girl was so abnormal that even past-masters in crime could have no influence over her. Since Mr. Hornung declared that Laura Grey in her youth was a "beautiful and gentle creature," what,

may we ask, was the influence which converted her into a being whom we should not have hesitated to describe otherwise had she been living? We admit it is a knock-out blow to the organisation that their pose as evangelists of all that is moral in life should be confronted with so striking an instance of the sinful and immoral tendency of their propagandism.

Mr. Lloyd George as philosopher and moraliser is about as acceptable as Mr. Lloyd George the politician. He has been ruminating on men's responsibilities for their actions, and his conclusion is that everything—riches, character, conduct—is just a matter of luck. Irresponsibility, no doubt, accounts for a good deal in Mr. Lloyd George. The Chancellor of the Exchequer as fatalist is not quite so sublime—or sickly—a spectacle as the Chancellor of the Exchequer in alliance with the Almighty. Mr. J. J. Hills, the American millionaire, has dared to suggest that Lloyd Georgian finance and the false humanitarianism of the social legislation which it buttresses are doing harm to British trade. It does not need an American millionaire to make that fairly clear. What is Mr. Lloyd George's answer? "The Power that governs the world does not punish with bankruptcy and ruin nations that do kindness to the old, the feeble, the broken and the sick." Even though they rob churches to do it, he might have added.

A pretty mess has been made of the Budget by this great light in economics! It is a pity that Mr. Lloyd George, or someone for him, does not give a little more time to practical business, instead of devising schemes which catch votes and involve all who have a stake in the credit of the country in difficulties. A certain amount of opposition from the business-men on his own side, combined with the common sense and courage of the Speaker, has brought the Government a well-deserved rebuff. Mr. Gibson Bowles has hammered away at the spendthrift irregularities of recent financial methods with some success, and now the whole thing is thrown into the melting-pot. The result may save a penny on the income tax this year, but it will be a serious embarrassment to some local bodies who took Mr. Lloyd George at his word. It is monstrous that a proved failure should be allowed to go on playing ducks and drakes with the national resources. Men like Sir Hugh Bell protest in vain. They are in daily touch with the mischief which is being worked, and the captains of industry know perfectly well, whatever the Board of Trade Returns may show, that capital is finding it more and more difficult to earn that margin of interest on which new enterprise depends. The ultimate sufferers will be the very workers of whose cause Mr. Lloyd George and his friends are supposed to be the champions.

The Birthday Honours, as usual, contain an odd announcement or two of importance in the midst of

dozens of promotions which are either official or incomprehensible. There are no reasons why Sir Thomas Beecham should not be made a baronet if he wishes to enjoy the distinction of handing on his title. The Lord Mayor of London may find compensation in hereditary honours for the back seat forced upon him by the Chairman of the London County Council during the recent municipal visit to Paris. As an offset, Sir J. W. Benn becomes a baronet also. The three names which appeal to us most in the new list are those of Lord Kitchener, who becomes an Earl, a distinction which Imperial service has certainly merited; Mr. R. L. Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, who becomes G.C.M.G., an honour that would certainly have been conferred upon him without loss of time by any Unionist Government; and Dr. J. G. Frazer, of "Golden Bough" fame, whose scientific researches and literary accomplishments merit at least as much recognition as the services, say, of an estimable Blackburn auctioneer or of the Chairman of the National Health Insurance Commission of Scotland.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the list is the peerage conferred on Sir Edgar Vincent. We knew this gentleman when he was a handsome young Guardsman keeping terms in the Inner Temple. He owes his eminence, no doubt, to the pushful qualities of his late brother, Sir Howard Vincent, and the beauty of his wife. Lady Helen is not the least beautiful of the splendid quartette, of whom the late Duchess of Leinster was the bright and particular star, a beauty matchless in her time, and perhaps unmatched in all ages, Helen of Troy not excepted.

The scheme for a new London stores started and maintained by Civil Servants will emphasise in the minds of many people a point made by the writer of the article on "The Civil Servant," in THE ACADEMY, a fortnight ago. Civil Servants, the *Evening Standard* tells us, consider themselves entitled to privileges not enjoyed by the general public; why, we entirely fail to see. The Civil Servant is better paid than the average professional man, and he has his pension to look forward to, which the professional man has not. He is paid by the public, and, not content to compete during or after office hours with the toiler in literature and art, he is now planning to set up a huge store with which he may undercut the ordinary shopkeeper. He is able to do this because of a certain *esprit de corps*, and because of his numbers. Co-operative stores are, no doubt, a boon to many poor people, but they are often a deadly wrong to hundreds of small shopkeepers. We do not think we should exaggerate if we said that the better class shopkeeper has legitimate ground of complaint if men in the public service, whom he is taxed to pay, confront his business, none too secure as it is, with this fresh menace.

Mist Arising

I SHALL be lost among the stars:
 So long by rushes cool
 I was held in the sleeping pool—
 But I am rising, rising. Not a leaf,
 Mooring the lily, my ascent debars.
 O, lit, white water-lilies, watch the sky,
 When there I take my shining rest, though brief!
 I might have shone rose-fire had I risen soon,
 But now in softer hue myself descry—
 A green gauze, or a mauve warmth by the moon!
 Afterwards, you will see me not . . . O, swift—
 There are two stars already, but subdued,
 As light looks ever in the pool. When come
 The myriad, pure and pointed, I shall drift,
 Shivering with moonlight and the loftiness,
 Through a strange heaven—lost, likely, or renewed.
 Strange heaven! Yet its allurements grows no less.
 The sleeping, silent pool was not my home—
 Not even by my ascension surface-crossed:
 I shall be among stars, if I am lost.

K. BALBERNIE.

Effusiveness

THE great artist, we believe, does not talk largely about "his art" even to intimate friends; still less is he given to chatter for the benefit of any gentlemen of the Press who may call with notebook and pencil. He feels that his especial gifts, in whatever province these may lie, employed though they may be for the pleasure and benefit of others, are smirched and cheapened by hasty talk and purposeless remarks. When he does allow himself to discuss these matters, his observations are generally in the nature of criticism, thoughtful, thoroughly considered, and valuable, as tending to define the objects and limits of some particular branch of his chosen calling. Conscious that his opinions carry weight and are the result of years of experience and experiment, the great artist is almost compelled to assume a tinge of egotism; but his egotism is rarely offensive, and he knows that as knowledge grows, the desire to be dogmatic recedes—for in art, as in other matters, a slavish following of other people's "settled convictions" means a cramped soul and a dangerous self-satisfaction.

Having formed these ideas as to the behaviour of the true artist with relation to publicity, we were much entertained, a short time ago, at the report of an interview with a popular short-story writer which appeared in an American paper of some repute. The lady in question took her profession quite seriously, and laid down the law to the eager interviewer at considerable length. "Anyone who has a sense of proportion can

write a short story," she began. This was rather a poor opening; but we became forthwith puzzled completely. The reporter asked the author why, in her stories, she devoted the first five hundred words to a glimpse of the conclusion; her delightful reply was: "I do that to create suspense; I tell almost everything at the start, so as to get right into the action of the story." Only a very exceptional personality could dare to mystify us in that manner.

The lady proceeded to discourse in this fashion: her next work is to be "the romantic story of a duchess" from material gathered in Vienna while her husband "took a special course in medicine," for "you know we are all a little romantic at heart." "This writing of short stories is a game. . . . It is much like a man who invents a new safety razor. He makes the best razor that he can. He believes in it, and he stands back of it. He invents a razor because he knows that men need one with which to shave themselves. . . ." But we really must refrain from solid quotation, though it is tempting. We learn that it takes this original artist "about a week to write a short story—they are generally long ones"; that she goes shopping, knows the tango, has a dancing class once a week; and, apparently as an afterthought, she adds, "then I have my husband, three sons, and a house to take care of."

Dignity and reticence, which we have suggested as characteristic of the great artist, are here obviously absent; effusiveness and a naïve pride have responded to the first touch of the reporter's banal questionings. Scores of columns of this sort of rubbish are printed every day, for the public loves to know the details of the private life of its favourites; but we were distinctly surprised to find that the *New York Times Book Review* encouraged such unworthy methods of filling space. We seem to have arrived at an era of gush, an age of loquacity, when the man who has published a book, or written a few good poems, or painted a picture, must be induced to talk about his work and is enthroned as an epoch-making artist. Immature critics, sure of placing their articles, are too eager to lift the beginner—who may or may not be doing good things—to a pinnacle of fame; they are also far too wide in their range: hence arises much silliness that is not even clever, such as "futurist" pictures and music and "cubist" poetry. If another Edward Lear comes, or another "Lewis Carroll," to raise nonsense by sheer genius to an intellectual delight, doubtless he will be recognised; if the song of a modern Keats should steal upon ears and hearts weary of affected clamouring, it will not pass unhonoured. Meanwhile, however, let us be careful of this tendency to unlimited enthusiasm over mediocrity attired in motley simply to attract attention; for although it is true that the best will survive and the insignificant will vanish, a great deal of harm is done by the shouting and confusion, indiscriminate and ever changing its theme, amid which the quieter voices of restraint, of experience, and of dignity are too often inaudible.

W. L. R.

Eminent Bookmen and their Opinions

II.—SIR FREDERICK MACMILLAN

THERE are in existence two fascinating biographical works which, separated as to dates of issue by about half a century, are complementary to one another as records of the romance attaching to the foundation of one of our most famous publishing houses. They are the "Life of Daniel Macmillan," written by Judge Thomas Hughes—of whose classic story of public-school life there will be something to say presently—and Mr. Charles L. Graves' "Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan," which gained so deservedly warm a welcome on its appearance rather less than four years ago. Between them, these two memoirs enshrine not merely the history of a fraternal partnership which, humble in its beginnings, was the nucleus from which developed a power of the first magnitude in the English publishing world, but the memoirs of a pair of remarkable personalities, brothers in intellect, in sympathies, and in enterprise as well as in blood, who hold an honoured place among the bookmen of the Victorian era.

The sons of an Ayrshire farmer, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan came south to seek their fortunes in the thirties of last century. In the closing year of that decade, Alexander joined his brother as an assistant in the Fleet Street publishing house of Seeley. Both were omnivorous readers, and so absorbing was the taste which they shared in common that it never seems to have occurred to either of them to seek a livelihood in any occupation unconnected with books. It was characteristic of the spirit of enterprise and ambition which they brought to their work that, when they had been only four years together in the service of the Fleet Street house, they resolved to start business on their own account, and promptly did so, publishing their first book from an address in Aldersgate Street in 1843. A little later, with the assistance of Archdeacon Hare, they purchased a book-selling business in Cambridge; and, having settled in the University town, they soon resumed operations as publishers, and were not long in gaining an established reputation. Even in those early days, the brothers were inflexible in their maintenance of the high standard which they had set before them with regard to the works issued with their imprint; and on two occasions in 1855 they refused advantageous offers to publish books by influential writers, solely because the tone of the works in question did not commend itself to their judgment.

Unhappily, this ideal partnership was cut short by the death, in 1857, of Daniel Macmillan, who had been subject all his life to the handicap of delicate health. His loss was a heavy blow to the survivor; but Alexander Macmillan had qualities which rendered him fully capable of maintaining and extending, single-handed, the success that had been won. A year after the sole control of the business passed into his hands he

opened a branch office in London, whither, five years later, its headquarters were removed. Established in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, the firm of Macmillan soon took recognised position in the first rank of English publishers, having already to its credit such famous books as Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Judge Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown's School Days." With regard to the latter, it is recorded of Daniel Macmillan that, on reading the manuscript, he passed it on to his brother with the remark: "Here is a book that is going to become a classic like 'Robinson Crusoe'!"—a literary prophecy which was fully justified, for "Tom Brown" continues to number its readers by thousands, in spite of the fact that the conditions of public-school life which it depicts were utterly unlike anything that exists to-day.

From the 'sixties onwards, the history of the house of Macmillan is one of expanding enterprise and steadily increasing prosperity. Among the works of outstanding note for which it was responsible were "Ecce Homo," the volume of theological essays which caused such a heavy fluttering of the ecclesiastical doves in 1866, and Green's "Short History of the English People," which appeared in 1875—in which year, by the way, a branch of the business was established in the United States. It was the wise policy of the firm not to "specialise," but to undertake the publication of literature of almost any and every order, provided that it was sufficiently good of its kind to do credit to its sponsors; and the bibliographical catalogue of the Macmillan publications bears impressive witness to the thoroughness with which this rule has been at all periods observed. In the 'nineties occurred two events of high importance in the annals of the house, the conversion of the business into a limited company in 1896 being followed, within two years, by its absorption of the firm of Bentley, which had held for more than half a century a leading place in the publishing world, and had owned the historic "Miscellany" in which Dickens' "Oliver Twist," and not a few other novels by writers of leading rank, made their original appearance. The removal from the old Bedford Street house to the stately building in St. Martin's Street specially designed was a more recent landmark in Macmillan history.

Both the brothers left heirs and successors to carry on the business which their ability and enterprise had founded; and it is the eldest son of Daniel Macmillan who to-day is chairman of the company that directs the fortunes of the house. To talk with Sir Frederick Macmillan of books and of publishing is to realise how deeply he is imbued with the principles upon which those fortunes were so worthily built up by his father and his uncle. It is his conviction that intrinsic merit is the one and sufficient standard of judgment which a publisher should apply to the works for which he is invited to stand sponsor. "Books that are good of their kind" may be taken as the formula which best expresses his practical philosophy of publishing; and, as the world knows, it has been at all periods the watchword of the house that bears his name. To assume responsibility for

books merely because they may seem to possess certain extraneous elements of popularity represents a policy with which he is entirely out of sympathy. He holds, further, that an author who sets himself to "write down" to some supposed level of public taste is sure to injure himself in a material as well as in an artistic sense. That it always pays an author to do the best that is in him is another of the maxims of which his professional observation has taught him to recognise the truth.

While fully alive to the changes in publishing conditions which modern developments of one kind and another have brought in their train, Sir Frederick Macmillan is not to be beguiled into dogmatising about their present or prospective effects; but such references as he makes to the general outlook are entirely free from any note of pessimism. He deprecates, for example, any tendency to complain of the latter-day preponderance of cheap books, which he considers inevitable; and he sees no use in blinking the fact that many among the more well-to-do classes have nowadays less leisure to give to books, and less room in which to house them, than was formerly the case. With regard to the circulating libraries, he believes that they fulfil an invaluable and quite indispensable function, seeing that people have no wish—even if they had the means—to acquire possession of most of the books that they desire to read. This naturally leads to the vexed question of the so-called library "censorship," as to which he points out with emphasis that the supply or non-supply of a particular book or books is a matter entirely between the libraries and their customers, and one in which no outside party has any legitimate ground of interference. But he makes it clear that any attempt to institute a real censorship of literature—if such a thing were practicable—would have in him a convinced opponent.

In the eminently practical view of Sir Frederick Macmillan, "things without all remedy should be without regard"; and he is, therefore, not inclined to worry overmuch about the evils entailed by the fact that each year sees the issue of a vast number of unwanted and unnecessary books. So long as people continue to find satisfaction in writing and producing these superfluities, he sees no possible means of checking their activity; and so there is nothing for it but to leave matters to be dealt with by the law of the survival of the fittest. There is, he thinks, something to be deplored in the present-day tendency of large sections of the public to concentrate their reading attention almost exclusively on novels, and to regard "literature" and "fiction" as

practically synonymous terms. And one feels it to be quite in accordance with the fitness of things that this heresy should be specially reprobated in St. Martin's Street; for the catholicity of its issue of good literature, and its recognition of other standards of value besides that of mere "best-selling" capacity, have been at all times, as they are to-day, dominant "notes" of the policy of the house of Macmillan.

ALFRED BERLYN.

The Naval Crisis within the Empire—I

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE advocates of a closer Imperial union will detect a disquieting symptom in the criticism which has been directed throughout our Overseas Dominions against Mr. Churchill's recent statement of naval policy in the Pacific. At the outset, let it be said that to quarrel with his precept as to the imperative need for continued concentration in Home waters would be to display complete ignorance of elementary strategy. The hammer must so be raised above the anvil that the blow can be struck where it is most required. Nevertheless, there is a danger that a principle, while adequately providing against a set of military contingencies likely to arise within a restricted area at any given moment, may fail as a measure of Imperial safety; for the reason that no account is taken of other contingencies as to the remoteness or otherwise of which there is reasonable ground for difference of opinion, and of Imperial sentiment, which, being more a force than a fact, hardly comes within the purview of the purely professional strategist. It is a truism that the strategy of the moment is decided by the statesmanship of the moment; and it follows, then, that if the latter exhibits too narrow an estimate of its duty to the community, the expert, no matter how efficient he may be as such, is predestined to fail so soon as his work is put to practical test. We must not imagine that the Overseas Dominions are so local in their outlook as to entertain the belief that naval concentration is carried to excess, and that it would be better were a strong fleet to be detached from Home waters to be permanently stationed in the Pacific. But the opinion is held that the situation has now become so important that, with as little delay as possible, provision should be made, altogether outside the

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requirements of concentration, for adequate naval representation in that region.

It is here that an acute difference arises between certain Oversea Dominions and the British Government. The First Lord of the Admiralty, knowing that Japan is predominant in the Pacific, regards her alliance with England as a sufficient guarantee that conditions will not be disturbed. At the same time, with perfect wisdom, he points out that were the British Navy to be defeated in the North Sea nothing could save the Colonies. So far, Mr. Churchill has taken up a position which bears the appearance of impregnability. It cannot be said that his ideas fail to embrace obvious necessities, but these necessities his policy narrows down to a minimum. Had he chosen to base his arguments upon economic grounds, declaring that Great Britain cannot afford to maintain a strong squadron in the Pacific, then his attitude would have been intelligible to the Colonies. But when, in effect, he tells them that they are needlessly apprehensive, and that, apart altogether from the restraining influence of the Treaty of Alliance, Japan's established reputation for honest dealing is sufficient guarantee of peace in the Far East, they may be forgiven if they find his honeyed words somewhat disingenuous. For, in truth, the public opinion of our Oversea Dominions is disinclined to share the optimistic views advanced by Mr. Churchill. As already implied, they have sufficient imagination to understand without instruction that concentration in the North Sea is imperative for Imperial safety. Nor do they accuse Mr. Churchill of voicing an obsession with the narrow enthusiasm of an inverted mind when he insists upon his aspect of the question and is complacent, seemingly, to the point of indifference, about the needs of the Pacific. What, however, they suspect about his policy is that it is dictated by parsimony. They give him sufficient credit for statesmanlike vision to believe that he, like themselves, is not unmindful of the desirability, if not of the necessity, for stationing a strong squadron in the Pacific, in addition to the naval concentration as it exists at present in Home waters. Naturally, they do not like to be told merely for the purposes of expediency that they have taken an altogether exaggerated view of their own requirements, or that, having no sensible appreciation of the trend of world-diplomacy, they have not looked beyond their own shores. Japan is their neighbour. The waters of the Pacific are the waters that wash their coasts. The problems of this ocean and the vast regions with which it is bounded naturally affect their welfare intimately.

In the main, these problems centre upon the definition of relations between the peoples of the Western nations and the peoples of Oriental nations. No matter to what extent the coinciding interest of the moment may bring together in amity and friendship individual units of either opposing camp, there is ever present the knowledge that fundamentally these camps are irreconcilable. No systematised cohesion is as yet visible on the one side or the other. In principle, the Colonies are, of course, at one on the question of Oriental ex-

clusion. Moreover, that they are in full sympathy and agreement with the United States, where the trouble has become so acute as to be looked upon as a national peril, is abundantly evident from the public comment of the day. To perhaps a less, though certainly an appreciable, extent they welcome the vigorous policy of Russia in the Far East which, too, is aimed at stemming the tide of Oriental aggression. Turning in the other direction, we find that Japan, as might only be expected, is leading the way among Asiatic races in demanding equality of treatment. China is biding her time. Then, to a problem already sufficiently serious, a grave complication is introduced by the circumstance that the restrictions upon Oriental immigration are enforced in British Dominions against Indian subjects of the Crown. No possible way of removing this complication can be devised such as will not damage the cause of Imperial unity, for it is a dispute the settlement of which must inevitably outrage cherished principles held by one or other party.

In Balzac's Country

III.—THE HOUSE OF GRANDET.

BY R. A. J. WALLING.

WE lingered a few moments on the ramparts. I looked down over the roofs and towers of the old town gilded by the westering sun. The scene had an element of over-ripeness, of mature melancholy, which brought to mind again the phrase that had been haunting me, describing the physiognomy of a certain house "*situé à Saumur, au bout de la rue montueuse qui mène au château, par le haut de la ville.*" I turned to the châtelain.

"Do you know the house of Monsieur Grandet?" I asked.

No, he was sorry he did not know any Monsieur Grandet. But madame and monsieur would certainly wish to see the Museum before they left. They probably knew that the Castle of Saumur was now being preserved by the Municipality, which had installed its Museum in the ancient rooms. And, furthermore, there was that in the Museum which was of special interest to English people.

He conducted us through the Museum, promising that fatigue should be rewarded at last. And this was the guerdon.

"Voilà!" he cried triumphantly, landing us in the last of the rooms. The sacred Treasure, the omphalos of the Musée de Saumur, was in a glass case in the middle of the room. It was the white and polished skeleton of a horse, articulated with wire, and the horse was Flying Fox! In the venerable apartments where Charles the Eighth held court and received the homage of the Duke of Brittany, where the Béarnais signed his Treaty with Henry III—the *pièce de résistance* in the Twentieth Century was the osseous remains of an English racehorse! The pedigree of Flying Fox

was set out in more elaborate detail than that of Duplessis-Mornay. I raised my hat to the representative of the Municipality of Saumur, in silent awe of its vast daring. He was touched by the act of homage. He doffed his own cap with the gilt braid, and said:

"Ah, monsieur, le bon cheval! You English love good horses, and I also—I salute the soul of the great *courseur*!"

At the gateway, Madame la Châtelaine appeared, smiling, with picture-postcards to sell. We purchased some. The châtelain came running after us as we were about to descend the steps.

"But, monsieur—the *courseur*! You have not the card of Flying Fox!"

And he waved a postcard in the air.

"Thank you, no," said I. "It would be too painful."

"Ah, pardon!" in a voice of deep sympathy, "I understand. Bonjour, madame, monsieur."

It was in descending to the town through a by-way that we found it, the old Grand' Rue of Saumur, the steep street overtowered by the sombre battlements of the Castle, not far from the Church of St. Peter and beyond the wood-fronted house inhabited by the great Duplessis-Mornay. Once within its borders, we were transplanted, as on a magic carpet, back into the early Nineteenth Century. Surely this was the very cooper seated at his door who twiddled his thumbs while he talked with his neighbour, and marked the going and coming of Grandet and speculated whether the great man of Saumur was only—as some said—as rich as Rothschild, or—as others declared—could buy out Rothschild and all his relations if he liked? Surely that girl looking out at her window under an undulating roof of moss-grown slates among the gables and the gargoyles was one of the maidens who watched Eugénie Grandet as she went to Mass, and saw the rare shopping excursions of that queen and mistress of all domestics, *la grande Nanon*? In the days when Eugénie passed through the ancient street, a dainty apparition of youth and beauty, an heiress whose *dot* was the subject of speculation in all the stage-coaches from Blois to Angers, in the days when the Cruchotins and the Grasinistes struggling for Eugénie's hand and fortune were arrayed against each other like the Ghents and Ghibellines of old, the Grand' Rue could not have been very different from this. Was not this old Grandet himself coming down the centre of the roadway, his heavy shoes laced with leather making an explosive clatter as he walked? No, it could not be Grandet. He had no quaker-hat, no plum-coloured coat with long tails, no silver buckles on his breeches.

But this, at any rate, must be the house of Grandet—the old house set back in a recess, with its sculptured sandstone facings and its old oak door and its knocker, "which looked like a big note of exclamation"—there could be no mistaking it. Or, at least, we thought so. True, Monsieur Magne, the worthy inspector of Historical Monuments, had not long since been working his improving will upon the ramparts of the castle which

used to form the wall of Eugénie's garden—that *jardin d'amour* where the fickle Charles first kissed her. No doubt there had been many alterations. But here were the gloomy walls—here the window where Madame Grandet spent her thankless days, there the room where the miser died fingering his gold, and there the passage at the end of which *la grande Nanon* slept with one ear open, the watchdog of her master's house.

This darkening evening, we saw it for the first time. Yet how familiar it all was! What a tribute were our sensations to the mighty genius of Balzac, whose evocation of the scene was so perfect that the Grand' Rue of Saumur had existed for years in our minds in exact replica of the thing itself. The pebbled pavement we trod, the mouldering houses we saw, the men and women we heard that afternoon were not more real to us than they had been ere ever we saw them. We spoke of these things quietly as we stood looking at what may have been the house of Grandet, and I raised my hat, this time in homage to the great master who had conceived one of the Acts of his immense Comedy of human life in these very purlieus of old Saumur. But the gesture reminded Her of Flying Fox, and the spell was broken by a ripple of laughter.

We went off to dine in a little restaurant near the Theatre. It filled with a gay and chattering crowd all intent upon the grand review and the visit of M. le Ministre on the morrow.

"A demain, à demain!" resounded on all sides as we left to walk across the noble bridge to the station, and take our west-bound train.

"M. le Ministre is a greater man in Saumur than Honoré de Balzac," said I. "Well, I think we have seen what there is to see."

"You forget," was Her sally; "we have quite overlooked the Caisse d'Epargne!"

Thirty Years of Accomplishment

ONCE upon a time we were told a little story of a shy and very gifted newly elected A.R.A. being shown over a popular artist's brass-bound house in St. John's Wood. Both the painter and his wife produced pictures; the latter, charming and intimate Dutch scenes, for which her own rooms were often painted as backgrounds. When the famous husband showed his wife's room to the not very gushing A.R.A., all the newly appointed member of the august body of Burlington House could say was: "Ah, how well I know that bed."

Delightful as is Mr. Lavery's collection of pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery, one cannot but have much the same feeling. Most of the paintings suggest—Ah, how well we know that beautiful lady in black, or, how pleasant it is to be allowed to see again "La Mort du Cygne" and meet once more the engaging British landscapes, or feel with the painter the burning sunshine of Morocco and the calm sea of Tangier.

But this is only a first impression; there are dozens of Mr. Lavery's accomplished, sedated pictures and por-

traits which are new to most of us, for the cities of the world have sent their tribute to the exhibition. There is a fine "Spring," and the early portrait of Mr. Lavery and his daughter sent from the Luxembourg, and the admirably painted "Lady in Pink" from the municipality of Venice. There is the famous "Lady in Black" lent by the Royal National Gallery in Berlin, and another picture with the same title from the Belgian Government. Munich sends the early work, painted in 1886, "A Tennis Party," and the Senate House of Brussels an even earlier historic subject, "The Night After Langside, 1568"; but the list may be indefinitely continued and made to include many of the largest cities of Scotland, Ireland and England.

For all the more appreciative and alert public art collections have sought out Mr. Lavery's work and made it their own. Some people have thought that we at home have neglected him, but as far as private persons are concerned, that can hardly be justly said; few native artists are more enthusiastically admired or more quickly bought.

The first work exhibited by the artist was in Glasgow in 1880. From "Pious Reflections" of that date to "The Princess Aage" of the present year, we are presented with a most interesting study of the evolution of Mr. Lavery's art. Although he undoubtedly shows a strong personality and a preference towards repose and a feeling of silence in his portraits, he is always obviously growing in skill, always open to fresh ideas, always ready and capable in experiment. His work varies, too, in so remarkable a degree that even one hundred and fifty of his pictures following one another do not create the least effect of satiety; indeed, one wishes the collection contained a hundred more pictures than it does.

The "Lady Gwendoline Churchill" of 1911-13 is distinguished beyond any portrait of our period, while "R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Esq.," lent by the Corporation of Glasgow, is full of character, even to the over-intentional pose and bravura air of the sitter.

From the "Mrs. Lavery, Sketching," lent by the Gallery of Modern Art at Dublin, brilliant and beautiful, to the charming scheme of dark colours in which "The Lady Dorothy Browne" is painted; from the free and careless and correct "Alice Reading" to the careful and touching picture, "The Mother," Mr. Lavery lays his whole art bare for our delight. And the general result is that we get an impression of a happy artist of great accomplishment, constantly painting the subjects he loves best, and painting them with a quiet content and a far from vain-glorious sense of victory well won.

Among all the fine portraits and cleverly composed pictures, those that make the most immediate appeal to us are "The Silver Turban," the curious and exciting "Japanese Switzerland," that we saw a year or so ago at Burlington House, the rich and splendid sunlight effect called "In Morocco," where a European lady and a little girl on a grey Arab horse are shown in gorgeous sunlight, and the quiet "Mrs. Lavery and Alice" of 1909. Truth to tell, the same lady is to be found in all

of these, in which she appears always beautiful but ever different. Do you know the sixteenth century anonymous verse—

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath her form divine
In the earth or the air.

And thus, we fancy, she is a constant inspiration to the painter and a source of pleasure to the lovers of his pictures. But the many famous men who have sat to the artist are treated with almost equal insight.

If they care for the immortality of reposeful, beautiful paint, how fortunate are those who, when Time shuts up the glory of our days, have sat to Mr. Lavery! He bears, by the way, the proud titles of R.S.A., R.H.A., A.R.A., H.R.O.I., R.P., Member International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers; the National Society of Portrait Painters; Société National des Beaux Arts, Paris; Corresponding Member Royal Academy of Milan, San Luca, Rome; Royal Belgian Academy; the Secessions of Munich, Berlin and Vienna; and of the Society of Spanish Artists, Madrid; Chevalier of the Order of Leopold of Belgium and of the Crown of Italy; and he is one of the most gifted of our countrymen.

EGAN MEW.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

XII—TO VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN

MY LORD,—It is with delight, not unqualified with regret, that I sit down to address a few lines to one for whom in his capacity as man of letters I entertain an admiration which is unbounded, and in his capacity as politician I can find no place in my heart. "The same old plaint," I hear you mutter, with a measure of impatience tempered by the memory of a goodly number of years in receipt of official honoraria, "I know. I ought not to have given up to party, talents intended for literature."

You, my Lord, have been so persistent an advocate of Truth that you cannot reasonably object if I deem it necessary to insist on this particular item. One thing only has chastened my joy in your literary work—the knowledge that its author was not wholly prepared in public life to embody its teaching. Of most authors who have taken a hand in affairs it has to be said that their public service is greater than their literature. With you it has been the reverse. Truth, you said in your essay on Byron, alone of words is essentially divine and sacrosanct. That you should have plunged your principles into the whirlpool of party pretence and deceit has been a sore point with me and with thousands of other less sophisticated souls. Such a reproach, I have no doubt you will say, comes ill from one who has had the temerity to adopt the *nom-de-guerre* of Carneades, Junior. My pseudonymous ancestry is a matter of no consequence to the modern world. What a Morley says

and does, on the other hand, is of very great consequence indeed. I have actually heard people with never a scintilla of Radicalism in their composition argue that the Radical courses of recent times must have some justification in principle because Morley subscribed to them. What did Burke say? "Man acts from motives relative to his interests; and not on metaphysical speculations." It is nearly forty years since you quoted those words with approval. They may be quoted to-day as the neatest description of the motif of some of the best historical-political-social-metaphysical books in the English language.

With all my leanings in politics towards the side which you always opposed, I confess that no volume I ever take up for an hour's serious reading gives me more pleasure or provides more material for thought than "On Compromise." And how heartily I wish I could avoid the "curious abrupt questionings," as Walt Whitman would have called them, which will not be suppressed, as the personality of the author in his twin but divergent rôles comes before me. Yet it might perhaps be fairly argued that the author of "On Compromise" has himself been the very embodiment of Compromise. You were the austere critic of the moral delinquencies of a Byron: yet you became the champion of a Parnell—I mean, of course, in his public capacity. Your views on his private life which has just been laid bare for the benefit of a scandal-loving world, I do not recall, if they were ever enunciated. You wrote a book on Robespierre—a book which I admit afforded little excuse for Tyndall's fears that you would one day elect to be a Robespierre yourself—and you became a member of the House of Lords! Let your mind go back to the old *Pall Mall* and *Fortnightly* days. What would you have thought then if somebody had told you that you would die a peer? You have been among the severest critics of the "unlucky prowess" of ancestors who gave us our great Empire, and you have never been noted for peculiarly tender judgment of autocrats; yet you became Secretary of State for India, and I am credibly informed were about the most autocratic political chief the India Office has known since the time of the Mutiny. In your "Walpole" you told us that "to modern sentiment there is something deeply repugnant in this insolent transfer of whole populations with no more regard to race, tradition, or to their own wishes than if they were flocks and herds in a cattle market." There is apparently no insolence of transfer when you as politician find it essential to party exigencies that Ulster should be handed over to her enemies. As a student of your work put it in the *Fortnightly Review*, abstract theorist as you always have been, you acknowledge the unattainability of Utopia and concede the right of those "potent divinities," Necessity and Force, to the shrine which the ancient traveller found on the Acrocorinthus. In a word, my Lord, you are truly British in your ability to compromise, and my own personal regret is that the compromise has not been on the side of national interests which some of us still hold sacred. Happily, I believe your books will still be read when

the fact that you were a member of successive Radical oligarchies is forgotten.

You must forgive me if I seem to have laboured this part of my letter. Believe me, it is my literary love that speaks. When you were writing of Guicciardini, you urged that men should seek truth and entertain right opinion, but absolved them from the necessity of publishing their convictions. It has been your practice to seek, to entertain, and to publish, and I have on occasion felt it almost a duty to the devourers of snippets to get together a collection of your great thoughts, of your pearls of wisdom, of your finely turned phrases. The obiter dicta of a Morley are at least as priceless as the obiter dicta of a Birrell. And what a mine there is to quarry, from "Burke" to "Machiavelli," from "Voltaire" and "Rousseau" to "Walpole" and "On Compromise," from the "Miscellanies" to "Cobden" and "Gladstone." Of them all there is but one that appeals to me as little as it appealed to Leslie Stephen, and that is your Cobden. It is too often the fate of genius to be appraised by men of small mental calibre. You inverted the order and brought genius to the appraisal of an essentially commonplace personality. A Burke or a Gladstone, a Voltaire or a Walpole were fit subjects for the mettle you carry, and such is the aggravating contrariness of popular support, it would not in the least surprise me to learn that more copies have been sold of "The Life of Cobden" than of any other of your books. "Inferior intellects succeed best," you said in your lecture on Machiavelli. "People assume," you wrote in "Walpole," "that when men are concerned in high affairs, their motives must lie deep and their designs reach far. Few who have ever been close to public business, its hurries, chances, obscurities, egotisms will fall in with any such belief." Just as life is greater than literature, so literature is greater than politics: both may lend themselves to humbug of the first order, but my honest conviction is that in literature we get nearer sincerity than in anything else. Take an Asquith or a Lloyd George, take a Morley if you will, and then judge his life and actions by the written standard of the author of "On Compromise," and what shall we think of them all? The one thing, in the cause of truth, which I hope you have done, is to keep a journal. If you have and have committed to paper your most intimate thoughts on the affairs in which you have played no small part, posterity is going to have possibly the richest dish ever given to the world in the shape of memoirs. Horace Walpole would not be "in it" as the unsubpoenaed witness to the littlenesses of their great contemporaries.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant,
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will publish immediately Mr. John Galsworthy's third series of plays, which will include his recently acted work, "The Mob." The others which the volumes comprise are "The Fugitive" and "The Pigeon."

A Light-Hearted Critic

THE art of criticism, ancient and honourable, is taken very lightly by certain writers of the present day. It presents to them no difficulties, fills them with no sense of responsibility, suggests to them no ordeal of prayer and fasting and searching of heart before they dare express praise or blame. Equipped with a few facts, fancies, and opinions, they rush gaily into the field of print, playing happily as children with the pretty words they find, wasting their own time and that of the readers whose attention they claim, blind to the rigour of the labours they have undertaken, and probably careless of criticism, since they seem to know so little about it.

It is sad to have to include Mr. Curle in this disappointing company, for he is sincerely enthusiastic in his admiration for the author whom he has chosen for his "study," and sincerity is the essential virtue in this type of work. The purest sincerity, however, and the most genuine enthusiasm, are of little use without a balanced, well-stored mind and the illuminating word. We would not say that the critic of one whose style is notable should be the possessor of a notable style himself—that might banish too many from the ranks; but we do say that he should be careful as to his form of expression, should avoid platitude and gush, and should see to it that each sentence contributes something, however insignificant, towards the building of the shapely and well-ordered whole. Mr. Curle certainly has a style of his own. He can begin a greater number of consecutive sentences with "But," "For," "And," and other weak openings, than any other writer we have ever known; three on one short page run thus: "For atmosphere is not . . ." "For atmosphere is . . ." "For with him atmosphere . . ." He can talk of an "almost unique gift," of a "phenomenal masterpiece"; in the chapter concerning "Conrad's Men" we find: "And there is Falk . . ." "And there is Stein . . ." "And there is Captain Lingard . . ." "And there is Willems . . ." "And there is Captain MacWhirr . . ." "And there is Jacobus . . ." "And then finally there are . . ." "And now . . ." "And then there is Nostromo . . ." "And another very curious character is . . ." "And then there is Captain Mitchell . . ." "And there is Don José . . ." "And one of the most singular . . ." "Another monster is . . ." "And we may glance now at . . ." Most of these begin a paragraph and therefore leap to the reader's eye; "and there is" many another lurking between. Why? Simply because the author has no sense of style, or was lazy, or careless.

We may leave these and other indiscretions to inquire as to the merit of the study taken broadly, for even with such irritating faults a book might still act as a searchlight, throwing a clear, penetrating radiance upon its theme. Mr. Curle, however, labels himself and lowers the value of his work irremediably by placing his hero on a pedestal and demanding that such minor

Joseph Conrad. By RICHARD CURLE. (Kegan Paul and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

authors as George Meredith, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, George Moore—with his "corrupt simplicity"—and Kipling, who is "purposely vulgar," shall be sacrificed; at which we can only imagine Mr. Conrad himself will smile kindly, but not proudly. Meredith's portraits of women, we are told, are often lacking in magnetic charm; "Meredith was not a great artist, whereas Conrad is"; "Conrad has imagined a few figures which will be known when nearly all the novels of Meredith are mouldering on forgotten shelves. One could write a tragic essay on the futility of cleverness in art." Certainly one could write a tragic essay on the futility of this sort of "criticism"—this useless dogmatism. Nothing could possibly be wider of the mark than the preposterous assertion that Henry James suffers from "a sort of anæmia of the imagination"; it is simply laughable. And what of Joseph Conrad, in this maze of light-hearted conceit?

Joseph Conrad's work, we learn, is to be admired; we agree, for Mr. Conrad is taking his place as one of the "big men" in the world of fiction. He is a master of the long short-story—the novelette, one might term it, if the meaning of the word had not been spoiled; and he possesses a splendid style which in its later more mature and restrained examples is memorable for its thrilling grip on the reader. We find in Mr. Curle's pages many happy passages where he explains fluently and excellently the beauties of such books as "Nostromo," and instances the magic of certain descriptions which all who have read must have marked or noted in the "Tales of Unrest," or "Typhoon," or "Lord Jim," or "Freya of the Seven Islands." He is at his best here; at home with his subject, eager, ardent, keen to exhibit his hero to those who may have the misfortune to be ignorant of these matters. He tells briefly and clearly the extraordinary career of Mr. Conrad, and notes the wonderful fact that this Polish boy should have entered the British Merchant Service, become a master mariner, and, having known hardly a word of English until 1878, when he landed at Lowestoft at the age of 21, should have forced his way to an honourable position among the great writers of the day. With much that Mr. Curle has to say in this mood we heartily agree; chapters vi and viii, on the men and on the "irony and sardonic humour" of the novels, despite the drawbacks we have mentioned, show the gleams of an occasional piece of true criticism. Here is one instance, concerning "Chance": "It is Conrad, with his precise knowledge of the heart, who realises that a woman like Mrs. Fyne can be truly compassionate as long as her conventionality is not shocked, but that she can be hard and unforgiving outside those limits." He remarks also his author's obvious indebtedness to Flaubert.

To the reader who seeks an introduction to the work of Mr. Conrad this volume will be valuable; to those who are familiar with that work, it may prove annoying simply because of its lack of a sense of proportion. It is a curious, stuttering book; the writer continually interjects remarks such as "I fear I have discussed this point elsewhere," or "I am conscious that I have not

explained myself any too lucidly," or "this is a point I made previously," and so on—confessions of weakness and laxity and loose construction. If you know you have not explained a point lucidly, why not revise and re-cast until you have?—is the obvious retort. Here, with its faults and virtues, we leave the book, hoping only that Mr. Curle will study, before he again attempts a critical survey, the craft of words of which his theme is a shining example.

Children of the Sun

BY F. G. AFLALO

THE natives of Equatorial Africa have lately been much in the public eye, more, perhaps, than ever since the days of Stanley and Emin. It is not, however, of such grave matters of local politics, spiritual or temporal, as the Kikuyu Controversy or Masai Claim, the which I gladly leave to the bishops and lawyers, that these notes have anything to tell, but rather of some traits which these Sons of Ham display to their employers; and such sidelight on the labour question and the relations between master and servant is directed on the case of the tourist on *safari* rather on the more serious affairs of those who plant sisal or coffee.

Nine tourists out of every ten, particularly those who have never before transcended the limits of Europe, land in Africa prepared to embrace the negro as a brother; and it may safely be affirmed that not one in ten re-embarks without having parted with his negrophil illusions. It is no easy matter to say whether the fault lies with the black man or the white. The mischief is that they came together in a false light, and both are to blame, the black man the less of the two, for the awakening. The tourist comes out to East Africa expecting too much of personal servants, who are, after all, only savages once removed. How can it be fair to engage these creatures, many of whom are little other than monkeys walking upright, and to be passionately angry if a personal boy packs a leaking bottle of hairwash among evening shirts, or if one of the *safari* porters carries a dressing-case upside down in a storm of rain.

The ways of Africa are not the ways of Europe. How many more travellers are to din this simple truth into the ears of the people at home? Here is no mere gulf between East and West, for, apart from geographical relations of longitude, the raw material of African humanity has little more in common with the Hindu or the Burmese than with the intellectuals of European capitals. The African is a sort of human being who takes a long time growing up. He does not grow up in one generation or in twenty. In his better moments, he is just a mischievous child; in his worse, he is just a revengeful monkey. To reward or punish him by the human standards of civilisation is a monstrous injustice. The equality of the human brotherhood is the claptrap of missionaries and politicians. There is no erasing the colour line, and until this old world is gone mad there never will be. The

natives of Equatorial Africa are peculiarly primitive. They lack at once the splendid physique of the Zulu, the silent dignity of the Soudanese, and the silken tongue of those "pretty" Egyptians who, as dragomen or sheikhs, win the nasty heroines of a popular novelist to their desires. The features of the Kikuyu are an index to his manners, and both are impolite. He has a horror of honest work unsurpassed in the sunny squares of Madrid or under the greyer skies of the County Cork. He will sign on as porter one day and throw down his load the next, though before imputing dishonesty it would be fairer to make careful inquiry into the precise conditions of his enlistment. There are districts in which forced labour is extinct in name only, porters being engaged with the help of their chief, who pockets most of their wages. The native is often a liar and a thief (so are several white men I have come across), but he is this much of a sportsman—if caught red-handed, he takes the beating he has earned without a murmur. The authorities are making valiant (and stupid) efforts to legislate the *kiboko* out of use, but they know perfectly well that it is only the abuse of the whip that matters, and that, on *safari* or in outlying stations, it is as indispensable to the solitary European in charge of unruly natives as an umbrella in the streets of Manchester.

The least intelligent natives of the Eastern Protectorate are unquestionably the Swahili, coast folk compounded of Arab and negro, who hold themselves immeasurably superior to the indigenous tribes of the highlands. How far this self-satisfied attitude is warranted by facts is a matter of opinion. They are certainly greater rogues than their simpler neighbours, and a few of them earn excessive wages (as much as 25 rupees a month, with a daily allowance of *posho*) by dint of a little English, so inadequate, however, to daily needs as to be worth nothing. The Kikuyu, or "Kiuks," as the settlers prefer to call them, are found round Nairobi and through the Rift Valley. They are not strikingly robust in either body or mind, and the most noticeable feature about them is the manner of piercing the pendulous lobes of their elephantine ears, in which they bore holes capable of accommodating a kerosene tin.

Let the tourist, therefore, not expect too much of these Children of Ham freed from the fetters of slavery and being slowly reclaimed from the other extreme of sloth by those who gave them liberty, a process effectually accomplished by teaching them the desire for luxuries that they can purchase only with the proceeds of honest work. Some, no doubt, will always prefer the short cut to acquisition, which takes its risk of gaol, and so, always, will some white men, but the bulk are too honest or too timid to shirk legitimate wage. Trying they are at times, sometimes intentionally, and an occasional whipping does them less harm than he who gives it. The difficulty is that we have taken these untutored savages from their plains and jungles and made of them cooks and valets, and then we are impatient because they sometimes exhibit the manners and morals of the Monkey House.

REVIEWS

A Modern Arcadian

Collected Poems. By NORMAN GALE. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

MR. NORMAN GALE achieved popularity twenty-two years ago with the publication of "A Country Muse." This volume was so successful that a year later "A Country Muse: New Series," appeared, followed, after another year's interval, by "Orchard Songs." A little more than half of this collection now before us is from the foregoing works, the rest being drawn from "Song in September" and "A Book of Quatrains." So far as we can discover there are no examples of Mr. Gale's "Cricket Songs" and his "Songs for Little People." Thus we must suppose that, in the present volume, he has given us all the poems by which he wishes to be remembered.

We do not wonder that he appealed so successfully to our Victorian fathers, for he came with his untroubled melodies just before the ferment of unrest had begun to work. There was just a dash of religious flavouring, too, which made him irresistible in the 'nineties. It must be said that if all the religion of that time had been as cheerful and spontaneous as Mr. Gale's, our religion might not have been in its present parlous state. He has been compared to Herrick, and there is much to be said for the comparison. We doubt whether any man could sing to-day as Mr. Gale does of "The Country Faith":—

Here in the country's heart,
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith
And the best of all!

The quality of his "Country Muse" is, however, better typified in "Spring":—

All the lanes are lyric,
All the bushes sing;
You are at your kissing,
Spring!

Romping with your children,
Do not fail to bring
Mary to the haystack,
Spring!

Froth upon her fingers,
Bosom for a king,
Speed her from the milking,
Spring!

Mr. Gale's only successor in that mood is Mr. W. H. Davies.

Is the later judgment of a poet to be trusted when he undertakes to revise work twenty years old? Has not the passing of the years often incapacitated him for such a delicate operation? One might say much on this fascinating question, taking Mr. Norman Gale as an example; for he has emended much of his early works in ways not always to our taste. Take these lines from "A Pastoral":—

And now the village flashed in sight,
And closer came I to her side;
A flush ran down into the white,
The impulse of a pinky tide.

This becomes in the "Collected Poems":—

Since time was short and blood was bold,
I drew me closer to her side,
And watched her freckles change from gold
To pink beneath a blushing tide,

which seems to us to lack something of the spontaneity and energy of the more youthful version. We miss, too, some poems from this collection altogether, and wonder on what principle so charming an example as "A Song," beginning:—

I will not say my true love's eyes
Outshine the noblest star,

is excluded. We are, however, glad to note that the delightful "Labore Confecto" has been retained, and without alteration, save that one verse has been put into italics.

Certain topics have a powerful attraction for Mr. Gale. He is fond of contrasting country and town; he can sing of the transition of girlhood to womanhood in charming mock-poignant fashion; he is a doughty opponent of all such as keep birds in captivity. Nor is he incapable of the deeper note, of which several examples might be given. We can only mention "The Wrestling," "The Companion," and "The Bargain." "The Wanderer" is a fine poem marred by a prosy line.

There is also something of the epigrammatist in Mr. Gale, as he shows us in "Dawn and Dark," and in the examples from "A Book of Quatrains." A strange grimness and irony informs some of these quatrains, which is in striking contrast to the earlier work. Note this delineation of "The Sweater":—

Now the orchid's pinned, and he lets go slack
In a blood-coloured car his rotting soul,
With a sealskin graveyard upon his back,
And a corpse or two in his buttonhole.

On the technical side Mr. Gale has never aspired to anything very superfine, or attempted to stagger us with Swinburnian rhyme-schemes. He would have lost much of the charm and freedom of his verse if he had. Within his own limits he is a true poet who may yet give pleasure to those who desire occasionally to be transported from a problem-ridden age.

Whither Are We Tending?

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century. By A. V. DICEY, K.C., Hon. D.C.L. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN 1898 Professor Dicey accepted an invitation to deliver to the students of the Law School at Harvard University a short course of lectures on the History of English Law during the last century. The outcome of this was his well-known text-book published in 1905.

A great deal of water has gone under Westminster Bridge since that date. The sweeping victory of the Radical Party in 1906 makes an epoch in the history of English legislature, and in this, the second edition of the book, the author brings his views up to date. In the original work, to make things clear to his American audience, he decided that the best course would be to trace the relations during the last hundred years between the progress of English law and the course of public opinion in England. He does not pretend to write a history of either; he does not profess to discover anything new; but he draws some conclusions in very clear outlines from the best-known facts of political, social, and legal history. As he says in the first edition, his position was largely that of a mere historian, and his duty to attempt to draw correct inferences from admitted facts.

Professor Dicey traces how the power passed from the aristocracy to the middle classes; how under the Manchester school the policy of *laissez faire* was adopted. He now shows how the power, from various causes, has passed out of the hands of the middle classes into the hands of the working classes, and with what peril this is fraught to the Empire.

He points to the past attitude of Chancellors of the Exchequer, who, after providing for the absolutely necessary expenditure of the State, so framed their Budgets as to leave the largest possible amount of the national wealth to "fructify"—as the expression then went—"in the pockets of the people." This fact has only to be quoted to show how far the present Chancellor has wandered from this view.

Here is another change. Socialism and Protection have one feature in common—both rest on the belief that the power of the State may be beneficently extended, even though it conflicts with the contractual freedom of individual citizens.

The author questions whether England will gain as a whole by enacting that the receipt of Poor Law relief, in the shape of an old age pension, is consistent with the right to join in the election of a member of Parliament. He evidently thinks that the system is wrong where the elector can bring pressure to bear on the candidate to vote for an increase in the pension of the elector. Again, he fears that the taxpayer does not realise the necessary responsibility

which the Insurance Act will entail. He regrets the gradual ousting of the authority of the Courts of Law in favour of permanent officials appointed by the Government—not only to make new laws by means of by-laws, but also to be in some cases the final court of appeal of these laws. He affirms quite truly that an administrative court is never a completely independent tribunal.

The Trades Disputes Act naturally comes under his ban, for the direct effect of this enactment, deliberately passed for party purposes, is that a trade union—whether of workmen or masters, which may be a very wealthy society—is now absolutely protected from liability to an action for any tort or wrong committed by or on behalf of the trade union. The author returns to the charge on the subject of the right to vote under the Education Provision of Meals Act, 1906. Why, he pertinently asks, a man who first neglects his duty as a father and then defrauds the State should retain his full political rights is a question easier to ask than to answer.

The Professor denounces the party system, but does not suggest a remedy; with all its faults, it is surely preferable to the group system as in vogue in France or Germany. He seems to think the aristocracy and the middle classes should be up and doing—but again does not show the way.

We have said sufficient to show the nature of the lectures. The book is clever and thoughtful, but necessarily somewhat pessimistic. It is written with all the old familiar lucidity and directness, and we cordially recommend it to all who are watching the present state of affairs. It does not answer the question at the head of the article, but it puts the question clearly.

The Origins of Russian Opera

The Russian Opera. By ROSA NEWMARCH. (Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net.)

ALL who are genuinely interested in Russian opera would do well to purchase this excellent work by Rosa Newmarch, who during a long residence in Petersburg and Moscow succeeded in obtaining an intimate knowledge not only of the great operas now becoming familiar to us, but of many of the most eminent Russian composers.

The author shows how the Russian people, by the sheer force of their zeal and love of music, their wealth of folk-song, their poetical and idealistic nature, in the face of every obstacle, have within the last thirty or forty years created one of the grandest and most beautiful national operas in the world, a reflection of the mighty, suffering soul of the people, which in this form of art expresses itself more truly than in any other manner. "Great is the soul of the Russian people," the immortal Gogol once exclaimed in one of his moments of inspiration. Great it is indeed, though warped, crushed, and bowed down for centuries. It seems that neither the persecution of the Orthodox

Church, nor the neglect of the official high priests of the muses, who were steeped in a slavish worship of the old Italian schools, could quench the ardour of the so-called amateurs, who, with no professional standing, were the first exponents of the genuine Russian school of music. Had it not been for Tchaikoffsky, Borodin, and other such "amateurs," and the generosity of private individuals, where would Russian music be to-day? We might say the same of our own budding national school; if it should ever burst forth in full flower, it will not be owing to the timid and niggardly aid received from the State, but to men such as the talented musician who is now conducting the operas at Drury Lane and making them the talk of London.

On studying this book we see that the operatic and other works of the national composers were repeatedly refused by the Directors of the Imperial Opera; yet the intense love of music which welled up like a spring out of the hearts of the people, attained at last such force that it rushed all barriers. Not even the wildest dreams of the "amateurs" foresaw its extent. The Tsar Alexis Mechailovitch, the enlightened father of Peter the Great, was the first ruler to encourage the arts in Muscovite Russia; for in 1660 this monarch directed an Englishman in his service "to engage for him master glass-blowers, master engravers, and master makers of comedies" for the Court. As the comedies and plays organised by our countrymen had, necessarily, musical accompaniments, it naturally followed that the "one trumpeter" and "four musicians" brought to Russia by command of the Tsar were the forerunners of Russian orchestral music.

The first tragedy-comedy with musical accompaniment played before the Tsar was the Acts of Artaxerxes, and lasted ten hours! The Tsar, who watched with unflagging attention, was so pleased that this tragedy was followed by a whole series of plays with and without music. Thus was a Russian national school of music started on its unknown career.

Catherine II, thanks to her love of the arts, did much towards the encouragement of opera and dramatic art, for though she did not found a national opera, she made it possible for this branch of art to come into existence. The private theatricals organised by the Empress Anne in 1732 at the Winter Palace, in which Italian actors, musicians and singers played before her, all tended to foster a taste for musical entertainment, which subsequently took the form of foreign opera.

As national sentiments became more and more pronounced, the attempts to establish a national opera became more and more persistent, but these were discouraged by the Italian and French professors, who were naturally anxious to put forward their own schools of music. By a strange paradox, however, owing to the unselfishness and noble spirit of Catterino Cavos, a Venetian musician, who turned to Russian sources of inspiration, matters improved. Although his operas are now forgotten, it was on the foundation he laid that the Russian composers worked until they

achieved success. It was left to Glinka, the Russian Wagner, to place Russian opera firmly on its pedestal by his great work, "Life for the Tsar," the same subject on which Cavos had already written an opera called "Ivan Suzanin." Notwithstanding his genius and originality, Glinka met with blank refusals from the directors of the Imperial Opera. He was helped by the generous spirit of Cavos, who refused to see in him a rival. Glinka's work was finally, after much hesitation, accepted by Gideonov, the Russian director of the opera, on condition that he gave a written undertaking not to claim any fee for the rights of production. Under such circumstances and difficulties did the first great Russian opera make its appearance.

A large school of great Russian composers soon followed. Of Seroff, Wagner wrote: "For me Seroff is not dead; for me he still lives. Such as he was, to me he ever will be the noblest and highest-minded of men." Concerning Anton Rubinstein there is an exceedingly interesting chapter, although it must be confessed the author is somewhat hard on this genius, whom the writer frequently met during his long sojourn in St. Petersburg. Rubinstein, who was a Bessarabian Jew, piqued by the failure of his Russian operas, resolved to compose to German texts and to try his luck abroad. In this attempt he narrowly escaped falling between two stools; for to be popular in two schools—the Russian and the German—was almost an impossibility. In the circumstances, it is remarkable that he was able to accomplish so much.

Space will not permit a description in detail of the life and work of Balakarieff, Moussorgsky, Borodin, Rimsky Korsakoff, and other great Russian composers, now only beginning to be known in England. When we think of their genius we must not forget how many of them were musicians only in their spare moments, and that a great part of their life was taken up in earning a livelihood as officials, tax-collectors, and in other uncongenial occupations. Balakarieff was a Government official, "who spent his life between his scientific work, his constant attendance at all kinds of boards and committee meetings, and his musical interests."

Tchaikoffsky, until he made a name as a composer, was an engineer. The Government had evidently in those early days no confidence in the musical genius of its own people, and lavished its millions on Italian, French, and German artists.

When the Government authorities turned a cold shoulder on Russian talent, Belaiev, a wealthy timber merchant, "wishing to give some practical support to the cause of national music, founded a publishing house in Leipzig in 1885, where he brought out a great number of works by the members of the new school, including a fine edition of Borodin's 'Prince Igor.' He also founded the Russian Symphony Concerts, the programmes of which were drawn exclusively from the works of native composers."

Sir Joseph Beecham, who has done so much to encourage English opera and English music, is but walking in the footsteps of men who raised Russian

music to its present high level, and there is no knowing what results may flow from his work after the lapse of another 25 years—when the good seed that is now being sown has had time to grow.

The present work, which is printed in large type on good paper, is dedicated to that great singer, Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapine, who is now in our midst. As it is written by one who has such an intimate and exact knowledge of Russian opera and music, coming at such an opportune moment it should be of great value, since with its help not only the history of the operas now being placed before us will be intelligible, but also the struggles the great Russian composers endured ere they reached their present well-deserved fame.

W. B. S.

The Mailed Fist and the Pacifist

The War of Steel and Gold: A Study of the Armed Peace. By H. N. BRAILSFORD. (G. Bell and Sons. 5s. net.)

AT this time of day we need no philosopher, Socialist or other, to convince us that the rivalry in armaments between the Great Powers of Europe constitutes, for the nations concerned, an evil of disastrous magnitude. The burdens imposed upon the various peoples who contribute to the maintenance of the present "armed peace" threaten to become so crushing, if the competition is indefinitely continued, that anyone who claims to be able to show us a way out is assured of a respectful hearing. Mr. Norman Angell, most eloquent of pacifists, has done his best to get the nations to beat their swords into ploughshares by persuading them that modern war is not, and never can be, even to the victors, a paying proposition. And now comes Mr. Brailsford, with a Socialistic hatred of "capitalism" as the root of all evil, to protest that the big armaments are maintained solely for the benefit of the financiers of various nationalities who are interested in the exportation of capital to undeveloped countries. To the exposition of this theory he devotes the first or "descriptive" part of his incisively written book; in the second or "constructive" part he undertakes to suggest the means of preventing these capitalists from cynically promoting war for their own advantage, and so of removing the one great obstacle to the inauguration of the reign of international peace and concord.

Since it is the habit of your doctrinaire theorist to ignore the teachings of practical experience when they happen to oppose his fixed idea, it is not in the least surprising to find Mr. Brailsford assuming as a cardinal fact that democracies are fundamentally opposed to war as an institution, and that, if allowed full and immediate control of international diplomacy, they would obviate all further need either for the maintenance of armaments or for the propaganda of the Peace Society. The poet knew better who told us that "War is a game which, *were their subjects wise*, kings would not play at"; and, if modern history has taught us

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anything, it is that, when national jealousies have tended towards the boiling-point, "the people" have always vehemently supported the final appeal to the arbitrament of force. This, of course, is merely to say that human nature retains its elementary attributes in the mass as well as in the individual; but Socialism's failing is that it persists in viewing human nature, not as it is, but as it ought to be. So we have Mr. Brailsford drawing up his exaggerated indictment against the capitalists, and bidding us find our way to the millennium by investing democracy with "a real control over foreign affairs." What that would mean in practice—whether effected by his proposed Standing Committee of the House of Commons to bear-lead the Foreign Secretary, or by any other machinery—can only too well be imagined. That it would make either for the security of the Empire or for the preservation of the world's peace can only be believed by those who share Mr. Brailsford's idealistic theory of the angelic nature of Demos. War is admittedly an evil, though not necessarily the worst of all evils; and the burden of modern armaments is increasingly oppressive. But we shall neither abolish the one nor escape from the other by fitting caps upon wrong heads, or by ignoring plain facts in an obstinate championship of unworkable theories.

Shorter Reviews

The Bonds of Society. By JOHN SUTHERLAND. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is a consideration of the phenomena of civilisation, their origins, manifestations and prospects. It ranges over vast fields of sociological speculation, and discusses the motives which actuate humanity, the directions taken by the many factors at work in the world, the relations of classes and individuals, many principles and their applications. It brings together floating ideas on Ethics, Industry, Philanthropy, Art, and Sociology. As the author says in his preface, "the great want is for a theory that might serve to piece together one's thoughts upon the subject so as to maintain some approximation to consistency among them." What the author's theory may be is by no means clear. He makes some mention of evolution, "type-preservation is the first law of life," "the emergence of the most efficient," and various postulates of evolution summarised into Matter, Space, Time, Causality, Death, and Competition, Efficiency, and Co-operation—which he designates as Cohesion—and it is announced that "we are, as it were, endeavouring to formulate a Kinetic Theory of Society," but search may be made in vain for any succinct statement of his theory, whatever it is.

Certainly something is wanting to "link our conceptions of the broader phenomena of civilisation into some sort of concatenation." When an author is so observant, so prolific in suggestion, so dogmatic in his

assertions, so abundant in expression, it would be strange if he failed to bring out some points which, if they are not altogether new, bear repetition and enforcing. Such words as Virtue, Propriety, Love, Intuition, Posterism, Art, Wealth, Fashion, Hygiene, Spirituality, Stability, would, in the hands of a Bacon, be headings for essays which might be immortal. On them the author has hung his ideas of philosophy, practice and life. In his religious views he can hardly be called orthodox when he derides "the doctrine that modern sin can be atoned for by one ancient death" as "so misleading and so preposterous, yet so passionately fought for, so uncompromisingly enforced upon children as the source and fountain head of all morality." It would be easy to quote passages which show independence and fertility on the author's part; but as a whole, the work is distinguished by a verbosity and obscurity which will render it, we fear, unattractive even to patient students of philosophic thought.

The Training of a Working Boy. By the Rev. H. S. PELHAM, M.A. With a Foreword by the BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE Bishop of Birmingham, in his foreword, tells us that the author of this book has been successful in training and influencing poor boys "where individuals and even institutions have failed." When we read the work we scarcely need this assurance, for Mr. Pelham speaks out of a full and first-hand knowledge of his subject. It would be difficult to imagine a clearer or better summary of the life of the working boy from his schooldays to his young manhood than these chapters supply. When we call them a summary, it must not be supposed that they are at all scrappy. Although a wide range of topics is covered, there is an adequacy which should commend the book to all social workers and students. The writer tells principally of his work in Birmingham, but his experience and suggestions are valid for almost any large town in any part of England. He deals with the home, the education, the recreation of the boy; with child employment and boy labour; with the problem of the juvenile offender; and with such ways of helping the boy as the club, the summer camp, the university settlement; and with the right type of religious instruction. The book forms an excellent introduction to one branch of social work in which all good citizens ought to be interested.

The Mysticism of William Law: a Study. By the Rev. S. HARVEY GEM, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.)

MYSTICISM appears to be an intellectual fashion just now, judging by the number of books on it that are being issued. This vogue seems to be the chief reason for this present study, for it makes no specially original contribution to our knowledge of William Law. We wish we knew what class of readers the author had in mind when writing it. If he intended it to be a short text-book on Law, then it has much to commend it, for

it is written in what Carlyle would have called the "spoon-meat" style. But in order to make it a really effective text-book it needs either a table of contents or an index, or both; while a brief bibliography would add immensely to its value. If, on the other hand, the manual is intended for the general reader, it scarcely makes good its claim to existence. More than a third of it is employed in studying the non-mystical part of Law's work; and when we do get to the mysticism, too many pages are taken up in defining Christian mysticism generally, which we imagine is already fairly clear to almost any reader who might be tempted to purchase the book. The brief space allotted to Law's mysticism is, however, admirably clear and well illustrated; but there was surely enough thought-provoking matter in this topic alone to fill a whole book of this size. Mr. Gem mentions several writers to whom he is indebted, but we miss Dr. Alexander Whyte, whose masterly short study we think he must have consulted.

Fiction

Quinneys'. By H. A. VACHELL. (John Murray. 6s.)

JOE QUINNEY, dealer in antique furniture, suffered at the outset by being the son of a dishonest parent whom he despised; the book opens with the death of the father and Joe's marriage, and thence it traces the career of Joe through days of business growth in Melchester, up to London, and on to a realisation that people count in life more than things. For Joe, possessing the true collector's instinct, loves his old oak and mahogany, and neglects his wife and daughter: so does the author, and so do we, as readers, for the accounts of Joe's commercial victories and defeats engross us to such an extent that we almost resent the reappearance of the rather colourless wife, and the minx of a daughter who teaches her father that human interests should be put before impersonal business items.

The skill with which the business side of the book is written is attested by the hold that it has over the reader in comparison with the personal side, for it is not until the last dramatic scene is reached that the wife and daughter really compel as characters; and Joe shows himself a very human being indeed, with a far greater love for his people than for his things. But we feel some inconsistency in this; naturally, his business was in his own mind only a means to an end. He knew that at the root of his impulses was the desire to provide for his own; it was such a unique business, though, and Joe was such a good business man, that when we hear him talking of it in the way he does to his women folk, we feel that the man is hardly true to his own character. This, of course, may be the artistry of the author, who would give us a sense that Joe cannot turn completely round at a minute's notice, but must ring a little false in the hour of his first awakening. Be this as it may, the story grips from first page to end, and forms one of the most entertaining books of the year.

Private Affairs. By CHARLES MCEVOY. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

THE novel of family complications can be extremely interesting, simply because it depicts human nature without much strain on our credulity. Readers, notoriously, like to see in print an account of things familiar to themselves—descriptions of the family at breakfast, of the eldest son at his office, of the father in a temper, and the mother at her managing. Mr. McEvoy has pictured the Barnard family excellently, with their little joys and ambitions and sorrows; but it is with Myrtle, who at the age of seventeen is noticed by a real titled London actor-manager and offered immediately the star part in his new play at a salary of forty pounds a week, that the novel is principally concerned. Once we conquer our scepticism as to this tremendous stroke of fortune, the book becomes very engaging. Mr. Barnard's envy and annoyance that his child should earn more than he would ever earn in his life; his objections, and the cool meeting of them by Sir Anthony Bray; the plot to conceal from Myrtle the amount of her salary; the awakening of the girl to life in her new surroundings, with her new friends—all this is exceedingly good. But why did the author leave the book so ragged and so unfinished? It seems that he must have become tired of his work, for he closes inartistically, and the last four chapters are quite unconvincing. Lord Weybridge, who falls in love with Myrtle, is a failure; he is made to appear a tongue-tied nonentity—he is not even "strong and silent," but rather a bore. Mr. McEvoy, however, is very happy when exploiting the Barnard family, and for three parts of his story, at least, we can thank him heartily.

Louis Norbert. By VERNON LEE. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE sub-title to this book is "a two-fold romance," and it speaks well for the skill of the author that both romances are interesting, though the end of one is known at the outset, and the plot of the other proves disappointing. Lady Venetia Hammond, described as a delightful siren of uncertain age, succeeded in interesting the young archæologist in a seventeenth-century romance concerning the death of Louis Norbert, a young Frenchman whom her ancestor brought up from childhood, but who might have been a son of Louis XIV of France—and, again, might not. The lady and the archæologist conduct a long correspondence on the subject, she in England and he in Italy. Their finds concerning young Norbert make the second romance, while they themselves make the first. When they have come to the end of their discoveries, their own romance also ends—how, it would not be fair to say, except that the end of their story is not as the reader thinks it would be. The writer displays her full amount of erudition in the compilation of this dual romance, which, not likely to cause any great stir in the world of fiction, will provide an hour or two of pleasant reading for such as may be in search of scholarly work, in which the literary value is of as much importance as the story itself.

Music

THE correspondence in the *Times* between M. Ravel, the composer, and M. Diaghilew, the director of the Russian company at Drury Lane, does not seem to have excited much interest among the amateurs. Not one in a hundred has so much as heard about it. Ravel protests that his "Daphnis and Chloe" is not being given to us as he intended it should be given, with an unseen choir adding its notes to those of the orchestra in certain scenes. He says that the version now presenting at Drury Lane without any choir was specially arranged by himself for use in smaller theatres and smaller cities, and that the mutilated score ought not to be given in great London on the stage of an historic theatre. M. Diaghilew appears to think that the second version is the best, and that he is within his rights in using it here. Into the legal question raised we cannot, of course, enter. But since we expressed a slight feeling of disappointment with M. Ravel's music, it is necessary to say that since the first performance we have been able to make some study of the original score, and that it certainly seems to us that the omission of the choral portions must be a grievous loss. M. Ravel's effects are never lightly conceived. The exquisite variety and pliancy of tone which he knows how to produce are the delightful result of no haphazard experiments. He has arranged his music so that it will stand without the added tones of the humming voices, but that the full beauty of his design can be known when these are absent, we do not believe. It is a great pity, surely, that M. Diaghilew did not see his way to the carrying out of the composer's intentions.

For we are listening at Drury Lane, just now, for the most part, to "arrangements." The operas of Moussorgsky and Borodin could not, we are told, have been presented in the incomplete state in which their composers left them, and the favourite ballets, such as "Les Sylphides," "Carneval," "Scheherazade," are frankly adaptations to the scene of music already composed to a different end. What is to be said, however, of the treatment to which Rimsky-Korsakoff's last opera, the beautiful "Coq d'Or," has been subjected? That the Drury Lane presentment of it is delightfully enjoyable we do not deny. We enjoyed every minute of it, the lovely music, the gorgeous scenes, the drollery and the dancing. But we were hearers and spectators of something almost wholly different from that which the composer meant us to hear and see. We had the singers, soloists and choir, clad in dark red robes, seated, tier upon tier, as at a choral festival, on either side of the stage. The actors, who did not open their mouths, save in dumb show, were the famous dancers of the Ballet Company, Mme. Karsavina, MM. Bolm, Cecchetti, etc., with a very clever Mme. Jezierska, whose name is not so familiar. The action was, therefore, that of a pantomime ballet, and a very comic one too. It took some time to adjust one's senses to this dualism, and we cannot pretend that it was satisfactory, in spite of the excellence of

the vocal performers. It was impossible not to concentrate the attention on the extremely funny and clever doings of the actors, at the expense of the music—one was aware that beautiful music was accompanying the scene, but it was felt to be an accompaniment, and not the chief attraction. Moreover, some large "cuts" had been made, and what we knew to be some of the finest music was thus sacrificed.

We have said that we enjoyed it immensely, but we could not get rid of an uncomfortable feeling that the pleasure was a kind of treason against the poor dead composer, who could enter no protest against what he would have considered an inglorious travesty of his work. His representatives, indeed, have attempted to prohibit the "arrangement in ballet form" of "Le Coq d'Or," but without success. Rimsky-Korsakoff published his opera with a preface in which he made the clearest statement of his wishes with regard to it. "The composer permits no 'cut' to be made." "Interpreters sometimes mingle a sort of ordinary speech with their musical phrases, thinking to obtain thereby comic or dramatic or realistic effects. These interrupt the melodic and harmonic order of the opera, and the impression made by it suffers accordingly. The composer desires that in all his operas the artists shall interpret their parts with the strictest accuracy." "As the composer has previously directed, in prefaces to earlier operas, he insists that during lyric passages the artists on the stage who are not singing must not by any action of theirs distract the attention of the public. *An opera is, before all things, a musical work.*" Here are some of his warnings, and, as though he wished to give a particular illustration of his intention that the music must always be the first consideration, he desires that "the Dance of the Queen and Dodon shall be so arranged that the breathing of the singers be not impeded by too quick or brusque movements."

It is evident that he meant "Le Coq d'Or" to be an opera and nothing but an opera, but we are shown it as primarily a farcical ballet, with vocal and instrumental accompaniment, and with "cuts." The music is so charming, so graceful, so gay, so melodious, that it could not have failed to make its effect. But we ought to have been able to listen to it much more attentively. Our attention was distracted from it to the comic miming of the actors, even though the singers, sitting in their solemn stillness, could breathe as freely as the composer wished them to do. It may be that the entertainment, as we have been permitted to enjoy it, is, as a matter of fact, a more agreeable one than if it had been performed strictly according to the composer's intentions. But we would have preferred to know it in its original form, even at the cost of the dancing and the funniments. The scenery and costumes, for once, are not from M. Bakst, but are due to the genius of a lady, Mlle. Nathalie Goutcharova. Very splendid, indeed, they are. The dancing is, of course, the design of M. Fokine, and M. Bolm was inimitable as the absurd old king whose real love is that delightful nymph called Laziness, and who is so

unkindly punished for his temporary subjection to the charms of Queen Karsavina of Shemakhan.

The *première* of Stravinsky's eagerly awaited "Rossignol" took place under unfortunate conditions. The evening was very hot, and the theatre was as stifling as it was full. The order of performance had been changed at the last moment, and those who had hurried to be at Drury Lane by 8 o'clock to hear Steinberg's "Midas" and then the "Rossignol" found the curtain going up for "Scheherazade." M. Cooper did not get to work on Stravinsky till 9, and the waits between the acts were so long that the little piece was not finished till 10.30, and "Midas" began at 11, by which time the appreciative energies of the audience were probably exhausted. The first act of the "Rossignol," written five years ago, is easy and gracious, quite intelligible to anyone who has conquered the language of—shall we say?—M. Debussy. The orchestration is marvellous, and the impression made by the music while the Fisherman waits in the dawning light for the nightingale's song is of haunting beauty. But the music of the succeeding acts is harder to construe. Here we come to the language adopted by Stravinsky in the "Sacre du Printemps," though we must admit that its rigours have been softened a little. Or is it merely that our ears are getting more inured to the Stravinskian idiom? Certainly there seemed more discretion in the dissonances of the "Rossignol" than in those of the "Sacre." Whether we shall ever come to call this music "beautiful" we are unable to say. But if at first we did not find it beautiful in the ordinary sense, it never offended us, and our perpetual wonder at the composer's extraordinary power of orchestration took the place, perhaps, of desire to have our senses soothed by mere beauty. The man is amazing. What novelty! What invention! We must not miss a single performance of this "Rossignol." Hans Andersen's exquisite story needs no praise, and the adapters have done their work very charmingly. They could not put everything in, of course, but we could have wished they had found room for that delicious illustration of the Nightingale's popularity, how, if two people met, one said nothing but "Nightin" and the other said "Gale," and they both sighed and understood one another. Stravinsky's setting of this would have been perfect, we may be sure.

Mlle. Dobrowolska sang the music of the Nightingale from a place in the orchestra, and she sang it remarkably well. But M. Stravinsky has not written strains that resemble a nightingale's song in the smallest degree, though his frog and his lowing cow are realistic, and throughout the Court scene the music has a miraculous appropriateness. Nightingales never try to see how high they can go; they keep well within their soft mezzo-soprano compass, and never try to startle their mates with "coloratura" passages. M. Warfolomeiew sang the poetic music of the Fisherman charmingly, and all the performers were good, though, on the whole, the tenderly pathetic note in Hans Andersen's story was drowned by the much louder comic note. The *décor*, by M. Benois, was, perhaps, the most splendid that we have ever seen.

Concerts have been numerous. It was very pleasant to hear Miss Fanny Davies play Bach and Schumann and a sonata of Beethoven with that effect of naturalness which comes only from the finest kind of love and study, and also a grand set of variations by Liszt on a bass of Bach, which was quite new to us. Miss Hempel sang brilliantly one day at Queen's Hall, when Miss Isolde Menges added much to the success of the concert by playing the once popular 8th Concerto of Spohr, and playing it perfectly. Miss Alma Gluck, too, gave a recital of songs at Queen's Hall on Saturday, and made everyone who heard her pray that she may soon give another. She is indeed an artist!

"Academy" Acrostics

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THERE will be 12 weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £5, £3, and £2 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

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When Oliver Twist asked for more, they refused it.
- (2) Alloy of copper, tin, and zinc;
It's bronzed metallic ware. Now, think!
- (3) "Dost know this water fly?"
- (4) A disadvantage now you're at;
But be courageous, don't do that!

E. N.

Under the title of "The Flower of Peace," a collection of the religious poetry of Katharine Tynan will be published by Messrs. Burns and Oates on June 29. The book will be a beautiful one, hand-set, printed on hand-made paper, and bound in parchment with a seventeenth-century cover design in gold.

The Theatre

"Well-made" Plays, the Old and the New

VICTORIEN SARDOU was supposed to be the master of the "well-made" drama in the last century, and if you want to see just how he made one of his earliest efforts in this direction we strongly advise you to go to the Criterion, where there is an admirable and new adaptation by Mr. Frederick Fenn, who has given us so much clever work, under the old title of "A Scrap of Paper."

It will be remembered that Mr. Palgrave Simpson supplied the first English version of "Les Pattes de Mouche" in 1861, and that many years later Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and a simple-hearted public, endowed it with immense popularity. Now the atmosphere and the costumes of the 'sixties, and the sentiment and the art of an even earlier period, are presented for our amusement with infinite skill and industry and a fair amount of success.

"Diplomacy," which we look upon as an absolutely ridiculous piece of stage machinery, has recently had an enormous run; thus we are encouraged to trust that the venture of Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Lyn Harding may be largely appreciated. The main difference between the present "Scrap of Paper" and that of the Kendals is, of course, in the attempt to reproduce the original period; but the fact that the play is now treated—from time to time—on broadly farcical lines is also new, we believe. The result is a little confused. Mr. Lyn Harding, under the name of Francis Lightly, is funny with the bright humour of an old-fashioned amateur. Indeed, that note of a country-house theatrical party somehow haunts the work of the clever company. Miss Nancy Price, the important Susan Lawless, who hunts her sister's old love-letter and her sister's old lover, minces and over-acts like a gifted amateur. Mr. Eille Norwood as Lord Icebrook, the husband of the loser of the letter, is as unreal as his name, and almost makes us forget that he is one of the best actors on the English stage. The clever Mr. H. O. Nicholson, as Professor Horatio Titmouse, is supposed to supply the elderly humour of the play, and makes us feel very, very sad. His make-up alone is a lesson in the amateurism of the 'sixties. As Lucy, Lady Icebrook, Miss Margaret Halstan looks divinely beautiful and plays with perfect sincerity and grace—just outside the farcical picture. Miss Mièle Maud makes a delightful mid-nineteenth-century girl in a delicious riding habit and hat as Barbara Merivale, and Miss Rowena Jerome looks as pretty as she is told she is in the character of the maid, Pauline.

The hunt for the little note that Lucy wrote to Francis three years ago, before she was married to the absurd Icebrook, goes forward but at no very brisk pace. How could it, with so aged an idea hanging about it?

There is always the feeling that one word of explanation to Icebrook, fool as he is made to appear, would

finish the play at any moment. And thus the cleverness of the adaptation and the skill of the players do not take very full effect upon the audience. But that it is an interesting attempt to resuscitate an extinct type of play is certain, and we can only hope that so whole-hearted an undertaking may prove welcome to play-goers.

Very aptly after "A Scrap of Paper," Mr. Frederick Harrison presents at the Haymarket Theatre the well-made play of to-day, "Driven," by Mr. E. Temple Thurston. Intrinsically, its faults are the same as those of Sardou, but they are of our own time, and therefore we accept them gladly. The only disappointment we feel is that Mr. Temple Thurston does not present to us just the people he had in his mind. John Staffurth, M.P., Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, proved by no means so noble and attractive as he was said to be; his young wife, Diana, Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who overhears that she has only two years to live, really did not play the game, and the lover she proposes to use for her amusement, Captain Furness, Mr. Owen Nares, was hardly consistent.

We bring an immense supply of sympathy to any play we see, but we are at a loss on whom to lavish it in "Driven." Not on Diana, for we never believed the pompous Sir William Medlicott, M.P., Mr. Lyall Swete, and his sycophantic friend, Dr. Maudslay, Mr. Cyril Harcourt, when they pronounced her doom; but had perfect faith in the doctor played by Mr. Howell, who had two surnames, Passley-Evans, and no front name. This marked him out as an unusual personage, and we believed in his treatment from the first, although all the characters of the play readily accepted the opinion of the two obvious humbugs, Medlicott and Maudslay. Nor could we feel for John, the elderly husband whose mind and heart seemed dry as dust. He possessed none of the charm Mr. Aubrey Smith usually shows—in fact, he did things that Mr. Smith would never really have done. It is hardly possible to be very friendly to Captain Furness, who is out for sport and does not like the idea of a lady who, by all accounts, is so soon to die; so perhaps we may be allowed to offer our genuine fellow-feeling to Miss Ruth Mackay, who as Barbara Cullen has to potter in and out of the action and be terribly kind and nice to her friends, John and Diana. She also has to be called "a dear thing," which makes one feel very deeply for her.

Thinking that death is very close to her, Diana means to "live" her little day. This determination resolves itself into her arranging to leave John, make Furness throw up his career, and dash about with her in many exciting parts of the world. But the well-made play is full of artful little surprises and many happy touches of character and humour.

Neither man is quite the right thing for Diana; one is a wooden member of Parliament, and the other—well, the other expects her to sup at his rooms when she thinks he ought not to have hoped for such utter bliss. So when Diana's health is perfectly restored by the admirable doctor with two surnames and no other, she

is very glad to return to the complete and rather stupid confidence of her husband; and the Captain is considered very ill-mannered and that sort of thing for having been a little shocked to find that he was about to run away with a dying woman. We should think that after the curtain came down Diana would pass into a comfortably intriguing wife and live several lives quite happily ever after.

The vitality and interest of "Driven" is mainly owing to the powerful and delightful acting of Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who returns to the stage after what seems to us a very long holiday. But the play is well made and the action is neat; it should be popular, partly because it is new and not very artistic. In "The Scrap of Paper" you have the development of incident and its effect on cut-and-dried characters; in "Driven" you have the development of character affected by the action of various somewhat arbitrary incidents. In any case, you should see both plays, for they are full of interest from a dozen different points of view, and are acted with perfect sincerity and presented in the most handsome way possible.

The Pioneer Players

THE latest production of this society has been managed by Miss Edith Craig, which is another way of saying that it is excellently carried out and that each of the three plays presented is well worth seeing.

We are not told who adapted the dramatic episode from the story of Guy de Maupassant here called "The Duel," but it is very well done and gave Mr. Harcourt Williams an admirable opportunity as the young Vicomte, who, having entered upon a duel in high spirits, becomes during the night utterly unhinged. Finally, he shoots himself rather than go through the ordeal he has so elaborately planned with his friend, Colonel Bourdin—Mr. Frederick Lloyd—who acted very convincingly. Mr. Harcourt Williams has not been seen to such advantage for some time, and he certainly played the Vicomte who loses his nerve much better than anything we have seen of late—better than the impossible, old-fashioned Jingle part he seemed to suffer so gladly in "The Jones" at the Strand; better than his "Paphnutius" produced by this society some time ago. In the earlier part of the play, however, he was rather handicapped by being constantly alluded to as a "handsome young dog," and that sort of thing. He is a very clever and hardworking actor, but that he looked handsome, young, or a dog—in the best meaning of the word—as the Vicomte Gontran Joseph de Signoles are matters open to some doubt.

"THE LEVEL CROSSING."

This is a concrete tragedy by Mrs. Herbert Cohen, in which Mr. Fisher White as John Gibbs and Miss Elaine Sleddall played uncommonly well. Gibbs has married Rizpah rather against her will, for she had loved Jim, who had been killed at the level crossing some years ago. The son born of the marriage of John

and Rizpah had Jim for his father; the son, too, was killed at the level crossing. Gibbs breaks his leg at the crossing, and after Rizpah has been for some time in a hospital she tells her husband the true story of their relations, how very definitely she hates him, and how "love means sacrifice" and a good many other things; then she, too, goes to the level crossing and her life is closed. There is much skill in the telling of the story, but as a picture of life it is too dark in tone, too much an interlude of misery to hold our attention for long. A study in futility follows this picture of black care.

"IDLE WOMEN"

is a most agreeable little scene in Grosvenor Square, where Lady Ditcham, Miss Mary Jerrold, intends to form a new religion with the aid of some nice fashionable people and a gifted boy, the young leader of the Bungion Gars. Of course, a mislaid Cockney boy is happened upon by the lady's maid, and the meeting is made absurd by his appearance, after being undressed and washed, in Lady Ditcham's Chinese coat; but the affair is more justly ridiculous by reason of the author's satirical and truthful drawing of the hurrying, purposeless women of the day. Miss Magdalen Ponsonby's play has been published in book form (Arthur L. Humphreys, 1s. net), and we fancy it reads even better than it plays. Miss Susie Claughton's Lady Mordaunt, for example, is very agreeable on the stage, but does not quite carry out Miss Ponsonby's biting description of her in the printed play as "wife of Sir Thomas Mordaunt (a negligible quantity). She is a courtesan of high life, and therefore very moral and Christian in her conversation. Being no longer young, she is turning her attention to studying the Local Government Board and the next world." However, these things are the author's secrets; we learn very little of them in the amusing sketch which is effectively adapted from the book before us. In this necessary process we miss one character sadly—it is Flannery O'Hooligan, of whom we are told that he is a "sub-minor poet with 'ondulède' hair and Prince Consort whiskers, who has been made into a Saturday-to-Monday lion by society; he suffers in consequence from self-importance and consciousness." But although he is gone, plenty of people are left to make the lively play telling. Miss Jerrold and Robert Parry, as the wicked little boy who accepts the position as Tenno, who is supposed to answer for the religion that is the Knowledge of what Knowledge is, give the most fun and help "Idle Women" to be a genuine piece of ironic comedy.

EGAN MEW.

The Bradfield Play

THE Bradfield Greek Play occupies a place apart among academical entertainments, which generally leave behind an exhilarating feeling of duty performed and a resolution never to do it again. The conditions at Bradfield on a really hot day, with thunder in the offing, are rather trying, as the theatre lies at

the bottom of a cup, and air is unprocurable, even by the use of the regulation fans. But the performance is extraordinary, and is worth a considerable amount of discomfort. There is nothing perfunctory about it; everything is done as well as possible. The production is made to approximate, as closely as is reasonable without pedantry, to the production of a play in ancient Athens; the *Cothurnus* and other particularly indigestible features of the ancient methods are sacrificed to the greater realism, but nearly everything else is a good reconstitution of what must have been. The principals mingle a restraint beyond their age with a verve that is seldom granted to members of their sex at that age, while the devotion and concentration of the chorus is exemplary. We think that the "Alcestis" of this year was a shade less excellent than the "Agamemnon" of three years ago, but that is possibly due to the character of the play, which may not be, as has been hinted, a farce, but is far from being a typical Greek play, since Fate is not the principal actor on the stage. The outstanding performance was Mr. Hollowell's Heracles, in which the homely and the heroic were admirably blended, but Mr. Mortimer was majestic as Alcestis, and Mr. de Moubray gave us the selfish fatuity of Admetus. No one was weak, and the spectator was left with the irresistible impression of pains taken and by no means wasted, of an art that was the resultant of many wills, and of a sure but concealed hand that guided everything to its proper end. R. F. S.

The Magazines

THE personality of Tolstoi will always remain one of permanent interest, if only because of the gratification it gives to the mind that always loves a paradox. His work is always a protest against himself and his own nature. The revolt it expresses is primarily a revolt against his own insurgent desires and mind; and that type of personality, when it has delivered itself in books of permanent interest, creates a personal problem always more interesting than that which frankly expresses itself in direct autobiography. It is an interest that should be satisfied to be just, and perhaps it is hardly likely that we shall receive a very frank account of any man from his own son. At any rate, in this month's *Fortnightly*, Count Ilya Tolstoi gives his "Reminiscences of Tolstoi." The interest is not as yet very profound, but he restricts himself to recollections from early youth, and so his scope is limited. We hope that later on he will do his father the very rare service, nowadays, of being entirely frank about his faults. Mr. Swift MacNeill writes upon "The Tory-Parnell Home Rule Alliance, 1885," in an article that should be serviceable in showing that the Tory Party is not necessarily committed to opposition when the question of legislative independence for Ireland is under consideration. Professor Gerothwohl writes upon the late "Edward Dowden" in a finely appreciative

article. Perhaps the appreciation is a little over-done, but that is a permissible fault so soon after Professor Dowden's death. A useful contribution is by Mr. V. Hussey Walsh on "The French General Election." He avoids the party attitude which the Entente Cordiale has imposed on the present English outlook on French matters, and so succeeds in giving us an accurate account of the state of affairs. Mr. Courtney continues his lecture on "The Idea of Comedy," the first half of which he printed last month.

In the magazines there is a noticeable diminution in the attention given to Federalism. It fluctuates according to the success which it may serve as a political red herring; but in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Edgar Crammond deals with the "Financial Problems of Federalism." He provides some figures, however, that are profoundly interesting, and his article is well worth reading, if only as an examination of the finances of the British Isles. M. André Géraud concludes his essay on "A New German Empire: the Story of the Baghdad Railway." He writes from a very bitter partisan point of view, but he displays a detailed knowledge of his facts.

There is a strange story in the *English Review* by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, entitled "Vin Ordinaire." The precise reference of the title to the story is not easy to discover, nor is it easy to say why the story, though powerfully written, should be fundamentally unsatisfactory. Mr. Bernhard Sickert, in an excellent article entitled "Democratic Painting and the Desophistication of the Eye," deals with the theme of Mr. Charles Marriott's powerful novel, "Subsoil." He need not apologise for this, after "the voluminous writings in the magazines and papers for the last four or five years," for it so happens that the novel he chooses is a remarkable book. He combats it well; and we have found his article the best reading in the present number. It would, perhaps, be unfair to say that a good text makes a good sermon, or dissertation, for that is not always true; but there is no doubt that a good deal of his interest was there ready waiting for him. Mr. Sydney Brooks writes on "President Wilson." He conveys a good deal of information, but his article is no exception to the usual type of glorification of a man who no doubt is excellent and most worthy, but who is beginning to fade from reality in a cloud of extolling. Mr. David Alec Wilson has an admirable essay on "The Arnold Case and the Privy Council" that should be widely read.

The *British Review* also deals with the French Elections, and the situation they have aroused, through M. Paul Parsy. "Les Elections Législatives en France: Leur Signification," puts one well into touch with the personalities that sway the issue at the moment in France, and intimates exactly the forces these personalities have behind them, and it thus makes profitable reading. Among the poems, one by Miss Maisie Badford is welcome in the usual poor choice of poetry in this magazine. Mr. Arnold White writes upon "The Coming Class War." "Revolver-shots in the House of

Commons, the burning of Westminster Abbey, spoliation of the undefended wealth in the British Museum, are among the lesser evils that will accompany the outbreak of the Class War," Mr. White says in a sufficiently lurid picture that concludes with the "inconvenience when a *sotnia* of Cossacks or two squadrons of German Dragoons mount guard at the Bank of England." Apparently, Mr. White is quite in earnest. We wish he may have fewer bad dreams. An article that will seem dull by contrast, but which happens to be of the very highest importance, is entitled "Through Practical Spectacles: Things as Seen by a Foreman Bricklayer." If men were to read fewer of such writers as Mr. White and more of such men as this good foreman bricklayer, there would be a good deal more intelligence in the general conduct of affairs.

Mr. Bernard Holland's account of Alfred Lyttelton in the *Cornhill* is interesting as coming from one who knew intimately this English gentleman whose loss was so great both to his friends and to his country. This essay is worth preserving, for it gives a clear, true picture of the kind of man who helped to make England great and, perhaps what is even more difficult, respected. "No other country," says Mr. Holland, "could have produced him, not even Scotland, nor could he have come of any other class. . . . The Lytteltons had been of the Worcestershire gentry from the time of Henry III at least. . . . He was English of the very best type, and the world has nothing better than that. Mr. Asquith well said that Alfred Lyttelton was what every English father would like his son to be." Sir Henry Lucy continues his amusing story of "Sixty Years in the Wilderness"; a detailed description is given of the Battle of Bannockburn by the Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell; and a long hitherto unpublished poem by Mrs. Browning, entitled "An Epistle to a Canary," takes up the first seven pages of the magazine.

To the general reader perhaps the most interesting article in *Wild Life* for June is Mr. W. S. Berridge's "Fish Out of Water," which describes several flying, climbing, and other fish who can leave their natural element for a while without inconvenience; there are mud-fish able to live out of water for weeks on end. Other articles which will attract the attention of the many are "The Ways and Wiles of Stoats" and "The Bird-Catcher." The numerous illustrations from the life are, as usual, a special feature of the magazine.

The June issue of the *Tourist* is the first of a new series, and the editor is to be congratulated on the fine paper he presents. The illustrations are as good as any we have seen, and it was a capital idea to introduce short stories and sketches. Travel articles remain a predominant feature, but the whole appearance of the paper is improved, and it may now be regarded as of equal value to the ordinary monthly magazines. Several new features distinguish the June *Windsor Magazine* as the first number of a new volume, and give promise to an important and varied programme for the ensuing half-year. A new series of romantic stories from diplo-

matic life is begun by Justus Miles Forman. The opening story of the new series, "The Countess Alla," is a drama of powerful interest, finely illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. Two entertaining short stories are contributed by W. L. George and Albert Kinross, and a large instalment of Sir H. Rider Haggard's romance, "The Holy Flower." *Harper's* has an able article by Burton J. Hendrick on "American Contributions to Medical Science," valuable to all who follow the development of surgery. A story of "Jones of the Fourth Dimension" avoids the error of the "then-he-woke-up" ending, and is really a clever thing, though it has missed some chances. The travel pages are excellent, as usual, and Professor Lounsbury has a good essay on "The First Dictionary of Americanisms."

We do not profess to understand every contribution in the *Theosophic Path*, a resplendent monthly that reaches us from California. "Some Old French Châteaux," however, a beautifully illustrated article, is within our mental grasp, and there are several other highly interesting items in the magazine, apart from specially theosophical essays. The paper, printing, and general appearance of the *Path* are superb. The *Poetry Review* contains some verse of excellent value, and reprints Mr. Balfour's fine address on "Argument in Verse." The best thing in the *Journal of the Imperial Arts League* is a satirical article on the behaviour of the Chelsea Borough Council with reference to the panels in the Town Hall; but Mr. Harold Speed discusses in illuminating fashion "Art and the Representation of Visual Nature." The *Journal of English Studies* has a timely essay on "English Composition," by J. A. Peers, M.A., which should be read and pondered by all teachers. The *Australian Review of Reviews*, copies of which for April and May have just reached us, improves upon its previous issues; its articles are excellent, and it shows a capable editorial hand by its selection of material that shall present the movement of affairs all over the world.

Indian Reviews

THE *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) for April is interesting for the papers it contains, rather than for the occurrences announced. Comparatively few events happen in the hot weather. The principal paper is the report of the last Convocation speech of Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, at the close of his Vice-Chancellorship of the Calcutta University, held for the unprecedented period of eight years. During this time the University has been remodelled under new regulations: science, Bengali language and literature, law, have all been advanced by handsome endowments. The speaker complained of Government interference, and gave instances; he claimed a wider scope of independent action. The Bombay University, similarly, is contemplating costly new buildings and fresh developments. These measures are as important to India as similar changes would be in the oldest English

Universities, perhaps more so. Public spirit is prominent in Bombay. This journal has some sensible remarks on the responsibilities of the Indian students and on common sense in hygiene, much more valuable for its readers than the essays on "Hamlet" and astronomy.

In the *Modern World* (Madras) the inaccuracies and half-truths are not very creditable to the writers. The Government are said to hesitate to part with power (in delaying to extend self-government) for reasons best known to themselves. There is no secrecy about the reasons. The experiments made in this direction have not been satisfactory. It is untrue to say that the Government have deprived the Press of its liberty to report and summarise Court proceedings. Legislation has been directed against licence and the abuse of liberty, against improper reports. An absurd charge is made against the recent Commission on Indian Finance that nothing substantial is recommended so as to make the Indian system of Currency independent and progressive. Another equally ridiculous charge is to attribute the poverty of the people to the action of Government; it is notorious that the people are slowly rising in prosperity. Again, the voice of the people is said to be rendered "inaudible in the official Legislative Councils"—Councils in which there are non-official majorities. A plea for Uniform Democratic Suffrage, for men and women alike, by an Englishman, formerly a Parliamentary candidate, is hardly worth printing in an Indian journal. Co-operation in rural sanitation is much more feasible, but deeds, not words, are required. The Hindustani Association in America is surely out of place.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for April contains another discursive paper, by an Indian Nationalist, which passes from political reflections, from remarks about industrialism and the evolution of Modern Germany, to a disquisition on Indian spirituality—an essay of little practical use. A writer on "Aviation in Ancient Hindustan" very sensibly points out that certain references in early Hindu writings, the Ramayana, for instance, to locomotion through the air in no way justify a belief in ancient knowledge and use of the mechanical aeroplane; modern scientific inventions were altogether unknown to the ancients, pre-eminent though they were in metaphysics and philosophy. "Woman in Islam" is another attempt to argue that, because Muhammed improved things in Arabia, therefore his ideal of womanhood is as high as any ever conceived by man. It is about time that the claim of Islam to superiority in the treatment of women should be again exposed. The system of endowing the bride on the occasion of a marriage in Bengal is being widely discussed. There is an anti-dowry crusade, and by many the custom is regarded as pernicious. After all, it is a social custom which the people may be left to settle for themselves. An article on the Press in India in 1913-14 may be commended for its tone and the information it contains.

The *Asiatic Review* (London) of May endeavours to maintain the high standard it reached under its former

editors. Its articles vary in merit. The partisan Indian view is represented in a paper which finds no fault in the Indian record of the Liberal Government, except the use of the Deportation Regulation. Lord Hardinge's policy is belauded more than other opinions justify. A scheme for utilising the Native Chiefs is propounded, but it may be doubted whether they would care to be thus utilised. The best paper is Sir Richard Temple's account of the Andaman Penal System, his *apologia pro labore suo* of ten years. He rightly deprecates the contemplated tinkering with a system which has been so successful. This review will be unwise to degenerate into a vehicle for exploiting alleged grievances. For instance, it has been found necessary for Government to take some power to check seditious utterances in the Indian Press. It hardly becomes this review to speak of such legislation as a grievance requiring urgent attention to the Press Laws.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

IN November, 1875, Lord Beaconsfield acted on a shrewd suggestion of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the journalist, and bought 176,602 shares of £20 each out of 400,000 shares in the Suez Canal Company, belonging to the Khedive of Egypt, who was hard up. They cost £4,080,000, and people held their breath at the audacity of this unique transaction. Winston Churchill was born on November 30, 1874, and nearly forty years later he is following this great example. On Wednesday week he came down to the House and proposed to invest £2,200,000 in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Let us try and condense into a few lines what he took nearly an hour to explain to a thin but interested House.

Coal must for a long time be the staple fuel of the Navy, but we have built oil ships and we must have oil. The price is going up, and, although he declared we had a supply which would last for many months, even in the case of a great naval war, he was not easy in his mind. He was not satisfied to be at the mercy of the oil trusts. The price had already doubled against us, and he was determined to stop "the squeeze." He had looked about and finally pitched upon this company as a suitable ally, for it owned a territory the size of France and Germany put together at the head of the Persian Gulf. The oil was of good and sufficient quality. He did not mean to rely upon it for all his supply, or even for half his supply. He glanced at Mr. Samuel Samuel, the new member for Wandsworth—"I want to be free of the oil ring and to frustrate any effort to corner the oil supply of the world," he said.

A deeply interesting debate followed. Samuel told me he thought it would not be etiquette for him to speak, knowing how deeply he was interested in the Shell, the Royal Dutch, and other companies, but he

got up from time to time and defended his brother Sir Marcus and the action of his companies. He is not a practised speaker; he is very shy, and did not do much good. Young George Lloyd defended him in a sentence by saying that these personal imputations did not come with very good grace from the Treasury Bench, especially as someone dotted the *i* by murmuring "Marconi."

The critics were not unfriendly, but they said they could not make out why Winston had gone so far. It was in neutral territory; the oil fields were 150 miles from the sea. In war-time the oil would run the risk of capture if it went home via the Suez Canal, and the journey round the Cape was a long one. A pipe line 150 miles in length would require 20,000 men to guard it. The climate meant that there must be native troops, and India could not spare 20,000 troops; why did we not invest £2,000,000 in Canada if we want to spend our money somewhere—not in a country "at the back of beyond," like Khuzistan?

Edward Grey gave the scheme a Foreign Office blessing. He said that at the worst it would require only two brigades of troops to defend the pipe line, and he did not think Russia would mind or be offended. It appears that Pretymen, when at the Admiralty ten years before, had approved of such a scheme, so on the principle that Winston must know more about it than anyone else we let him go on—only eighteen voting against it. Let us hope it will be as good an investment as the Suez Canal shares.

On the next day we had the Local Government Board Vote in Supply; Herbert Samuel was in charge. Griffith Boscawen attacked the Government for doing nothing for housing. Lloyd George's experiments in Budget making had killed the building trade, and, while slum areas had been cleared, no more houses had been built and the famine in house-room was worse than ever. Herbert Samuel was not so pachydermatous as his predecessor, John Burns, had been; he explained what he had tried to do since he came into office, and promised a good deal. Walter Long, an ex-President of the L.G.B. of wide experience, rather jumped on the "infant Samuel"; he did not think the promises of Ministers were worth the paper they were written on.

As a matter of fact, the Unionists are far ahead of their opponents in the matter; the Radicals know it, and are jealous of the fact; but they are not going to allow them any of the credit if they can possibly help it—they would rather tinker at it in their own way.

On Friday a forlorn and desperately battered Bill appeared. It was called the Children (Employment and School Attendance) Bill—a private member's, which had been fortunate in the ballot, but had met with bad luck ever since. It was to abolish partially the half-time system, whereby the older children spend half their time at school and the other half at work. It had received a severe battering in the Committee-rooms upstairs, and had now reached the report stage. It was very unpopular in Lancashire, where it used to be said children were bred for the purpose of keeping their parents. Handel Booth, a Radical, attacked it

fiercely. Denman, another Radical, the father of the Bill, did all he could to save it; he threw out clauses right and left. Stephen Walsh, the Labour man, said he hated amateur law-givers; but surely he cannot approve of the sloppy and slovenly legislation of the Government? The House then got into rather a muddle on a legal point. None of the Law officers were present to advise, so, as a protest, Goldsmith moved and Banbury seconded a motion to adjourn the debate. This took up a lot of time before it was defeated. When five o'clock struck, very little progress had been made, and the Bill is now in a very delicate state of health. Unless the Government star it and take it under their wing, it is dead, for "private members' Fridays" have nearly come to an end for this session.

"I do not believe that in the history of Parliament the second reading of the Finance Bill has ever been taken in circumstances so extraordinary as those in which the House now finds itself," quoth Walter Long on Monday, towards the end of a slashing attack on the Ministry. What were those circumstances? Let us proceed by stages. A merchant makes up his accounts at the end of the year; a country, having no capital, has to make up its accounts at the commencement of the year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer tells the Commons what he proposes to spend and how he intends to raise the money. There are two rules which must be observed; one is that the House of Commons must consent to the proposals, the second that the Chancellor can only budget for the next twelve months—it is *ultra vires* to budget for longer.

Lloyd George, in his airy way, did not trouble to think of either of these rules. What he wanted was to dip his hand deep down into the pockets of the rich and say, "I intend to spend this money in my own good time in relieving the conditions of the poor." To this end he put the Income Tax up to 1s. 4d., promised to relieve local rates by 9d. in the £, and to do a great many other things. He was pulled up, however, with a round turn. The thoughtful Cassel rose after questions with a carefully prepared speech, and proceeded to ask the Speaker one or two conundrums. Were not the proposed local grants outside the scope of the resolutions on which the Bill was ordered to be brought in?

The Speaker let down the Government as gently as he could. Whilst being the guardian and trustee of rules of order, he has also to see that things do not come to a deadlock if possible. The procedure was clearly out of order, he said, but it might be cured by introducing resolutions in Committee of Ways and Means authorising the clauses which were irregular. He agreed with Cassel that the old-fashioned way of keeping taxation separate from legislation was desirable.

Banbury wanted to know if the proposed extra £690,000 for Ireland was not an alteration of the Home Rule Bill, and, if so, did the clause in the Parliament Act that a Bill could not be altered apply? The Speaker seemed to think that it did not, but

added that it was an ingenious way round the Parliament Act.

Lloyd George is no good at figures, so Samuel was put up to make the best of a bad job. As they could not proceed with their legislation then, they did not want all the money, so they would take 1d. off the Income Tax and postpone the allowance of 9d. in the £ to the local authorities.

The former was due to the protests of the Radical plutocrats, who objected to this method of finance. When Holt presented what Long called in scorn "his wooden gun," the Chancellor, like the opossum, called out at once: "Don't shoot, Colonel—I'll climb down!" and all the evening the Government continued to climb down. There never was so extraordinary a spectacle. "The great Finance Bill of 1914 is crumbling," said Long, and the Chancellor had to admit that he would have to return £50,000 already collected.

The Finance Bill will have to be cut in two; one part to be passed as soon as possible, because of its urgency, and the other half more at leisure. The Chancellor has had to surrender; he has pleased no one—in fact, he has greatly damaged his reputation; but secretly he must have been relieved that the Speaker did not tear up his Budget altogether and tell him to start again.

On Tuesday the Peers politely and solemnly received the Amending Bill, although it was obvious to all concerned that they were taking part in a farce. The Bill merely contained the six years' exclusion which has been repudiated by Carson for months. As I have said all along, Asquith has been playing for time—playing with the Lords, playing with the Commons, and playing with the people—and the only result is that the price he will have to pay is stiffening against him.

In the Commons we had a further debate upon the Finance Bill. Hayes Fisher deplored the fact that the local authorities were to be disappointed in getting the long-delayed amelioration of the rates. Cassel did not seem to think that the new Bill would hold water even now, but would be bound to come to failure. The Radical plutocrats are jubilant over their victory, and I hear that they mean to keep their Committee standing, with a view to seeing that they, at any rate, are not robbed.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE RIDDLE OF CHINA

NEARLY two and a half years have passed since the Manchu Dynasty tottered to its doom, and, amid widespread rejoicing, a Republic was proclaimed. Yet, in spite of the enthusiasm which marked its inception, only in name has this form of Government survived. For Yuan Shih-kai, the masterful personality chosen as China's first President, is now Dictator of the realm. Not the least exaggeration is implied in the

designation thus given him. He alone is the Government of China, the sole power that guides the destiny of a population of four hundred millions of people. No one else in that vast aggregation of individuals is by law invested with initiative authority of any importance in the affairs of State. There is a Ministry, but it is composed of the puppets of Yuan Shih-kai, nominated by him and liable to dismissal at his will. Also, there is a Political Council; but this body, too, is under the discipline of Presidential authority, and its functions are purely advisory. It has taken the place of the Parliament that was dissolved by Yuan Shih-kai when experience showed him that the predominant party was bent upon obstruction, and when after many months in session he found no legislative measures of any importance were forthcoming. No response met his persistent attempts to persuade the Assembly to revise the Provisional Constitution, the terms of which, being framed merely to meet a temporary expedient, were altogether unpractical in working over a long period. Instead, a Constitution was drafted the effect of which, so Yuan Shih-kai regarded, would be virtually to invest Parliament with supreme power in the land. As to the course events swiftly took, little criticism need be offered adverse to one side or the other. Fundamental differences of a wholly irreconcilable nature had from the outset drawn a gulf between the head of the State on the one hand and the eager adherents of a full-blooded Republicanism on the other. Here it must not be forgotten that, although Yuan Shih-kai was selected by all parties for the high position which he occupied in the land, as far as the advanced democratic section was concerned his nomination was merely consented to by way of a compromise of the moment, and out of recognition that overwhelming calamity threatened the nation if all differences on the field of battle were not quickly composed.

Once the sword was sheathed, political hostility asserted itself. Was it any wonder that Yuan Shih-kai, whose preference for a Constitutional Monarchy for China had never been concealed, and whose sudden conversion to the principles of Republicanism came as a timely concession to a triumphant cause, should find that distrust of him became deeper and deeper as he engaged in the struggle for more power, even though his requirements in this respect, calmly considered, could not be looked upon as unreasonable? To-day he is President of China under a Constitution of which he himself is the author. His own powers and his own functions he has defined; and, needless to say, his estimate of the extent of these powers and functions, as incorporated in a document of permanent authority, is no narrow or niggardly one. But the victory over the forces of immaturity has not been secured without a devastating conflict. Nor is it, indeed, by any means certain that the position thus won will be maintained for long. A counter revolution organised on a considerable scale has been put down, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen, General Hwang Hsing, and other leaders of red-hot republicanism have fled the country to Japan. Their exile from the scene, however, has not restored

tranquillity. In the south the fires of revolution still smoulder. It is in accordance with historical precedent in China, and hardly surprising amid the general chaos, that the practice of brigandage on a wholesale scale is not devoid of political colour. For more than a year the picturesque figure known as White Wolf, with his few thousand bloodthirsty followers, has stalked the land, committing atrocities the horrors of which know few parallels even in the annals of barbarism, and defying with his guerilla tactics of consummate skill armies that have outnumbered him in the proportion of ten to one. As he passed from province to province, leaving behind him a trail of death, mutilation, and destruction, the echo of the terror he inspired was heard within the distant walls of the Forbidden City itself, where, guarded night and day lest an assassin's knife should be plunged into his heart, Yuan Shih-kai played the rôle of a republican dictator. To-day White Wolf has been driven into the distant province of Kansu, where his depredations have become, so to speak, localised, and, in consequence, his influence as a political factor arrested. But he remains a potential menace to China's tranquillity, and would quickly reappear in force to strike terror into the most vulnerable centres of constituted authority were the Central Government to relax for a single moment its hold upon the provinces.

The iron hand of repression is everywhere visible, and with it the sinister accompaniments necessary for its direction and adjustment. Little semblance of provincial autonomy remains, and the local Assemblies have gone the way of Parliament. To a degree perhaps unparalleled in the long history of China, the fiat of Peking has at last become law throughout the provinces. Large armies are maintained in the field, consisting of ill-paid soldiery who cannot be disbanded for the sufficient reason that there is no money in the Treasury wherewith to pay them, and the generals in command are said to view each other with the deepest suspicion. In many parts of the country martial law is in force. The Press is subjected to a rigorous control. Plots and counter-plots are the order of the day. Wide powers are given to the military commanders and executions are frequent. Generally speaking, in many districts little if any security of life or property exists. Men are saying that conditions have reverted—if, indeed, they ever changed to any perceptible extent—to those that prevailed during the darkest days of Manchu misrule. Corruption continues to flourish, justice remains in suspense, and espionage, conducted as only it can be conducted in China, is part of the system of the State. The paper currency is depreciated and trade disorganised. Over the land, then, still lingers as dark and gloomy as ever the shadow of repression, and no man, howsoever far-seeing his vision, can with confidence predict to-day what will happen to-morrow. The only fact with which we can speak with any certainty is that Yuan Shih-kai, who less than three years ago was induced to leave the solitude of his banishment, has emerged as a Dictator who wields the power of absolutism beneath the cloak of republicanism. His

active foes, no less than his political critics, are legion. Hardly a moment passes when his life is not in peril. Amid an atmosphere electric with tension, he rules with a stoicism which is the outstanding feature of a character strong as steel: in the morning issuing a mandate that the worship of Confucius shall be revived, in the afternoon dispensing hospitality after the European fashion to a large concourse of foreign guests, and in the evening and far into the night attending to State papers, among which are regularly an enormous number of death-warrants waiting to be signed.

MOTORING

NO fewer than three important motor shows will be held in London in November next. The great international exhibition organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders will, as usual, be held at Olympia from the 6th to the 14th, and after an interval of a week there will be, in the same place, the supplementary show for motor-cycles and "light cars." According to *The Autocar*, this will differ from its predecessors, inasmuch as the "cycle-car" definition will not be used in any way; instead of that, any two-seated automobile, the retail price of which, equipped for the road and including hood, screen, lamps, and spare wheel, does not exceed £200, will be eligible. This is a satisfactory and sensible departure, as there is now no need for any differentiation between the so-called cycle-cars and ordinary light cars, and there seems no need for longer retention of the former misleading appellation at all. Another desirable innovation is to be introduced into the supplementary show, namely, in the arrangement of the different classes of exhibits. Hitherto, the cars have been dotted about the hall in juxtaposition with ordinary and motor bicycles, whereas at the next show they will all be found together in the annexe. In addition to these two shows at Olympia, the Cordingley Exhibition, which was a regular and interesting institution at the Agricultural Hall for a number of years, is to be revived this year, and will be held at Islington from November 14 to 21. It will be a comprehensive collection, including motor-cars of all types, motor-cycles, motor vans, lorries, 'buses, and boats, as well as accessories of every description. There will thus be a continuous series of motor exhibitions in London from November 6 to 28, and it is quite safe to say that public interest in the exhibits will be keener and more widespread than ever.

Russia is becoming one of the most prominent countries in Europe in respect of the number and importance of its motoring contests and competitions, and the interest displayed by the leading Russian papers in these events indicates that the cult of motoring is developing at a rapid rate throughout the dominions of the Tsar. Following the big race for the Grand Prix of Russia and the speed trials near St. Petersburg came the First

Russian Automobile Club's, held on the 14th inst. near the ancient city of Moscow. This took place on the Vladimir Road, some 35 versts outside the city, about 200 cars competing in the presence of an immense number of spectators. There were 10 classifications of cars according to the engine dimensions, and the fastest time was naturally made by the giant Benz of 125 h.p., whilst the next best was made by the much smaller Vauxhall driven by Mr. Ovsianikoff, which attained a speed averaging 127 versts per hour, beating all categories except the first, in which the big Benz participated. This adds one more to the numerous occasions on which the Vauxhall has upheld the reputation of the British car in Russia.

The 1914-15 edition of the A.A. and M.U. Handbook has made its appearance. It is on the same lines as its predecessors, the main difference being that it is somewhat larger owing to the inclusion of the names of A.A. agents and hotels appointed during the past season, the extension of the patrol system, and the continued expansion of the Association's activities. Considerations of space forbid even a bald enumeration of the contents of the book, but it may be said that they comprise information which is practically indispensable to every motorist on the road. A copy of the Handbook is issued free to every member of the Association.

Continental tourists are requested by the Dunlop Rubber Co. to note that from the 1st of July communications intended for their Belgian branch should be addressed to No. 14, Rue de France, Brussels, where, owing to the increased demand for Dunlop manufactures in Belgium, more commodious offices and larger stores have been taken.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of the journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Office, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

IF anything, there has been a small improvement in tone during the past week, but the improvement has been microscopic; business is practically non-existent. Indeed, in the Yankee market the dealers celebrated the funeral and made a joke over their ruin. Hardly a man in the House has paid his expenses during the past month. Some firms whose staff costs them £20,000 to £40,000 a year are losing very heavily; whether we shall see an improvement in the autumn is doubtful. There is not likely to be any speculation until the Ulster question is settled. A friend who has recently returned from Belfast says that there is not a Protestant house in the whole of the town that has not a secret store of rifles and ammunition, and it appears that the National-

ists are equally well armed. The City, however, cannot believe that a few politicians will be so stupid as to drag the country into civil war for no reason whatever. The Stock Exchange is confident that we shall arrive at a settlement. Nevertheless, it will do no business until things are in a more settled state.

There is a glut of money; this is the more surprising as we are now at the end of the quarter when the demand for accommodation should be urgent. The Bank of England's position is very strong: so strong that hardly any of the gold offering this week has been purchased. Neither Germany nor France appears anxious to take gold. The United States continues to ship gold coin, but American bankers say that the demand has finished. It is an astonishing thing that the new issues go so badly. It is said that the City of Perm is over-subscribed, but the amount offered was so small that it is possible the bankers took the bonds themselves. The Port of London Authority 4 per cent. stock was, however, taken with some freedom. Borax Consolidated deferred shares have been offered at 38s. 6d. The yield at this price is $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and considering the risks there appears no reason why the offer should be accepted. The Queen's and High Cliffe Hotel at Margate has offered £30,000 6 per cent. preference. The hotel is well managed, and makes good profits. The City of Kieff asked for £2,116,420 in 5 per cent. bonds at 96 in order to buy up the tramway system; this seems a fair risk considering the yield. Miller, Rayner and Hayson, an outfitters combine, asked the public to purchase £85,000 preference. There are no promotion profits; the business seems to be honestly administered. Union of South Africa has offered 4 million 4 per cent. bonds at 97½. This is a low price for a trustee stock, and the bonds are called at a premium. John Connell and Co. is an old-established Australian firm with a prosperous record. It offers £120,000 5½ per cent. prefs. at par, and those who like Colonial securities will probably subscribe. The shares are well secured both as regards assets and interest.

The papers continue to print elaborate forecasts of the Brazilian loan. The American newspapers tell us that Kuhn Loeb and its allied group will take an interest, and it is also said that the Germans will take up a portion. I believe that all these tales are quite unauthorised. No definite arrangements have yet been made, and it is quite possible that an entirely new complexion will be put upon affairs during the course of the next few weeks. It seems impossible to bring out a loan without the co-operation of the house of Rothschild, and at the moment this firm does not see eye to eye with the other finance houses who are interested in Brazil. Some people say that the Brazil Railway will get 2 millions out of the loan. This seems incredible; the Brazil Railway leases a large number of lines from the Government and has to pay heavy rentals each year. It is impossible that the construction work that it has in hand in connection with these railways can exceed the rentals by more than a few hundred thousand pounds. The Brazil Railway appears to be in a very dangerous condition, so dangerous that it may suit the Brazil Government to take it over altogether.

There is very little business doing in either Chinese or Japanese bonds. China must make a new loan very shortly if she is to suppress the rebellion. Very urgent means have been taken to compel Japan towards economy, and as these means are likely to be successful, there has been some buying of Japanese securities. If they rise any higher holders should certainly sell, for the bulk of Japan's trade is done with China, whose import business is falling away month by month.

The Mexican position has certainly improved. The news given in THE ACADEMY that Huerta was prepared to

resign is now accepted as official. The only thing that prevents the pacification of Mexico is the brigand army of Villa, which is financed by the Yankees. If they withdraw their support, Villa will be compelled to make peace.

The Home Railway market continues extremely depressed, and it is quite clear that we shall get no rise until the Ulster question is finally settled. Dover A are now under 46, and at this price they look a very attractive lock-up. South Eastern and Chatham show a decrease on the week, but the six months' returns will probably prove fairly satisfactory. Also, we must not forget that a wealthy Belgian group have taken up two collieries in Kent, and that one of the largest iron and steel firms in France is financing Guildford, whilst two other collieries have been sold to important syndicates with plenty of money. This means that in three or four years' time Kent will have a large output of coal. No one should buy Dover A with the idea that they are going to get a 10-point rise quickly. But those who can afford to lock up the stock at present price will certainly see a handsome profit.

The American market continues to sleep; this is the more surprising as the Southern Pacific have won a splendid victory and the immense oil lands in California are now definitely assigned to them by a decision of the Supreme Court. This asset is extremely valuable. Southern Pacifics seem quite certain to maintain their dividend, and even at the advanced price look a cheap purchase. Aitchison, Union Pacific and Pennsylvania are all certain to maintain their present dividends. Lehigh may scrape through. In spite of the Missouri Pacific note issue having been arranged, the stock remains dull. It is clear that a reorganisation cannot be avoided. St. Louis and San Francisco must default on its bonds that fall due July 1, and the Rock Island trouble seems far from coming to an end. The Steel figures for the June quarter seem likely to be almost a record as far as dull trade is concerned.

Rubber shares continue steady, but without any business. Sialang maintains its dividend at 15 per cent., and is likely to pay the same for the current year, but the shares are fully valued. Lankat figures are good, and the shares look cheap. Federated Selangor has had a very bad year. The dividend has fallen from 140 per cent. to 50 per cent. Bukit Mertajam seems to be improving its position, and Straits Bertam report is quite good. The dividend is raised to 10 per cent., and the estimate for the current year shows that the company will easily maintain this rate of distribution.

The Oil market continues dull, and the dealers are clearly shaking out all the weak "bull" accounts. As soon as they have done this we may expect a revival. It is certainly the one market in the House in which there has been some sort of gambling. The Spies report is not at all good, but the new plots are turning out well, and it is impossible to doubt that the company will be able to overcome the water difficulty. If the Bashakof plots turn out as badly as the western plots, then, of course, Spies is done for.

There is no business in Mines. The Chartered group appear most uneasy in regard to the position of their company. There is some talk of a rise being engineered in Tanganyika. A Brussels syndicate is said to have been formed for the purpose of putting up the price. But great caution is necessary, as the Brussels gamblers are notoriously clever at getting out. The Planet report is very disappointing; the mine is rich, but no attempt has yet been made to get out the rich ore. Great Fingall seems to be a dead proposition. There is talk of a rig in Golden Horseshoe. Holders should seize the opportunity to unload.

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In the Miscellaneous market the Forestal Land report pleased nobody. The dividend is cut, and although the reserves are over £700,000 they are not represented by investments and only exist on paper. The shares seem safe to sell. Lipton's figures are not particularly satisfactory, but we must await the full balance-sheet before criticising. The Marconi International shows a large increase in trade, and the net profits are also up. But expenses are prodigious.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H.N., Bristol, says that he feels inclined to purchase 50 RAND MINES and 50 JOHNNIES to keep for dividends. But he wishes to know whether any recent developments have occurred that might alter his opinion. I think that these are two of the soundest shares in the Kaffir market, and both are very moderately priced to-day. H.N. may be quite certain that if any move comes in this market these two shares will be the first to rise. Both companies are excellently managed, and control the most valuable groups on the Rand.

H.G.T.—SELFIDGE 5 per cent. debentures are an excellent Industrial security. They are secured upon the lease of the premises, the stock in trade and other assets of the business. It is one of the best Shop securities in the metropolis. ELDER DEMPSTER 5 per cent. first debentures are a reasonable Shipping security, but freights are falling, and the business has grown too rapidly. Therefore, I look for a depreciation in values. LYONS & Co. 4½ per cent. debentures are excellently secured, and are a gilt-edged Industrial security. CAMMELL LAIRD & Co. 4½ per cent. debentures are a moderate Industrial security, but this company has been ill-managed for some years past, and I cannot advise a purchase. HARRODS' 5 per cent. preference are a reasonable commercial risk. I cannot rank them higher than that. Harrods is a money-making concern, but the business is growing too big, and if any of the geniuses who now run the concern were to die it might be difficult to replace them.

ALPHA.—I think that your ZAMBESIAS can be held because a Brussels syndicate is about to make a market in Tanganyika. The Zambesia is really only valuable in so far as it holds Tanganyika shares, and if the one share rises the other will also go up. I should strongly advise you to get out as soon as the market is made. All speculation has died down, and the company is short of money. WESTERN CANADA LAND seems to me to be in a hopeless position. I am afraid that the company is not well managed, and that it has not money and will probably have to reconstruct. But as you cannot get out of your stock, the only thing you can do is to hold on. With regard to TOUGH OAKES, I should strongly advise you to keep out of this market. Those behind the scenes are merely gambling in paper with the object of selling it to the public. When the whole of the paper has been disposed of the market will dry up. My Canadian correspondent does not speak well of the property. He considers it over-capitalised and not suited for a big limited company.

CORRESPONDENCE

BASKISH IN MEXICO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The recent letter of Mr. E. S. Dodgson under this heading, brimful of matter interesting to Bascologists,

has called forth a rejoinder from M. Julien Vinson, a self-constituted authority on the Bask language. That rejoinder is written both in bad taste and in bad English. The latter, as a latest specimen of "English as she is wrote," drew a faint smile at an editor's tolerance; but the former, by its undisguised venom, demanded, and herewith receives, a vigorous protest in the interests alike of courtesy and accuracy. This is my plea for venturing to take up the cudgels in defence of an acknowledged eminent Bascologist. Mr. Dodgson is quite able to conduct his own defence on both scores, and will no doubt do so in due course; but truth and friendship exact that he should not be left single-handed in the effort. Besides, personal charges of the truculent colour as those levelled at a co-Bascologist are best rebutted by an impartial on-looker. Permit me, then, to state that it is as ungenerous as it is untrue to assert that Mr. Dodgson undervalues all work but his own. The very contrary is the simple fact, as I know from a long and extensive acquaintance with his writings on many subjects, in which a scholar's welcome is extended to all new facts and phrases of knowledge. This is precisely what M. Vinson himself does not do, but to my personal knowledge is constantly carping, in "Le Glaneur d'Oleron" and other journals, at whatever Mr. Dodgson advances, either as observed facts or well-grounded surmises. It is a dog-in-the-manger policy unworthy of any seeker after truth.

I leave to Mr. Dodgson the honour of disposing of the absurdly tautological expression and inaccurate version "Song of Lelo," together with the other misstatements of M. Vinson's unfortunate letter.

Yours, etc.,

J. B. MCGOVERN.

St. Stephen's Rectory, C.-on-M., Manchester.

June 22, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

The Widow of Gloane. By D. H. Dennis. (John Long. 6s.)

Tents of a Night. By Mary Findlater. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

The Caddis-Worm. By C. A. Dawson Scott. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Immanuel Kant. By H. S. Chamberlain. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (John Lane. 25s. net.)

Pauline Bonaparte and Her Lovers. By Hector Fleischmann. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Morocco. By Pierre Loti. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

Traffic in Treason: A Study of Political Parties. By J. A. Hobson. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

The Great Society: A Psychological Analysis. By Graham Wallas. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

A Challenge to the Time-Spirit. By Thomas J. Gerrard. (R. and T. Wasbourne. 5s. net.)

The Real Algeria. By M. D. Stott. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Mercure de France; Bookseller; Cambridge University Reporter; Literary Digest; Periodical; Publishers' Circular; Wednesday Review; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; The Hungarian Spectator; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin.

